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For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

**WARNINGS AND ADVICE.**

1. It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. Serial Rights.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. Stamp Your Agreements.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. Ascertain What a Proposed Agreement Gives to Both Sides Before Signing It.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. Literary Agents.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. Cost of Production.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. Choice of Publishers.—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.

8. Future Work.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for further work to anyone.

9. Personal Risk.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. Rejected MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. American Rights.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. Option or Copyright.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. Advertisements.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

**Society's Offices:**

4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

**HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.**

1. Every member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.
2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher’s agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS’ SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors’ Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and passes accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the expenses of the Authors’ Syndicate are defrayed solely out of the commission charged on rights placed through its intervention. Notice is, however, hereby given that in all cases where there is no current account, a booking fee is charged to cover postage and portage.

3. That the Authors’ Syndicate works for none but those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiation whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least four days’ notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors’ Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. The Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a “Transfer Department” for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a “Register of Wants and Wanted” has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors’ Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker’s order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the “Cost of Production” are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of “doing sums,” the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer’s, or a binder’s, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the “Cost of Production” for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher’s own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too
often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

ON the commencement of the fifth volume of the Author, it seems desirable that we should repeat the purpose for which the paper was founded and for which it exists. The fore words in the first number contain a statement of that purpose, which has always been kept steadily to the front.

The Author is 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 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 bungled 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.

In further illustration of this programme let it be remembered that the Society, in its very first public utterance, and ever since, has always pointed out and repeated over and over again the fact that the literary and the commercial value of a book need not necessarily bear any relation to each other; in other words, that the literary value of a book is not to be measured by its commercial success, and that the commercial success of a book is no gauge of its literary value.

This, it would seem, is a self-evident proposition, and would not need to be repeated but for the misrepresentations of those who wish to attack the Society and its organ. Let us therefore repeat one or two of the passages in which this distinction was clearly and unmistakably laid down. The same thing has been repeated over and over again:

1. 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?

2. 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.

III. 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 every one of his pictures is 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 value when she wrote "Romola." Yet she thought very little 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. The man who is not an artist cannot understand the highest and best interestsof literature. It is absurd to 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.

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.

Three or four accusations are, from time to time, brought against the Society or the Author or both.

1. We are charged with saying that all publishers are dishonest. When this accusation was last made, in the Athenæum, the publisher who advanced it was challenged to produce his authority. He found a statement in one of the pamphlets published by the Society to the effect that "fraud and corruption were widespread." That was perfectly true; it was more true ten years ago than it is now, thanks to the action of the Society. "Widespread," however, is very different from universal. Over and over again it has been repeated that the Society has no quarrel with honourable houses. Those, therefore, who endeavour to distort a plain statement, proved to the hilt by our exposures, into a universal charge clearly betray themselves. One never hears a respectable solicitor trying to distort the perfectly true statement that his profession contains a great number of black sheep into a charge that all solicitors are black sheep.

2. The next charge is, that we say that publishers take no risks. We say no such thing. Over and over again we have said that in dealing with authors publishers take as few risks as they possibly can. In other branches of business, as when a publisher puts forth a new magazine, an encyclopedia, a dictionary of biography, a new atlas, he may incur very great risks. Since we, as authors, are not generally proprietors or venturers in this kind of property, we need not inquire into the nature of the risks thus incurred.

But, in the production of books, the risk incurred very rarely exists at all. In any case it is the difference between the cost of production and the number of copies subscribed at first, a minimum of which may be approximately known. If by risk the publisher means chance of great gains, then we are talking of different things.

3. The third charge is that of sordidness in looking after literary property at all.

This is answered by the passages already quoted.

4. The fourth charge is that we measure literary value by commercial success.

Other charges will doubtless be invented and brought against us, but, so far, the repetition of one or other of these four is the only weapon which has been found by the gentry who object to the light of day.

Perhaps the policy of the committee during the Society's existence may be fairly stated as this: The present conditions which belong to the acquisition and the administration of literary property are chaotic. Even with the best houses, no one, not the greatest historian, the greatest man of science, knows when he sends a MS. to a publisher on what terms he should confide to him the administration of his property. Nor does he know what terms the publisher will propose. Nor has he hitherto known what any terms mean. It is, on the other hand, highly desirable that he should know what terms may mean, and that he should know as much as possible about the reality and the extent of literary property, and particularly that of his own kind of literary property.

The committee therefore have acquired and published, partly in pamphlets and partly in their organ, the Author, a tolerably complete explanation of these points:

1. The cost of printing, binding, and advertising various kinds of books.

2. The meaning of the "published price" to the publisher or manager of a literary property.

3. Some of the various pitfalls and traps laid to catch the ignorant and the unwary author.

As regards the first point, one or two publishers have alleged that our estimates were too low. They were silenced by the offer to get their printing done on those terms. On the second point nothing has been disputed, for the simple reason that the figures given in the Society's papers were actually lower than the truth. As to the pitfalls and traps, experience shows that it is necessary to examine jealously every agreement offered to an author, not always, be it understood, to detect a way open to fraud, but generally to detect some
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clauses by which the author, through ignorance, is tempted to surrender rights and to give up an unfair proportion of his property. In other words, the man of business is always tempted to use his superior knowledge for his own benefit. We do our best to place the author on the same level as regards the facts of the case.

To throw a flood of light upon every point connected with the management of literary property, and has always been, the settled policy of the committee.

The next step, that of arriving at a modus vivendi recognised as fair by both sides will be taken, it is hoped, before long, and when the persons chiefly concerned, viz., the producers, shall have thoroughly learned the facts revealed by this light.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Canadian Copyright.

THE question of Canadian Copyright has in the past few weeks again been brought into publicity, owing, in the first instance, to a rumour that the Canadians were once more pushing forward their claims. The question is naturally one of great importance to the English author on account of the great interests involved.

As regards the present state of Canadian Copyright, any member of the Society who is interested in the subject is referred to the November number of the Author, 1890, containing a very useful paper written by W. Oliver Hodges, honorary secretary of the Society's Copyright Committee, and to an opinion in the January number 1893, given at the request of the Society by J. Rolt.

With regard to the steps at present being taken, it will be as well to put forward a short statement.

As soon as the rumour of the Canadian move had been substantially verified, the secretary of the Society, at the request of the chairman, wrote to the Colonial Office, and in due course received a reply, which was as follows:

Downing-street, May 18, 1894.

Sir,—Lord Ripon desires me to acquaint you that the Society is in error in supposing that there is any new Bill on copyright in Canada now before Her Majesty's Government. His Lordship presumes your letter refers to a clause in the Tariff Bill of the Canadian Parliament which is intended to remove the duty on foreign reprints of British copyright works.

I am to enclose a copy of the clause in question, which it is understood is not intended to come into operation until the end of the next session of the Dominion Parliament. In the meantime Lord Ripon has invited the attention of the Government of Canada to the effect which the second section of the Colonial Laws Validity Act, 1865, may have upon this clause in the Tariff Bill.

I am to add that a communication on the general question of copyright in Canada has been received, and will be sent to the Society when printed for any remarks they may have to offer.—I am, sir, &c.

The following is the clause referred to:

Books and Papers.—British copyright works, reprints of, six cents per pound, and in addition thereto 12½ per cent. ad valorem until March 27, 1895, and thereafter six cents per pound.

The importance, however, of the letter lies in the last paragraph.

At about the same date the Secretary of the Society received a letter from the London Chamber of Commerce stating that a meeting of the copyright interests was going to be held, and requesting that the Society would appoint delegates to attend. At once a meeting of the committee was called, and Mr. Thring, the Secretary of the Society, together with Mr. W. Oliver Hodges, Hon. Secretary of the Society's Copyright Committee, and Mr. Emery, of Messrs. Field, Roscoe, and Co., the Society's solicitors, was appointed to attend. On Wednesday, May 29, the delegates met at the London Chamber of Commerce, where various copyright interests were represented, namely, the musical publisher, the photographer, the Copyright Association, and the Society of Authors. Mr. Daldy, the Honorary Secretary of the Copyright Association, was voted into the chair, and, after a few preliminary remarks, he read through a series of letters written by himself to the Colonial Secretary and the replies from the Colonial Office. Mr. Thring, the Secretary of the Society, then read the letter he had received from the Colonial Office, which was dated later than Mr. Daldy's last letter from the same source, and which contained information with regard to the steps the Canadian Government were taking, which was not included in Mr. Daldy's letters. Then followed a discussion upon what was the fittest course to take, and it was finally decided to appoint a committee to hold as it were a watching brief upon the Anglo-Canadian copyright question. The following resolutions were then agreed to, placed before the meeting, and unanimously carried:

1. Proposed by Mr. Ashdown, and seconded by Mr. Thring (Secretary of the Society of Authors): That a special committee representing all copyright interests be appointed to watch the question of Anglo-Canadian copyright, and to take such steps to protect that property as may to them seem best.

2. Proposed by Mr. Thring (Secretary of the Society of Authors), and seconded by Mr. Mendlesohn: That the said committee consist of two representatives of each of the undermentioned bodies and interests: The
Copyright Association, the Society of Authors, musical interests, fine art interests, photographic interests, dramatic publishers and authors, with power to add to their numbers from their own or other bodies as they think fit.

The next step for the Society to take will be, of course, to elect delegates to attend upon the committee. This committee, when formed, will carefully go into whatever papers may be laid before them by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and will consider the advisability of sending a deputation to the Marquis of Ripon on the matter.

Further information will be conveyed to the members of the Society through the Author, as the question and the steps taken are proceeded with.

II.—THE WORKING on THE COPYRIGHT Law.

1. Mr. George Haven Putnam’s thoughtful article on “Results of the Copyright Law,” in the January Forum, was an excellent summing up of the situation as developed since the passage of the Copyright Act of March 4, 1891. To my mind, his opinion that, in spite of the law’s defects, “it would be unwise at this time to make any effort to secure amendments” is the correct one. At the same time, the fact that a petition has been brought into the German Parliament calling for the abrogation of the copyright agreement between the United States and Germany, and that this petition has been approved by the committee having it in charge, gives a serious turn to the copyright situation. Mr. Putnam, in his article, noted that “it is almost impossible for a French or German author to arrange to issue his book in this country (either in the original or in a translation) simultaneously with the publication abroad. The re-setting in the original language, for such limited sale as could be looked for here, would be unduly expensive, while time is required for the preparation of a satisfactory translation.” The great trouble, Mr. Putnam tells me, is that to secure copyright in a work in a foreign language, it must be re-set here in the original language. The copyright of a translation protects that translation only, and if the book is not also published in the original, anyone is at liberty to issue a new translation. This state of affairs was brought about by the eagerness of the typographical unions to grasp every advantage. The French Society of Authors made this discovery some time ago, and now that Germany threatens to take the matter up, the result of the immense amount of labour performed by our copyright leagues is somewhat discouraging. After all, I presume that our copyright relations with Great Britain are the chief issue at stake, and these are progressing in a fairly satisfactory manner at present. It is curious to observe how closely the success of books by new English authors is watched by the American reprinters. Of course, the successful English author’s second book at once finds an authorised publisher in the United States, and is copyrighted; but the way every new English success is pirated in this country shows plainly the need of a time clause in the Copyright Act as long as the printing clause remains.

Another vexatious copyright question has been raised in a recent interview with Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. I have not the slightest doubt that ninety in a hundred of those interested will be immensely surprised to learn from that interview that in the United States the name or title of a book is not protected by copyright. “The law is, said Mr. Spofford, “that the substance, the literary contents, of a book or publication may be protected by copyright, but not the name—not the title.” The filing of title-pages of books in this country, which is required by law, is not, then, for purposes of protection, but for identification merely. This seems to be a great injustice, and I asked Mr. Putnam if a change in this respect were not needed when the Copyright Act is next amended. Mr. Putnam assented, and gave me some interesting information as to the present condition of English copyright law on this point, and as to certain proposed changes. In England, Mr. Putnam said, the law as to book titles goes as far in the contrary direction as does ours, in that it permits anyone to copyright all the titles he can think of with or without any real intention to use them for actual books. This copyright in a title or titles lasts for the full English term of forty-two years, or seven years after the copyrighter’s death. In many cases, authors of books have had to pay such copyrighters to relinquish titles on which they unluckily had stumbled. Mr. Putnam thinks that authors should be at liberty to copyright the titles of their proposed books, but that such copyright should be completed by the publication of the book within a reasonable period (six months or a year), and that failing of this the copyright should become void. Also he thinks that copyright in a title should lapse if the book which it represents is out of print for a long period. The proposed new English law, introduced by Lord Monkswell in the present Parliament, and still pending, covers these points very fully. Copyright in a title must be perfected by publication of the book within six months, and is lost in the case of books which remain out of print over two years.

II. The copyright questions touched upon in my last letter have brought me further information...
as to the working of the Act of 1891. A sufficient
time has now passed to enable publishers generally
to understand what methods of procedure to
follow in securing themselves and their authors
here and abroad. Single stories, poems, and
articles in English periodicals, which have not
been “placed” in the United States, are now sent
over in advance to this country, put in type, and
issued in pamphlet form on the day of the
periodical’s publication in England, thus securing
copyright here for the same matter when subse-
sequently issued in book form. It is becoming
more and more dangerous to reprint such articles
from English magazines, especially if the authors
are distinguished. All this has, of course, become
the A B C of the trade among publishers, but it
will be in the nature of information to many of
the writing guild. Such copyrighted matter as
that just mentioned is published here in three
different ways: first, by the American branch of
the English house; second, by an American pub-
lishing house, which is the agent of the English
periodical’s publication in England, thus securing
been “placed” in the United States, are now sent
in this country, put in type, and
flood the market with English
books. This is only partially true, however, as
most English publishers still prefer to issue their
books through American houses, who manufac-
ture the plates for both sides of the ocean.

As to American authors, they no longer have to
compete with five-cent. editions of current
books by leading English authors, but issue their
works in even competition with the latter. In
view of the working of the Act, there may be a
modicum of wisdom in requiring plates to be
manufactured in this country, as otherwise we
might be swamped by cheap English sheets in a
way to shut off American authors and publishers
from fair competition. These are the views of a
protectionist, however, and I understand that
those interested in copyright reform insist that
protection and free trade ought not to enter into
the question.

International copyright is now secured between
the United States and Great Britain, France,
Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and
Italy. The American Copyright League, so its
secretary tells me, is now working for copyright
with Greece, Norway, and Sweden, Spain, and
Austria. Russia is considered hopeless on
account of the press censorship. Austria, I
believe, objects to the printing clause. Oddly
enough, the printing clause is not considered a
grave objection by the Spanish authorities, but
they do object seriously to the requirement that
American editions of Spanish books be registered
at Washington and the fee paid before copyright
can be secured. In most international copyright
agreements between European countries, registra-
tion in the author’s country is all that is
necessary for protection in other countries. Our
late Minister to Spain, the Hon. E. Burd Grubb,
was unable to overcome this objection on the
part of the Spanish authorities. It has been
suggested that a certificate of copyright from
the United States Consul at Madrid, or from
the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, could
be made to serve at Washington by a special Act
of Congress. The benefit would accrue chiefly
to Spanish authors, so that Spanish hindrance seems
absurd.—ARTHUR STEDMAN in the Chicago
Dial.

III.—FORD v. SMITH.

(Before Mr. Justice Mathew and a Special
Jury.)

This was an action (May 30) by Mr. Thomas
Murray Ford, a dramatic author and journalist,
against Mr. Valentine Smith, a theatrical
manager and actor, arising out of the produc-
tion of an English version of Adam’s opera “Si
j’étais Roi.”

The plaintiff’s case, as stated by counsel, was
that in December, 1888, he was asked by the
defendant to translate and prepare an English
version of “Si j’étais Roi.” No remuneration
was fixed for the work, as the plaintiff said he
could not tell how long it would take, but it was
agreed that a reasonable price should be paid.
The original libretto was by MM. Dennery and
Brésil, and this was handed to the plaintiff by
the defendant. Dr. Storer and Miss Harte-
Potts assisted him, and, when finished, the
English lyrics were written into a full score of
the opera, by Dr. Storer. The work occupied
two months, and was of a difficult nature, as first
a translation had to be made of the French verse,
and then English lyrics fitted to the music.
When the words were completed they were sent
to the defendant, who sent plaintiff a sum of £5
some time afterwards in reply to an application
for payment. Plaintiff, however, wrote back and
said that such a sum was quite insufficient. He,
however, heard no more for four years, when he
heard that defendant was performing an opera
entitled "King for a Day," which he suspected was his work. He accordingly procured a book of the words, which were identical with his version, and found that the defendant had registered both the opera and the book.

The defendant’s case was that he had only asked defendant to “write up” a music score; that the version the defendant used was written up and adapted by him and Dr. Storer from what he remembered of the American version; that he had never used anything that plaintiff had written; and that he was unaware the plaintiff had prepared any version at all.

Evidence was given on both sides in support of these statements.

Mr. Justice Mathew, in summing up, said the questions for the jury were—(1) Was the plaintiff employed to do the work? If so, he was entitled to be paid for doing it. (2) Was the manuscript sold to the defendant? If it was, he was entitled to register it. (3) Was the version the defendant used substantially the one prepared by the plaintiff? and (4) Had the plaintiff, in fact, accepted the £5 in full payment or was he entitled to anything more? The learned Judge then proceeded to review and criticise the evidence in detail.

The jury immediately found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £50.

ON ROYALTIES.

Since a great many of our members have joined during the last four years—in 1890 the number of members was 400, at the present moment, May, 1894, it is nearly 1300—the facts and figures published in the early numbers of the Author are practically inaccessible to the younger members. But some of these are of the highest importance. Also, some of them require revision in consequence of slight changes. We purpose, therefore, to reproduce them. Perhaps the most important of all are those which relate to royalties. Nothing is more chaotic than the royalty system; but, since it is, for many reasons, the plan generally preferred by both authors and publishers, it is one that must be thoroughly understood. The figures given in the Author (Vol. I., p. 39, and Vol. III., p. 7) have been carefully revised.

1. Cost of Production: As before, an ordinary six-shilling book is taken as an example. It may be a book of essays, a biography, a novel. Since a large circulation is contemplated, the figures will, in general, be found more useful for the novelist than for the essayist.
of a 6s. book is 3s. 8d., and in all calculations as regards royalties this price may be taken as the basis of calculation.

Thus with an edition of 1000 copies the difference between return and cost is ... ... ... 1 94
3000 copies the difference between return and cost is ... ... ... 2 53

Thus with a second edition of 1000 copies the difference between return and cost is ... ... ... 2 8
3000 copies the difference between return and cost is ... ... ... 2 94

We can thus get an idea of what the royalty system means when an edition is completely exhausted.

1. On the sale of an edition of 1000 only:
   
   On a royalty of........... 10 15 20 25
   
   Publisher ................... £60 £45 £30 £15
   Author ..................... £30 £45 £60 £75

2. On the sale of a first edition of 3000:
   
   Per cent.
   10 15 20 25 30
   Publisher ...... £280 £240 £210 £185 £145
   Author ......... £90 £135 £180 £225 £270

3. On the sale of a second edition of 1000:
   
   Per cent.
   10 15 20 25 30
   Publisher ............ £100 £85 £70 £55 £40
   Author ............... £30 £45 £60 £75 £90

4. On the sale of a second edition of 3000:
   
   Per cent.
   10 15 20 25 30
   Publisher ........ £235 £280 £225 £190 £145
   Author ........... £90 £135 £180 £225 £270

These figures show that for a half-profit system, supposing a book to be successful, a royalty of about 22½ per cent. on such a work, of such a length, without illustrations, means half profits to author and to publisher.

But it may be objected, very few books indeed attain to such a circulation as is here presented. As a matter of fact, many more books attain to wide circulation than we suspect. We are too much accustomed to think of novels alone as successful books. There are, however, educational, religious, scientific, historical, biographical books which obtain very great success. We do not hear much about them; of the novel we hear a great deal. Let us next, then, reserving this important fact, speak of books which cannot expect a large circulation. A philosophical treatise, for instance; a book of essays by a writer who is not popular; a book of poems by a poet not yet popular; can hardly expect a large sale. Indeed, in some cases, the writer is fortunate in getting published at all; and there are many cases in which a publisher has produced a book by which he cannot hope to do more than recoup his expenditure.

Let us return to a book, of which a single edition of 1000 copies represents the whole. If it is a volume of essays it is generally longer than the example quoted. Suppose it contains twenty sheets. The cost of production, not counting moulding, would be about £100. This cost is covered with a sale of 550. If, however, it is saddled with a royalty of 15 per cent. to the author, the book is not covered until a sale of 723 copies. Now, the publisher may see his way to dispose of something like this number, but not of many more. Where, then, is his own share in the return? It is manifestly impossible, with a sale so limited, to give so large a royalty. This consideration seems to introduce the deferred royalty; and, indeed, if the accounts are honestly presented, on an agreed understanding as to the proportion or share, a deferred royalty would seem the fairest. Thus with our figures a royalty would begin after 550 copies were sold. What should be the amount of the royalty? Clearly, the sale of every copy in the edition of 1000 except the presentation copies, after 550 are gone, is so much profit. Therefore a royalty of 50 per cent. is only the old-fashioned half-profit plan honestly carried out.

Unfortunately the deferred royalty has been—and is—the easiest and the most common way of conveying the whole of the property into the publisher's hands. For instance, a case occurred some time ago in which such a book as we are considering was to be charged with a royalty of a shilling a copy after 1600 copies had been sold. Now, the book was of such a nature that its sale would probably never reach, or only just reach, 1600 copies. Suppose, however, an edition of 2000 copies were produced and all were sold. The cost of the book would be about £130; the returns, at 3s. 8d. a copy, would be about £350. The author would receive 1s. on 400 copies, i.e., £20; the publisher would receive over £200. The figures are only approximate, but they are not far wrong. How does such an agreement as this strike the reader for equity? Again, a very distinguished writer sought the advice of the Society some time ago on the following proposal. He was to give a certain firm a book—a little book which would cost a trifling sum to produce, and would be absolutely certain of success from the name alone of the writer. The firm proposed that a royalty of one-sixth should be given to the writer, to begin after 2000 copies had been sold! There
is no need of figures in this case in order to show the beauty of the arrangement.

A third case. It was concerning a three-volume novel. The author accepted terms which promised large returns after the sale of 350 copies. He never got anything. He found out afterwards that the publisher, guessing that there would be no demand for the book over and above 350 copies, had not only named that number as the starting point for the royalty, but had also printed that number and no more, and had then distributed the type. He gave away about twenty copies and the libraries took the rest, and he made the little profit of £150 or so on the transaction. How does this strike the reader for loyalty and honour?

Under these circumstances a proposal of a deferred royalty must be regarded with great suspicion. This paper does not advance any opinion as to the royalty which should be regarded as fair. It gives the facts, approximately, as regards cost of production and returns. Readers must remember that, though it is always necessary to consider the case of a great success, it does not by any means follow that their own books are going to be greatly successful. They must also remember that to recoup the cost of production alone is not exactly satisfactory to the publisher. These considerations belong to the application of the figures given above.

TWO AFTER DINNER SPEECHES.

In responding to the toast of the “Trade,” proposed by the Lord Mayor at the booksellers’ trade dinner, held on April 14, Mr. John Murray said:

“As regards that section of the trade with which I am personally connected, I will say that we publishers get a great deal of abuse, but up to the present we have not perished under that abuse. I believe there are certain people writing against us frequently. I believe there is a periodical devoted more or less to our shortcomings. But you know an author would not be an author if he were not a man of brilliant imagination. Well, gentlemen, when I think of what has passed, I am reminded of a little incident which may have come within your knowledge. There was an American gentleman—one of those whose tendencies lead them to come to other nations and teach other people their business—who came to Scotland and addressed some tenants against the landlord, and, feeling he had the sympathies of his audience, he asked if anyone would like to ask him a question. An old farmer arose and said, ‘Well, Mr. George, I think you are an owner of land yourself?’ ‘No,’ was the reply. ‘Never interested in one?’ said the farmer. ‘No; I am neither agent or landlord, I have never had anything to do with land or landlords.’ ‘No; I thought so,’ said the farmer and sat down. Now this is the way to treat our critics, and I offer them a hint not offered before. There were plans which in the long run would require the sanction of the courts to be enforced. I make a better suggestion: I say find me a man to write down in legal phrase, ‘Good feeling, mutual confidence, and friendship.’ I say find me a man prepared in a right-minded spirit to enter into an agreement honourably conceived, and I will show you the man who will draw up an agreement which will not require the courts to enforce it. That is the basis on which such a business should be made.”

It is fair to suppose that Mr. Murray directed these remarks against this paper—in fact, lest the audience should think that some other paper was intended, Mr. Macmillan afterwards explained that it was the Author. If so, one has to point out that the Author has never, at any time, or in any place, abused publishers. The Society of which it is the organ has pointed out most clearly and distinctly that it has not the slightest quarrel with honourable publishers. The Society has investigated and has exposed, partly in this paper, certain practices which make publishing in certain hands a mean and a dishonest trade. If Mr. Murray “has found certain persons writing against us,” I think he may fairly be called upon to explain more clearly what he means.

Next he relates a parable, by which he seems to imply that the Author tries to teach publishers their business. The Author does nothing of the kind; it does, however, try to teach authors their business. With this object in view it publishes the facts as to the actual cost of production, the trade allowances, the methods of advertising, the extent of copyright, the law of copyright, the meaning of royalties—all the points, in short, necessary to teach the author what the various clauses of an agreement may mean. Does Mr. Murray object to this kind of light? Finally, Mr. Murray offers to do the very thing which the Society most ardently desires and has always in view. I know not whether he was present at a meeting held in December, 1892, at which the chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock, stated plainly that it was incredible that honourable men could not meet and recognise some method or methods of publishing as fair and acceptable to both sides. That statement still stands unanswered—what is
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in the way? Frankly, the chief obstacles are the men who, being the leaders of the publishing trade, assume, at such meetings as the Booksellers' dinner, that exposures—exposures which must be made—of over-reaching or sharpening by the baser sort—are meant as attacks upon themselves. If Mr. Murray will turn to page 9 of this number he will find there, as illustration, three agreements, not fraudulent, but sharp, recently offered to authors. One would ask him if they are such agreements as he approves. One would further ask him if he does not approve of the exposure and explanation of such agreements. I will show Mr. Murray, if he cares to see them, one or two other curious little agreements and accounts. And I will tell him, if he wishes, in confidence, the names of the firms concerned.

The Committee, one is quite sure, will gladly consider any agreement which Mr. Murray may communicate in the very spirit which he desires. But, one would ask, how can there be any agreement which can be outside, and independent of, the law? Are publishers unique among mankind in being, as a body and individually, beyond reproach? Does Mr. Murray really believe this?

For myself, I have always thought it a great misfortune for literature that such a publisher as Mr. John Murray does not welcome the Society with open arms. I have often said this privately. I now say it publicly. For—consider—if we tell a solicitor of standing that there are many black sheep in his profession; if we expose the tricks and sharpenings of these black sheep, does that solicitor get up in public and complain that certain people are always abusing "us?" Our experience of the methods of publishing is wide, and, in fact, unique. It is nothing less than a knowledge of the methods pursued by every publishing house in London. And of certain houses—I must not say in this place which they are or how many they are—I declare that I cannot conceive it possible that a single sentence in the Author (not counting correspondence) should be able to offend or irritate any member of any one of these firms.

At the same dinner, Mr. Frederick Macmillan also spoke at greater length about the Author. He is reported to have said: "The relations between publishers and authors have always been satisfactory, and I believe the contrary opinion is chiefly due to the Author, which I believe has hitherto been thoroughly misunderstood. When this periodical first made its appearance before the world, and put before us preposterous statements based on elaborately collected information, varied by vague but offensive charges of dishonesty, there were many respectable persons who had passed their whole lives producing books who were much surprised, and some went so far as to be annoyed. I gave it some consideration, and tried to find what this periodical was. ... In fact, if it is once established that the Author is a comic periodical, no doubt its circulation will very much increase. This is a digression merely suggested by Mr. Murray's reference to the Author."

I cannot agree that the relations of author and publisher are, or ever have been, satisfactory, for the simple reason that they are absolutely undefined, and that an author has to go and ask a publisher what terms he proposes. This is simple fact, and not an opinion at all. It is a fact in no way due to the Author, but is known and lamented among all authors whose work has any commercial value. As for the "preposterous statements," one would like to know in detail, and with reference to page and volume, what these are. "Vague, but offensive charges of dishonesty." What are these? Our charges of dishonesty are not vague, but perfectly clear and precise. For instance, he who makes a false return of accounts to his partner—how should he be described? In general terms, what would the world call such a man? This is not vague. Will Mr. Macmillan explain how such a charge is offensive? Or, since we cannot assume that he could be offended by such a charge as this, what and where are the "offensive" charges? There are other practices which have also been quite clearly defined, and will be so again.

As for the facts published, they chiefly consist of the facts as to the cost of production. Does Mr. Macmillan refer to these? Does he object to this kind of light? One cannot assume that it is possible. In that case, what are the offending statements?

The part of Mr. Macmillan's speech which was directed personally against myself, I have taken out; it does not concern our readers. He concludes with the soothing reflection that the Author is a comic paper. It is astonishing how much consolation has been obtained by persons who, for this or that reason, are angry with a paper by the consideration that, after all, it is only a comic paper. Since that is so, let us laugh and go on our way. There are many more little jokes coming along which will, we hope, preserve the comicality of our columns. Meanwhile, I repeat, what are those preposterous statements which have made Mr. Frederick Macmillan so very angry with the Author?

EDITOR.
THE AUTHOR.

BOOK TALK.

The report in the newspaper London, of April 19, dealing with the metropolitan and suburban free libraries has received much attention from those interested in the free library movement, because statistics are there given which tend to show that the working of the Free Librariess Acts is not as successful as had been expected. To begin with, there are some parishes which will not adopt the Acts at all, and, whatever may have been their original reasons, it would be short-sighted and impolitic not to ask whether these statistics supplied in the article "What Londoners Read," furnish these parishes with any new arguments for continuing in the same course.

The article states that the "free library movement in London seems to have come to a dead stop. It was late in starting, and only made satisfactory progress for a short period. Recently there have been discouraging defeats. It looks as if all the energy and enthusiasm thrown into the movement in 1887 and 1889 had been exhausted. . . ." Only half the people have yet the benefit of these valuable educational institutions.

What is read in these libraries? Turning to the statistics themselves, there is only one thing to be said—readers of fiction are the class who have been able to find their wants most easily satisfied. Fiction in all the libraries has always the highest percentage. The writer of the article, who seems to think that people ought not to read novels, adds a special warning to show that the "conclusion that the public libraries are mainly used for the dissemination of fiction is erroneous," for, and these are the three chief reasons: (1) Libraries possess more novels than other works quite as much because they are cheap as that they are often asked for. (2) Novels take a much shorter time to read than serious works. (3) Many novels borrowed and recorded in the percentages are not read at all. And then follow three other minor reasons. The writer then goes on to make a comparison between the free library novel reader and the subscriber to Mudie, Smith, and the Grosvenor. Nothing, however, can be gained for the free library movement by such a course. If the free library readers have their weaknesses, they are not excused because the patrons of Mudie and Smith have theirs. In the next column the writer shows us what he considers the special weakness of the free library, for he gives us the names of the six most popular novelists.

By a process of exhaustion it seems as though we could always find one of these libraries in which one or more of the novelists, popular elsewhere, received but little attention; but we should find one name—Mrs. Henry Wood—running through them all. If we proceed in the same way with particular novels, there is but one novel which seems to be read everywhere—"East Lynne," Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields requires eight copies. "It is the demand for 'East Lynne' which gives Mrs. Wood the first position. "East Lynne" being the favourite, it is perhaps, after all, a fair comparison to say that the free library is to one class of people what Mudie and Smith are to another. How very unwise then it is to pit the masses against the classes in this matter of reading, when really their tastes overlap.

The outcome of this clearly is that, judged as an educational institution, the education furnished by the free library is chiefly conveyed through the modern novel; a form of text-book which teaches history, manners, customs, religion, morals, taste, and a great many things besides.

It must, of course, be very trying to the authorities of public libraries to see so many works, which would well deserve a place on their shelves, published at prices far beyond the reach of the free library resources. We have before us a small volume, "The Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi," by the Rev. Alexander Robertson, which is enjoying a large sale, and which seems to us to be suitable in every way for our free libraries. It is the history of a very great man which is here brought into a small compass without losing sight of either the material facts of his life, or, what is the essence of biography the spirit with which he went about his own and his country's affairs. It is not usual to find a manual of history and biography which can be recommended as a guide and a stimulus to our own people in their attempt to be perfectly clear minded on the two most difficult political ideas of our time—progress and patriotism. It is just possible that those who have hitherto been content to take their knowledge of Fra Paolo Sarpi from Miss Campbell's life will be disappointed with Mr. Robertson's monograph, because, except in the last chapter, he does not appear to give any very fresh information. The chief reason for recommending the book just now is that it brings out most clearly how English sympathies have hitherto been entirely on the side of true freedom, both in action and in thought, whenever the support of England has been sought by States struggling against religious tyranny. If there are any who are inclined to question the support given by England to the formation of the Italian kingdom—a united Italy, catholic, patriotic, and anti-papal, will not fail to note how easily the struggle could be misrepresented by the misuse of our current political terms or Tories and Liberals.
It is almost impossible not to consider this volume as a political manual intended to show the triumph of the Liberals (using the word in a foreign sense) or constitutional party over the clerical party, the upholders of the absolute authority of the ruler of the then existing Papal States. Such an opposition of parties may seem strange to us who are, perhaps, accustomed to consider constitutionalism more as the property of Tories, or, let us say, Conservatives, than Liberals. Nevertheless, there is one reflection to be made, if we in England have not hitherto had a clerical party there are good reasons for believing that such a party may spring up and declare itself in the near future; and it will be interesting to see how the name Liberal, as we now use it, will have to be extended to include many who at the present time would style themselves Conservatives. It is from this consideration—the possibility of a clerical party arising in England—that Mr. Robertson's book will derive another element of popularity. He leaves us in no doubt whatever as to the vitality of the struggle. When we consider the varied literary and scientific achievements of our day, there is always a danger of overlooking the importance of proportion in time, especially in things political. For instance, we have here a conflict between liberty and tyranny which has been waged since the time of Dante. If we are considering the history of Man from Abraham to Darwin that is not a very long time, but if we are thinking only, as is here the case, of the development of constitutionalism, it is impossible not to contrast the quick growth of our free political institutions in England, after we had substituted the Sovereign for the Pope, with their growth in those countries which had still to reckon with the papal claims. To recognise that a constitution is a growth and not the creation of a minister—even a Sarpi—is the political lesson of this biography. It is shown that to be free to develop is the simple requirement of a constitutional commonwealth like the Venetian, or a constitutional monarchy like the kingdom of Italy.

Mr. Robertson has written a most interesting book. As it is not our duty here to do more than find reasons for recommending its purchase to private buyers, and justifying the same by public ones, we may draw attention to the heads of the chapters showing the method adopted. We have three chapters dealing with Sarpi, as scholar, professor, and then provincial of the Servite Order of Friars. Chapter 4 describes him as scientist and philosopher, in which his position with regard to the discovery of the circulation of the blood and the amount of Harvey's indebtedness to him are noted. We observe that Mr. Robertson appears to take a somewhat different view of that question than Miss Campbell does. Up to this point Sarpi is shown rather as making preparation for the duties which afterwards devolved upon him; while the three following chapters are devoted to the noble and successful struggle of his political life. He is described as theological counsellor, as martyr, and as statesman-author. The last chapter, "In tomb and on pedestal," tells how Sarpi's enemies tried to revenge themselves even on his remains, and gives their attempts—which were very successful—to prevent the statue decreed by the Senate and Doge on Feb. 7, 1623, being set up. This was not done till 1892. Mr. Robertson writes: "In recognition of the fact that Fra Paolo embodied the spirit not only of the old republic of Venice, but also of the new kingdom of Italy, the day chosen for the unveiling of the statue was the auspicious one, Sept. 20." The volume has a photograph from a picture of Sarpi, and another of the statue; there is also a fac-simile letter in Sarpi's handwriting.
14 THE AUTHOR.

England sewing circle, Mrs. Graham tells us of the outdoor life of the Far West. While Miss Wilkins shows us the homely furrows ploughed on the stony hillsides of the Granite Hills, Mrs. Graham pictures the freshly upturned virgin soil, full of latent possibilities, bathed in sunshine. The pathos of life is in her tales, yet what most captivates us is their humour. She has a fine touch, and the little she has published has been talked about, thought about, and discussed, like the work of few writers during these last two years. Yet one who knows her well, ventures the prediction that these exquisite pictures of western life that she has given the reading public, will seem but child's play when compared to the strong and serious work of which she is capable, and which she will yet accomplish.

Another writer, as yet not popular with English readers, is Mr. Cromwell Galpin, a newspaper man of Los Angeles. He has hitherto been known chiefly by his contributions to the child-literature of the day. He has now nearly completed a novel whose scenes deal with the ancient life of the Pueblo Indians, of which he has made a special study. The subject is a unique one, and the novel is certain to have a literary and historical value.

Mr. Galpin is the writer who conceived the very original undertaking of publishing a folklore tale of several thousand words, which should read pleasantly and with euphony, without the employment of a single word that was not of pure Saxon origin. This feat he accomplished successfully, and the result was published in Wide awake two years ago.

The Overland Monthly, California's best known literary publication, and from which Bret Harte sprang from obscurity to fame, has lately changed hands, becoming the property of Mr. Rounseville Wildman, a consular representative and writer of some repute, who takes the editorial chair. It is understood that Mr. W. W. Foote, a San Francisco criminal lawyer of repute, will have a voice in the management, and will become a regular contributor to the magazine.

TO A DISCOURTEOUS BEAUTY.

(From Corneille.)

Although my features, fair marquise,
A trifle weather-worn have grown,
The day will come, remember please,
When you'll find furrows on your own!
Naught upon earth, however bright,
Can brave the scathing touch of Time;
My wreath, now wan with winter's blight,
Had once, like yours, its April prime!

The same just stars in yonder blue,
Life's course for both of us decree;
My past I gaze upon in you,
Your future you behold in me!
Yet charms I own which, sooth to speak,
When yours have perished, shall endure,
Against the worst that Time can wreak,
Proudly, impregnable secure!
Tricked in mere beauty's transient gloss,
My charms in chill disdain you hold;
Yet, when all yours are worthless dross
Mine still shall gleam intrinsic gold!
They could preserve those lustrous eyes,
Or bid their light extinguished be;
They could award you Helen's guise,
Or hand you down as Hecate!
Ay, with posterity, who'll lend
Some slight regard to what I've writ,
Your boasted beauty will depend
On just what I may say of it!
Lay this to heart, then, fair marquise—
When next with "hauteur" superfine
You'd fain some hapless oldster freeze,
Choose one whose pen's less sharp than mine!

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

NOTES AND NEWS.


"Les éditeurs catholiques Letouzey et Ané comparaissent aujourd'hui devant la cour d'assises de la Seine, présidée par M. Potier, sous l'accusation de faux en écritures de commerce au préjudice de M. Léo Taxi.
L'expertise aurait établi que M. Léo Taxi avait été frustré, de la part de ses éditeurs, à propos du tirage de ses publications, d'une somme dépassant 38,000 fr.
Mme Pouillet et Georges Maillard assistent MM. Letouzey et Ané.
M. l'avocat-général Van Cassel soutient l'accusation.
L'affaire a été renvoyée."—Siècle, May 30.

We are called upon to thank certain Americans for a graceful act. They have quite privately and secretly collected a sum of money. With this they have caused to be made a marble bust of Keats, which is to be placed in Hampstead church. Mr. Gosse was informed of the plan as soon as the bust was completed, and was permitted to communicate it to the Times of May 25. The bust has arrived. It was brought over by Mr. Day, the projector of the gift. I suppose we ought, long ago, to have put up such a monument to the poet; certainly no poet lives more surely and more lovingly in our hearts than Keats; yet, on
The whole, it seems a good thing that we have left this offering to the Americans. We read in it a claim, or, if you please, an acknowledgment, that everything good and great written in our common language belongs to all who speak that language. We recognised this truth when we put up the monuments to Lowell and to Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. I wish we could do more. We might present a statue of Hawthorne to the pretty little town of Concord. We might give a statue of Oliver Wendell Holmes to the great hall of Harvard. Let us consider the subject. Meanwhile we must welcome our American friends.

The Weekly Sun has discovered a poet in a coal mine. That is to say, he has been in a coal mine, but ill-health keeps him in the light of day. He is quite young, about twenty-two years of age; his education has been slender; he is very poor. The Weekly Sun has published one of his poems, called “Life at Play.” The following stanzas, which seem to me graceful, simple, and promising, are taken from this poem:

The field-flowers rise from out their beds
Of undulating green,
And shyly lift their pretty heads
To look upon the scene.

All things are gay!
For earth has doffed her garb uncouth,
And beauty crowns and kisses youth,
And Life’s at play.

The breeze blows gaily o’er the land,
And whispers in the trees,
And tosses with a playful hand
The corn to tumbling seas.

All things are gay!
A thousand waves in concert run,
And glare and glitter in the sun,
While Life’s at play.

The world looks young, as golden gleams
Of sunshine wreath the brow;
And Nature’s wealth of fruitage teems,
And Age seems younger now.

All things are gay!
The living rules the dead again,
The dreams of youth pulsate the brain,
While Life’s at play.

The proposals for a collected edition of Stevenson’s works are before me. They have been issued by several publishers in varying forms, and it has hitherto been rather difficult to put together a complete collection. Arrangements have been made with all his publishers, and the result has been a general consent to the issue of a uniform edition. Mr. Sidney Colvin will superintend the edition; Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., will provide an etched portrait; Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, will print the work—their name is a guarantee that the printing will be the best

I read in the Westminster Gazette that there will shortly be issued a History of the Rivingtons from the year 1711. There have been published from time to time several books on the history of publishers and booksellers, but never, so far as I know, any complete history of any one house. We want in such a record, not only an account of the books published, and the general success, enterprise, and glorification of the firm, but also a history of its relations with authors. In the year 1711, for instance, and for a hundred years afterwards, the men who lived by literature were a miserably poor and, for the most part, a despised race; they were called Grub-street poets, publishers’ hacks, starving authors, and other agreeable names; the luckless tribe were game for everybody, and especially for their more successful brethren. Will the historian of the Rivington House tell us something of the actual conditions under which literature was then produced? What, for instance, was the extent of the market for English books? Was there any export to America? Were the poor scribes paid for their work in anything like a fair proportion to its marketable value? When Oliver Goldsmith got £60 for the “Vicar of Wakefield,” what did the purchaser make out of it? When Pope received the sum of £9000 for his translation of Homer, what did his publishers make? When was the practice of buying a work outright changed to that of a profit sharing agreement? When and by whom was a royalty system introduced? What losses show the existence of the risks that were certainly encountered in the last century? I have in my possession a bundle of accounts showing how publishers associated for the production of one book, each taking a proportion of the expense of production. I believe that, until quite recently, the practice was common. Then one would like printers’ accounts of the last century; others of fifty years ago, and others of to-day, showing the changes in that respect. And there should be an account of dealings with the country bookseller. In this way the history of the Publishing House of Rivington might become a most important contribution to the history of the commercial side of literature.
which militates against his success. This time it is

possible; and Messrs. Chatto and Windus will
distribute the books when they are ready. The
dition is limited to 1035 copies, of which thirty-
five will be reserved for presentation copies; the
remainder will be offered to the public in twenty
volumes, at 12s. 6d. each. Of the thousand, 300
have been subscribed for America and the colo-

nies. It is evident that the desire of the editors
is to produce an edition which will become scarce
and costly from the very commencement. Any
bookseller will receive an order. I shall be very
much surprised if there are any left within a week
of this date.

The Ossianic problem is to be reopened. It is
like the "Man with the Iron Mask," or the
"Letters of Junius," always waiting to be re-
opened and discussed over again. The world
should be thankful to Mr. Macpherson for pro-
viding one more subject for the discussion of
every successive generation. This time it is
Mr. Bailey Saunders who revives the dispute, with
a life of Macpherson in which to set it.

"An Oxford Graduate" sends his literary
experience. He says that he has for many years
attempted to obtain entrance into the magazines,
but with very discouraging results. The best
magazines always return his MSS.; he some-
times succeeds in the second-rate papers. But
he says: "However bad my work may be, it is at
least as good as one-half of the average articles
published even in first-class magazines. There
is the sting; this the bitterness one cannot get
over." Here lies, as the Oxford Graduate puts it,
the true bitterness of failure, that the writer who
cannot get in is unable to discern in what respects
his work is worse than that accepted. It is not
easy enough to say that MSS. offered by unknown
writers are returned unread. A vast number of
writers, from Boz downwards, have begun by
offering their unknown work. Nor is it enough to
say that editors do not read what is offered them.
Editors may sometimes make mistakes; they may
not always have the time to read all the MSS.
sent to them; but it is a certain fact that editors,
as a rule, do read contributions sent in to them,
and do try to get good work. Otherwise they
would not be editors, but mechanical clerks.
There seems no reply possible to the "Oxford
Graduate," except the suggestion that long-contin-
ued and almost unbroken failure must mean
something—it may be in the form or the style—
which militates against his success.

A correspondent asks the following question:
"Could the Society give any indication to young
writers as to the character of publishing houses,
so as to avoid the great waste of time in sending
work à priori unlikely to suit them?"
The Society cannot possibly do this. It can
advise, and daily does advise, authors in all
branches of literature what houses are likely to
consider their work, and what houses are likely
to treat them fairly if they are inclined to accept
their work. So that, if the writer confines himself
to these houses, and is careful not to sign agree-
ments without advice, he is at all events kept out
of harm. But our correspondent means more
than this. He is of opinion that publishers have
certain leanings in this direction or that. This is
not generally the case. Those publishers who
publish novels will publish novels of any kind,
provided they are not contra bonos mores and are
likely to be in demand. And the same may be
stated of every kind of book, except technical
works, e.g., a general publisher should not be
asked to produce new books on Arabic Philology,
or on Law, or on Cuneiform Inscriptions. But history, poetry, fiction, voyages,
travels, and belles lettres generally of all kinds
fall into the work undertaken by any publisher.

The Society has to deplore the death of Mr.
Edmund Yates. He had been a member of our
council since the formation of the Society. He
always took a deep interest in the welfare of the
Society. At the outset, when our future was
uncertain and extremely dark, the adhesion of every
single man or woman of letters was important,
and especially of such a man as Edmund Yates,
novelist, journalist, and editor. His literary
career, which practically ended with the success
of the World, was wide and varied. He was editor,
one after another, of half a dozen magazines; he
wrote many admirable novels, some of which
still keep their place, and will continue to live a
great deal longer than the space generally allotted
even to successful novels. And he was a man of
most kindly heart. With him has gone one of the
few links remaining to connect the men of the
Nineties with the men of the Fifties. Edmund
Yates was from his birth associated with literary
and dramatic folk. He was a personal friend of
men much older than himself—Dickens, Albert
Smith, Frank Smedley, Anthony Trollope. He
began to write very early, and some of his novels
still retain their hold upon the public. To the
younger generation he is known chiefly as the
editor of the World, which he himself founded in
1874. When one considers that the World is
always regarded as a "personal" paper; that he
was almost considered as the sole writer of it,
though his staff was large, and included many
writers of the very first order, it is wonderful
that he made so few enemies. There are papers,
for instance, whose editors make more enemies in a single year than Yates made in twenty years. The crowd of mourners—representing all kinds of people—which filled the Savoy Chapel at his funeral, and the grief that was marked on every face, proclaimed the loss that his death has caused. It was perhaps in kindness of heart that he once opened the pages of the World to a couple of men who were trying an experiment in collaboration. That was in 1876, and the turning point in that experiment proved to be that appearance in the World. I have always regarded this event in my little literary history not so much a stroke of good fortune as a personal favour bestowed, out of sheer kindness, upon my collaborateur, whom he knew slightly, and upon myself, whom he did not then know at all.

Another loss to letters is the death of Henry Morley. No two men could be more opposite than Edmund Yates and Henry Morley. The former an artist of the true artistic temperament; the latter a worker, always at work—learning, writing, teaching, transcribing, editing, inditing, histories of literature. We want such men as Henry Morley; they are most useful in their generation. Literature is like an army always on review. First and foremost are the fighting men; they are represented by the authors themselves, the poets, dramatists, novelists, essayists, historians; then there are the critics, who represent the bystanders and lookers on; then the commissariat, represented by the publishers — some of the soldiers complain that the uniform of the commissariat is much finer than their own, and that their mess is much superior to the regimental mess; then there are the men like Henry Morley, who are represented by the clerks and keepers of the regimental records. Henry Morley was not one of the regiment, a fighting man, an original writer; nor was he a critic; his work was to keep the records of the regiment, and he kept them very well. As a professor, and as the Warden of University Hall, he was widely and deservedly popular.

Yet a third. Dr. Richard Morris is dead. With the single exception of Professor Skeat, no man living or dead has ever done so much for the study of our own old literature. It was fortunate for us, as well as the Early English Text Society, that his services were available, as well as those of Professor Skeat, during the early years of its existence. Very few societies have been able to command the work—gratuitous work, I believe—of such eminent scholars and patient workers as those two contributors, who simply created the success of the Society.

The book of the month is Mr. Conway’s Himalayan Exploration. There has been universal agreement in all the papers on that point. One thing, at least, may be said concerning critics. When they all agree that a book is good, the verdict may be accepted without a question.

WALTER BESANT.

FEUILLETON.

A PIous FRAUD.

By the railway system irreverently known as the “Flying Watkin,” two gentlemen, with whom we are about to become acquainted, were travelling down into Kent. One was a man in the prime of life; a well-made fellow, with a pleasantly obtrusive waistcoat, and an evidence of comfortable prosperity about him. He had a merry eye, with attachments of white crow’s-feet, as though he had been for a long time past smiling and laughing in a strong sunlight. And yet in spite of all this lurking mirth there was something hard about his face. His mouth was scornful, and there was something of the cynic apparent in spite of his look of bonhomie. His companion—or rather his fellow traveller, for they were not acquainted—was a much younger man, not more than twenty-five; rather above the middle height, and with a fine pair of intelligent eyes in his head. He was not good looking, but yet he was undeniably attractive. How, it would be perhaps impossible to explain. Grim determination was his chief characteristic, tempered with a quiet air of disgust and weariness. These two travellers had the compartment to themselves, for it was a midday train, and almost empty. The younger traveller had exhausted his paper before they had travelled many miles, and then, with a muttered curse at the line in general, he rose, put his hat in the rack, and taking down from that altitude something rolled in brown paper, began to undo the string. “I wonder what is wrong now,” he said under his breath, as he opened a small note inclosed in the parcel. He read the note and laughed, while his vis-à-vis looked at him in some amazement. It was not a pleasant laugh by any means, and it was not good to hear. Next he unrolled the document contained in the brown paper roll, and, as the elder traveller saw at a glance, it was a type-written play. He turned over certain leaves, removing certain marks as he did so, and laughing each time—if possible more unpleasantly than before. He soon, however, resumed his accustomed look of weariness, and, leaning back in his corner, proceeded to read again. But by this
time he had excited the interest of the elder man, who, putting on his glasses, read the name of the play on the cover. He became uneasy, and rather excited—why he did not quite know. At length he could contain himself no longer.

"Allow me, sir, to congratulate you on the name of your play."

The younger man looked up curiously and suddenly. The elder continued,

"Hope you don't think me rude, but I've been watching you ever since you undid your roll. I watched your disgust, I heard your laugh. I am well acquainted with that sort of thing. I'm a playwright myself. My card."

The young man took the pasteboard smilingly. Looked at it. His face immediately became serious. He was so astonished that he was momentarily incapable of any other remark than "Oh." For he read "Herod Vingiffe," and knew then that he was sitting opposite to perhaps the leading playwright of the day.

"It's rather a formidable name I'll allow," said Vingiffe apologetically.

"It is, indeed," said the young man, "I haven't a card with me, but my name is Herbert Grant."

"Thank you," said the other simply. "Yes, it is rather startling, but I didn't christen myself or I'd have managed differently."

"Oh, I wasn't meaning that way," said Grant, laughing; "I was rather surprised at finding a man in such a position as yours—" Vingiffe inclined his head—"taking any notice of a new hand."

"I noticed the title of your play, and whether it is a good name for that play or not of course I can't say, but it's an attractive title anyway."

"You are very good."

"Not at all. I suppose you have had it returned?"

"Yes—that's it."

"They don't like it?"

"So they say here," putting hand on note, "but I used certain marks which have not been disturbed at all!"

"You mean—? " queried Vingiffe.

"That it can't have been read at all. They have changed the wrappers, and that is all!"

"Ah, there are a lot of funny little ways connected with theatrical management. Er—How old are you, and when did you begin to write for the stage?" He asked these two questions very abruptly.

"I'm twenty-five, and I began to scribble when I was nineteen."

"Oh," said Vingiffe, rather heartlessly, as Grant thought. Vingiffe continued musingly,

"I began at seventeen, and my first production happened when I was thirty-five."

It was Grant's turn to say "Oh," and he said it with considerable fervour.

"I don't want to discourage you," Vingiffe was going on when Grant laughed—that hard hopeless laugh of his.

"Ah! I see," said the sympathetic playwright, "you have had a good deal of it; perhaps I had better say no more."

"Oh, please do," said Grant, stopping his laugh suddenly. "I have had a good deal of discouragement, and I have been robbed, but you are the first playwright I have ever met, and—please go on."

Vingiffe smiled at the ingenuous young man.

"Robbed, eh? " he queried.

"Aye, robbed. I sent a play—not this one—up to a certain manager, say in the late spring. I got it back in August with an intimation that it was unsuitable, as 'women did not do such things.'"

"You had made use of the eternal woman question? " asked Vingiffe.

"I had and I hadn't. I had used woman—oh, well then—as she never was yet used. But that wasn't to say that she won't be so used some day. Can you, can any man, get up and declare that there is anything a woman will not do?"

"You mustn't put me on my oath," said Vingiffe, laughing.

"Anyhow," continued Grant, smiling in spite of his indignation. "Anyhow I got my play back in August. In the following January was produced—at this very theatre—a play by a crack author—I shan't mention names—dealing broadly with my subject, with the difference that it placed women in an absolutely impossible light. And I know for a fact that this play was not commenced until the late autumn after the return of my MS."

"Possible," said Vingiffe. "It isn't always the playwright's fault. Managers, you see, are undoubtedly inundated with MSS.; those belonging to unknown authors are perhaps scamped through. There are details, say, in a play by a new hand that are not liked while the main idea is approved. Then, instead of writing to the luckless author, saying, 'I like your play, you make certain alterations, and so forth,' the fellow calmly returns your screed while he gives out an order to a dramatist, whose work he knows is generally approved, for a play to be written round an idea and some scenes. Your idea and your scenes. It is the greatest fluke for a novice to gain a footing. Be his work ever so good, someone is sure to object to something. His dialogue, his characterisation, his dramatic action, his scenes, his curtains—all can be attacked. If he's
right in one, A. says he's wrong in another, while B. reverses A.'s verdict. I candidly tell you that I got my first footing by fluke; the story is too long to tell now. I've been snubbed just as you have been; but I beat you in one particular --- and he laughed heartily --- "I have actually been criticised before production --- the production was delayed at the last moment, but the criticism came out; and so did the recompense --- out of the rascal's pocket." Here both passengers laughed in concert until Vingiffle spoke again, for Grant was altogether too fascinated to utter a syllable.

"But all this talk of myself isn't touching you much. I don't know how you'll take it --- you may be suspicious, I couldn't express surprise at it --- but if you like, as a practical, accepted playwright, I'll read your play and see if I can give you any hints that might be useful."

Grant thanked his new-found friend very much for his kindness.

Vingiffle took no notice at all of this except by a bow. He said, "Written much?"

"A good deal," Grant replied, "but it all comes back to me; but I know --- (here he looked dreamily out of the window) --- I shall get a hearing some day."

His companion gazed at him critically; he seemed interested in the young man.

"I believe you will," he said rather impressively. "I couldn't tell you why I say so or why I believe it, but --- I believe you will."

"Really, this is very encouraging," said Grant, brightening up, "and I think I shall try again, after all."

"Of course you'll try again --- you weren't going to give up?"

"For a time I was. You see, I do a little hack work for a paper or two, and I was going to devote myself more to that. I manage to scrape together enough to live upon down in the village, but I want to be doing something better. Still, I must go back to it for a time."

"Give me your play," said Vingiffle.

Grant rolled it up and handed it over. It gave him a little pang to see his 'cherished play coldly set aside with newspapers and gloves, but Vingiffle chatted so kindly that he soon forgot that.

Even a railway journey by the S.E.R. must come to an end at some time or other, and in due course Grant got down at his station. Vingiffle had to go some seven miles further, where he had taken a cottage for the summer.

"Then I'll write you and let you know all about your play. Mind, I shall criticise it, I promise you, just as it seems to me, a practical dramatist. Good-bye, good-bye!" and the cheery fellow drew in his head after waving adieu to his late companion, on whom his exhilaration and heartiness had acted like champagne.

You may be quite sure that Grant passed a very pleasant evening with the remembrance of Vingiffle's comforting words for company. Of course he couldn't sleep when at last he went to bed, thinking it a wonderful thing that he should have awakened sympathy in a man at the top of his profession; and equally of course, when he awoke next morning he was disposed to take a rather gloomy view of his prospects, just by way of reaction.

At eleven in the morning Mr. Vingiffle surprised him by a visit.

"Mr. Grant," he said, "I was distinctly patronising to you last night."

This was a bold statement which could bear more than one interpretation, so Grant looked uncomfortable and said nothing.

"Yes, I was," said Vingiffle as though Grant had denied it, "and I have come to apologise for it."

"I assure you there is nothing to apologise for."

"My dear young fellow," said the dramatist rising, "allow me to shake hands again."

Grant rose. "I patronise you! Ha, ha. It's laughable. Your play is a masterpiece."

"Good heavens," ejaculated Grant, pale as a ghost.

"Yes, a masterpiece. It's well conceived, interesting, absolutely novel in treatment and design, and --- in short, my dear fellow, allow me to congratulate you on a most striking performance. I --- well --- I can't tell you much now, I'm feeling almost excited but --- are you doing anything particular to-day?" Grant said he was not.

"Then it will be a real pleasure to my wife and self if you will drive back with me to lunch --- you'll come won't you?"

"I'll come with pleasure," then he laughed, this time pleasantly. "You must excuse me," he added, "if I seem at all wandering in my replies, but I --- this is rather a shock. It would be mock modesty on my part to pretend that I didn't think it a real good play. I know it is. But I didn't know it was a masterpiece."

"You go and change your clothes," said Vingiffle, "at once, and come along."

Away went the young man. He trod on no floor --- he encountered no stairs. It was all cloudland to him, and as for his bedroom that was fairyland, and his change of clothes wishing-garments. He wasn't long you may be sure, and soon he was seated beside Vingiffle bowling along towards the latter's cottage.
“And now then,” said Vingiffle, after lunch, as they sat out under the trees, “will you put yourself further into my power? Ha, ha!” he exclaimed, in melodramatic fashion, “but I must dissemble or I shall frighten my prey,” and the odd creature took two or three long strides of the sort favoured by stage conspirators, while his wife and his visitor laughed at his antics.

“Seriously now,” and he sat down again, “this is what I want. Will you let me have that play run out again in type; will you put a new title to it, and will you let my name appear as the author of it?”

“If it’s any use——” Grant was beginning. “Any use! ‘Look here. Only my name, it is still your play, but my name appears. I will take it again to Magnus Maximus. He hasn’t seen anything but the title, and probably not that. I know it is just the play for him, and I know it will be the play of the year. I can make a better bargain, too, with him than you could; and, upon the whole, I think we shall make Magnus Maximus look rather insignificant.”

“Don’t try it then—don’t try it. Wait until it is launched, and then we’ll see what we shall see. You will place yourself unreservedly in my hands?”

“I will.”

“T’is well; ha, ha!”

About a month later Vingriffle looked in upon Grant again. He was in a great state of excitement.

“Taken?” cried Grant.

“Taken; I should just think so,” almost shouted the other. And then Grant, forgetful of all dignity, began to perform one of the wildest dances ever seen upon this globe. His landlady, looking out of window on hearing the turmoil, withdrew shuddering at the prospect of having a madman for a lodger.

“In with you,” cried Grant. “Now tell us all about it.”

“Well, you know,” said his hardly less excited friend, “I dressed the part so to speak—cultivated a haggard look—and then rushed him with blood-shot eyes—as though I had been up all night superintending something stupendous.”

“Good heavens, my dear chap,” said old Maximus, “here sit down here, sit down—here drink this,” and so on. “Oh, I played well, Herbert” (by this time, of course, they were on front-name terms). “I laid my hand on the play. Read that. I said, read that; if it doesn’t stagger you—if it doesn’t bring you a fortune—never produce another play that I bring you. With that I walked straight out, leaving him staring after me in amazement.”

Grant laughed heartily at his friend’s description.

“It won’t hurt him,” continued Vingiffle, “and it’s only a pious fraud. Maximus is not a bad fellow in his way, but he—well, he should attend to business better.”

“But after all this?” queried Grant.

“Why, he sends round to me same afternoon, is coming to supper with me that night. Never had anything like it, and so on. Well, the long and the short of it is that the play is accepted, that I have stipulated that it shall be produced within three months, and that I’ve made such terms that I can only whisper them. Now, no thanks—you’re to wait, you remember that. Wait until the production! Maximus likes the name—he likes his part—though I’m glad you haven’t put all the fat into one part—and he likes himself generally, for he knows, and I know, that he is going to produce a success.”

The long-expected night arrived at last. A typical first-night house had gathered to witness Herod Vingiffle’s latest masterpiece. Herod himself was there in front (everyone said how calm and cool he looked, and how unusual, &c., and everyone was very much surprised), with his wife and a young friend, Mr. Herbert Grant, who for some reason was looking rather wild-eyed and pale.

“Your friend unwell?” whispered a critic to Herod.

“No, oh no!” Herod whispered back, “sympathetic, intensely sympathetic.” The critic replied by raising his eyebrows to express his surprise, and just then the curtain went up.

“Keep cool,” said Herod to his young friend, and Mrs. Vingiffle added a few soothing phrases. It soon became apparent that it was a singularly interesting play. At the end of the first act people turned to congratulate Herod, but he had mysteriously disappeared, though he returned to his seat as the curtain rose on Act II. The same thing occurred at the end of each act, and at the close there was a perfect hurricane of applause. After obeying the laws of precedent governing similar proceedings, the manager stepped before the curtain, when the author was called, and all the curtain rose on Act II. The same thing occurred at the end of each act, and at the close there was a perfect hurricane of applause. After obeying the laws of precedent governing similar proceedings, the manager stepped before the curtain, when the author was called, with a puzzled look on his face, and a slip of paper in his hand. As soon as he could speak he said:

“Ladies and gentlemen,—I have just received this note from Mr. Herod Vingiffle.
"‘Dear Maximus,—I have imposed upon you piously, and with the consent of the real author of this play. I did not write it. You haven't hurt yourself, and you have done an act of justice. I may say that the author is in front.—Yours, Herod.’

"Does anyone know what this means?" asked the manager of the astonished house. "Is the author in the house?" he added. And then there was a short pause. Everyone looking at everyone else.

"Get up and speak," whispered Mrs. Vingifile, and Herbert rose. They were seated rather to the right in the last row but one of the stalls. "I am the author," he said, and his voice, though he did not speak loudly, rang through the house. A thousand eyes were instantly bent upon him. He continued rather mercilessly, "I sent this play up to Mr. Maximus myself more than six months ago. It was returned to me by him as being unsuited to his theatre. How he knew that then it is not for me to say, for certain marks I had placed between the leaves were undisturbed when the play was returned to me. It had not been read at all. Only the title of the play has been altered since. Luckily I met Mr. Vingifile. He offered to read my play. He said that he liked it and would play a pious fraud upon Mr. Maximus (some people laughed here, but seeing the sternness on the young man's face they looked grave again). He took it for me to him as his own piece, and that very day it was accepted. I have only to apologise to you all for making you so long a speech." And he bowed to the house and sat down, while cheer after cheer rose to the roof. The manager had disappeared.

R. S.

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**SO-SO-SOCIOLOGY.**

167. **DISEASE** is a medium between weakening cause and wasting effect.
168. When mystery becomes a luxury, misery seems a necessity.
169. It is far easier to love the unlikely than to like the unlovely.
170. Ignorance of ignorance is bad; indifference, worse; insolence, worst.
171. Civilisation is a concord of cohesion, cooperation, and culture.
172. Were the human always the humane, Man would have no despairs.
173. The present is more miraculous than the past, but less mysterious.
174. The blend or the breed is of more avail than the brand.
175. Education gives Man a greater chance: evolution, a higher choice.
176. From the common conflict of options emerges the consensus of opinions.
177. The value of machinery depends on whether it ministers or masters.
178. Gratitude is an education as well as an expediency expedience.
179. Discipline ceases to be a duty when it becomes a tyranny.
180. Love will always out, but few can always recognise it.
181. Only the wisest can ever find the best in the worst.
182. Love and contempt, though ever least akin, seem often most alike.
183. Spite is one of the commonest simulators of sincerity.
184. Folly is the favourite child of ignorance and of vanity.
185. Gift without grace is like knowledge without wisdom.
186. Truth is oftener a talent than an accomplishment.
187. Lies complicate existence: love simplifies life.
188. Man makes myths, myths make mysteries, mysteries make miseries.
189. Energy may sink with the sun, but fancy rises with the moon.
190. The least sound too often makes the most sound.
191. Not all the godliest die young; not all the best miss fortune.
192. It is easier to convert taste than to control tendency.
193. We wish more than we can, but will more than we may.
194. Love's shams appeal to self; its spirit to soul.
195. Men may know their own minds more than their own motives.
196. Capacity far oftener fails than opportunity.
197. Misfortunes have consolations oftener than compensations.
198. Self-love has no scientific frontiers.
199. Man, of both sexes, is God's best and worst practical providence to Man.
200. History is the great-grandmother of prophecy.

**Phinlay Glenelg.**
"LIFE IN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE."

It is the office and function of the imagination to renew life in lights and sounds and emotions that are outworn and familiar. It calls the soul back once more under the dead ribs of nature, and makes the meanest bush burn again, as it did to Moses, with the visible presence of God. And it works the same miracle for language. The word it has touched retains the warmth of life for ever. We talk about the age of superstition and fable as if they were passed away, as if no ghost could walk in the pure white light of science, yet the microscope that can distinguish between the disks that float in the blood of man and ox is helpless, a mere dead eyeball, before this mystery of Being, this wonder of Life, the sympathy which puts us in relation with all nature, before that mighty circulation of Deity in which stars and systems are but as the blood disks in our own veins. And so long as wonder lasts, so long will imagination find thread for her loom, and sit like the Lady of Shalott weaving that magical web in which "the shows of things are accommodated to the desires of the mind." It is "precisely before this phenomenon of life in literature and language that criticism is forced to stop short. That it is there we know, but what it is we cannot precisely tell. It flits before us like the bird in the old story. When we think to grasp it, we already hear it singing just beyond.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—A Strange Coincidence.

Contributors to the Author sometimes point out strange coincidences in relation to subjects treated by several persons. The French proverb, Les esprits forts se rencontrent, sums up the matter with French precision. Here is another curious instance.

In the year 1891 I was travelling rather out of the beaten track upon the eastern frontier of Germany, and I heard of a curious religious procession. Never before had I seen anything of the kind, and only the local guide mentioned it. Naturally it struck me that it would make a good subject for an illustrated magazine article. So when I returned I set to work. Early in 1892 my MS. and drawing trotted about in the usual manner, and I received the usual polite letters from the editors of many first-class magazines—I never trouble the second and third-class folk. Then I threw the MS. into a drawer, where it rested for some nine months. I ought to say that I first made a wash drawing, from which to make another in pen and ink, to accompany the MS. in its walks about town; strictly speaking, I ought to say in its globe-trottings, for it crossed the ocean, and likewise the so-called silver streak.

In the spring of '93 I brought out my MS. again, and towards the anniversary of the fête day described therein, I sent it on its way once more, when alas! after many days and many voyages, the MS. returned without the drawing, which is quite "lost in the post," although my name and address were written upon the back—showing the carelessness of the returned letter department of the Post-office. Or is a drawing not of sufficient value to be worth returning? Possibly, in the eyes of officials. Well, this year I made another pen and ink drawing from my original wash one, with the same result—refusal. Only here is the gist of the business; not only was my matter stale instead of new, as I thought, but in the words of the editor: "So far from the matter being 'untouched' you will find it all described and illustrated in May, 1893. Moreover, the sketch you send me is actually copied from the illustration we then published!" This was rather strong!

I represented to the editor that my work had been done in 1891-2, and that I did not relish being accused of purloining other people's work. Here is the half-hearted apology: "I had not the least idea of making any accusation against you" (observe above "actually copied," and the "!" at end of sentence), "what at once occurred to me was that your sketch was made from the same photograph which we reproduced—a photograph which I suppose is sold in the shops!" But note, that beyond the two illustrations representing a procession, a crowd, and the same street, they differ much in detail. However, that is not the question. Why I relate this little history is simply to show that les esprits forts se rencontrent, even in matters which have lain dormant for many years, and even with a short interval between the results of les esprits. In my case, my fortunate rival forestalled me (in print) a year after my work was completed; which shows that the spirit which wafted me to in 1891, and whispered to me to write an article thereon, like- wise spoke to another scribe in 1893 after the same manner. Mean little spirit, why not have "let me earn the reward of my labours?" M. S. A.
II.—Consolatory.

Will you allow me to say a few words in answer to “Experto Crede?”

I have a very large experience of penny papers, and I have met from their editors and proprietors the greatest kindness, consideration, and courtesy coupled with fair prices and prompt payments. We cannot all be famous, and if long prices for a single story do not fall to our lot, modest cheques are not to be despised.

I have for many years earned a very comfortable income by my pen solely from penny papers. I never expect to be famous, or even to see my name on a three-volume novel, but I sell my tales as fast as I can write them. Unlike the more distinguished folks who publish on the royalty system, I know exactly what they will bring in, I have no anxiety and no suspense, and I do not possess a single rejected manuscript, so that I have no cause to grumble. I fancy the contributors who write to you and complain of failure, either expect to succeed in too great a hurry, or else write their stories and then expect them taken by the first paper they think of, instead of deciding on the paper first and adapting the story to its style. Their plan is a kind of putting the cart before the horse arrangement, which must fail.

Girls tell me their tales are much better than many they see in print, but they can’t get on because they have “no introductions.” I don’t like to reply they are not impartial critics, but I can and do assure them that introductions are useless.

My testimony is just that of an average woman worker, for I have had no advantages to help me on, I never had an introduction to editor or publisher, and I don’t even (after years of literary work), possess a single “famous” acquaintance.

C. O.

III.—Grammatical.

Which is correct after not and no, or or nor?

In some extra good writers, whom one might be tempted to consider authorities, you find nor; in others as good, or.

It did not rain nor blow. It did not blow or rain. There was no rain nor wind. There was no wind or rain. Which are correct of the above examples? Neither Murray nor Mason answers the question.

I used to put or until I began to think about the matter. Then it occurred to me that, as it is right to put nor after neither (an abbreviation of not either), upon the same principle it must be right to put nor after no and not (either being implied). But the other day a more knowing person than myself, when criticising a careful writer’s work, said: “He makes just the mistake that so many authors—including even so fine a writer as Marion Crawford—make; he invariably puts nor after not and no, which, whether or not absolutely incorrect, is hideous”—or something to this effect.

I agree with him that or sounds better, but if nor is incorrect after not, it must have been created simply to suit the convenience of neither, and as a means of breaking the rule against two negatives, where they would naturally destroy one another.

Nor sounds better than or after neither, but why should it be more correct after neither than after not either?

However, apart from right and wrong, euphonious, or non-euphonious effects, there are so many uses for the word or, that a person who does not understand the English language might be puzzled by the use of it in lieu of nor. For instance, “He is not pious, or pleasant,” might be taken to signify “He is not pious, by which I mean pleasant.” Still, of course, the thing could be differently expressed without the use of nor; and I do not feel at all sure that the word nor ought to exist.

A Member of the Society of Authors.

IV.—Remainders.

I am obliged for your note in response to mine.

You did not say whether you considered that at the present time authors were satisfied with the ordinary way of disposing of their remainders. I wrote under the assumption that they were not, and would perhaps have discussed the matter under the auspices of your Society.

At present a large number of provincial booksellers have no inducement whatever to purchase the works of numerous authors. The publisher takes little or no risk, and wants little or no trouble. If a bookseller buys from a publisher any but those books in most demand there is no possible means of getting a profit, and every chance of making a loss. If publishers will not come to the rescue, why not the authors themselves through their business agency the Authors’ Society?

It ought to be to the author’s interests to see that every bookseller is put into a fair way of making a profit if he cares to push the sale of the book. But as no attempt has been made in this direction, I assume that that is impossible, and that when a book does not go under ordinary circumstances at once that it must be sold as a remainder.
THE AUTHOR.

Then could not the loss be lessened on remainders? Why could not you or your representatives create a central agency, invite booksellers to take up authors' works on sale or return terms, and issue a general catalogue? E. B.

V.—EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY BEGINNER.

I have had many painful experiences of the MS. that goes a begging; yet, strange to say, they do not belong to the period when I was a beginner with the pen. The very first article which I submitted to a strange editor was accepted and printed, and the same success attended my second venture, and so on till in the course of time I had contributed quite a respectable series.

But I am speaking now of nearly a quarter of a century ago, when journalistic lotteries were unknown, when the prize-giving periodical was quite in its infancy, and when the sole end and aim of an editor was not to sell the paper by the tens of thousands, so as to put money into the purse of the proprietor. And I am also speaking of a time when there existed one of the most generous, discriminating, impartial, and painstaking of editors who ever lived, and one, moreover, who was always ready to encourage young authors, and help them to success if he found any good in their youthful essays.

The name of that editor was Charles Dickens, and the journal which I had the honour of contributing to was then called All the Year Round. After Dickens' regrettable death I continued to contribute to his popular periodical, and to a few others which, like his, did not refuse a manuscript simply because they were overstocked with literature of all kinds, or because the article offered happened to be too long, too discursive, or too something else. But, unfortunately for myself, some of those journals came to grief, or were unable to pay the same fees as before, owing, perhaps, to the increased competition which the "new journalism," as it is called, gave rise to.

Then my troubles as an outside contributor began in earnest, for I was tempted to try my "luck" with the new papers which now completely flooded the market, and in doing so I learnt what it was to send an MS. "the round." Out of ten or a dozen articles which I "submitted to the consideration" of various editors only one was accepted and used, and that one had cost me so much trouble in reconstructing, or re-writing to suit the requirements of the different journals to which it was sent on approval, that the fee eventually received scarcely repaid me for the time and labour bestowed upon it, to say nothing of the time and labour bestowed upon the other nine or eleven articles which I had written and submitted before this last one was accepted.

So, as I am wholly dependent upon my work for the bread and cheese of existence, I have been reluctantly obliged to abandon my literary labours, which began under such promising auspices, and to turn my attention to something far less congenial, but rather more profitable.

EXPERTO CREDE.

VI.—MORE EXPERIENCES.

My first work was on the past, present, and future of a cause in which circumstances caused me to be deeply interested. I submitted the MS. to the committee of a society to which I purposed to give the profits, if any, of publication. Reply from chairman (lord-lieutenant of his county): "Committee feel honoured by being associated with such a production, and propose to be responsible for the cost." This I declined. A large edition was sold, and a useful amount was paid to the society in about twelve months.

This success led to my writing a larger work. It was published on the "mutual profit" system. Whole edition disposed of; but small profit to the author, notwithstanding most flattering notices of the book. One popular author wrote to me, "I hope your inkstand will never be dry."

Then a magazine, edited by a well-known Cambridge man, came under my notice. I wrote a short tale with a purpose, which, being appreciated, was followed by a series, and when the editor retired, he thanked me warmly for what he was pleased to call my "valuable aid."

I next proposed to write a series of articles on various subjects, to a then popular shilling magazine. Reply was: "Being already acquainted with your former works (reviewed in our magazine), any contributions from your pen will be valued."

A small work on religious subjects was brought out by one of the oldest leading publishers in London, on his responsibility, and is still recommended in a leading journal to inquirers.

My next venture was a one-volumenovel (published on the "mutual profit" system). Well reviewed in first-class journals; but financially a failure.

I then competed with several authors, whose names were known to the public, for leading serial in a magazine, established over a quarter of a century. I was successful, and, of course, received the usual remuneration.

I may mention, en passant, that I have received £2 for quite a short article. I continued to write for the above magazine, and my articles were favourably noticed.

Meanwhile I wrote a pamphlet on a subject of
THE AUTHOR.

public interest and importance; took the opinion of an eminent man; sent the MS. to a publisher, who was manifestly anxious to secure the publication; and it was issued quickly. The price, at the publisher's suggestion, was fixed at one shilling. In an incredibly short time, a friend said to me that he wanted a copy, and could not get one as they were all sold. I at once wrote to the publisher. He replied that he wished my information was correct. That, expecting a large sale, he had kept the type set for five weeks, and had then broken it up, as the pamphlet was not selling. I called upon him when I went to London, but could get no intelligible statement from him. I had paid him a fixed amount for publishing and advertising. Yet he intimated that if I had the unsold copies he must charge extra for advertising. So he kept all but two dozen, which I had, and the matter ended. I ought to have taken advice, but being afraid of law proceedings, I weakly, as I now think, gave up the whole affair. Some years after I showed the pamphlet to a man in London, who has some knowledge of the ways of the world as well as of letters. He read it, approved and praised it, and gave his verdict in few words, "That pamphlet was suppressed; there is too much truth in it."

Since then I have been a constant writer for a leading journal, and my articles have been criticised at home and abroad.

Of one recent work 2000 copies were disposed; and now my last work, which I venture to think is not inferior to what I have previously written, and which has been so highly praised, is in one sense a failure. By no means so complete a failure as the suppressed pamphlet was—and in this case no suspicion can attach to the publisher—but I ought to have taken advice, but being afraid of law proceedings, I weakly, as I now think, gave up the whole affair. I wrote it with a definite purpose, and some reviewers consider that I have fully accomplished that purpose. One critic with "Unlike most novels, this is a book to be re-read—in fact, it ought to have an index, there is so much for reference, as well as of so much besides."

Another critic says: "We have looked in vain for a single sentence that could justify these discussions being printed."

Since that was written a New York publisher has written about taking 250 or 500 copies if a cheap edition is published, as he says that they (the firm) consider it "a remarkable and interesting book," and that the purpose of it is of as much value in America as in England. M. M.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

Mr. C. H. Cook (John Bickerdyke) has published (Constable and Co.) a small volume called "Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs, a Disclosure; with Notes Explanatory and Critical on the Thames Bill of 1894." He says, by way of preface, that he is not writing as a lawyer for lawyers, but for the merry crowd... who take their pleasure on the river, and his desire is that the facts disclosed will startle the public out of its apathy, and bring about that legislation which is urgently needed.

"The Plays of Sir Richard Steele" forms the new volume in the Mermaid Series (Fisher Unwin). It is edited, with a critical introduction and notes, by Mr. G. A. Aitken, who in 1889 published a life of Steele.

"Doctor Quodlibet, a Study in Ethics" (Leadenhall Press), is a new story by the author of the "Chronicles of Westerley." In a note the author reminds his readers that "Bishop Quodlibet" was a subordinate character in the above-named novel, and that now he has ventured to give him a small book all to himself.

"The Ghosts of the Guardroom," a story by Annabel Grey, forms the first volume of the Annabel Grey Library (G. Stoneham). According to the author's preface, "the story deals with military life, of the struggles and trials of an English lad, a young recruit; it is, moreover, true."

Miss Mary Colborne-Veel has published a volume of verse entitled "The Fairest of the Angels" (Horace Cox). As the title implies, some of the poems are religious, of which there are one or two—"Jael," for instance—which seem to us to be more successful than the one the author has chosen as a title.

"The Local Government Act, 1894," has just appeared, with introduction, notes, and index, by J. M. Lely and W. F. Craies, Barristers-at-law. The publishers are Sweet and Maxwell, 3, Chancery-lane; Stevens and Sons, 119, Chancery-lane. 1s. 6d.

Also "The Sale of Goods Act, 1893," with introduction, notes, and index. By the same authors, and the same publishers.

The "Goethe-Jahrbuch" for 1894 will contain an account, by Dr. Suphan, of "Napoleon's Unterhaltungen mit Goethe und Wieland und F. von Müller's Memoire darüber für Talleyrand."
Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "In Varying Moods," by Miss Beatrice Harraden; "Red Cap and Blue Jacket," a tale of the French Revolution," by Mr. Robert Dunn; and an "Autonym" series of stories by well-known writers.

Mr. J. J. Haldane Burgess, M.A., the author of "Rasmie's Budsie"—a second edition of which was lately issued by Mr. Gardner, Paisley and London, and to which the Scotsman alluded as "a book which is likely to make a name for its author"—has just finished a romance of the Norse time, dealing with the Viking occupation of the Shetlands in the days of Harold Fair-Hair.

A new novel, in 2 vols., by Mrs. Leith-Adams (Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan) will shortly be published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. It is entitled "Colour-Sergeant, No. 1 Company," and the scene is laid in the South of Ireland.

The story of Soho-square and its associations has been taken in hand by Mr. George Clinch. This old aristocratic quarter is full of interesting associations with celebrities of the past. Collections have been made of drawings, prints, pamphlets, and books bearing upon the quarter. Many of these, including the collection of the late Dr. Rimbault, have been placed in the hands of the author, who wishes us to state that he will gratefully receive and acknowledge any information or suggestions from residents in the district or others. The work will be a volume of small quarto, and will be limited to a small number of copies.

The fifth edition of "Marcella" (in three volumes) is announced. The cheap edition of "David Grieve" is also ready.

Mrs. Steel's new novel "The Potter's Thumb," 3 vols., is now ready. The publishers are Heinemann and Co.

The same publishers have the three novels of "Sarah Grand."

A new work by Ruskin, called "Verona and other Lectures," will be issued early in June. The publisher, of course, is Mr. George Allen. The book will contain five lectures, delivered between the years 1870 and 1883. It will be illustrated by a frontispiece and eleven photogravure plates from drawings by the author.

The Athenæum (May 26) notes the formation of a "Transatlantic Publishing Company," which will publish a magazine intended principally for the purpose of copyrighting in America short stories written by our people. We shall be glad to hear more about this company. Without doubt there is great need of such a medium. Fuller inquiries shall be made at once into the proposed company and the magazine.

A new and cheaper edition of "The Way of Transgressors," by E. Rentoul Esler, will be issued shortly. (Samson Low and Co.) Baron Tauchnitz has secured the Continental rights of this author's Village Idylls, "The Way they Loved at Grimpat."

After three editions of "A Superfluous Woman," in three volume form, the publishers, Messrs. Heinemann and Co., have produced the book in a cheap Colonial series, and it will be shortly produced in England in a cheap form also.

The New York Critic announces the formation of a Walt Whitman Society, which is about to be incorporated. Its aims are threefold: The consolidation within a single organisation of all persons who are interested in the life and work of Walt Whitman; the establishment of centres in different parts of the world, which shall bring together the lovers and admirers of Whitman, and which, by the maintenance of correspondence and the exchange of views, shall tend to close fraternal relations among the members of the society; and the publication, from time to time, of Whitman literature and of such essays and other papers as may be deemed valuable in elucidation of Whitman's philosophy of life, or in exposition of his poetry and principles.

The following announcements are also made by the same paper:—

"The Phantoms of the Footbridge" is the title of a volume of short stories by Charles Egbert Craddock, to be published by the Harpers.

Messrs. D. C. Heath and Co. are publishing a "History of the United States," by Mr. Allen C. Thomas, Professor of History in Haverford College. The aim of this work is to give the main facts of the history of the United States clearly, accurately, and impartially. In the belief that the importance of the events which have occurred since the adoption of the Constitution is becoming more and more recognised, much the greater part of the book is devoted to the era beginning with 1789. The earlier period, however, is treated with sufficient fulness to show clearly the origins of the people and their institutions. Throughout special attention is given to the political, social, and economic development of the nation.
Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have become the owners of Colonel T. W. Higginson’s histories and miscellaneous works, by purchase from Messrs. Lee and Shepard.

Mr. John Jacob Astor is about to make his first venture in literature with a story of the year 2000, entitled “A Journey in Other Worlds: a Romance of the Future.”

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

I.—LITERARY STANDARDS.

“Is there such a quality in a literary production as absolute merit?” inquires W. J. L. “If so, is there a man or woman in the country of the capacity to judge it by that standard? I am moved to ask these questions by my own experience and by the history of literary productions which have wandered through a veritable wilderness of editorial hands before reaching the promised land of publication. It is hardly necessary to recount the early trials of these martyrs since made glorious. As to my own work, which is journalistic rather than purely literary, I have had such queer experiences that I am beginning to lose faith in what has been called literary judgment. I have repeatedly had editors refuse my matter, only at a later date to reprint it from other papers; I have had articles refused once and accepted later; I have had one magazine refuse an article and one of higher class accept it at double the price; I have known editors correct the metre or rhyme of famous poems I may have had occasion to quote or to parody in places; I have known a newspaper of recognised literary standing refuse a poem at 5 dollars which a periodical accepted at 15 dollars; I have had good things rejected with promptness and despatch, and those of less merit accepted. And so on through a complexity of moods and measures. I don’t understand it, do you? Is it due to the fact that publishers of literature—is it literature if not published—are governed, not by the genuine merit of the article, but by the tastes and demands of their readers, or by a consideration of the interests of the business office? If you can throw a little light on this subject you will benefit a good many people who do not hesitate to damn the literary judgment of publishers with whom they have had experience.”

The simple answer to the foregoing would be that no one is infallible. An editor is just as likely to make mistakes as any other man. Don’t you hear people say every day that, if they had only known, they would have bought certain land which had been offered to them for a few dollars and is now worth thousands? The wise man is he who has foresight. The editor who can discover a Kipling in the callow efforts of a novice is such a one as is not often met. You oftener meet the man with foresight in matters of real estate transactions for a very simple reason: taste is never a factor in the sale of building lots. What is one editor’s meat is another’s poison. The editor of this magazine may have a weakness for dialect stories, while the editor of that magazine despises them. He may print those of a certain author because he has discovered that they have a market value, but he never would think of accepting them on their merits. Editors, I fancy, are governed by a great many things. The “genuine merit of an article” is an important factor in its favour, and “the tastes and demands of their readers” is another. How the “promulgation of the interests of the business office” can be made to enter into the question at all I do not see, beyond the matter of making a periodical that will sell. An editor who made a magazine that no one would buy would certainly be a very strange man, and one unfitted for his position. No journal can be published at a loss unless it is published by philanthropists, and even they would soon tire of the fun, for there is nothing that can swallow up money like an unsuccessful periodical.

As for literary judgment, who shall be the judge? A novel of which the Athenæum said that it was one of the best of 1893, the Critic declared not to have been worth publishing. The reviewers of the book were both unquestionably persons of intelligence, and yet what one pronounced a work of unusual merit the other pronounced unmitigated trash. The question is largely one of taste, and with posterity alone remains the decision as to what has come to stay.—New York Critic.

II.—MR. TRAILL ON LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

Mr. H. D. Traill delivered, on Saturday afternoon, his second and concluding Royal Institution lecture on the relations between literature and journalism. The critics of journalism, he said, were prone to exaggerate its influence in respect of the undoubted over production in these days of literary matter. Of the existence of such over production there could, unfortunately, be no doubt. There never were so many people anxious to rush into print; never was the literary craft so invaded by amateurs. One
reason, perhaps, was the excessive cheapness of the material. Pen, ink, and paper were never dear commodities, and compared with the canvas, paint, marble, and studio of the artist were infinitesimal items. Moreover, failure or incapacity was not so glaring with the literary amateur as in the case of painting, sculpture, or music.

Popular education had more, however, to do with this tendency than any other cause. The State had renounced Dogberry’s maxim that to read and write come by nature and might be charged with going too far in the other direction—that people can be taught to write what others will care to read. A day might come on which we should all be so busy writing as to have no time for reading at all, and we might be reduced to the condition of the islanders who tried to get a living by taking in each other’s washing. Exaggerated, however, as is the share attributed to journalism in this result, it had to be admitted that the flood of novels poured forth day by day was partly due to the daily journals. But the circulating libraries were more to blame than the newspapers, and any or no quality was good enough to find a place in the periodical box of books. The journalist, however, did perform a useful function in guiding the taste of the public, and he could not be accused of neglecting his duty in this respect. On the whole it may be said that this duty is performed honestly and capably. The verdict of the reviewer in the daily press was usually conscientious and generally correct. As to the merits of signed and unsigned articles much might be said on both sides. But anonymity was too firmly established in this country to be disturbed, and, in his opinion, possessed the balance of advantage. If the journalist on the whole encouraged good literary work, it was to be feared that he did not do enough to discourage the bad. The publishers knew their public, and that it is a book’s fortune to be talked about on account of its eccentricity or glaring impropriety or suggestiveness. The best remedy would be to leave bad books alone. This might be done if we were living in Utopia, but was hardly possible in the world in which we live. In Utopia the publisher would approach the critic as a petitioner approaches a judge, and the book would be noticed or disregarded in strict accordance with its merits. But, as things are, newspapers are not carried on merely from the love of letters or a desire to increase knowledge. They were, above all things, commercial enterprises, and the proprietors could not afford to disregard the advertisements of the publisher. Thus a kind of professional morality was established on the basis of the relative value of the notice to the publisher and of the advertisement to the owner of the newspaper. Another charge brought against the daily journals was that they were corruptors of the English language. The term “newspaper English” had become a byword. Thus journalists were promoted to a kind of sinister dignity as the debasers of their mother tongue—they became sinners on an heroic scale. Was this charge true? To a limited extent undoubtedly a verdict of “Guilty” must be recorded. The daily papers were not wells of English pure and undefiled. There was apt to be a lack of simplicity and directness, a tendency to circumlocution and verbosity, a wrong use of words and phrases. But it was easy to overestimate the extent of the wrong done. The number of phrases so misemployed was after all not great; “transpire” for “happen”; the misapplication of such terms as Frankenstein, “comity of nations,” “benefit of clergy,” “Caudine Forks,” “horns of a dilemma,” “cui bono,” and a few others would exhaust the list of habitual offences. Nor was the charge of corruption of style based on a much larger foundation. It should be remembered that the daily paper was written against time, with no leisure for revision. The leisurely critic after breakfast, with his feet on the fender, complained of “newspaper slipshod.” It would be more fair to use the term “in slippers” than slipshod. In any case, the style of the newspaper was a good deal better than that of the great majority of its readers. Another question is whether journalism ever makes real contributions to literature. Are its leading articles, its reviews, and its essays ever themselves really literature? It is not true to say that what is really good literature is always written slowly and at leisure, and it is equally wide of the mark to suppose that all the work of a newspaper is hastily performed. A substantial part of what appears in the daily prints is done under most favourable conditions. Days may be occupied over the review of a book, though it too often consists of little more than a summary of the contents. At other times so much time is taken up in the composition of the critique that none is left for the perusal of the book. The newspaper essay or article bears considerable resemblance to the sermon, though the one is composed five or six times as often as the other. Sermons, as we know, form a real part, sometimes excellent, of literature. Then it was an open secret that the obituary notice is often composed at leisure, with many opportunities of revision. Indeed, it was a journalistic superstition that the composition of a biography and the recovery of an illustrious patient were frequently connected as cause and effect. Even the political leader might now and
again rise to the dignity of literature, notwithstanding the disparaging observations of Carlyle. Speed is not always the enemy of excellence. It may tend to animation, and animation may produce eloquence. Unfortunately, the form of the newspaper was against it. The column seems interminable, and the writer may be haunted with the consciousness that his leaders during a short period might reach from Charing-cross to Ludgate-hill. The fate, too, of the newspaper was more rapid and humiliating than that of the printed book, however vapid the latter might be. The virtuoso with the hand-barrow at the back door came all too soon for the ephemeral productions of the journalist. To-day is—to-morrow is for the dust-heap. Journalism unquestionably might be useful to literature—it might awaken the interest and hold the attention of the reader and direct him to what is more abiding than itself. The journalist might have a good deal to say in defence against all the charges that are brought against him. He might say that he regarded literature as his instructress, his playmate, his guide, his venerated mother; but he might also complain that she did not discharge all the duties of a mother, but declined all responsibility for his maintenance, and failed to supply him with the material necessities of existence, and that in his hour of need it was journalism which took him in and became his foster-mother, and that therefore, whilst holding literature in respect and affection, he could not disregard the charity which had taken compassion on him in his destitution.—Times, April 30.

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5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least four days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. The Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 to sell MSS. 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too
often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from
swearing the whole profits of a book into his own pocket,
by inserting any number of advertisements in his own
magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are
who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those
who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—A Case of Secret Profits.

The case which was mentioned in the Author
for March, 1893 (p. 353), and June, 1894,
(p. 14), plain as it may have appeared,
has now dragged along for some four years.
The French writer, known by the nom de
plume of "Léo Taxil," had some reason or other
for suspecting that his publishers were treating
him unfairly as to the number of copies of his
many books printed and sold, and that they were
thus depriving him wholesale of his royalty per
copy. He therefore called for an account which,
when received in July, 1890, showed him some
£8 in debt to the publishing firm.
The author, naturally indignant, set in motion
a criminal prosecution for "abuse of confidence." The outcome of this move was that the publishers
informed the author that they had unfortunately
omitted from the account rendered two whole
editions of one of his books, and that there was due
to him in consequence £133. At the same time
they admitted that on his other works the number
of depriving M. Léo Taxil of a portion of his
royalty due to the author was understated by
£120 more, making £253 due to him instead of
£8 due from him.

But expert accountants were then put in by the
courts to examine the firm's books, and the total
damage to the author was assessed by them at
no less than £1520, for Léo Taxil's books, whatever
may be thought of them, have had a con-
siderable circulation.
The criminal prosecution therefore went on,
though the legal proceedings are somewhat diffi-
cult to reconcile. Here, however, is a resumé of
the facts as taken from the Journal des Débats,
the Gazette des Tribunaux, and the Siécle. To
begin with, the correctional tribunal (a criminal
court) acquitted the publishers, in Feb., 1892,
of "abuse of confidence." On appeal by the
Public Prosecutor (and by the author also on the
point of damages) a decision of the court above,
which was quashed the previous proceed-
ing as having been in error, because the
facts as alleged would, if proved, constitute not
merely "abuse of confidence," but falsification of
documents and criminal use of the same.

Accordingly, in Feb., 1893, the case was sent
down again (in spite of a fresh appeal from the
publishers) for retrial in this sense.

Eventually the publishers were again indicted
for entering in their books, and in their accounts
rendered, certain erroneous items, with the effect
of depriving M. Léo Taxil of a portion of his
"author's rights" to the extent of £1520. In
the meanwhile, however, as the Gazette des
Tribunaux reports the case, the publisher had
induced the author to desist, paying him £4600
(115,000 francs) as damages. But the court,
nevertheless, compelled him to continue to appear
in the case as an interested party.

The case only came on for trial at the May
assizes of this year, when the defence was that
there were "extenuating circumstances" in favour
of the accused, a Parisian jury acquitted them,
while M. Léo Taxil was, in consequence of this
acquittal, cast in the costs. How much these
may be we know not, nor are we told what
offence he had committed to merit this penalty;
but it would be well for English authors who may
purpose any professional work in France to make
a careful note of this strange case, and of that
alleged secret custom of confiscating one in six of
the copies of every edition as publisher's per-
quisites.

The following is the official report from the
Gazette des Tribunaux:

L'affaire dont a eu a connaître aujourd'hui la Cour
d'Assises mettait en présence, d'une part, M. Léo Taxil
et son gendre, M. Joubert, et de l'autre, MM. Letouzey et
Ané, éditeurs.

Il s'agit, non d'un procès de presse, mais d'une affaire
de faux, engagée sur la plainte de M. Léo Taxil. C'est
l'épilogue des nombreux incidents qui signalèrent les
démêles de M. Léo Taxil avec ses éditeurs et dont le début
remonte à 1892. Ceux-ci ont successivement publié un
grand nombre de volumes et des brochures de M. Léo
Taxil. Soupçonnant que ses éditeurs ne lui remettaient pas
exactement les droits d'auteur auxquels il avait droit, M.
Léo Taxil, ne pouvant obtenir un relevé de compte exact,
déposa une plainte contre eux.

Une instruction fut ouverte qui se termina par la com-
paration de MM. Letouzey et Ané et de M. Piquéquin, leur
imprimeur, devant le Tribunal correctionnel sous la pré-
vention d'abus de confiance et de complicité. Tous trois furent
acquittés (V. Gaz. des Trib. du 17 février 1892).

Le ministère public et M. Léo Taxil ayant fait appel, la
Cour confirma le jugement de première instance en déclarant
que les faits relevés à la charge des prévenus constitu-

35
II.—PUBLISHING ON COMMISSION.

It seems a method so fair and so simple. The author goes to a publisher and says: "Take my book and publish it. I will pay you for your trouble so much per cent. on all the sales." What can be fairer?

What, indeed? Now, the following is an illustration of how the plan may work. This is an actual case which occurred yesterday.

- First of all, the publisher demands payment in advance of the whole amount which, according to him, the book will cost.

For himself, he pays the printer three or six months after the work is done.

If he takes six months' credit, he has the money to use for his own business purposes for this time. It is an addition to his working capital on which he calculates to make something like 20 per cent., but, if it is not to be considered working capital, it is money on which he may get interest at, say, 4 per cent.

Next, he sends in an estimate lumping everything together, the said estimate being enormously overcharged. He explains that he has only allowed for binding of a certain number. He further notes, casually, that advertising is not included. But he points out that the sale will give the author so much for every hundred volumes sold.

The luckless author falls into the trap, pays the money, calculates what he is to receive, and expects the returns. There will be so much profit, he thinks: he cannot lose anything. Alas! He knows nothing: he actually forgets the advertising. There will be a tremendous bill on that account. And he forgets the corrections, and the remaining copies will have to be bound. Then there are the illustrations. Finally, the author, even when the whole edition has gone, will find himself a loser to the tune of a hundred pounds or so.

In the case before us, the cost of production was overcharged by about £30. The author stood to lose £70 on the most favourable result, viz., the sale of the whole edition.

The publisher's profit would stand as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Overcharge of production</td>
<td>£30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest on money advanced (say)</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commission on sales</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overcharge on binding the rest of the edition</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overcharge on advertisements reckoned on the same scale</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illustrations overcharge on same scale</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overcharge on corrections</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Whole profit** £82

The reader will please observe these figures. Remark that, if not one single copy sells, the publisher makes £60 by the job, and the whole by secret profits!

And yet we are accused of "attacking publishers" when we expose these tricks!

How, then, is an author to publish on commission? He must get advice from the Society on the proper firm to employ. He must then have
an estimate showing the exact details on every point. This, with the agreement proposed, he must submit to the consideration of the secretary.

If the publisher refuses to furnish the details, there is but one inference to be drawn.

Meantime, let it be distinctly understood, when estimates are sent in, that the Society can get the work done at the prices given in the “Cost of Production,” with the change in the item of binding, as advertised every month in the Author.

III.—Canadian Copyright.

Since the last article appeared in the Author on Canadian copyright, certain papers have been forwarded to the Society by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Society has taken the opinion of counsel on the papers.

Mr. William Oliver Hodges, of 3, Paperbuildings, Temple, E.C., barrister, and Mr. G. Herbert Thring, secretary to the Society, have been appointed by the committee as delegates to attend the meetings of the Copyright Committee alluded to in the last number. The first meeting was held on Monday, June 25. A statement of what passed at this meeting will be printed, together with counsel’s opinion on the papers on Canadian copyright, in next month’s Author.

IV.—American Copyright.

The Speaker, in recently reviewing an American book, said: “This book is twenty years old in America, and what is stated to be its fifth edition is now brought over here to be sold, having been printed and copyrighted in America by the American publisher, and then again copyrighted by him here, by entry at Stationers’ Hall, as the liberal English law allows him to do. By the unfairly unequal American law—drafted and passed so as to be unfairly unequal—it is impossible for a book printed in England to be similarly copyrighted in the United States, for it must be first printed there too. Therefore this book is one of those by which the Yankee cobbler manages to cut a whang out of our leather.”

V.—Libraries and Novels.

The following circulars were published in the Daily Chronicle of June 30. At the moment of going to press we have not yet received a copy, but it may be supposed that the text is accurately printed, and first, Messrs. Mudie’s runs as follows:—

Owing to the constantly increasing number of novels and high-priced books, and to the rapid issue of the cheaper editions, the directors are compelled in the interests of the business to ask publishers to consider the following suggestions:—

I. That after Dec. 31, 1894, the charge to the library for works of fiction shall not be higher than 4s. per volume, less the discount now given, and with the odd copy as before.

II. That the publishers shall agree not to issue cheaper editions of novels, and of other books which have been taken for library circulation, within twelve months from the date of publication.

The directors have no wish to dictate to the publishers, but, in making these suggestions, they point out the only terms upon which it will be possible in the future to buy books in any quantity for library use.

The terms of Messrs. Smith and Son’s circular are these:—

For some time past we have noted with concern a great and increasing demand on the part of the subscribers to our library for novels in sets of two and three volumes.

To meet their requisitions, we are committed to an expenditure much out of proportion to the outlay for other kinds of literature.

Most of the novels are ephemeral in their interest, and the few with an enduring character are published in cheap editions so soon after the first issue that the market we formerly had for the disposal of surplus stock in sets is almost lost.

You may conceive that this state of matters very seriously reduces the commercial value of the subscription library. We are therefore compelled to consider what means can be taken to improve this branch of our business. As a result of our deliberations, we would submit for your favourable consideration:—

(1) That after Dec. 31 next the price of novels in sets shall not be more than 4s. per volume, less the discount now given, and with the odd copy as before. You will please observe that the date we name for the alteration of terms is fixed at six months from the end of this current month, in order that your arrangements may not be affected by the suggested alterations.

(2) In respect of the issue of the cheaper editions, and the loss to us of our market for the sale of the best and earlier editions of novels and other works, through their publication in a cheaper form before we have had an opportunity of selling the surplus stock, we propose that you be so good as to undertake that no work appear in the cheaper form from the original price until twelve months after the date of its first publication.

The libraries, certainly, have a perfect right to name their own price within recognised bounds of fairness for a form of book which only exists for them. The price now proposed is, according to the Chronicle, 4s. a volume, discount and odd volume to remain as they are, i.e., 5 per cent. discount and twenty-five as twenty-four. This means 3s. 8d., within a very tiny fraction, per volume, or 11s. a copy.

The former price was not fixed; it varied with the library and with the house. If we take it at an average of 5s. a volume, with discount and the odd copy we have an average price of a little under 14s. Let us suppose that there is a difference under the new tariff of 3s. a copy—a loss of 3s. a copy.

This loss must be met by the author as well as
the publisher. It can be met by changing the royalty to that extent. The advertised price of 3s. 6d. has, in this case, nothing at all to do with the question, because the circulating libraries alone need be considered.

The problem is therefore very simple. Given a reduction of 3s. a copy, how is that reduction to be met by the author?

Clearly, by reducing the royalty by half that amount.

Thus the reduction being by one-fifth the former price the publisher and the author must each bear the loss of one-tenth.

Or the royalty would be thus adjusted:

Suppose the author had a royalty of 6s. a copy, i.e., a fraction on the assumed price of one-third. It would now have to be 6s. less one-tenth the former price, i.e., 6s. less one-tenth of 15s., or 6s. less 1s. 6d., i.e., 4s. 6d.

How would this work out?

An edition of 1000 copies costs nearly £200, and can be produced for less. It would, under the new tariff, sell for £550. The clear profit is, therefore, £350.

The author's share at 4s. 6d. a copy is £225.

The publisher's share would be £125.

The editor will be very glad to receive suggestions and opinions on the above.

VI.—AN IMPORTANT CASE.

The reserved judgment of the Court of Appeal delivered by Lord Justice Lindley, reversing the decision of Mr. Justice Stirling in the "Living Pictures" case, involved a point of great importance and interest in the law of copyright. Herr Hanfstaengl, who is a German Art publisher, brought two actions asking for injunctions to restrain the directors of the Empire Palace Company Limited and the proprietors and publishers of the Daily Graphic from infringing his copyright in certain pictures. In the former case he complained that his pictures were reproduced in the form of tableaux vivants upon the stage of the Empire Theatre, but Mr. Justice Stirling held that the representations of these pictures on the stage by means of living actors were not an infringement of the plaintiff's copyright, and that decision was affirmed by the Court of Appeal in February last. In the case of the Daily Graphic, the complaint was that accounts were published in that paper of the representations at the Empire Theatre, which were illustrated by sketches taken by artists who attended the theatre for that purpose. Although the newspaper illustrations were sketched from the living figures employed in the representations on the stage, the plaintiff contended that they were copies of the designs of his original pictures, and therefore were infringements of his copyright.

Mr. Justice Stirling adopted that view, and granted an injunction restraining the proprietors and publishers of the newspaper from printing, publishing, selling, or offering for sale, or otherwise disposing of, any copies or colourable imitations of the copyright pictures of the plaintiff. From that decision the defendants have successfully appealed, and judgment was directed to be entered for them with costs both of the appeal and of the application in the court below. The plaintiff based his claim for protection on the International Copyright Act of 1886 and the Order in Council thereunder of the 28th Nov. 1887, and on the English Copyright Act of 1862, and it is highly satisfactory that, alike on the consideration of the facts and circumstances, and of the law as it has been laid down and is applicable to them, the Court of Appeal has unanimously determined that the plaintiff has suffered no wrong which these statutes were intended to redress, and that he is not entitled to the protection which he claimed. Lord Justice Lindley cited and adopted the definition of a "copy" as that which so closely resembles the original as to convey the same idea as that created by the original. Both Lord Justice Lopes and Lord Justice Davey, in the brief judgments in which they assented to that of Lord Justice Lindley, quoted with approval this definition; and, tried by that test, it could not be reasonably suggested that the rough sketches in the newspaper of the tableaux vivants at the Empire were copies of the original pictures of the plaintiff, and were calculated to injure his rights or depreciate the value of the original pictures. The learned Lord Justice emphatically declared that neither intentionally nor unintentionally, neither directly nor indirectly, had the artist of the Daily Graphic copied in the correct sense of the term the plaintiff's pictures so as to infringe his copyright in them. He had not in the slightest degree reproduced, or attempted to reproduce, the artistic merits and beauties of the original pictures, which indeed, he had never seen. The whole intention of the sketch was to give a rough and ready impression of the representations at the Empire Theatre, and there was no design of making gain by a colourable imitation or reproduction of the plaintiff's pictures. The court founded its decision on broad grounds and on a wide view of the aspects of the case and of the law. "Copyright law and patent law," said Lord Justice Lindley, "conferred monopolies on individuals in certain respects, thereby preventing people from doing that which otherwise it would be lawful for
them to do, and they were designed to insure to those protected the enjoyment of the advantages of their own abilities when these took the form of pictures, designs, inventions, and so forth. So far as they did this, and did this only, they were just and right, but they were not to be made the instruments of oppression and extortion.” This sound principle, will commend itself to every reasonable and fair-minded judgment.—*Times.*

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**THE AUTHORS’ CLUB.**

I.—*At Home.*

On the 30th ult., at 4 o’clock in the afternoon, the Authors’ Club were “at home” to a select number of guests of both sexes.

In spite of inclement weather and frequent showers of rain the rooms were crowded with literary and artistic people. No doubt the prolonged inclemency of the elements had hardened the heart against its dangers.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., the chairman of the club, was present to welcome the arrivals, and he was seconded by Lord Monkswell, Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, the other directors. Lady writers were very well represented, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Madame Sarah Grand, the Misses Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Croker, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and Miss Helen Mathers being among those present.

The meeting was a success, and no doubt the club will repeat the gathering in the winter in the same or some other similar way.

Mr. Hall Caine has joined the Board of Directors.

II.—*In New York.*

At the Authors Club of New York the following gentlemen were in May elected honorary members:—Alphonse Daudet (France), Maartin Maartens (Holland), Maeterlinck (Belgium), Walter Besant (Great Britain).

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**THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.**

**Report of Dinner, 31st May, 1894.**

The annual dinner of the Society of Authors was held last night at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Leslie Stephen presiding. The following is the list of the guests:

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<tr>
<th>E. A. Armstrong</th>
<th>John Bumpus</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Armstrong</td>
<td>Miss Marie Bello</td>
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<td>Oscar Browning</td>
<td>Walter Besant</td>
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<td>Mrs. Walter Besant</td>
<td>F. H. Balfour</td>
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<td>The Rev. Prof. Bonney</td>
<td>W. H. Besant</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mackenzie Bell</td>
<td>Poulteney Bigelow</td>
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<td>Mrs. Brightwen</td>
<td>F. G. Breton</td>
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<td>Mrs. Oscar Beringer</td>
<td>James Baker</td>
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<td>C. F. Moberley Bell</td>
<td>Rev. Canon Bell, D.D.</td>
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<td>Rev. J. B. Baynard</td>
<td>A. W. &amp; Beckett</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thos. Catling</td>
<td>Mrs. W. K. Clifford</td>
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<td>Miss K. M. Cordeaux and Guest</td>
<td>Edward Clodd</td>
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<td>Miss Roalfe Cox and Guest</td>
<td>Mrs. McCosh Clarke</td>
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<td>Mrs. Craige</td>
<td>Lieut.-Col. J. R. Campbell</td>
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<td>Miss Carpenter</td>
<td>Sir W. T. Charley</td>
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<td>Miss Gopley Christie</td>
<td>Miss E. R. Chapman</td>
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<td>W. Morris Colles</td>
<td>Mrs. Colles</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. W. Clayden (President Institute of Journalists)</td>
<td>Miss Lily Croft</td>
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<td>Egerton Castle, P.S.A.</td>
<td>Professor Lewis Campbell</td>
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<td>Miss B. Chambers and Guest</td>
<td>Miss R. Chapman</td>
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<td>Moncure Conway</td>
<td>Mrs. Coats and Mr. H. Cooper</td>
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<td>Mrs. Custer</td>
<td>H. Cust, M.P.</td>
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<td>A. W. Dubourg</td>
<td>John Davidson</td>
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<td>Gerald Duckworth</td>
<td>C. F. Dowsett</td>
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<td>Miss Doyle</td>
<td>Mrs. Dambrill Davies</td>
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<td>Miss Duckworth</td>
<td>Arthur Dillon</td>
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<td>Daily Graphic</td>
<td>Austin Dobson</td>
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<td>Daily News</td>
<td>A. Conan Doyle</td>
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<td>Daily Chronicle</td>
<td>A. W. Dubourg</td>
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<td>A. Symons Eccles</td>
<td>Gerald Duckworth</td>
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<td>W. L. Ellis</td>
<td>Miss Doyle</td>
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<td>Mrs. Edmonds</td>
<td>Miss Duckworth</td>
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<td>Mr. Edmonds</td>
<td>Daily Graphic</td>
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<td>Mrs. Walter Ellis</td>
<td>Daily News</td>
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<td>Miss Agnes Fraser</td>
<td>Daily Chronicle</td>
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<td>Mrs. Gerard Ford</td>
<td>A. Symons Eccles</td>
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<td>Prof. Michael Foster</td>
<td>W. L. Ellis</td>
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<td>S. M. Fox</td>
<td>Mrs. Edmonds</td>
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<td>Mrs. Gordon</td>
<td>Mr. Edmonds</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry Glassier</td>
<td>Mrs. Walter Ellis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred Giles (President Institute of Civil Engineers)</td>
<td>Miss Agnes Fraser</td>
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<td>Edmund Gosse</td>
<td>Mrs. Gerard Ford</td>
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<td>Mrs. Aylmer Gowing</td>
<td>Prof. Michael Foster</td>
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<td>J. C. Grant</td>
<td>S. M. Fox</td>
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<td>Mrs. Grant</td>
<td>Mrs. Gordon</td>
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<td>Dr. L. Garnett</td>
<td>Henry Glassier</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Goodrich-Freer</td>
<td>Mrs. Besant</td>
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<td>Miss H. F. Gethen</td>
<td>Mrs. Besant</td>
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<td>Mrs. Gamlin</td>
<td>Mrs. W. K. Clifford</td>
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<tr>
<td>Francis Gribble</td>
<td>Miss Mabel Hawtrey</td>
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<td>Mme. Sarah Grand</td>
<td>Holman Hunt</td>
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<td>Mrs. Spencer Graves</td>
<td>Bernard Hamilton</td>
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<td>Maj.-Gen. Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B.</td>
<td>Dr. Vaughan Harley</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. A. Goodchild</td>
<td>R. G. Hobbes</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. P. Graves</td>
<td>Miss V. Hunt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Mabel Hawtrey</td>
<td>Rev. W. Hunt</td>
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<td>Holman Hunt</td>
<td>Miss Hargreaves</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Wyndham Hill</td>
<td>H. Holman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clive Holland</td>
<td>F. de Haviland Hall</td>
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Miss Ross
R. Sisley
Percy Spalding
Douglas Sladen
T. Bailey Saunders
Mrs. Steel
Leslie Stephen
Mrs. Leslie Stephen
David Stott
H. G. Sweet
The Standard
S. S. Sprigge
M. H. Spielmann
Howard Swan
Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat, LL.D.
Ballard Smith
Colonel Sutherland
J. Ashby Sterry
The Times
T. S. Townend
G. H. Thring
Mrs. G. H. Thring
Sir Henry Thompson
A. W. Tuer
W. Moy Thomas
Mrs. F. Moy Thomas
Mrs. Tweedie
E. Maunde Thompson (Chief Librarian British Museum)
Miss Traver
Miss Tabberner
Miss E. Underdown
John Underhill
Mrs. J. Owen Visger
Rev. C. Voysey
Westminster Gazette
Hagberg Wright (London Library)
A. P. Watt
Theodore Watts
W. J. Walsingham
Miss Woolastone White
Miss B. Whitby
W. H. Wilkins
S. F. Walker
Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, K.C.M.G.
Arnold White
Dr. Wallace
P. F. Walker
I. Zangwill

The Chairman first proposed the health of the Queen.

The Chairman next proposed "The Society of Authors." He said: I have now to undertake a more difficult task. It is not that I have any doubt that you will receive with sympathy the toast which I am about to propose, for I am going to ask you to drink your own health. But, however much you may approve the Society of Authors, I think it highly probable that you will doubt whether I am the proper person to propose it. As a matter of fact, I not only doubt, but am rather convinced that I am a highly improper person to do so. I will, however, say in self-defence that when I was first asked to accept this honourable position, I declined it. I was foolish enough (it is inconceivable that anyone could have been so foolish at my time of life) to give a reason, and of course my reason not only broke down, but recoiled upon myself in the way that reasons always will recoil. (Laughter.) My reason is, that I had not the honour to be a member of this Society, and it puts me in rather an uncomfortable dilemma, because the question naturally occurs, why am I not a member of the Society? I feel a great difficulty in answering it. I could not say, what would have been conclusive, that I disapproved of the Society on high moral grounds. (Laughter.) In the first place, it would not have been polite, and in the second place, it would not have come so near the truth as even those deviations which I generally allow myself will permit. I myself feel that my real reason is one which I must decline to confide to you, and I must be content to give you in imaginary reason which will answer for the present occasion. I will suggest as, at least, a possible reason, that in the first place I do not like to dwell upon my own mental defects and moral obliquities; I am attached to them, but do not like to intrude them upon others. I would suggest perhaps a more plausible, but still, perhaps, not the true, reason—namely, that I am known to most of you, not so much as an author as an editor. Now, you are aware that an editor is a kind of equivocal being, and that he resembles the bat in Aesop's fable, who was equally at war with the birds and with the beasts. The birds, of course, find their analogue in the author who soared into the literary heavens; as for the beasts, perhaps I had better not attempt to specify what would correspond to them. (Laughter.) Now, as an editor, I know what view the authors take of me. I remember a long time ago receiving a frank confession from a young gentleman (I hope he is wiser now) who had written a tragedy in five acts upon a subject which he had discovered in course of his researches into history. I believe it was Mary Queen of Scots (I may mention that I am not referring to Lord Tennyson)—(laughter)—and when I declined to publish this tragedy in the next number of the magazine which I was then editing, the author informed me that my refusal was due to a base jealousy, which was not surprising, as my own attempts to rival Shakespeare had never got into print. He was kind enough to add, that there was nothing to be ashamed of in this, because, he said, my occupation was such as would have deadened any sense of justice or fair play, even in an angel, and he had no reason to believe that my qualities had ever been angelic. Now you will understand, that the class of persons who is regarded in this way by the unthinking author is apt to see the weaknesses of authors. I occasionally became aware of their little vanities, of their self-illusions, of their conviction that they are the objects of the demoniacal malignity of a clique of critics. I must add that I should have been a much harder hearted person than I believe I am, if I had not also learnt to see a great deal of the hardships of a literary career, and to sympathise with those who suffer. I had the honour to succeed to the cushion occupied by Thackeray before me, and I have found that some of the thorns of which Thackeray spoke are still left in it. I had to read letters from the decayed lady who had a widowed mother or a small family dependent upon her exertions, and who tried to brush up her old recollections of French, and expected to make a living by translating from that recondite language. There was something ridiculous, but a great deal more that was pathetic in such letters. I have had to
THE AUTHOR.

deal with many of those people who in the last century would have been ridiculed and taunted with their poverty as occupants of Grub-street. When I had to cut down contributions from such gentlemen to about a third of the length of that they had sent me, I used to feel that I was taking a crust from a beggar and scraping off the butter, and yet my action, however cruel it might appear, was necessary, and was received on the whole with an amount of common sense and consideration for which I ought to be grateful. I do not know whether I ever snuffed out a heaven-born genius. If I did, I am very sorry; but I snuffed him out so effectually that he has never been able to make any protest. People are apt to fall on the critics who extinguished Keats and poo-poohed Wordsworth. We are quite clear that we are much wiser, and yet I know one or two men, whom every one now honours, who have had to go through a long probation of disregard and contempt. I must confess that, with all respect to the critics of to-day, I do not think they are infallible, and I cannot help fancying it possible that some fifty years hence someone may point out how wrongly they have acted to the rising geniuses whose names none of them know at the present moment. I have only referred to this to show that I have seen some of the seamy side of the author's profession, and I claim to have sympathised with their sufferings, and to be very anxious to see the profession raised by every possible means. There are various opinions as to the best way in which that could be done; some people are of the opinion that authors ought to be paid for their writings; some are of the opinion that every promising aspirant should receive a good salary from Government, and that it should be left to their sense of honour to turn out whatever work seemed to them best. I am of the opinion that, considering how pleasant an occupation writing is, and how valuable it is to read what we write, perhaps the right plan would be for a future Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay a heavy tax on the luxury, and to make everybody who is impertinent enough to suppose that what he said would be of value to the public, pay for it. I won't, however, argue the question, because I am afraid that I should not have either a sympathetic or impartial audience. I have no doubt that authors will be paid, and will want to be paid more for some years to come, and I also feel that there will always be more or less of that difficulty which naturally occurs now in the relations between authors and publishers. The author is a man of genius, sometimes; he is always sensitive; he is apt to place an excessive value upon the children of his own brain; and if his work fails he is rather inclined to throw the blame upon any other cause than his own stupidity. The author is apt to be one of those persons to whom a balance-sheet is a source of hopeless bewilderment; he is rarely a man of business; while on the other hand the publisher is a man of business, and has that peculiar talent in which all men of business are so conspicuous, the talent for proving that he is always losing by his business, and yet of living as if his business were distinctly profitable; and very often he has had to console himself for the losses which he made by speculating in unsuccessful literature by accepting some of the profit made out of the brains of men of genius. Undoubtedly such a relation must be a very difficult one, and so far as this Society endeavours to put it on a better basis I most heartily and cordially sympathise with the work which it is doing. Undoubtedly it is desirable that when bargains are made, and when the author is for the time in partnership with the publisher, they should distinctly understand the terms on which they come together, and that they should take advantage of the experience of their comrades in making terms in such a form that it is not likely to lead to misunderstandings, and that honourable men on both sides may be brought together and put in such a position that if any misunderstanding arise it must be a mere accident, and not involve any disagreeable suspicion on either side. That is, I believe, a state of things which you are endeavouring to bring about, and therefore, as I have said, I most cordially wish you success. Mr. Stephen coupled the toast of "The Society" with the name of Sir Frederick Pollock.

In responding, Sir Frederick Pollock said: My Lord Bishop, ladies and gentlemen, the first thing which I must express in the name of the Society is the great pleasure which we all feel in having Mr. Leslie Stephen as our chairman. If there is to be found a worthy representative of the higher art of literature I think Mr. Leslie Stephen is that representative, but as Mr. Stephen is a very old friend of mine, and I am speaking not in my personal capacity, but in the name of the Society, it would be unfair to take the words out of the mouth of Mr. Gosse, who will have something to say on the subject. At present the question of Canadian copyright is the most urgent matter under our notice, and within a few weeks a joint committee will probably be formed, representing this Society, the Copyright Association, the London Chamber of Commerce, and possibly other bodies, and I hope that that committee will be able to do some useful work in strengthening the hands of the home authorities.
Some people think that our Society encourages nothing but light literature, and that we look to nothing but a rapid sale of our volumes. I will simply observe that I have here at my right hand one of our most serious writers of literature, the Bishop of Oxford. He has shown us how literature in the highest sense can be dealt with. The Bishop is one of those whom I was proud to count among my colleagues for a few years at Oxford. He has done more than write a classical history; he has shown us what history is and how history ought to be treated. Mr. Conan Doyle has shown us the legitimate use of history for the purposes of (what is called) lighter literature. The Society will doubtless join me in the hope that he will lose no time in giving us another "White Company." I ask you, therefore, to couple the toast of Literature with the name of the Bishop of Oxford and that of Mr. Conan Doyle.

The Bishop of Oxford, in responding, said: "Mr. Stephen, ladies and gentlemen, I will not waste your time by telling you how very grateful I am for the kind reception given to me. When I was told last week that it would be my duty to return thanks on behalf of the serious side of literature, I began to think what I should say. In the first place, I was not quite sure what serious literature was, and in the second place, I am not quite sure whether my writings are such as to entitle me to reply to the toast. I have written many hundredweights of books, and have been frequently asked how I acquired my 'style.' I reply by saying I do not know that I have any special style; but, if I had, I acquired it by writing two sermons every week. I only wish that I could have answered better for the great society which I have been called upon to represent."

Mr. Conan Doyle said: "While I had rather that it had been in other hands than mine, I am still glad that fiction should be represented on this occasion. It is an honour, and fiction is accustomed to be more popular than honoured. Our colleagues of poetry, of science, and of history have made their way as high as the House of Peers and the Privy Council. But fiction has always been the Cinderella of the family. When her fair sisters go to the prince's ball, she remains behind with her wicked stepmother the critic. But she has her compensation. She still has that good old fairy godmother, and her name is Imagination. With her aid, it is still as easy as ever to turn the pumpkin into the carriage and the white mice into steeds. One might even do more. With her help one might imagine that all is well with fiction, that among the successful business men from whom the peerage is recruited a place had been found also for a Scott, a Dickens, or a Thackeray; or, to come to more modern instances, that the State had shown its recognition of work done by such men as Charles Reade in the past, or Walter Besant in the present. We are periodically informed by the papers, which are usually owned and edited by knights and baronets, that State recognition does not increase the prestige of the literary man. It is true. It does not increase the prestige of the author. But it enormously increases the prestige of the State. Still, come what may, we have our own kingdom of fiction, and in it we can all be kings and queens. But that kingdom has, in this country, well defined boundaries. We know how these frontiers run. To the north we are bounded by the Glasgow bailie, to the south the young ladies' seminary, and then to the east and west, of course by the two great circulating libraries. Still, it would be idle to deny that within these limitations there is room for plenty of good work. And our frontiers are enlarging. Within the last ten years several noble novels have come from the pens of men and women which would have been, I think, impossible a decade earlier. It is becoming year by year more understood that it is not the indication of vice, but its glorification, which is objectionable, and that the most immoral thing which can befal literature is that it should be entirely divorced from life and truth. Fiction is at present in a state of unrest and fermentation. Some critics, I know, say that the old tree is barren, but it seems to me that I see green shoots on all her branches. I believe from my heart that the present generation will uphold the glorious inheritance which has come down to us, and will pass it on to our posterity in a manner which shall not be unworthy.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE.—Sir Frederick Pollock, my Lords, ladies, and gentlemen.—It is my pleasant duty to ask you to fill your glasses, and drink to the health of our chairman, Mr. Leslie Stephen. It ought not, I think, to be difficult to speak appropriately of one who has himself spoken so wisely and so genially of a host of others. No one here to-night but must feel a debt of gratitude for some gift or other of Mr. Leslie Stephen's. But, as the Society of Authors, we welcome him among us with unusual cheerfulness, because he is one of the prodigal fathers of our society. He is one of the very few leading men of his generation who have always looked out of window when anybody spoke of the Society of Authors. He has been not with us, and therefore against us. He is now with us, and will for the future always be for us. We rejoice over Mr. Leslie Stephen more than over ten celebrities who have been perfectly kind to us from our foundation.

If we regard the literary career of our chair-
man of to-night, we are struck, I think, first of all, by the width and catholicity of his sympathies, and then by the curious fate which has driven him from one corner of the intellectual province to another. He has been an authority on mountaineering and on ethics, and alternately at home with the founders of deism and with the makers of dictionaries. He began literary life, I think, as one of those who, conscious of their unconfessed offences, voluntarily make themselves excessively uncomfortable with penitential hard labour in the Alps. Flung from peak to peak, and picking himself up at last, more dead than alive, at the foot of a glacier, he decided in future to spend his hours in the shelter of a library. And there he began a new thing; there he took down book after book, and talked to us about them, not as one of the pedantic Sanhedrim, but easily, confidentially, penetratively. He was dragged out of his library to become editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and now a wider work of influence began.

I think he must be a little moved to-night to see around him here not a few of those whom he marshalled and encouraged in the pages of that serial, then unquestionably the most purely literary magazine which has ever been issued in this country. It was in the capacity of a contributor to the Cornhill that my own acquaintance with our chairman began, just twenty years ago. It was quite a little close corporation, and there were always welcome, before they were welcome elsewhere, many who are widely known to-day — Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Norris, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Grant Allen, our lamented friend John Addington Symonds, you, Sir, yourself, and many whom I do not at this moment recall. And to these, one day in 1875, was added a new writer who signed himself R. L. S. I have a letter from our chairman, written at that time, in which he says, And to these, one day in 1875, was added a new writer who signed himself R. L. S. I have a letter from our chairman, written at that time, in which he says, He was dragged out of his library to become editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and now a wider work of influence began.

To the City Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—A paragraph-writer in this morning's press on the dinner of the Society of Authors is pleased to remark on the small proportion of "real authors" present. Apparently he does not mean to deny that (omitting all those who could be said in any sense to be officially present) such people as Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Morris, Mr. George Moore, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Helen Mathers, Mrs. (or Madame as the reporters will have it, I cannot think why) Sarah Grand, and so forth, are real authors, but only to be surprised that they were in a minority; in fact, he guesses that not more than one in three of the company was a well-known author.

It may be well to point out that the Society of Authors exists for the benefit, not of those authors who have already made their reputation, and may be presumed able to look after their own interests, but of those who still have their reputation to make. It does not profess to be a club of literary celebrities. If a representative gathering of the society did consist mostly of writers already well known, it might be a more brilliant assembly from the reporter's point of view, but the fact would only show that the society was failing in its proper work, and had ceased to be useful, or a centre of interest to those for whose sake it was founded. The society's definition of a "real author" is a person who has written and published at least one book, or its equivalent. This is a much less ambitious definition than the commentator's, but I venture to think it more accurate.—Yours, &c.

F. Pollock.
THE AUTHOR.

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The President of the Century Company has been reading a paper on the methods and the production of the Century magazine. The paper contains certain facts which may be useful and instructive to ourselves, especially in the light of the fact that one or two American magazines, not for their cheapness, nor because they can be charged with a low standard of style and subject, can fairly boast that the circulation of each as a monthly actually represents by itself at least three times the circulation of all the English monthly magazines combined, excepting two or three; and that the circulation in this country alone, of one or two, is equal to the circulation of any three English magazines combined, still excepting these two or three. It is worth while, perhaps, to read this paper, and to attempt some explanation of what is certainly astonishing, and, except on the theory that the English magazines are written for the highest culture only—a theory which it would be difficult to maintain—extremely humiliating.

The Century magazine contains 160 pages, making about thirty articles—long and short. There are, then, from 350 to 400 articles every year. Out of this number about 175 are either poetry or fiction. The rest are historical, biographical, of travel, of social matters, and miscellaneous. It is found that fiction, even when a novel is produced by one of the foremost English or American writers of the day, does not seem to advance the circulation of the paper. Yet it keeps up the circulation which begins to drop when the fiction is weak or unattractive. This statement probably amounts to saying that general excellence in every branch must be maintained or the circulation suffers. On the other hand, the most popular subject ever started by the Century was that of the Civil War, on which a series of papers appeared. This series caused the circulation to go up by leaps and bounds.

It is found, next, that no American magazine has ever attained a popular success unless it was illustrated. In recognition of this fact, the Century has always paid the greatest attention to its illustrations, which are now the finest that can be procured. That is to say, the artistic branch demands now a very large part of the expenditure. So great is the outlay on illustrations, as well as contributions, that every number costs, before it goes to press, about £2000. Even if this includes the salaries of editors, managers, and clerks, the rent of offices and the service of distribution, it is evident that a very large capital is embarked in an American magazine, and that the risk of a fall in the circulation means a possible loss of this large capital. This danger alone proves the necessity for the most unceasing watchfulness, the most intelligent apprehension of the subjects that the public like to read about, and the greatest care in finding the writers most capable of presenting those subjects. That artists and authors when engaged should be paid in proportion to the services they render, i.e., greatly in excess of what they have been accustomed to receive from journals of less circulation, is a natural result of increased interests and a larger property to defend and to advance.

What is the circulation of American magazines? Of one it is said that it circulates 200,000 in America and 30,000 in this country. Another is reported greatly to surpass this number in America, though its circulation is small in Great Britain; of two or three more it is said that they circulate over 100,000 in the States, besides having a small circulation in this country. Now, in America our magazines are hardly ever seen; there are none on the bookstalls, either at the stations or in the hotels. Why does the American magazine come here? Why does not the English magazine go over there? How comes it that while in a population of 60,000,000 some of their journals arrive at a circulation of 200,000, we find, in our own population of 37,000,000, without counting the 15,000,000 of Britons abroad and in the Colonies, our magazines crawling along with a circulation of 2000 to 20,000? We speak here of old-established magazines which, like those of America, are "serious," that is, do not aim at popularity alone. There are monthly magazines here which appeal to popular tastes, and, without being necessarily unwholesome or sensational, do attain to a popularity which rivals that of the Americans; but those we do not here consider. Why is it, in short, that the old established and highly respectable paper the Cheapside is sending out every month its ten thousand instead of its quarter of a million?

Among some of the causes are, perhaps, these: In the States, the editor—always a man of proved ability—is engaged to give his whole time, all his thoughts, all his ability, to the conduct of his paper. He has assistants, all of whom are engaged also to give to the paper their whole time and all their thoughts. In this country the editor too often does a great many other things; he has engagements which distract his attention; he does work of his own which absorbs him. The first essential for the successful conduct of a magazine seems to be that one man, at least, should think for it—think all day for it.

Again, it has hitherto been considered enough for an editor to sit at his table and receive the contributions poured in upon him by every post,
to read them, reject most of them, and select a few. It is only quite recently that he has even begun the American method—to plan beforehand, to arrange what he will have for the next year, and for the year after, what fiction he will invite, what poetry he will invite, what special subjects he will treat, and, to be in touch with points of the day, what men will be best to treat them for him. One lesson for us would seem to be that the casual contributor by himself cannot be trusted to create a popular demand.

Few of our magazines are illustrated. Is the absence of illustrations a cause of failure? Some years ago a new illustrated monthly was started, in which the artistic element was treated most carefully. One knows not, with any certainty, how far this magazine failed or succeeded. But it has changed hands twice. Therefore good illustrations alone do not seem to bring success. Perhaps the English are not so keen after pictures as the Americans. Some English readers, certainly, do not like the photogravure processes with the broad black line all round which decorate the American page.

As regards fiction, our magazines are apt to fall into one of two extremes; either, that is, they neglect and “starve” fiction, publishing poor weak stuff; or they sacrifice everything to fiction, running two or three serials and depending entirely on them for success. Fiction in a high class magazine must be of the best; but it must never be considered the only thing.

Another lesson we may learn from the Americans. We have hardly yet got beyond the prejudice that the only serial in a magazine must be the novel. This is a very foolish prejudice, mischievous alike to the publisher of the magazine and to the author. For there are many books written every year—books of historical research, biographies, collections of verse, essays, travels, popular science, which, if first run through a magazine as serials, would attract thousands of readers, and give the book when published a far greater chance of success. At present the author has to be content, say, with a single edition of a thousand, or even 500 copies. If he expects any money he is disappointed. Perhaps he only expects general reputation or distinction. How much of either can he get from this mere mite of a circulation? One or two attempts in this direction have already been made—but tentatively. It is as if editors do not as yet recognise the fact that an extremely attractive serial may be made of a subject not belonging to fiction at all. For instance, many volumes of poetry are run through various magazines first. I would run them through one magazine only. “Mr. Austin Dobson’s new volume of verse will be commenced in the January number of the New Year; it will run through twelve months, and will be published in volume form in November.” Would not such an announcement be attractive? Or this: “Professor Dowden’s new work on Shakespeare is nearly completed. It consists of twelve chapters, and is to run through twelve numbers of the Cheapside magazine; it will then be published in the autumn books of Messrs. Bungay.” Does any one pretend that the comparatively wide circulation of the magazine would not assist the author in disseminating his teaching and the publisher in afterwards distributing the book?

The next point is the investment of large sums of money in the enterprise. This, no doubt, is risk; such risk as few publishers care to face. Yet, if one appeals to the great public there are but two ways: to hope for gradual recognition of work always good; or by a bid for popularity—immediate and wide-spread —by treatment of topics always fresh and interesting, and by wide advertisement. Both methods, however, mean the investment of money.

One more reason, perhaps, why our higher class magazines are not popular. Nearly all of them aim, more or less, at expounding and perhaps solving the many questions and problems of the day. Not, that is, the treatment of fresh topics, but the difficulties of the day. The articles are, as a rule, very well written; the American magazines do not seem to me, on the whole, nearly so well written as our own; but if we take up the new numbers of any magazine of the better kind, what we find in it is too often the continuation or even the repetition of the daily and weekly leading article. If the editors would only consider that the same subject which we gladly read when treated in the Times of to-day and in the Spectator of next Saturday, will become wearisome when treated, without much new light or much new wisdom, in the monthly magazine of the week after next, they would perhaps refuse certain papers. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, as when the one man who knows can be got to speak, or when one who is allowed to be a leader speaks. For the most part the writers are not known by the world to be of greater eminence on this question or on that than the anonymous writer in the Times or the Spectator.

Another reason, perhaps equally weighty, is the undue prominence given by English magazines to literary papers and especially those of the mournful or the savage kind. It is a great mistake to suppose that people, even of culture, are always wanting to tear the literature of the day up by the roots, to see how it is getting on; and it is quite certain that the kind of criticism
which only sneers and depreciates, and can only find in the popularity of a writer a reason for pretended contempt, is offensive to all readers, whether of culture or not. Of the "Decay of Fiction," the "Decay of Poetry," the "Decay of the Drama," people have already heard too much. Americans do not strike this note, nor will they endure it; theirs must be the note of hope, eager looking forward and confidence. There is no reason why in every field of intellect, art, science, imagination, this note of confidence should not be struck by ourselves. I, for one, believe that it is the true note—that the present is a time of great endeavour and of deserved success. It is true that there are failures by the million, because there are attempts by the million. Instinctively the people—better class and all—turn with disgust from the pessimist and the mournful downcrier of what he dares not even try to imitate. Let us leave the million failures to die in nameless peace. Let us rejoice in the successes, and lift up our heads with something of the American hope and confidence. We are a young country still, with our future still before us.

These are some of the reasons why the English magazine is distanced and beaten by the American rival. The problem before us is this: "How are we to maintain a high level of style and subject, and yet make a serious bid for the popularity which this rival obtains?"

W. B.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Literary Congress of San Francisco seems to have been a comparative failure.

The original plans, a correspondent writes, were changed, and it was hurried upon the boards long before the time originally planned. Consequently few were there, and "it became merely a provincial gathering of people of unequal ability, and not in the least representative of California. It was disappointing to those who had been most active in planning it."

It is pleasant, for one who took part in it, to read that the Literary Congress of Chicago is bearing fruit in the best possible way. The following is an extract from the Critic of New York, the only paper to which we can look for a week-by-week record of American literature:

"It was evidently not in vain that Chicago lavished her millions in time and money upon the Fair. The intellectual returns are beginning to come in, and they indicate a remarkable enlargement of vision, an increased appreciation of science and art, and of what they can offer. It was inevitable that such would be the result; the mere labour of design and construction was bound to develop the ingenuity and the resources of the people. But the most sanguine of us looked forward many years before the evidence of this inspiration should appear. We did not expect the fruit to ripen overnight; we forgot the rapidity with which the American people take up an idea and develop it and make it their own. Of course, it is too soon for the effect to be visible in deeds, but there are many things that indicate the general tendency. And not the least of these is the statement of Mr. Hill, the librarian of the Public Library, in regard to the changes in the demand for books. He says that the standard of quality in the books called for at the library is decidedly higher than it was a year ago.

Art has felt the same stimulus from the Fair. The interest in pictures and sculpture is evidenced by the crowds that enter the Art Institute, and even more positively by the statements of the dealers. Mr. O'Brien, who has been giving a series of delightful exhibitions of works by American painters, says that a year ago such pictures would have been utterly neglected here. But at present the galleries in which they are hung are crowded. Many collectors, too, have been developed by the Fair—men and women who, before it, never thought of buying a picture. These facts are, of course, merely straws, but they show the direction of the wind. The fruit of the fair in production will be slower in ripening, but the buildings, the statues, the pictures, and poems it will inspire will be worth the waiting for.

"At the dinner of the Authors' Club last week, which brought together a large company, who seemed to be tolerably happy in spite of the continued existence of publishers, Mr. Leslie Stephen foretold 'the coming of that glorious time' when writers will be better paid than they are now. The prophecy excited, on the whole, more doubt than belief. We hear, however, that a new literary agency is in process of formation, with a large capital behind it, which will employ its own readers, and pay authors a sum down as soon as it has approved their works. One of its chief objects will be to force up the average price of serial rights."

The above is a cutting from the Athenæum of June 9. One wonders who are the people who amuse themselves by concocting such paragraphs. The Authors' Club has held no dinner at all except its monthly house dinner. Mr. Leslie Stephen has never yet favoured the club with his presence at that or any other function. The Authors' Society held its annual dinner, and the president of the evening was Mr. Leslie Stephen. His speech, reported verbatim, will be found on p. 39 of this number. The words attributed to him were not spoken by him; he did not "foretell the coming of that glorious time"—the inverted commas mean a quotation, which makes it a deliberate invention—when writers will be better paid than now. He said nothing of the kind; he did not use the words "glorious time" at all; what he said was, that in the aim of the Society towards the adjustment of their own affairs, he wished it every success. "The prophecy excited, on the whole, more doubt than belief." Wonderful! First, to invent a prophecy, never uttered, and then to describe the way in which that prophecy was received! Even a prophet of Baal had to say...
something before his audience began to consider his prophecy.

As regards the alleged "new literary agency," that bears on the face of it every sign of being another invention—perhaps an invention intended to be comic. Certainly no one in his senses could deliberately set himself to persuade people that a company had been formed whose "chief object" was to force up the "average" price of serial rights. What, to begin with, is the "average" price? Is it the average of all the magazines and journals that exist without reference to subject, circulation, name, character of the paper? As for "forcing," one has always considered, in matter of papers for magazines, that the editor is a despot from whose word there is no appeal. He can say, and he does say, that his remuneration is a certain stipulated sum. It is for the author to "take it or leave it." Nor can any "forcing" alter this condition of things. Certain magazines and journals acquire a good name for their treatment of contributors in this respect; such a good name, no doubt, is a very useful thing for a journal to possess; one ventures to believe and to hope that it helps the circulation. Certain other magazines acquire precisely the opposite reputation, inasmuch that the literary world regards with complacency the decline and fall of those magazines. The only influences that can be brought to bear upon this monarch of all he surveys—the editor—are those of competition first—it needs no company "with a large capital behind it," to create competition among editors; and, next, a sense of what is due to the producer, in other words, a sense of justice. Since the most friendly relations seem to prevail between the editors of our high-class magazines and their contributors, it seems as if this sense of justice does exist.

The following is from the New York Critic. The same circular has been sent to myself, doubtless among many others:

Authors have strange requests sometimes. Here is one recently received by a well-known novelist from the editor of a periodical which up to this time has devoted itself to illustration rather than to text:—"Although it is not the custom of our paper to publish stories, yet if you have an unpublished novel of medium length which you could remodel only to the extent of having a portion of the scenes laid in studios and art galleries, I should be pleased to have you submit the same, and am willing to pay well for it. We always pay for MSS. as soon as accepted." There is something attractive in this last statement, for authors as a rule are needy. The one in question is not, however, so he failed to be caught on this well-baited hook. The editor of this paper evidently thinks that authors have no feelings, or why would he expect them to recast their stories to suit his audience?

A very useful compilation is the Index to the Periodicals of the World, published by the Review of Reviews Office. The list of periodicals fills thirty-seven pages devoted to English and American periodicals alone, and fifty pages for the periodicals of all countries. Reckoning roughly, an average of thirty-four to a page, we have 1700 periodicals of the whole world indexed in this volume, and 1258 English and American periodicals. Those that specially concern ourselves—the literary journals—are about 102 in number, but there are many others—some educational, musical, artistic, historical, legal, economical, medical, and scientific, which concern many of our members. The papers and articles on literature in one or other of its branches are innumerable. It is the one subject of which editors seem never tired. The American periodical abounds with personal descriptions of literary men, especially with accounts of their methods of working, about which one wonders why there exists any curiosity at all; for certainly, if one knew the methods of every writer under the sun, without natural aptitude one would be not a whit advanced. The discussion of the novel is more favoured by English magazines. The reason, one fears, is not that the public demands this vast mass of criticism or talk about literature, but that it can be produced in any quantity, either from the man with a name or the man without a name. These indexes have become indispensable.

I have always advocated for those writers who are not men—or women—of business the employment of an agent. The only argument which appears to me of any weight at all against the middleman is that where an author is able to manage his own affairs he may just as well do so, and save the commission. Even in that case it may be worth the author's while, if he is a busy man, to let his agent think for him and plan for him. As for those who do not possess the necessary knowledge or habits of business, the only danger, it seems to me, that they have to fear is that of falling into bad hands, and the only real objection that can be raised, by the other side to the agent, is that he is expected to conduct negotiations in a business manner; in other words, he prevents his client from being "bested"—a word which very often covers, but does not hide, another and an older word.

Now, if the agent works for the author, he must be paid by the author. This seems elementary. But I have heard certain stories which ought, I think, to be brought out into light. There is, for instance, the story of the author who
comes to the agent, finds out the name of the editor or the publisher to whom he proposes to send the work, and then uses the information and goes there himself. There is, again, the author who, when he has been successfully placed, gets the cheque sent to himself, and then refuses to pay the commission. There is, again, the case where the publisher writes direct to the author after receiving an offer from the agent. It is of course the author's duty, as a matter of honour, to send that letter to the agent in whose hands he has already placed the MS., and whose work for him has obtained this offer. Unfortunately he does not always do so. Now, most of these practices come from failing to understand that transactions in literature are like those in every other kind of business, so that the same rules should obtain between author and agent as between client and solicitor. Of one thing writers may rest assured, that any attempt made to detach the author from his agent can only be due to an intention to profit by the author's ignorance. As for the pretended desire to maintain friendly relations, a friendship which will not survive the adjustment of honourable terms between two men is worth nothing — nothing at all. Any person who ventures to put forth this ridiculous plea stands self-condemned.

On more than one occasion an agent's commission of so much per cent. has been represented to an author as the deduction of a royalty of so much per cent. This amazingly impudent assertion has been actually accepted and credited! Let us therefore see exactly what it means. We will suppose a royalty of 20 per cent., which is a little over 1s. 2d. on a 6s. book. The returns show a sale, say, of 3000 copies, which at this royalty means for the author the sum of £180. On this the agent takes, say, 10 per cent., i.e., £18. Now, if the commission had been the deduction of a 10 per cent. royalty, the agent would have received £90. A commission is a percentage on the whole amount received from royalties or from purchase; a royalty is a percentage on the advertised published price of each copy. This explanation may seem elementary, but there are really no "sums" in literary business which are too elementary to be explained.

"But," said a publisher plaintively, "why incur this extra expense? Why not come to me, as my friends, Lord Addleheede and Professor Insipiens always have done, direct, and so save the intervention of the other party?" Let us, in reply, without calling names, or getting angry, recognise the plain fact that when a man of business transacts affairs with a man who does not understand business, the former always gets the better of the latter, which is the reason why Lord Addleheede and the Professor above named would do well to consider their ways, and approach their publisher with the help of a man of business.

The book of the month is, of course, our President's new novel, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." A great many have followed it in its course through the Pall Mall Magazine. Meredithians — how large a company have they become! — will rejoice in it, while the old charge of obscurity certainly cannot be brought against any of the characters in this the latest, and, in some respects, perhaps the best of this author's remarkable series of novels.

William Watson's sonnet to France (June 25, 1894), which appeared in the Westminster Gazette, seems to me very fine. To France — "immortal and indomitable France."

Nation whom storm on storm of ruining fate
Unruined leaves — nay, fairer, more elate,
Hungrier for action, more athirst for glory!

It is the gift and the privilege of the poet to speak the voice of one nation to another in days of great sorrow or great disaster, as well as in days of great joy and great victory. William Watson speaks to France for England:

Little thou lovetstour island
Yet let her in these dark and bodeful days,
Sinking old hatreds 'neath the sundering brine—
Immortal and indomitable France!—
Marry her tears, her alien tears, to thine.

The premature death of Mr. John Underhill from some affection of the brain — a tumour apparently — took place on Wednesday, June 27, at his residence, Wimbledon. Mr. Underhill was only twenty-nine years of age. He was born at Barnstaple, where he was privately educated by the Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, at that time vicar of Barnstaple. He developed an intense love for books and for everything that belongs to literature. It became obvious that no career except that of literature was possible for him. He therefore came to London proposing such a career. He was armed with one or two letters of introduction. One of these was to Mr. W. T. Stead, who was at that time assistant editor, or actual editor, of the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Stead assisted the lad, as he has assisted many others, by giving him a start. He placed him in his office and taught him journalism. He remained on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette till a few weeks ago, when
he resigned his post, intending to devote himself entirely to literature. As an original writer he would not have succeeded; he knew his own limitations, and aspired only to the humbler but not less useful work of editing, annotating, writing biographies, and compilations. That is, he would never have become a bookeaker; but he would have been, and was already, a most useful and trustworthy editor. His private character was beyond all reproach; he was always, as a journalist, on the side of honour and of truth; as a reviewer he was wholly uninfluenced by personal feelings, he was incapable of rancour or of spite. That he had his own way to make in the world only increases the honour of having made his way so far with so much distinction. That he made friends everywhere is a proof of his generous and sympathetic nature. He was especially engaged at the time of his death on a history of journalism. He leaves behind him a young widow and one child.

WALTER BESANT.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER CREED.

ONE little story of George Eliot’s childhood has lingered long in my memory, for in a measure it typified the creed shaping each novel and story, long after it ceased to be her personal one, remaining the much more widely diffused faith she chose to give to the world in her books. When a child at school, an essay was given her to write, and the subject set was God, little Marian Evans drew upon her paper, for sole essay, a large eye.

And does not each novel and poem inclose the awful eye of unsleeping, unforgiving fate? For no single character is ever allowed “to fly responsibility.”

Her mind hardly seems to have been wrought into creative sympathy with the thought of the nineteenth century; although her youth witnessed an era of great political reform, and her middle and later life was surrounded by the most advanced literary and philosophic thoughts of this century. Notwithstanding all these stirring influences at work around her, to a large extent her imaginative and constructive force remained alien to the “march of events,” political and social, which swept past her, and left her, the dispassionate historian of the provincial scenes of her early youth, and of fifty years earlier. Her creed at times discloses a tendency to an almost barren fatalism, her characters invariably creating an adverse destiny for themselves, woven out of their early follies and failures. Like the cruel god-

mother of a fairy tale, George Eliot possesses the fearful and mysterious gift of dowering her dramatics persona with some one fatal, irremovable weakness, which the reader foresees from the beginning of their history pre-destines them to certain failure and disaster; the retributive justice of inexorable consequences frustrating their every effort to right themselves or retrace their hapless steps through the labyrinths of early sins and errors, a creeping Nemesis being evolved at each step, to hunt them down till they sink into the slow torture of their moral and social death. Maggie Tulliver, the slave of generous impulse, is doomed to high failure, with her gift of feeling and thinking nobly, yet of acting impulsively in crucial moments; from the early days of childhood, when on a visit to a severe aunt she upsets brother Tom’s tea by the bestowal of a too impulsive caress, given at an inauspicious moment, down to the time when, a beautiful young woman, she runs away with Stephen, gliding, indeed, but a small way down the stream of temptation, but awaking to a sense of duty too late to save appearances or irremovable grief to those she best loved. So that when the choice of utter renunciation of personal happiness is made, her initial error has robbed self-sacrifice of the first bloom of dignified heroism, and her life has turned to the dull ache of failure and inadequate retrieval; but this is finely transmuted into the heroism of her death.

Running up and down the gamut of George Eliot’s creations, each one is the sport of some apparently willfully self-created destiny; a Juggernaut car of untoward consequences set loose upon the victim of circumstances; heredity and free will engaged in ceaseless warfare for the possession of the human soul.

Lydgate, the lovable doctor in “Middlemarch,” full of enthusiasm for his profession and a great tenderness for the suffering—has not the author chosen that fate should use him too grievously ill, when she gave him a lovely, heartless, shallow wife, whom he had chosen to wed, partly from the fact that, with all his brilliant gifts and winning traits, there is in his character just a tinge of intellectual egoism which made him count brains superfluous in the woman he married; that lack of finer judgment making him lose his hold on the ennobling ideals of life. Yet these little flaws in Lydgate’s character doom him to be another soul’s tragedy of baulked achievement, and he tells his wife in later years, with sad irony, that she is like a certain plant which is known to flourish best on dead men’s brains. Perhaps a less inexorable moralist than George Eliot would have conferred happiness upon him, later in his life, by
the bestowal of Dorothea's love, but so stern a moralist is seldom happy in the contemplation of too much unaccounted for happiness, unrelated to moral sequence—unweighed in the judicial moral scales.

At times, one half suspects, the force of these ethical strictures arose from a lack of ideality, for an idealist abhors the fixity of moral judgments. George Sand, her French prototype, who suffered from an excess of luminous ideality, seldom or never passed moral judgment on her creations, for with her was the large tolerance of the humanist, and the love which says, comprendre, c'est pardonner.

In the "Spanish Gipsy" is worked out the modern conception of the forces of heredity, playing through the woof and warp of individual character, which she thus defines: "I saw it might be taken (the drama of the 'Spanish Gypsy') as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions, for even in cases of just antagonism to the narrow view of hereditary claims the whole background of the particular struggle is made up of our inherited nature. Suppose for a moment that our conduct at great epochs was determined entirely by reflection, without the immediate intervention of feeling which supersedes reflection, our determination as to the right would consist in an adjustment of our individual needs to the dire necessities of our lot, partly as to natural constitution, partly as sharers of life with fellow beings. Tragedy consists in the terrible difficulty of this adjustment, 'the dire strife of poor humanity's afflicted will struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.'"

"The collision of Greek tragedy is often that between hereditary entitled Nemesis and the peculiar individual lot, awakening our sympathy for the particular man or woman whom the Nemesis is shown to grasp with terrific force. . . ." Hence sprang the abiding sadness of George Eliot's creed, the insistent sombre criticism of life and human effort. Her private letters to her personal friends are melancholy reading, so often do her words limp between headache and perennial pessimism. Her literary career, however, was a smooth one, she served no long probation to the muse, her genius burst full blown upon a world which received it with unqualified praise, and she won success without ever experiencing that "grace of discouragement" by which Browning climbed to the bracing heights of his rare optimism.

Did the gloom of her moral dynamics crush out of her the capacity for being happy? She did not labour under the bane of being in too great advance of her time, nor of heralding unpopular truths; for her genius lay rather in presenting the old truths with matchless wit and pathos, than in lending that great genius to light the birth of the new. Grace Gilchrist.

BOOK TALK.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE has admitted into the International Library, of which he is the editor, two novels by authors who have been previously represented in the series. The novels are "Farewell Love," from the Italian of Matilde Serao, the author of "Fantasy," and "The Grandee," from the Spanish of Armando Palacio Valdés, the author of "Froth." Whether it was the great success which attended the publication of "Fantasy" in English, or whether the Editor considers "Farewell Love" to be the superior novel, does not appear from his introduction. Though perhaps the fact that it is a most enjoyable book would be reason enough for publication. Mr. Gosse lays great stress on the fact that the author is a journalist, and "all her life has been spent in ministering to appetites of the vast rough crowd that buys cheap Italian newspapers." The story is true to its title; it tells of love and jealousy, of a baulked elopement, an unfortunate marriage, and self-destruction. One passionate scene follows another so quickly that the reader is surprised by the skill with which the real wickedness of the characters is concealed. There is a husband—one Cesare Dias—who is extremely like "Grandcourt," cold, cynical, and "not a wordy thinker." Except that he is Italian, he has a thoroughly English hatred for scenes, and finds his romantic young wife Anna Dias—née Aquaviva—a bore, and tells her so. In fact, previous to their engagement we are told she had taken the humiliating step of declaring her love; and here are three characteristic letters showing what happened: "Dear Anna,—All that you say is very well; but I don't know yet who the man is that you love.—Very cordially, Cesare Dias." She read it, and answered with one line: "I love you.—Anna Aquaviva." Cesare Dias waited a day before he replied: "Dear Anna,—Very well. And what then?—Cesare Dias."—The translation is by Mrs. Harland, and reads very smoothly, though there is one odd phrase on p. 63: "'Would you like a rose?' She asked to placate him."
and revel in beauty denied us here. One would think that in default we could not do better than read the novels of Matilde Serao.

"The Grandee" is a powerful story, turning on the horrible subject of cruelty to children, or in this case rather to one particular child. The author describes the state of society in a Spanish town called Lancia, thirty or forty years ago, which is identified for us by the editor as Oviedo, a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, the capital of Asturias. It is with the private life of a few of the leading families in this town that the reader has to make himself acquainted, and, though he must not expect anything much more than the visits of friends, the description of At-homes and marriage fêtes, there is, in spite of some sameness, hardly a dull page in the book. It is most interesting to note how, in spite of the narrowness of life which is generally found in provincial towns, the Spaniards here described never seem to be at a loss for an enlivening incident. The stock-in-trade of their amusement is, it is true, the eternal subject of match-making, which is described as being carried on with great vigour by the elders, in spite of their constant mistakes.

We are uncertain whether the author intends to reprove this custom or not, for indirectly he certainly brings out that it shielded the hero in his adultery, enabling him to appear in public as the accepted suitor of one lady while he is the lover of another. This is the more amusing side of the book; but, as we have said, there is another aspect which is not only extremely serious, but is of such a nature that we cannot help wondering what moral conclusion different readers will draw from it. That well-to-do people have been known to treat young children with cruelty cannot be denied, and Mr. Gosse writes: "Nor do the reports of Mr. Benjamin Waugh permit us to question that such horrors are daily committed at our own doors." This brings the matter so directly into the sphere of practice that we may look to the pages of this novel for light on the question of child protection, actually under discussion by those who are not simply interested out of curiosity, but deeply moved by the subject. We may suppose that, in spite of its danger to liberty, some people would ask for increased powers of obtaining evidence, when they were reasonably certain cruelty was being practised. The lesson we draw from this work is of a different nature. We must remember that to abuse the parent is part of the bias of some professional men, notably the pedagogue and the cleric, and therefore in any case of alleged cruelty it is well to try and discover what the actual parentage of the child is, otherwise there is a danger of legislation being based on false information. The point that comes out most clearly in "The Grandee" is that where the victim is illegitimate as much would be gained by altering the position of such children, and so stopping the temptation to cruel treatment, as can possibly be gained by legislation, which would also interfere with the well-established duties of lawfully married parents towards their children. Mr. Gosse also raises another nice point, "Whether these maladies of the soul are or are not fit subjects for the art of the novelist is a question which every reader must answer for himself." To which it may be suggested, by way of reply, that as long as there are customs which shield gross immorality, the art of the novelist is well employed in laying bare the evil, lest these matters should fall into the hands not of the novelist, but of the sensationmonger, and become the cause of hurried and ill-considered legislation. The translation of "The Grandee" is by Miss Rachel Challis, and it seems to read quite as easily as many English novels; but we should like to know what authority the translator has for making the word "lover" feminine.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's latest story, "The Translation of a Savage," is one which must come as a happy surprise to the most persistent novel reader. Whether the main idea is really possible we do not care to ask, because the author has used it so well that any carping criticism tending to spoil the illusion, when we have been given so much pleasure, would be entirely out of place.

We are to take it for granted that an American Indian, the daughter of the chief of her tribe, being sent on her marriage with an English General's son to his family in England, could be translated, as Mr. Parker calls it, into a refined member of English society. Once grant this difficulty, and then the amusement which arises out of the process of "translation" meets us at every page. We are not bored with details as to how the transformation is brought about, but the force of example and surroundings do much, and personal devotion does the rest. Only once does the young lady, as we may call her, really forget to be English, and then she takes to riding madly across her father-in-law's property in the dress and style of her tribe. A child is born to her in England, but her husband remains in Canada, and she has learnt to hate him. The reason of all this it is not our business to tell. The matter-of-fact reader who could find fault with Mr. Parker for his choice of incident would be very foolish indeed, for we have here a story in which the author has been able to depict malice and revenge, as well as true love and friendship, in a compass long enough to make one good volume, but with such a charming narrative style that
nearly every reader will make a point of finishing it at a single sitting.

Mr. Austin's new volume, "The Garden that I Love," has much in it to awaken the envy of his fellow poets. He obtained the lease of an old manor house, and the reader will learn how he converted it to suit the author-gardener's taste and his sister Veronica's sense of comfort and house room. It will be seen that, though the book is properly enough named, it is more the garden-lover's leisure and his talks with his two guests rather than the garden apart that we have to hear about. Of the guests one is a poet, who is not only so in name but recites his own poetry, the other a young lady called Lamia. The garden becomes the happily suggestive subject for conversation which takes a wide range from the almost frivolous to the lofty and serious. Of the two women "Veronica" and "Lamia," we prefer the latter, though poetic justice is done by making Veronica, the housekeeping lady, who has a sweet sense of tidiness, marry the poet. Her redeeming quality is a love for old-fashioned goods, especially if she can purchase them cheap. As to Lamia, with one's recollection of Keat's, her name would suggest, not a reptile itself, for, though there four persons in this garden—two pairs—it is not the serpent of Eden she suggests, but the power of sudden transformation, always seeming to be possessed by a demon of contradiction. Paying due attention to the large number of flowers, shrubs, and trees which are here given, some under their popular, others under their Latin names, we have allowed ourselves to imagine the author doing the honours of "The Garden that he Loves" to Lady Corisande, to Dr. Rappacini and his lovely daughter, and with almost equal pleasure to Mrs. Gardiner—Gardiner by name and gardener by nature as Tom Hood describes her. Lady Corisande would find much that is old fashioned and sweet smelling—just her garden in favoured spots, over which to grow enthusiastic. Dr. Rappacini would be able to ponder over the contrast between his own—the garden of an herbalist—and the garden that the poet loves. Mrs. Gardiner would find a friend who would understand at once why, in spite of her widow's weeds she should still say of herself "I am single and white" and of her maiden neighbour "she is double and bloody." But we think these three visitors would each have asked how the Ampelopsis Veitchii got there, which belongs not to manor-houses and poets, but to the jerry-builder of the suburb. In the manor-house, if anywhere, the old Virginia creeper should hold its own.

The Tennyson memorial, which is to be erected on "the ridge of the noble down" at Freshwater, will be an international and not a local undertaking. The Americans are showing an active interest in the project. Mr. Arthur Warren, the London correspondent of the Boston Herald, who resides during a portion of each year in the Isle of Wight, is a member of the committee having the memorial in charge, and his recent appeal to his countrymen has resulted in the organisation of an American committee, which has among its members Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Miss Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet, Mrs. Burnett, daughter of the late James Russell Lowell, President Eliot of Harvard University, Mrs. Agassiz, the widow of the great naturalist, Professor Charles Eliot, Norton, T. B. Aldrich, Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," Professor Shaler, Mrs. James T. Melds, the widow of the publisher who introduced Tennyson, as well as Carlyle, to American readers, Dana Estes, the head of the publishing house of Estes and Lauriat, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Mr. Martin Brimmer, and Mr. Howells. The English committee met at Freshwater on Monday, June 5, and accepted the design which Mr. Pearson, R.A., has submitted for the memorial. The design is an Iona cross, 34 feet high, graceful in proportions, and beautifully ornamented. By an arrangement with the Masters of Trinity House the cross will supersede the present Nodes' Beacon, a wooden structure, and will be known as the Tennyson Beacon. On one face of the base will be carved in bold letters the name "Tennyson," and on another face these words: "Erected by friends in England and America." The cross will stand near the seaward edge of the great down, 716 feet above high water mark, and will be visible for many miles by sea and land.

"The Violoncello and its History" is a translation of a work by Wilhelm Joseph Von Wasielewski. The translation is executed by Miss Isabella E. Stigand, and the publishers are Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. There is no other history of the instrument at all.

"Mr. John Lee Warden Page is of medium height, his face tanned, and his moustache bleached in quite an Australian manner by exposure to sun and storm. Mr. Page lives just outside Ilfracombe, and only pays flying visits to London now, though he was once a lawyer in London." This notice was intended to be complimentary, and it is therefore unfortunate that it should contain so many mistakes. Mr. Page's second name is Lloyd, not Lee; he is not of "medium height," unless six feet is medium; his
moustache is not bleached at all, either by sun or
by storm; and he has never practised as a lawyer
in London. Still, it might have been much
worse.

We recently mentioned the publication of Mr.
Joseph Hatton's early novel of “Clytie” as being
published in Swedish, following the success of
his “By Order of the Czar” in that language. It
is interesting to learn that an edition of the
latter sent into Finland has been confiscated by
the Russian authorities. The Swedish Press
appears to be unanimous in its commendation of
“By Order of the Czar,” and in most cases the
criticism is couched in a high spirit of literary
appreciation. The Smaalandposten says: “Of
all the pictures of life in the great Eastern
Empire of Europe which have appeared during
recent years not one, probably, can bear com-
parison with Joseph Hatton’s novel in its startling
vigour of delineation.” The Gothenburg Post
describes the book as “No average commercial
novel, but a literarywork of enduring worth;”
and the Helsingborg Dagblad speaks of “The
epic calm” with which the author describes the
many horrors of Russian despotism.

Messrs. Sampson Low announce in their
2s. 6d. series of novels uniform with Black,
Blackmore, and other popular writers, two novels
of Joseph Hatton previously in their 6s. library,
namely, “The Old House at Sandwich” and
“Three Recruits and the Girls They Left Behind
Them.” The locality of “The Old House at
Sandwich” is no fiction; the house a reality and
a very interesting one.

“Patient Grizzle,” who was with us a popular
figure till about two centuries ago, would pro-
bably have been quite forgotten by this time if
it were not for Chaucer’s admirable “Clerke’s
Tale,” which still finds numerous readers and
admirers. In Germany the memory of the
heroine of patience has been kept up by Halm’s
famous drama, “Griseldis,” of which Professor
Benbheim has just issued an edition at the
Clarendon Press. The introduction contains,
besides a short “Life” of the author, the
Griselda legend as told by Petrarch and
Boccaccio, and an account of its subsequent
literary treatment in and out of Italy. The
true gist of the drama, with its picturesque
Arthurian background, is shown in the critical
analysis.

Kürschner’s “Deutscher Litteratur Kalendar”
which, thanks to the full notices, brought on
this valuable literary annual by the Spectator
and the Literary World, is now fairly well
known in this country, has made its sixteenth
appearance both enlarged and improved. Every
information as regards living German authors
and literary institutions now flourishing in
Germany, may be found in this publication in
a condensed form, so that it is not to be
wondered at that the Litteratur-Kalender was
honoured two years ago, together with the same
editor’s highly useful Staatshandbuch, with a
prize at Chicago. We have yet to add that
the publication of the annual has been trans-
ferrered to the well-known firm of G. J. Göschen
at Stuttgart.

A story entitled “Phil Hawcroft’s Son,”
by Gerda Grass, will run in serial form
through the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle from
July 14.

Mr. L. J. Nicholson, who is known among his
friends as “The Bard of Thule,” is about to pub-
lish, by Mr. Gardner, Paisley and London, a
volume of his poems, which will be entitled
“Songs of Thule.”

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton’s first novel, “The
Silent Shore,” is about to reverse the ordinary
method of procedure adopted by romances, viz.,
having originally appeared in volume form, it is
now going to be run as a serial in several country
papers. It has already been dramatised—at the
Olympic—it was reprinted in the United States,
and it has had the somewhat unusual experience
of running as a serial in the Spanish language in
South America.

A new edition (being the fifth) of “Chitty’s
Statutes of Practical Utility” is just being
brought out by Mr. J. M. Lely, assisted by col-
leagues at the Bar, in about twelve volumes
(Sweet and Maxwell Limited; Stevens and Sons
Limited). It is intended to contain all public
general Acts of Parliament, except those repealed
or obsolete, or applying to Scotland or Ireland
only, or to limited areas only in England, or those
which are of little or no interest to the lawyer or
the general public. The Acts will be fully anno-
tated and indexed. The first volume will appear
in the present month. The publishers are issu-
ing a circular stating that the price of the work
when completed, will be a guinea a volume, but
that a subscription of 6 guineas, prepaid before
Aug. 1 next, will entitle the subscribers to the
complete work. This is being done in order that
the publishers may ascertain in advance the
approximate number to print. In an editorial
announcement which accompanies the circular,
Mr. Lely states that the Acts comprised will
number some 2300, and enumerates the titles
under which they will be grouped in alpha-
etical order. The first volume is expected
to contain the titles “Act of Parliament” to
“Charities.”
“From Manuscript to Bookstall” is the title of a book on publishing by Mr. A. D. Southam. It professes to give information on the cost of production and on the various methods of publishing. As regards the former, we have to notice that the charges for composition are in some cases higher than those in the Society’s book called the “Cost of Production.” We do not attach much importance to this discrepancy, because a printer’s bill is always an elastic thing. Moreover, it is certainly not the desire of the Society to cut down the pay of printers and bookbinders, but rather the reverse; therefore, we welcome the book, so far, and without accepting its figures, as a step in the right direction. Above all things, and as the preliminary to future and better arrangements, we must know what things mean, what printing and paper cost, and the rest of it. One notices a curious discrepancy repeated in every page of the “Cost of Production.” It is that for an edition of 500 copies paper is reckoned by the ream, and for a thousand copies it is reckoned by the sheet, the ream in the first instance standing for the sheet. One would advise the compiler of the book to lay his prices before two or three other firms of printers when he produces another edition. Some thing, too, is desired on the subject of discounts; the prices given in the Society’s estimates do not contemplate discounts.

The part of the book devoted to the different methods of publishing is neither exhaustive nor satisfactory. For instance, the word royalty is a very vague expression. We want to know what, given certain conditions, should be accepted as a fair royalty; we want to know the meaning of a deferred royalty.

The thanks of authors are, however, due to the writer for his recognition of the principles always advocated by the Society, viz.:

1. The audit of the accounts.
2. The understanding at the outset of all the clauses in the agreement.
3. A voice as to the advertisements where there is division of profits.

The real “intention” of the book, however, is to advocate a system of seals or stamps by which the author shall always know how many copies of his books have gone into circulation. The method seems to us cumbrous. It would certainly be difficult to get publishers to accept the system. The reader, however, is referred to the book for the arguments in favour of it.

Mr. Isidore G. Ascher, the author of “An Odd Man’s Story,” and a Canadian volume of poems, “Voices from the Hearth,” has just sold Messrs. Diprose, Bateman, and Co., a one-volume novel, which will appear in the autumn. It is sensational and physiological, a somewhat rare combination.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Grammatical: Use of “Nor.”

Grammar depends upon usage rather than logic. Usage depends partly upon logic and partly on euphony, or upon what is most readily intelligible when uttered.

The best guide, in questions such as the present one is neither Murray nor Mason, but Mätzner, who gives a large number of examples from standard authors. Those who cannot read German may consult Grice’s Translation, vol. iii., p. 355, &c.

“It did not rain nor blow” is logically correct. “It did not rain or blow” is colloquially permissible, chiefly because the sentence is short. Lengthen it, and observe the difference. We could hardly say, “It did not rain any longer, or did it blow at all.” Mätzner shows that even good authors occasionally use neither—or instead of neither—nor. But much depends upon the length and general form of the sentence. I should advise every author to judge for himself. To doubt whether the word nor has a right to exist is needless. Of course it will exist as long as our language, because in many collocations it is indispensable.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

II.—Kicked Out.

I sent in the MS. of a short story to a well-known firm of publishers last February. Ten weeks afterwards it was returned to me as unsuitable. I then inquired whether the decision was final, or if Messrs. So-and-So might be disposed to divide the risk. They wrote in reply: “We could not undertake the publication of the story even if you took the whole of the risk.”

This struck me as quite a superfluous, unfriendly sting to add to a rejection.

A SENSITIVE BOOKMAKER.

Authors’ Club, Whitehall Court, S.W.

III.—REPORTER’S HARD EARNINGS.

An occasional paragrapher for Le Figaro fell in debt to a money-lender, who, two years ago
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(April 25, 1892), served upon that journal an attachment of all moneys due or payable to the said journalist. The newspaper rejoined that there was nothing owing to the reporter, who received no salary, and was not regularly employed; but was always paid by the line, day by day, for every accepted paragraph, “echo,” or news-item he chanced to supply.

The case was, however, pursued at law by the money-lender, who alleged the habitual employment of the journalist by the paper, and brought his action against the Figaro; but it dragged on, and it was only on May 31 last that the matter was decided.

The 6th Civil Court, having examined a file of the journal for two months prior to the date of the attempted setting up of a lien, was of opinion that the services rendered could not be called habitual; but, on the contrary, that the paragraphs offered and accepted were of an “accidental” type, and showed no such regularity as would indicate an established engagement. The court thereupon held that the sale by a contributor of single articles for a sum there and then paid (which was the case before them) is mere buying and selling for ready money; that there existed no inherent right in the journalist’s relations with this journal which could be construed into matter for seizure or attachment; and that thus the money-lender had shown the court nothing which legal process could lay hold of as attachable. The court therefore decided for the Figaro, and cast the money-lender in costs.

Outside the court (and inside the journal) there is a prevalent opinion that if reporters’ scant chance earnings were interceptable in this fashion, newspapers would very soon be short of copy. J. O’N.

IV.—SERIAL RIGHTS ONLY.

“A Journalist” writes informing us that, “despite the very proper and energetic action of the Authors’ Society in the interest of young authors, there are still proprietors of publications who send to contributors with their not too liberal cheques, formal documents in which the author is called upon to sign away to them all rights whatsoever in his work. It cannot be too frequently impressed upon authors that a contribution to a periodical is for the use of the said periodical and that only, the copyright for republication remaining with the writer. Furthermore, I see that there is a question as to the time when payment should be made for contributions. The money is due and payable when the accepted MS. is in the hands of the editor. I know several popular authors, and that is their ruling. Harper’s, The Century, Scribner’s, The Idler, The Ludgate Monthly, Macmillan’s, and The English Illustrated, to which a friend of mine has contributed, always paid him on the delivery of his MS.; then it must, of course, not be forgotten that the editors wanted his matter. The very severest terms as to payment from the honest publishers’ point of view does not go over a week after publication.”

V.—AN AUTHOR’S GUIDE.

Correspondents in the columns of the Author have from time to time expressed a wish to see produced an Authors’ Guide, having for its main object to give writers some practical and useful information about the various periodicals, newspapers, and publishing houses. It is a matter of complaint that, as things now are, the inexperienced author is quite unable to form an opinion for which of the numerous periodicals and newspapers his articles are most suitable, upon what terms editors would be willing to receive them, and also which of the publishing houses would be most likely to undertake the publication of any work which he may have written. It is said that the ignorance which prevails upon these points is the cause of much loss of time, unnecessary trouble, and not seldom of misunderstanding and irritation, and it is believed that a guide which would help to dispel this ignorance, and prevent these annoyances would be welcome to authors, editors, and publishers alike.

I am now enabled to state that Messrs. Southam and Co., of St. Paul’s-buildings, 29, Paternoster-row, have undertaken the publication of an Annual Authors’ Guide and Directory of Publishers, Periodicals, and Newspapers, in order to supply this want, and that they will gratefully receive any information or suggestions from members of the Society of Authors, with the view of making a good start in what it is hoped will be an annual publication. There is, of course, no royal road or short cut to literature, and Messrs. Southam and Co. do not intend to undertake the impossible task of trying to make one, but they hope that the book will be of real use to those who intend to apply themselves seriously to the profession of letters.

All communications will be treated in confidence. C. B. Roylance Kent.

VI.—QUESTIONS FOR EDITORS.

A circular to the same effect has reached us from Messrs. Southam and Co.

It is accompanied by a list of questions submitted to editors. They are as follows:
1. What class of contributions do you consider the most suitable for your paper?
2. What length of contribution do you prefer?
3. What is your scale rate of remuneration for accepted articles?
4. What are the conditions to be observed by authors in sending their contributions and upon which you are willing to receive and consider them?
5. Then give any information which you think may be of use to authors in connection with your publication.

Please send rates for advertising publications with the discount for a series and the approximate circulation.

VII.—“THAMES RIGHTS AND THAMES WRONGS.”

“14, Parliament-street, S.W., June 1st, 1894.

Sir,—Sir Gilbert East has drawn our attention to a mistake in “Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs” which we have just published. Sir Gilbert East was not a conservator at the time he gave evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Thames Preservation. He was elected on Nov. 23, 1885. Your insertion of this would greatly oblige,—Your obedient servants, ARCH. CONSTABLE AND CO.”

M. Zola’s “LOURDES.”

Paris, June 10.

A telegram from Rome, published in Paris this morning, stated that the Congregation of Rites had put its ban upon M. Emile Zola’s romance of “Lourdes,” which is being published by a Roman firm simultaneously with its issue in Paris. M. Emile Zola was interviewed upon the subject to-night, and said it was the first time that such an honour had been conferred upon him. He was all the more surprised, because “Lourdes” was not in any sense an attack upon religion, but simply a perfectly human picture of what would take place at the famous place of pilgrimage. One could, he added, be a very good Catholic, and yet not believe in the miracles of Lourdes.—Standard, June 11.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.

ALEXANDER, REV. S. A. Christ and Scepticism. Isbister.

ANDERSON, ROBERT. A Doubter’s Doubts about Science and Religion. Second edition. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

BENNETT, PROFESSOR W. H. The Expositor’s Bible: The Books of Chronicles. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.


DIDON, REV. FATHER. Belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. * Kegan Paul. 5s.

DISCIPLESHIP: THE SCHEME or CHRISTIANITY. By the author of “The King and the Kingdom.” Williams and Norgate.

GOUGH, E. J. Preachers of the Age. The Religion of the Son of Man. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.


POWER, REV. P. B. The Husbandry of the Soul. S.P.C.K.

PRESTON, REV. DR. Anti-Ritualism. With a preface by the late Rev. Dr. Blakeney. Twelfth thousand, with appendices. Protestant Reformation Society. 2s.

ROBSON, WILLIAM. The Lord’s Supper: Its Form, Meaning, and Purpose, according to the Apostle Paul. Second edition, with additions. Elliot Stock.

SINCLAIR, VEN. ARCHDEACON. The English Church and the Canon Law. The Fourth Charge. Elliot Stock. 6d.

STRONG, JAMES. The Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible. Published by subscription. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

WEDGWOOD, JULIA. The Message of Israel, in the Light of Modern Criticism. Isbister. 7s. 6d.

WELSH PULPIT, THE. By a Scribe, a Pharisee, and a Lawyer. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

WILLIAMS, F. J. The Charm of the Presence of Christ. Partridge. 1s.

History and Biography.

BELL, MACKENZIE. Charles Whitehead: A Forgotten Genius. New edition, with an appreciation of Whitehead by Hall Cane. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

BELL, NANCY. Heroes of North African Discovery. Fourth edition. Marcus Ward. 3s. 6d.

BRITTEN, F. J. Former Clock and Watch Makers and their Work. Spon. 5s.


CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. His own Book of Privileges, 1502. Facsimile of the manuscript in the Archives of the Foreign Office in Paris, now for the first time published. Translated by George F. Barwick, with an historical introduction by Henry Harriese. The whole edited, with preface, by Benjamin Franklin Stevens, 4, Trafalgar-square.
THE AUTHOR.

CLIMBESON, EMILY J. The History of Shiplake, Oxon. For subscribers only. Eyre and Spottiswoode.


FERGUSON, RICHARD S. A History of Westmoreland. Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.

FISEK, JOHN. Life and Letters of Edward Livingstone Youmans. Comprising correspondence with Spencer, Huxley, Tindall, and others. Chapman. 8s.

HENDERSON, ERNEST. A History of Germany in the Middle Ages. Bell and Sons.

HOPE, MRS. The First Divorce of Henry VIII. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, Kegan Paul. 6s.


PITMAN, SIR ISAAC. Life and Work. Illustrated. Pitman. 16s.

PORTAL, SIR GERALD. The British Mission to Uganda in 1893. Edited, with a memoir, by Mr. Rennell Rodd, with the diary of the late Captain Raymond Portal, and an introduction by Lord Cromer. Illustrated from photographs by Colonel Rhodes, with a portrait of Sir Gerald Portal by Lady Granby. Edward Arnold. 21s.


SMITH, REV. DR. G. ADAM. The Historical Geography of the Holy Land. With six maps. Hodder. 15s.

TORBEN, W. M. History of Cabinets, from the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal. 2 vols. Allen. 35s.

WALLACE, ARTHUR. The Earl of Rosebery: His Words and his Work. Portrait. London; Henry J. Drane. 1s.


General Literature.


ARThUR, T. C. Reminiscences of an Indian Police Official, illustrated by Horace Van Ruth and E. M. Cauthley. Sampson Low. 16s.

ATLAS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, with complete index, geographical and historical notes, Biblical references, &c.; special publication of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Kegan Paul. 36. 6d.


BELL, HORACE. Railway Policy in India. Rivington. Percival. 16s.


BOOOGT, GUY. On the Wallaby. Longmans. 18s.


BRAIDWOOD, DR. The Mother's Help and Guide. The Scientific Press. 2s. 6d.


BRIGGS, R. A. Bungalows and Country Residences. Second edition, with additional plates. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

BRINE, VICE-ADMIRAL LINDSEY. Travels amongst American Indians, their Ancient Earthworks and Temples. Sampson Low.

C. K. By Celtic Waters. Holiday Jaunts, with rod, camera, and paintbrush. Illustrated. Davy. 2s. 6d.


CALVERT, ALBERT F. The Coolgardie Goldfield, Western Australia. Simpkin, Marshall. 15s.


CUSTANCE, HENRY. Riding Recollections and Turf Stories. New edition. Arnold. 2s. 6d.


DICKENS'S DICTIONARY OF THE THAMES, 1894-1895. 18s. DICKENS'S DICTIONARY OF THE THAMES, 1894. 18s. J. Smith.

DOUGLASS, JAMES. Canadian Independence. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ELLIS, ROBINSON. The Fables of Phaedrus: An Inaugural Lecture. Frowde. 1s.

ELTON, CHARLES J. An Account of Shelley's Visits to France, Switzerland, and Savoy in the years 1814 and 1816. Bliss, Sands.

EUROPA'S MOODS AND BRITANNIA'S PERIL. In two cantos. By A. Pittite. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

FIELD, JOHN W. An Analysis of the Accounts of the Principal Gas Undertakings in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the year 1893. Compiled and arranged. Eden, Fisher and Co. 15s.

FINDLAY, SIR GEORGE. On the Wallaby. Longmans. 18s.

FOLLETT, FRED T. The Archer's Register, 1894. Cox. 5s.
THE AUTHOR.

FOWLER, J. K. Recollections of Old Country Life. Longmans. 10s. 6d.


Fry, Herbert. London in 1894. Originally compiled by Revised and corrected up to date. Allen. 1s.

GOLFPING ANNUAL, 1893-94. Edited by David Scott Duncan. Horace Cox. 5s.


HARTOPP, COL. E. C. C. Sport in England, Past and Present. Horace Cox. 3s. 6d.


HOBSON, JOHN A. The Evolution of Modern Capitalism; Bibliography, by W. A. Clouston, with facsimile illustrations; and a New Hieroglyphic Bible told in Stories, by Frederick A. Layte. Glasgow: Bryce. 21s.

HOWARD, JOHN A. The Evolution of Modern Capitalism; a Study of Machine Production. Walter Scott. 3d. 6d.

HOUGHTON, REV. W. British Fresh-Water Fishes. With numerous engravings. Deane. 10s. 6d.

HOWELL'S DIRECTORY OF THE CABINET, FURNITURE, AND MANUFACTURES. Compiled and edited. Edinburgh. 1891. 2 vols. 6s. each.

JARROLD'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO CAMBRIDGE AND LOWESTOFT. Eighth edition. Jarrold. 6d.

JARROLD'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO LOWESTOFT. Eighth edition. Jarrold. 6d.

JARROLD'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO SOUTHWALES, for 1892. Sydney: Charles Potter.

LINDLEY, PERCY. Thames and Tweed. Third edition. Rivington. 6d.

LILLY, WILLIAM S. The Claims of Christianity. Chapman. 12s.

LINDLEY, PERCY. Walks in Belgium, with some Fishing and Boating Notes. Edited by Sketches by J. F. Weedon and others. 30, Fleet-street, E.C. 6d.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: REPORT OF THE TECHNICAL EDUCATION BOARD for the year 1893-94. Stanford. 6d.

LOVELL, JOHN. Literary Papers. Edited by his daughter Kate R. Lovell. Liverpool: Howell.


MACNAMARA, N. C., F.R.C.S. Regulations as to the Physical Defects which Disqualify Candidates for Admission into the Civil or Military Government Services. Churchill. 28s.

MANCHESTER, BISHOP OF. Church Work; its Means and Methods. Macmillan. 3s.

MANTEGAZZA, PAOLO. The Art of Taking a Wife. Gay and Bird. 5s.

MAP OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEMS OF SCOTLAND. Johnston. 5s.

MAX Müller, F. Three Lectures on the Vedanta Philosophy. Longmans. 5s.


OLIVER, JOHN. Milk, Cheese, and Butter. Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.

OWNEN, J. A. and Boulger, Professor. The Country Month by Month: June. Bliss, Sands. 1s.

PEEL, HELEN. Polar Gleams, an account of a voyage on the yacht Bioncastra, with a preface by the Marquis of Waterford and Ava, and contributions by Captain Joseph Wiggins and Frederick G. Jackson. Arnold. 15s.


PETER, MRS. W. B. A Decade in Borneo. With an introduction by Joseph Hatton. Hutchinson. 3d. 6d.


REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, NEW SOUTH WALES, for 1892. Sydney: Charles Potter. 7s. 6d.

RICHARDS, A. M. O. India in Nine Chapters. The Roxburghe Press. 1s.

RIVINGTON, SEPTIMUS. The Publishing House of Rivington. Edited by. Rivington. 6s.

ROAD MAP FOR CYCLISTS: SCOTLAND, Central and Northern Districts. Johnston. 1s.


RUSKIN, JOHN. Verona and other Lectures. With illustrations from drawings by the author. George Allen. Large paper, 30s.

SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS. Things I have Seen and People I have Known. 2 vols. Cassell. 21s.

SECCOMBE, THOMAS. Lives of Twelve Bad Men, Original Studies of eminent Scoundrels by various hands. Edited by. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

SHARPE, REGINALD R. London and the Kingdom. 3 vols. Vol. I. Longmans. 10s. 6d.


SLATER, J. H. God and our Right. The Anti-Liberation Society, Church Defence Depot.

SOUTHAM, A. D. From Manuscript to Bookstall. Sampson Low.

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STUDIA SINAITICA, No. IV. A Tract of Plutarch on the advantage to be derived from one's enemies. The Syriac Version, edited from a Manuscript on Mount Sinai, by Eberhard Nestle. C. J. Clay. 2s.


TIEDEMAN, H. Via Flushing! A Comprehensive and Unconventional Handbook. Iliffe. 3s.


University of London Calendar for 1894-95. Part 1. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.

VERSENHAGIN, V. The War Correspondent, with Introduction by Poulnay Bigelow. Osgood, M'Ilvaine. 3s. 6d.


FICTION.


Boyle, Frederick. From the Frontier. Chapman. 3s. 6d.

BradDon, Miss. Thou art the Man. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall.

Buchanan, Robert. Red and White Heather. Chatto. 3s. 6d.

Caffyn, Mannington. Miss Milne and I. Fourth edition. Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.

Cameron, Mrs. Lovett. A Bachelor's Bridal.

Chapman, E. Rachel. A Little Child's Wreath. Elkin Matthews. 3s. 6d.

Chapman, George, and Marlowe, Christopher. Hero and Leander. Elkin Matthews. 3s. 6d.

Clark Russell, W. A Sea Queen. New and cheaper edition. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.

Cobbe, William. Tom. Young Sam and Sabina. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.

Colleridge, Christabel R. The Daughters who have not Bevoted. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. 1s.


Davidson, H. Coleman. The Canvas Library: Mad or Married? Drane.

Davis, R. Harding. Our English Cousins. Sampson Low.

Davis, R. Harding. The Exiles, and other Stories. Osgood, M'Ilvaine.


Douney, Sarah. Under Gray Walls. Sunday School Union. 4d.


Dyan, Meg. All in a Man's Keeping. 2 vols. Allen. 21s.

Farnie, B. L. Aaron, the Jew. 3 vols. Hutchinson.

Faré, Florence. The Dancing Fann. Elkin Matthews. 3s. 6d.

Fayne, Ernest. Tales of the Austral Tropics. Osgood, M'Ilvaine. 3s. 6d.


Fenn, G. Manville. Fire Island. Sampson Low.

Fenn, G. Manville. The Star Gazers. Second and cheaper edition. Methuen. 3s. 6d.


Forster, Francis. Major Joshua. Longmans. 6s.


Gilkes, A. Herman. The Thing that hath been. Longmans. 6s.

Goldwin, Agnes. In Due Season. Digby and Long. 6s.

Gordon, Alexander. Greater Love and other stories. Isbister. 2s. 6d.


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For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. Serial Rights.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. Stamp your Agreements.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. Ascertaining what a Proposed Agreement gives to both Sides before Signing it.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. Literary Agents.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. Cost of Production.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. Choice of Publishers.—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.

8. Future Work.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. Personal Risk.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. Rejected MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. American Rights.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. Cession of Copyright.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. Advertisements.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society’s Offices:—

4, Portugal Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. Every member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society’s solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel’s opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel’s opinion. All this without any cost to the member.
2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and pass accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the expenses of the Authors' Syndicate are defrayed solely out of the commission charged on rights placed through its intervention. Notice is, however, hereby given that in all cases where there is no current account, a booking fee is charged to cover postage and porterage.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works for none but those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiation whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least four days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

The Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too
THE AUTHOR.

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often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from
sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket,
by inserting any number of advertisements in his own
magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are
who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those
who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL.

At a meeting of the Council of the Authors' Society it was Resolved that: "The Council, after taking the opinion of
several prominent novelists and other members of
the Society, and, finding them almost unanimously opposed to the continuance of the three volume system, considers that the disadvantages of that system to authors and to the public far outweigh its advantages; that for the convenience of the public, as well as for the widest possible
circulation of a novel, it is desirable that the artificial form of edition produced for a small
body of readers only be now abandoned; and
that the whole of the reading public should be placed at the outset in possession of the work at a
moderate price."

A very large majority of the opinions received,
including those of the leading novelists, was
in favour of the resolution. Only one opinion
was opposed to it, and desired to support the
three volume system.

By order,

G. HERBERT THRING.

The Resolution passed at the meeting of the council on Monday, July 23, was, so to speak, dictated by the novelists who are members of
the Society. A "private and confidential" circular setting forth the main facts of the case and the principal points open to discussion, was sent by
order of the Chairman to all novelists on the roll of the Society, asking for an opinion. The answers received gave the opinions of most
leading novelists, together with those of many others likely to be affected by the action of the
libraries. One or two left the matter open; one,
especially pointed out—which is perfectly true—that the abolition of the three-volume form would make a beginning more difficult than ever for
a young writer. One desired the continuance of
the present plan; the rest were all against it,
and wrote in support of the one-volume form. So
that the persons most concerned in the matter have pronounced almost unanimously in favour
of the one-volume and against the three-volume
form.

Several points of interest have been raised, not
only in these replies, but also in the discussions
on the subject which have been carried on in the
newspapers. For instance, more than one critic has advocated the one-volume form simply
because it will make the novel shorter. But it
has not yet produced that effect. There is no
rule as to length; novels in one volume are very
often as long as novels in three. Moreover, it is
possible for a novel to be quite short, and yet
very ill-constructed. Again, it has been pointed
out that the large type and lightness of the
book make the three-volume form useful for
invalids, but then many books in one volume are
also in large type, and light to hold.

The point concerning the beginner is strong
and interesting. At first sight one asks why a
beginner has a better chance under the old
system. The reason will be seen by a little
study of figures. Without advertising, a small
edition of a three-volume novel can be produced
for something less than £40, those copies only
being bound that are wanted. If the libraries
will take 130 copies only at 14s. the cost is more
than covered; anything over is profit. A single volume,
half the length of the above, costs, without
moulding, stereotyping, or advertising, about
£70 for an edition of 1000. Now a beginner's
three-volume novel is sometimes considered to be
sufficiently advertised by being placed in the
boxes and on the lists of the libraries. As a
rule the houses which produce these works find
it to their interest to expend very little money
in advertising them. But a single volume wants to
be advertised. Suppose only £20 spent in adver-
tising such a book. Over 500 copies must be taken
before the cost is covered. If the work is moulded and
stereotyped at a cost of £12 more, 600 copies
will be wanted to clear the cost. Who will take
these copies of a book by an unknown writer,
unless he happens to be very good indeed? And
of course a publisher does not publish in the hope
of merely paying his expenses. Now a book by a
new writer which exhausts the first edition does
exceptionally well. These figures show, therefore,
that it is easier to enter by the old way than by the
new.

The strongest point brought out is the strange
fact, which so few have understood, that under the
old system novelists positively do not offer their
books to the world at all, but only to the limited
number of those who subscribe to the libraries—
perhaps 60,000 in all—say, 240,000 readers. The
rest of the world must wait—the whole vast army
of those who read in this country and in India
and in Australia and the colonies, must wait—
until the cheap edition appears. This is an
enormous privilege to the libraries. What cor-
responding advantage does it give to the author?
There is another point still. The best chance for the beginner has hitherto been with one or two houses which have been privileged to send a certain number of any novel issued by them to one of the libraries. This was clearly a privilege—it is understood to be now at an end—which might be abused in two ways; first, to the detriment of literature by the production of rubbish; next, to the detriment of the author, for it was not necessary to advertise him, or to take any steps to make him known, or to give him a cheap edition. Both these things have, in fact, happened. There are a certain number of novelists wholly unknown to the world at large, whose works, good or bad, appear only in a very limited three-volume edition and are heard of only by a brief notice in the Athenaeum. Will these authors vanish? Since the privilege has ceased it is probable that the demand for them by the libraries will also cease or be reduced to such narrow limits as to make the vanishing not only of the author, but of the publisher, a certainty. In the long run it will be better for everybody, because the author, if only for self-preservation, will become far more careful over his work, and there will be a survival of the fittest.

Yet the three-volume novel will not suddenly disappear. There will still be a demand, especially among sick people, for that form of reading which demands no thought and not much attention; which diverts the mind without fatigue; which transports the reader to another and a more pleasant atmosphere, with a book easy to hold, light, and in large print. It is not a highly dignified function to amuse the weakened in mind and body by illness, but it is at all events useful, and so long as libraries give enough to the publisher to make it worth his while to continue, and the publisher gives the author enough to make it worth his while to continue, the old system will probably be carried on.

The appeal to the whole world of readers opens up a great field for speculation. Will the world of readers respond? Remember that it is not a sudden and an unexpected appeal. We have experience: we can answer confidently that in the case of favourite authors readers certainly will respond. And an author can now create his reputation so rapidly—one could point to many reputations made within the last year or two—that there seems to be no fear about the future of the better class of writers. Unknown authors, and those who have their reputation still to make, will certainly not leap into popularity by the mere fact of being issued in one volume; nor will the public buy a book by an unknown writer at six shillings any more readily than at thirty shillings.

Objection has been taken to the Resolution on the ground that publishers, since they buy the books, have the sole right to manage their own property. Quite true, if they buy the books. But they do not. Except in a very few cases they issue the books on a royalty system. There are two or three publishers who buy, and these will doubtless continue to manage their own property in their own way; it is a good plan—in some cases the best plan—for the author to sell his book, provided he knows what he is about, or works by means of a man of business who knows the meaning of literary property. But in most cases the royalty is the system, and on this system, which is one of joint adventure, with a fiduciary obligation on the publisher, the author has undoubtedly the right to consider the administration of his own property. What certain papers do not realise is the change that has of late come upon the whole business of publishing—the greater independence of the author, his claims to open partnership, his knowledge of a business which has hitherto been kept profoundly secret, the rush of new publishers, and the increased competition.

The last point to consider is the price of the future. Since below a certain level nobody buys books at all, it would be absurd to make books too cheap. Besides, a thing of little price is apt to be lightly regarded. We must, however, remember that for most people six shillings is a good deal to pay, even reduced to 4s. 6d., for an author unless one greatly desires to possess him. We may also remember that the area of readers extends every year by hundreds of thousands; that the free libraries as well as the schools are doing us an immense service in continually enlarging this field, and that the taste for reading brings with it the desire for possession. It seems, therefore, safe to predict that books desirous of speaking to many—what book is not so desirous?—will be issued at such a price as to be within the reach of many; that the six-shilling book will before long become the three-shilling book; that where a popular writer is now advertised to be in his sixtieth edition he will then be in his six hundredth. There is absolutely no limit to the enlargement of the vast circle of readers who, in fifty years will be calling for the work of a popular writer, living or dead. It is ten years since some of us recognised this truth and proclaimed it. During these ten years we have again and again proclaimed it. Those who cannot get outside of London; those who know nothing about the extent and the needs of the Empire, or even of this little island; those who are still governed by the prejudice of believing that below a certain
line everybody reads "slush" if he reads anything; cannot be made to understand this fact. How the literature of the future will be affected by this increased demand is another question. Meanwhile, we have to deal with the wants of the present, which seems to ask for a book which costs four and sixpence, while the circle is being enlarged. As for the circulating libraries, they must continue in some form or other, because reading is now a habit, a recognised way, in country places, at least, of spending part of the day; and all the popular writers together cannot produce enough material to fill up that part of the day all the year round.

II.—Assignment of Contract.

The following is a case submitted to counsel as to the right of assigning an agreement to publish:

Instructions from Solicitor to Counsel.

Counsel will see from the agreement, that the author agreed to grant the right of publication of a work to the publishers until the number of copies sold should have reached 6000, all details of the publishing—as to size, price, and advertising, &c.—being left to the publishers, who agreed to publish a cheap edition of the said work at their own expense and risk, and to pay to the author one-half of the net profits arising from sales, the author reserving to himself the right of publishing an édition de luxe of the work. And counsel will observe that there are provisions in the contract as to rendering of accounts, &c.

Subsequent to the date of the contract the publishers, formerly a private firm, were formed into a limited company under a name corresponding with the name of the private firm, with the addition of the word "Limited." All the business, goodwill, &c., was taken over by the limited company, but no express notice of this appears to have been given to the authors of books which the old firm were publishing, or, at any rate, no such notice was received by the author in question. After the date of the transfer of the business to a limited company, however, the author received from the company a letter inclosing account of sales, &c., up to date, and signed by the name of the firm, with the addition of the word "limited," one of the former partners signing the letter as "Managing Director." This appears to have been the first opportunity given to the author of ascertaining that the publishers had become a limited company, as he states that he had heard nothing of the matter previously; but even on the receipt of the accounts he did not observe the alteration in the firm, and therefore took no objection to his book being continued to be published by the limited company. Counsel will consider whether the fact of this letter having been received must be taken to be notice to the author of the change in the firm, and, if so, whether the author must be taken to have acquiesced in the publication of his book by the limited company, and is so estopped from taking objection to the book having been assigned to the limited company without his consent, and to its being published by them.

From the time of receiving the accounts a year or two passed, and then the limited company got into difficulties. A receiver and manager was appointed by the Chancery Division in an action commenced by debenture-holders, and later on a resolution was passed for voluntary winding-up, and the same gentleman was appointed liquidator as had been appointed receiver.

On hearing of this the author wrote to the receiver and manager protesting against his book having been assigned to the limited company without his consent.

According to an account rendered to the author by the receiver there was up to the date of his appointment a loss on the book.

Counsel will please advise:

1. Assuming the author is not to be taken to have acquiesced in the transaction, and to be estopped from objecting, whether he had the right to object to his book having been assigned to a limited company, and if he is estopped from making this objection?

2. Can he object to the liquidator and receiver of the company continuing to sell the book?

3. Whether the liquidator and receiver is liable to pay the share of profits in full from the date of his appointment?

4. Would the parties be entitled to go on selling for an unlimited time in the present state of affairs, i.e., while the business of the company is being carried on by a receiver?

5. If the company were reconstructed, would they be entitled to go on selling?

6. Would the liquidator and receiver be entitled to make over the book to another publishing firm without the consent of the author?

Counsel's Opinion.

1. Whenever the due execution of a contract involves the personal skill and ability of one contracting party, he cannot assign the contract to a stranger without the consent of the other contracting party. In this case the author bargained for the personal skill and attention of the publishers whom he selected; and he cannot be compelled to accept the skill and attention of some substitute whom they select.

But as, in all probability, some, if not all, the
members of the original firm entered into the employ of the new company, and some, if not all, of the persons employed by the former firm continued to do for the company precisely the same work as they had done previously for the firm, the court will presume on very slight evidence that the author assented to, or acquiesced in, the assignment of his contract to the limited company. Such an assignment would not appreciably affect the prospects of a profit being earned. In this case I think it would be held that the author did so acquiesce, or that, at all events, he is estopped by his conduct from denying that he acquiesced.

2. Assuming, then, that the author acquiesced in the assignment of the contract to the new company, it follows that he cannot object to the liquidator and receiver doing any act reasonably necessary for proper realisation of the assets of the company in liquidation. The receiver has, in my opinion, the right to sell any copies of the book which were in stock at the date of the petition, and probably also to bind up any quires printed at that date; but he may not, in my opinion, create any new copies by printing a fresh edition from stereos.

3. If any profit were made by the receiver selling the copies which were in type at the date of the petition, I incline to think that the author would be entitled to receive his share of the profits in full from that date; but he may not, in my opinion, create any new copies by printing a fresh edition from stereos.

4. The receiver is entitled, in my opinion, to go on selling the copies which were in type at the date of the petition, for such period as is properly occupied by the winding-up of the affairs of the company.

5. If the company were reconstructed, the new company thus constructed would, in my opinion, have no right to print any further copies of the book. The new company could buy the stock of the old company, and sell it to the public; but could create no fresh copies without the permission of the author.

6. The liquidator can sell the stock of the old company to anyone he pleases; he cannot convey to anyone any right to create new copies of the book.

(Signed) W. BLAKE ODGERS, Q.C.

4, Elm-court, Temple, E.C.
July, 3, 1894.

III.—Canadian Copyright.

The following is a copy of counsel's opinion on Canadian copyright from the fresh papers put before him.

It will be seen that the position of affairs is very little altered from the English author's standpoint, as he is the person, coupled, perhaps, with the Canadian public generally, who will suffer most by the proposed change of law in Canada.

Counsel's Opinion.

The new documents before me consist of

(1.) A copy of a memorandum by Sir John Thompson dealing with the report of the Departmental Committee on Canadian Copyright, and
(2.) A clause in the Canadian Tariff Bill which proposes, after March 27, 1895, to remove the ad valorem duty payable on foreign reprints payable under the Canadian Act of 1868.

Sir John Thompson's memorandum does not deal with the details of the Canadian Act of 1889, but is an attempt to answer some of the objections to the principle of that Bill set forth in the departmental committee report, and to show that the Canadian Legislature ought to be allowed to repeal the Copyright Act of 1842 so far as regards Canada, and to deprive the British author of his rights in order to foster the Canadian printing and publishing interests.

It does not appear to me that I can usefully follow all the arguments contained in the memorandum on the above question, or that it is within the scope of my instructions to do so. They are all based on the fallacy that the Canadian publishers and printers have some inherent right to have the profit of publishing and printing the works of British authors, and that if the latter do not find it necessary or convenient to publish or print in Canada the Canadian Legislature has a right to make them do so, and that to deny them this right is to deprive them of the benefit of self-government. Such arguments (even when supported apparently by a threat of separation in case they are not yielded to, as stated in page 12 of the report) do not appear to require to be answered at length. The argument which does, perhaps, require special notice, is that drawn from the example of the United States. With regard to this it is to be observed that in the case of the United States the British author had under the circumstances to accept such terms as were offered, but that such acceptance did not in any way involve a recognition of the justice of those terms, and it would be most unfortunate if this exceptional case were to be drawn into a precedent. If it were, it might become necessary for a
work to be reprinted and published separately in every British colony. The Society will no doubt itself consider the memorandum, and will have no difficulty in drawing up a full reply if thought desirable, but I cannot see that the arguments contained in it were such as to require a detailed reply. All that it seems to me to be necessary for the Society to do at present is to submit to the Home Government that Sir John Thompson's memorandum affords no answer whatever to the reasons given in the report of the Departmental Committee against the passing of an Act to confirm the Canadian Act, pointing out that the demand for legislation appears to come solely from the Canadian printer and publisher, and that it would be most unfair that their industries should be fostered and protected at the expense of the rights of authors as established by Imperial legislation and the Berne Convention. A protest should also be added against the case of the United States being turned into a precedent for Imperial or Colonial legislation; the result of the system of protection insisted on there is no doubt unfortunate for the Canadian printer and publisher, but that is not, or ought not to be, a reason for extending it to Canada or elsewhere. The endeavour should rather be to induce the United States to abandon its present policy.

There is no sign in the memorandum that Canada would be prepared to accept any such licensing system as that suggested in pars. 55 and 56 of the departmental report, and it therefore does not seem necessary to deal with it at present. The objections to it would appear to be the difficulty in fixing the amount of the royalty, and in securing its collection when fixed; but if it would solve the present difficulty it might be worth acceptance.

If the memorandum is dealt with shortly, as I have suggested, the Society should of course intimate that if there are any particular points on which further information is desired, or which are thought to require a further answer, it would be glad of an opportunity of considering them.

With regard to the proposed repeal of the ad valorem duty on foreign reprints, it appears that the Colonial Office has already pointed out that repeal would or might be invalid as repugnant to the Order made under the Foreign Reprints Act, on the faith of such duty being imposed.

The Society should, I think, consider whether there is any objection to that Order, so far as it affects Canada, being repealed, if the Canadian Government should insist on doing away with the duty. So far as I can see there is none; the only person who would have any reason to complain would be the Canadian reader, for whose especial benefit the Foreign Reprints Act was passed. I ought perhaps to point out that it is not at all clear that the repeal of the ad valorem duty would be invalid.

Under the Foreign Reprints Act the Order in Council only authorises the admission of reprints so long as the Colonial Act affording protection to British authors is in force, from which it would seem that the colony is at liberty to repeal this protection if it is prepared to give up the benefit of the Order in Council. I think it would be as well for the Society to endeavour to find out what is the object of the Canadian Legislation in repealing a duty they do not appear to have even collected, except in very few cases, and in thereby depriving Canadian readers of the benefit of an Act supposed to have been passed for their special advantage.

J. Rolt.

4, New-square, Lincoln's-inn,
June 18, 1894.

On Monday, June 25, a meeting of the special committee on Canadian copyright was called at Mr. John Murray's offices, 50, Albemarle-street.

The following is a list of the names of the committee, and the interests represented:

Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.
Frank Bishop, H. S. Mendelssohn, Photographers.
F. R. Daldy, T. N. Longman, the Copyright Association.
H. O. Arnold Foster, Edward Marston, Publishers' sub-section of Chamber of Commerce.
H. Rider Haggard, W. E. H. Lecky, Authors.
Arthur Lucas, Alex. Tooth, Fine Arts.
John Murray, Publisher.
G. Herbert Thring, W. Oliver Hodges (Barrister-at-Law), Society of Authors.

The business before the committee was "To consider the proposals received from Canada respecting Anglo-Canadian copyright, and to agree as to what action should be taken thereon."

Mr. John Murray was voted into the chair.

After some discussion, and considering the unwieldy size of the committee, it was decided to appoint a sub-committee as representative of the different sections as possible to consider carefully, and in detail, the Canadian proposals, and to draft an answer to lay before the Colonial Office, which answer would first, however, be submitted to the general committee for its approval.

The members of the sub-committee elected for that purpose were: H. R. Clayton, Musical Publishers; F. R. Daldy, Copyright Association;
Arthur Lucas, Fine Arts; G. Herbert Thring, the Authors' Society.

The sub-committee was subsequently called together, and met on Monday, July 2, at 4, Portugal-street, the offices of the Society of Authors. Mr. Daldy took the chair, and before opening the discussion stated that he thought the plans of the sub-committee must be slightly altered, as he saw from the Times that the question of Canadian copyright was being brought before the meeting of colonial delegates at Ottawa. He proceeded to inform the sub-committee that he had consented, with the approval of Her Majesty's Government, to attend the Canadian meeting, both to hear what the Canadians had to say and to keep the English authors' point of view prominently before the meeting.

The sub-committee accordingly determined to adjourn its meeting until Mr. Daldy's return, but to read through provisionally the Canadian suggestions, in order to put before Mr. Daldy the salient points of objection to the proposed legislation.

IV.—Contributors and Copyright.

A form of receipt issued by the Religious Tract Society is thus headed:

COPYRIGHT.

This receipt conveys the copyright to the trustees of the Religious Tract Society with liberty for them, at their discretion, to republish in any form. Reproduction by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

If this receipt is sent to the contributor without previous special agreement conveying only the serial right, but also the copyright to the Society for the consideration of a certain sum paid, the contributor should refuse signature or he should strike his pen through the above words. If the Religious Tract Society refuses to pay without these words, he should then, unless his necessities compel him to endure everything, place the business in the hands of the secretary of the Authors' Society. Nothing is more certain than that a paper offered to any magazine is offered, unless the contrary is stated, on the usual terms, under Section XVIII. of the Act, viz., the right for separate publication to be matter of separate agreement between author and proprietor of the magazine during the period prescribed by law of twenty-eight years, when the right to publish separately again reverts to the author. Unless, therefore, the copyright and the right to republish without the author's sanction are bought by special agreement, the author has the right to veto the republication by any other person during the term aforesaid. Observe that the condition above quoted indicates that the copyright may be valuable, and therefore the author should keep all his rights or make a separate contract. If it is valuable it must be bought, and not taken.

[The following is Section XVIII. of the Act above referred to:—'XVIII. And be it enacted, That when any publisher or other person shall, before or at the time of the passing of this Act, have projected, conducted, and carried on, or shall hereafter project, conduct, and carry on, or be the proprietor of any encyclopaedia, review, magazine, periodical work, or work published in a series of books or parts, or any book whatsoever, and shall have employed or shall employ any persons to compose the same, or any volumes, parts, essays, articles, or portions thereof, for publication in or as part of the same, and such work, volumes, parts, essays, articles, or portions shall have been or shall hereafter be composed under such employment, on the terms that the copyright therein shall belong to such proprietor, projector, publisher, or conductor, and paid for by such proprietor, projector, publisher, or conductor, the copyright in every such encyclopaedia, review, magazine, periodical work, and work published in a series of books or parts, and in every volume, part, essay, article, and portion so composed and paid for, shall be the property of such proprietor, projector, publisher, or other conductor, who shall enjoy the same rights as if he were the actual author thereof, and shall have such term of copyright therein as is given to the authors of books by this Act; except only that in the case of essays, articles, or portions forming part of and first published in reviews, magazines, or other periodical works of a like nature, after the term of twenty-eight years from the first publication thereof respectively the right of publishing the same in a separate form shall revert to the author for the remainder of the term given by this Act: Provided always, that during the term of twenty-eight years the said proprietor, projector, publisher, or conductor, shall not publish any such essay, article, or portion separately or singly, without the consent previously obtained, of the author thereof, or his assigns: Provided, also, that nothing herein contained shall alter or affect the right of any person who shall have been or who shall be so employed as aforesaid to publish any such his composition in a separate form who by any contract, express or implied, may have reserved or may hereafter reserve to himself such right; but every author reserving, retaining, or having such right shall be entitled to the copyright in such composition when published in a separate form, according to this Act, without prejudice to the right of such proprietor, projector, publisher, or conductor as aforesaid.]
THE LAUREATESHIP.

THERE seems an inclination, perhaps an intention, on the part of the Government to allow the office of Poet Laureate to fall into abeyance.

This abeyance, if it continues, will certainly end in abolition, because an ancient thing may easily be destroyed, but is with great difficulty created anew.

Why should it be left in abeyance? There are two reasons which may influence the Premier: First, the impossibility of finding a successor to Tennyson of equal weight; and, next, the difficulty of selection, with the certainty of hostile criticism whatever appointment be made.

It seems to some, however, highly desirable that the appointment should be filled up. Among other considerations the following are advanced:

1. It is an office of considerable antiquity, honoured by the names of Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. It has been continued and recognised as an office of the State for 300 years.

2. It is the only recognition of literature offered by the State. By no other office, appointment, or distinction, does the State take the least notice of literature.

The question of the national distinctions in relation to literature has been frequently discussed in these columns. It is true that there are members of this Society whose position in the world of letters entitles them to the highest consideration, who do not think that the interests of literature would be advanced by the creation of distinctive honours or the granting to men of letters those distinctions and orders now reserved for the Services. But it is also true that there are other men of letters, also of position, who hold that for a State not to recognise literature is to teach the people that literature is not worthy of honour. Now the office of Poet Laureate is, to repeat, the only attempt made by the State to show that poetry is deserving the honour and recognition of the people.

3. The argument that, because Tennyson stood higher than his confrères there is to be no successor, if applied to other offices and titles of distinction would very soon lead to the abolition of all such offices. There would be left, in short, no distinctions at all.

4. The argument that hostile criticism would follow any appointment would, if applied to other distinctions, equally lead to their abolition. The king is dead; another king must follow. It is not at all a question whether the choice will please every one. Again, hostile criticism would die away as quickly as it arose. However hostile, it would hurt nobody; on the supposition that the Premier had made the appointment without regard to Party, and with the sole object of nominating the man he considered best, he could suffer no possible harm; nor could the newly appointed Laureate, whose name and reputation must be already before us, suffer any harm. After all, the worst that can be said in such a case is that an anonymous critic considers A. a very much better poet than B. Besides, it is surely unworthy of a Prime Minister to fear hostile criticism in matters of literature when he cannot escape it in politics.

5. The fact that such an appointment gives great importance to a poet in the eyes of the world may also be considered. When a Regius Professor of Greek is appointed, the new Professor is lifted at once far above his fellow scholars. Yet there may be among these as good Greek scholars. Nobody doubts this. But nobody, in consequence, proposes that the Regius Professorship of Greek should be abolished for fear of giving him an importance above his fellow scholars.

6. In such a case as this, public opinion—meaning the opinion of the cultivated public—points out a certain number of living poets as the fittest for the appointment. It is not a question whether there are men of Tennyson’s stature, but solely who are the available men in poetry without reference to opinion, Party, or any other point whatever?

7. There are, in the opinion of most literary men, whose opinion is not likely to be asked, poets who are entirely worthy to fill a post occupied by the Poets Laureate of the past; and there is so much promise in the work of the younger men, that, in their interests alone, the distinction ought to be preserved.

8. There is no question of expense. It must be allowed by all that this meagre national recognition of Literature is made on the cheapest possible terms. If it be thought that the very modest income attached to the distinction has anything to do with the desire to retain this solitary honour bestowed upon Poetry among those distributed on the Services and Law, not to speak of Physic and Art, it might be found desirable to deprive the Laureateship of its income.

These considerations are advanced as a few of those which influence many of this body in their desire to maintain the office and to see it filled again as soon as possible.

On the eve of the general holidays nothing can be done except to place on record these few notes. It may be added, however, that some of the members are desirous of bringing the matter
before the council with an invitation to some public expression of opinion, if that should seem good to the collective wisdom of the Society.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

I.

THE list of pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1894, and charged upon the Civil List, is as follows: Miss Adeline Amy Leech, only surviving sister of the late Mr. John Leech, in addition to pensions of £25 and £10 already granted to her, £235; Professor T. W. Rhys Davids, in recognition of his merits as a student of Oriental literature, £200; Mrs. Sophia Edersheim, in recognition of the merits of her late husband, Dr. Edersheim, as a writer on theology and Biblical criticism, £75; Mrs. Elizabeth Baker Mozley, in recognition of the merits of her late husband, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, £75; the Rev. Wentworth Webster, in consideration of his researches into the language, literature, and archeology, of the Basques, £150; the Lady Alice Portal, in recognition of the distinguished services of her late husband, Sir Gerald Herbert Portal, £150; Mr. T. H. S. Escott, in consideration of his merits as an author and journalist, £100; Mr. John Beattie Crozier, in consideration of his philosophical writings and researches, £50; Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, in recognition of his merits as a poet, £65; Mr. Samuel Alfred Varley, in consideration of his services to electrical science, £50; Mrs. Amy Cameron, in consideration of the services rendered to geographical science by her late husband, Captain Verney Lovett Cameron, £50; Mrs. Ellis Margaret Hassall, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, £50; Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards, in consideration of her literary merits, £50; Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, in consideration of her contributions to literature, £50; Miss Rosalind Hawker and Miss Juliet Hawker in consideration of the literary merits of their late father, the Rev. Stephen Hawker, £25 each. The total of the pensions amounts to £1200.

II.

"Mr. Bartley asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question concerning one of the names in this List.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer: Civil List pensions are not intended, as the hon. member appears to suppose, for 'literary men and women in necessitous circumstances.' The sixth section of the Civil List Act (1 Vict. cap. 2) provides that they may be granted to '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 and attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country.'

"Mr. Bartley asked whether it was a fact that practically this bounty had always been given to reward those who were in necessitous circumstances; whether it had ever yet been given to persons who were fairly well off and did not require it; and whether there were not a great number of necessitous persons in literature and science to whom this grant would have been of much greater service.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer: I must answer in the negative every one of these questions. I have never yet heard that the late Lord Tennyson was in necessitous circumstances."

—Times.

THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL TO KEATS.

On Monday, July 17, the bust of Keats, executed by Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, Mass., and given to the English nation by a small body of Americans, lovers of the poet, was unveiled at Hampstead parish church, in the presence of a very large assemblage. The memorial was received by Mr. Edmund Gosse, on behalf of English men and women of letters.

The bust was presented by Mr. J. Holland Day, the secretary of the American Memorial Committee. He stated in a brief address that it was by the wish of his committee that the monument should be erected in the church of the place where Keats spent his few happy days. The memorial itself was highly approved by the late Mr. Lowell. The bust was modelled twenty years ago by Miss Whitney, and the bracket supporting it was designed by Mr. Bertram Goodhue.

Mr. Edmund Gosse replied as follows:

"It is with no small emotion that we receive to-day, from the hands of his American admirers, a monument inscribed to the memory of Keats. Those of us who may be best acquainted with the history of the poet will not be surprised that you have convened us to the church of Hampstead, although it was not here that he was born nor here that he died. Yet some who are present to-day may desire to be reminded why it is that when we think of Keats we think of Hampstead. It is in his twenty-first year, in 1816, that we
find the first record of his ascent of this historic eminence. He appears, then, on the brow of Hampstead Hill as the visitor, as the disciple of Leigh Hunt, in his cottage in the Vale of Health. He comes, an ardent lad, with great flashing eyes and heavy auburn curls, carrying in his hand a wreath of ivy for the brows of Mr. Hunt.

Nearly eighty years ago—this pilgrimage of boyish enthusiasm—but a few months after Waterloo. The last rumblings of the long European wars were dying away in the distance. Our unhappy contest with that great young republic which you, Sir, so gracefully represent to-day, just over and done with. How long ago it seems, this page of history, how dusty and shadowy; and how fresh and near across the face of it the visit of the boyish poet to his friend and master on the hill of Hampstead! Such at all events was the earliest appearance of Keats in this place, and here the "prosperous opening" of his poetical career was made. Here he first met Shelley, Haydon, and perhaps Wordsworth; hence in 1817, from under these "pleasant trees" and the "leafy luxury" of the Vale of Health, his earliest volume was sent forth to the world; here, in lodgings of his own at Well-walk, he settled in that same summer that he might devote himself to the composition of "Endymion." Here his best friends clustered round him—Bailey and Cowden Clarke, Dilke and Armitage, Brown and Reynolds. Here it was that, in the autumn of 1818, he met, at Wentworth-place, that brisk and shapely lady whose fascination was to make the cup of his sorrows overflow; hence it was that, on Sept. 18, 1820, he started for Italy, a dying man. All of Keats that is vivid and intelligent, all that is truly characteristic of his genius and his vitality, is centred around Hampstead, and you, his latest western friends, have shown a fine instinct in bringing here, and not elsewhere, the gifts and tributes of your love.

If we find it easy to justify the locality which you have chosen for your monument to Keats, it is surely not less easy, although more serious and more elaborate, to bring forward reasons for the existence of that monument itself. In the first place, that you should so piously have prepared, and that we so eagerly and so unanimously accept, a marble effigy of Keats, what does it signify, if not that we and you alike acknowledge the fame that it represents to be durable, stimulating, and exalted? For, consider with me for a moment, how singularly unattached is the reputation of this our Hampstead poet. It rests upon no privilege of birth, no "stake in the country," as we say; it is fostered by no alliance of powerful friends or wide circle of personal influences; no one living to-day has seen Keats, or artificially preserves his memory for any private purpose. In all but verse, his name was, as he said, "writ on water." He is identified with no progression of ideas, no religious or political or social propaganda. He is either a poet or absolutely nothing—we withdraw the poetical elements from our conception of him, and what is left? The palest phantom of a livery-stable-keeper's son, an unsuccessful medical student, an ineffectual consumptive lad who died in obscurity more than seventy years ago.

You will forgive me for reminding you of this absence of all secondary qualities, of all outer accomplishments of life in the career of that great man whom we celebrate to-day, because in so doing I exalt the one primary quality which raises him among the principalities and powers of the human race, and makes our celebration of him to-day perfectly rational and explicable to all instructed men and women. It is not every one who appreciates poetry; it may be that such appreciation is really a somewhat rare and sequestered gift. But all practical men can understand that honour is due to those who have performed a difficult and noble task with superlative distinction. We may be no politicians, but we can comprehend the enthusiasm excited by a consummate statesman. Be it a sport or a profession, an art or a discovery, all men and women can acquiesce in the praise which is due to him who has exercised it the best out of a thousand who have attempted it. This, then, would be your answer to any who should question the propriety of your zeal or of our gratitude to-day. We are honouring John Keats—we should reply in unison—because he did with superlative charm and skill a thing which mankind has agreed to include among the noblest and most elevated occupations of the human intelligence. We honour in the lad who passed so long unobserved among the inhabitants of Hampstead, a poet, and nothing but a poet, but one of the very greatest poets that the modern world has seen.

The Professor of Poetry at Oxford reminds me that Tennyson was more than once heard to assert that Keats, had his life been prolonged, would have been our greatest poet since Milton. This conviction is one now open to discussion, of course, but fit to be propounded in any assemblage of competent judges. It may be stated, at least, and yet the skies not fall upon our heads. Fifty years ago to have made such a proposition in public would have been thought ridiculous, and sixty years ago almost wicked. When I was myself a child, I remember that I met with the name of Keats for the first time in conjunction with that of Kirke White, an insipid poetaster...
whose almost only merit was his early death. When
the late Lord Houghton—a name so dear to many
present, a name never to be mentioned without
sympathy in any collection of literary persons—
when Monckton Milnes—as in 1848 he still was—
published his delightful life of Keats, it was
widely looked upon as a rash and fantastic act to
concentrate so much attention on so imperfect a
career.

But all that is over now. Keats lives, as he
modestly assured his friends would be the case,
among the English poets. Nor among them
merely, but in the first rank of them—among the
very few of whom we instinctively think whenever
the characteristic versemen of our race are
spoken of. To what does he owe this pre
eminence—he, the boy in this assemblage of
strong men and venerable greybeards, he who had
ceded to sing at an age when most of them were
still practising their prosodical scales? To
answer this adequately would take us much too far
afeld for a short address, the object of which is
simply to acknowledge with decency your amiable
gift. But some brief answer we must essay to
make.

Originality of poetic style was not, it seems to
me, the predominant characteristic of Keats. It
might have come with ripening years, but it
cannot be at all certain that it would. It never
came to Pope or to Lamartine, to Virgil, or to
Tennyson. It has come to poets infinitely the
inferiors of these, infinitely the inferiors of Keats.
They who strive after direct originality forget
that to be unlike those who have preceded us, in
all the forms and methods of expression, is not
by any means certainly to be either felicitous or
distinguished. There is hardly any excellent
feature in the poetry of Keats which is not super
ficially the feature of some well-recognised master
of an age precedent to his own. He boldly takes
down, as from some wardrobe of beautiful and
diverse raiment, the dress of Spenser, of Milton,
of Homer, of Ariosto, of Fletcher, and wears each
in turn, thrown over shoulders which completely
change its whole appearance and proportion.

But, if he makes use of modes which are alread familiar to us, in their broad outlines, as the
modes invented by earlier masters, it is mainly
because his temperament was one which impera
tively led him to select the best of all possible
forms of expression. His excursions into other
people's provinces were always undertaken with
a view to the annexation of the richest and most
fertile acres. It is comparatively vain to specu
late as to the future of a man whose work was
all done between the ages of nineteen and four
and-twenty. Yet I think we may see that what
Keats was rapidly progressing towards, until the
moment when his health gave way, was a crystal
lisation into one fused and perfect style of all the
best elements of the poetry of the ages. When
we think of Byron, we see that he would prob
ably have become absorbed in the duties of the
ruler of a nation; in Shelley we conjecture that
all was being merged in the politician and the
humanitarian, but in Keats poetry was ever steadily and exclusively ascendant. Shall I say
what will startle you if I confess that I sometimes
fancy that we lost in the author of the five great
odes the most masterly capacity for poetic expres
sion which the world has ever seen?

Be this as it may, without vain speculation we
may agree that we possess even in this fragment
of work, in this truncated performance, one of the
most splendid inheritances of English literature.
"I have loved the principle of beauty in all
things," Keats most truly said, "the mighty
abstract idea of beauty in all things." It is this
passion for intellectual beauty—less disturbed,
perhaps, by distracting aims in him than in any
other writer of all time—that sets the crown on
our conception of his poetry. When he set out
upon his mission, as a boy of twenty, he entered
that "Chamber of Maiden Thought" of which he
speaks to Reynolds, where he became intoxicated
with the light and the atmosphere. Many of his
warmest admirers seem to have gone with him no
further, to have stayed there among the rich
colours and the Lydian melodies and the enchant
ing fresh perfumes. But the real Keats evades
them if they pass no further. He had already
risen to graver and austerer things, he had
already bowed his shoulders under the Burden of
the Mystery. But even in those darker galleries
and up those harsher stairs he took one lamp with
him, the light of harmonious thought. The pro
found and exquisite melancholy of his latest verse
is permeated with this conception of the loftiest
beauty as the only consolation in our jarring and
bewildered world:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Yo know on earth, and all ye need to know.

And now, Sir, we turn again to you and to the
gracious gift you bring us. In one of his gay
moods, Keats wrote to his brother George in
Kentucky, "If I had a prayer to make, it should
be that one of your children should be the first
American poet." That wish was not realised;
the "little child o' the western wild" remained,
I believe, resolutely neglectful of the lyre its
uncle offered to it. But the prophecies of
great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a
broad sense all the recent poets of America
are of Keats' kith and kin. Not one but has
felt his influence; not one but has been swayed
by his passion for the ethereal beauty; not one
but is proud to recognise his authority and dignity.

The ceremony of to-day, so touching and so significant, is really, therefore, the pilgrimage of long-exiled children to what was once the home of their father."

Mr. Gosse then read the following sonnet by Mr. Theodore Watts, which appeared in the *Atheneum* of July 14:

Thy gardens bright with limbs of gods at play—
Those bowers whose flowers are fruits, Hesperian sweets
That light with heaven the soul of him who eats,
And lend his veins Olympian blood of day
Were only lent, and, since thou couldst not stay,
Better to die than wake in sorrow, Keats,
Where even the Sirens' song no longer cheats—
Where Love's long "Street of Tombs" still lengthens grey.

Better to nestle there in arms of Flora,
Ere Youth, the king of Earth and Beauty's heir,
Drinking such breath in meadows of Aurora
As bards of morning drank, Egean air,
Woke in Eld's lonely caverns of Ellora,
Carven with visions dead and sights that were!

Lord Houghton (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) then addressed the meeting. His Lordship remarked that it was as the son of Richard Monckton Milnes that he was present that day. He wished his father could have been spared to see that ceremony. The last occasion on which his father appeared in public was at the unveiling of the memorial to the poet Gray. He could not conceive anything which would have moved his father more profoundly than this graceful recognition of a poet of whose life and work he was so affectionate a student, by a number of distinguished citizens of that great American Union which he so loved and honoured, and throughout the long breadth of which he owned so many valued friends. It was a most cherished belief of his that, in spite of the political separation which he supposed must be for ever, the unity between the two great countries should be, and was, preserved in the brotherhood of letters on the basis of a common great poetical ancestry. He (Lord Houghton) trusted that he might be allowed to express his own appreciation of the honour which was done to the English world of letters by the graceful homage of so many American ladies and gentlemen to the poet Keats, of whom in his day the world was not worthy, but who was now regarded as one of the most beloved of English writers.

Mr. Sidney Colvin said that these memorials of great men were none too frequent in this country. Here in Hampstead there were two sites especially connected with the memory of Keats, the beloved poet. One was Well-walk, which still partly retained its ancient features. He believed that the house in which Keats lived with Bentley the postman no longer existed—that Well-walk had been shortened. The bench was pointed out where he sat, but that was not altogether satisfactory. However, lower down, in what was the village of Hampstead, but was now a town, in John-street, there was remarkably little change. The house in which he lived, the garden in which he wrote the famous "Address to the Nightingale," still existed. He (Mr. Colvin) remembered going there, now ten years ago, with one who had looked upon the features of Adonais—a brother of Charles Wentworth Dilke—who showed him what the changes were, so that one could see at Lawn Bank what exactly were the two houses, in one of which Keats lived with the Browns. It had often occurred to him that a benefactor or benefactors might secure that house and make it a memorial to the poet who lived and wrote and suffered there. Perhaps that dream may be realised—perhaps not. In any case they could not be too grateful to those American friends who had brought this memorial now set up in that old parish church of Hampstead. Keats was bound to the American people by special ties. Several of his collateral descendants were citizens of the United States, and a great deal of what was warmest in his nature flowed out to that country in that invaluable series of charming, enthusiastic letters which he wrote to his brother and sister-in-law at Louisville. There could be no question that, of all places to choose for a memorial to Keats, Hampstead was the proper place. The best and almost the worst of his life were passed here; and it was in what was then Wentworth House that the first pangs of the illness from which he was never to recover laid him low. He (Mr. Colvin) hoped that here, in the enormously enlarged Hampstead of to-day, would be found, with its increase of homes, a proportionate increase of the readers and lovers of poetry, and that amongst the population of this place, as well as amongst the larger populations represented in that assembly, there would be found a unanimous sense and voice of gratitude to the English women and Englishmen from over the seas who had brought them that gift.

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, said that Rome, that city wherein were buried three illustrious, unhappy poets—Tasso, Shelley, and Keats, and he the youngest—already held two records of his memory; one the tablet on the house where he died, the other his gravestone in the cemetery where he was buried beneath the wall of Aurelian. Keats' short wandering life
made it difficult to find a decisively fit place for a memorial in his own country. But he thought it would be agreed that none better could have been chosen than Hampstead, where between 1816 and 1820, many of his brightest and also his saddest days were spent, where in early youth he met Hunt and Haydon, and Shelley, where afterwards, when just seemingly in sight of home and happiness the fatal signals of consumption constrained him to confess the terrible Lasciate ogni speranza, and bid farewell to her who was never to be his bride. In Hampstead also were partly written the poems published (1817) in the first of his three precious volumes, full of untutored fresh delight in nature and friendship and art, and here, but three years later, some of those splendid lyrical tales and odes which, as Alfred Tennyson more than once said to him (Mr. Palgrave), gave a secure promise that had life been spared Keats would have proved our greatest in poetry since Milton. "By nothing," said Matthew Arnold, "is England so glorious as by her poetry." The place of Keats in that sphere was now established, and needed no words from him. They could read how this "half-schooled" youth, the stablekeeper's son, the surgeon's apprentice, not only by native force and inspiration, but by most careful devotion to his art, in some four years' work made himself worthy of the praise bestowed on him by Tennyson, while he also gave clear proof that human life in its deepest and highest sense, yet always under the law of beauty, would have been the subject of his mature verse. Even more than is the usual fate of high genius, Keats, from his own day onwards, had been misunderstood. He was held sensuous in his life and in his poetry, a second Agathon, wanting in manliness and spirit, a feeble being in all ways. Yet, on the strength of his own writings, his verse and his letters, and also of all trustworthy records, he ventured to call Keats not only one of the most profoundly interesting, but one of the most attractive and most lovable figures in literature. Manliness, magnanimity, unselfish devotedness, deep love of friends and family, chivalry to woman, sensitiveness too intense for peace of mind, were the dominant notes of his nature. Whilst wholly free from vanity, Keats was personally self-respecting, and, in that laudable sense, proud, but as to his abilities and his own work almost pathetically humble-minded. Young as he was, he bore what Charles Lamb so truly defined as the surest sign of the highest genius—sanity. In all that there was even more promise of life than in his poetry itself. Thus "lovable and considerate to the last," humbly after his wont, not (as misinterpreted) bitterly, he spoke of his work and name as "writ in water." This was a noble soul, strangely and sorely tried, and let them only add there, Requiescat in pace.

Mr. J. Willis Clark, Registrar of the University of Cambridge, observed that we were apt to accept our historic past too passively, and needed from time to time a gentle awakening by friendly hands to the duties which it entailed. The bust they had received that day would not only remind them of the past, but of those who remembered that Keats had been left without visible memorial in his own country. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and they rejoiced not only over their beautiful new possession, but over the graceful kindness of those who had given it to them.

Mr. F. H. Day then conducted Mr. Gosse to the bust, and the latter unveiled it. The "bust" is placed on a square base or bracket, like the bust itself of white marble, against the right-hand side of the chancel, facing the congregation. A portrait of the poet, wrought fortunately in his life-time, has served and, perhaps, inspired the sculptor. On the bracket is inscribed, in gilt letters, "To the ever-living memory of John Keats this monument is erected by Americans, MDCCCXCVI."

Mendelssohn's anthem, "Then shall the righteous shine forth in their heavenly Father's home," was then sung, with the chorus, "He that shall endure to the end," by the choir. A shortened form of evening prayer concluded the ceremony.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Is the three volume novel really ended? I think not. A large number of popular novelists will in future publish in the single volume first; a certain number of novels which have hitherto brought the authors a small sum will cease to appear, because it will not be worth the publisher's trouble to go on producing them for his share, nor for the author to write them for his share, which we may be quite certain will in many cases be made to bear the whole loss. There will remain a remnant; it will consist chiefly of those books which, if 200 or so are taken by the libraries at us, a copy, will pay their expenses and something over for the publisher. The author will receive the glory which awaits the writer of such a work. One or two writers of repute will perhaps remain, but not many; the three volume novel will not be ended all at once, but it is doomed; it will die, but perhaps more slowly than we think.
THE AUTHOR.

Should the three-volume novel perish without its farewell hymn? Should there be found no bard in all this land who would be moved to say a word of praise and lamentation? Not so, The Saturday Review has produced its poet. The old Three-Decker will not vanish without its funeral hymn. He is a worthy poet; his numbers are worthy of the subject. Every writer of three-volume novels should cut out the poem and frame it and hang it up. Anonymous (?) singer, we thank thee! For those who have not read that dirge here is a sample of its quality.

Fair held the Trade behind us; 'twas warm with lovers' prayers;
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.
They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed.
And they worked the old Three-Decker to the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions, we pumped no hidden shame;
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came;
We left the Lord in Heaven; we left the fiends in Hell;
We weren't exactly Yusufs but—Zuleika didn't tell!
And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,
We'd pipe all hands to listen to the skipper's homilies,
And we cheered.

'Twas fiddle on the foc'sle—'twas garlands at the mast,
For oft he'd back his topsle or moor in open sea
To draw a just reflection from a pirate on the lee.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared
The Villain took his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.
I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks;
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques——
And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came;
We weren't exactly Yusufs but—Zuleika didn't tell!
And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,
We'd pipe all hands to listen to the skipper's homilies,
And we cheered.

In our notice on the Three Volume Novel of last number it was assumed that the Cost of Production of a small edition was about £120. It is, however, well to consider that there are cheaper methods. Those novels which are issued with a view to a short run in the circulating libraries only, and are not, practically, offered to the public at all, require little or no advertising. A great saving is therefore effected under that head. But they are also printed at a much cheaper rate than that contemplated in the Society's pamphlet. The page is smaller, to begin with; it contains, as a general rule, about twenty-two lines and 170 words to a page. There are generally 900 pages in the three volumes, or fifty-six sheets, as in our estimate. The work is given out to a cheap printer, who does not employ union men, and pays his compositors less than 9s. a sheet for setting up. It will be understood that with such wages our estimate of 19s. 6d. a sheet for composition may be very considerably reduced. If the work is also given out by a yearly contract, still further reductions may be made on every item. In fact such a novel can be produced in this manner for something like £80, or even less. If, therefore, only 250 copies are taken by the libraries—it is a very common thing for a novel not to exceed this circulation—we have at 14s., a return of £175 on an expenditure of £80. It is clearly therefore in the interests of those who have hitherto produced these three volume novels to continue them as long as they possibly can. Even with the reduction to 11s. a copy will yield a return of £117 against an expenditure of £80.

The history of the novel, when it comes to be written, will show how it has been issued, at different times, in three volumes, four volumes, and even more, for the convenience of the reader, and to avoid holding a heavy volume; the price varied in amount, but was always high; the people who read them were a small minority, but they bought books. There was no cheap edition thought of, because there was no public outside this small circle of readers. Gradually the circle widened; there grew up in many places, such as Norwich, Lichfield, and other cathedral towns, circles of readers who wanted to read more than they could afford to buy. Already in London the circulating library had been started. In the country towns book clubs were established—in many respects much more convenient than the circulating library. There were so many book clubs in the country sixty years ago that any publisher of repute could place at once a thousand copies of a new work. This fact explains the great output of novels about that time; it was so easy to place them that publishers very naturally thought little of the quality, and sent out so much rubbish that the book clubs refused to take them, and preferred extinction. The English novel during the Thirties and Forties fell into profound disrepute except for one or two writers—Dickens, Lytton, Ainsworth, for example—who kept the lamp from extinguishing. The cheap edition was introduced about thirty years ago. It was not customary until twenty-five years ago to reprint a serial novel from a magazine. The critics in those days used to be very angry with one who did not acknowledge that his book had appeared in a serial form; they spoke of it as a deception played upon the public. The appearance of the cheap form began with the two shilling or railway novel; it was at first called contemptuously the "sensation" novel; people were a little ashamed of liking a good story: the rest we know. Knight, Chambers, Bohn,
began and carried on the issue of cheap literature; but I believe the only form which proved very successful was that of the novel. The form and price of the novel, as it has varied during the last century, could easily be learned by following the advertisements in the Gentleman’s Magazine, Blackwood’s, the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, and the Athenæum. The last named paper did not begin till, I believe, 1834, but sixty years carries one back a long way in the history of a novel. The advertisement sheets in books would also be of some use.

Here is a difficulty not uncommon with us. The young aspirant sends a MS. to the Society to be read. He receives a critical opinion, in which the faults of construction, of style, and everything else are pointed out and explained. His manner of receiving this opinion varies; in many cases he acknowledges the justice of the opinion and the value of the advice; in other cases he falls into wrath. Sometimes he returns his MS. after an interval, saying that he has now altered everything in obedience to his critic, and asks where his work can be placed. Altered the MS. has been, and yet it will not do. How can one make the young aspirant understand that a mere alteration here and there is not enough; that he must change himself so that such defects are impossible? How, again, can one make a young man learn that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he who succeeds has to work his way upwards? Here and there a Keats blazes out in poetry; here and there a Kipling strikes the right note in early manhood; here and there a Dickens; more often it is the slow growth and the continued work which produced a Fielding, a Thackeray, a Balzac.

The mention in Mr. Gosse’s address of Henry Kirke White was doubtless suggested by Byron’s exaggerated praise and regret for that now neglected and forgotten poet. His early promise, his untimely death, his gallant struggle with adverse fortune, his sincere piety, his simple and beautiful letters procured for him a far greater name than his poetical achievement deserved. He wrote verses with ease, sometimes with grace, and never with any real power or originality. He was born in the greatest poverty, he taught himself, he published a volume of verse in his eighteenth year, he was sent to Cambridge by the Rev. Dr. Simeon; he showed great mathematical ability, and would certainly have distinguished himself very highly in mathematical honours; he published another volume of verse—or was it posthumous?—and he died of consumption at the age of twenty-one. Had he lived he would have been, probably, Senior Wrangler, First Smith’s Prizeman, Fellow of St. John’s, lecturer, tutor, leader in the evangelical world, and successor in that position to Dr. Simeon; Master of his college, and, in due course, perhaps a Bishop. He would also, most certainly, have indited many hymns, some of which we should now be singing out of “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” and there would have been portraits of him in steel engravings, with a light not of this world in his eyes, sleek and wavy hair, straight whiskers, a silk gown, and Geneva bands. Forty or fifty years ago it was the custom to present boys with an edition of Henry Kirke White, containing his poems, a memoir, and selections from his letters. There is a tablet to his memory in one of the Cambridge churches, placed there by an American, like that of Keats at Hampstead, with some memorial lines by Professor Smyth. The Professor meant well, and, indeed, in such verse one cannot very well explain that “unconquered powers” must be taken poetically.

Warm with fond hope and learning’s sacred flame,
To Granta’s bowers the youthful poet came,
Unconquered powers th’ immortal mind displayed;
But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o’er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired—
Oh! genius, taste, and pietie sincere,
Too early lost, ’midst studies too severe!

A letter from Dr. C. J. Wills, on p. 81, calls attention to the use of books in the compilation of articles for the press. In an article to which he refers there were, in all, 759 words, of which 577, or by far the greater part, were, word for word, taken from his book. The writer of the article, it appears—though he denied having seen the book—acknowledged his indebtedness to the “Encyclopaedia Britannica,” in which Dr. Wills’s book had been quoted, and properly acknowledged. To quote without acknowledgment is, however, a very different thing.

Such a case as this is one which may happen to any editor. A contributor, believed to have special knowledge on a certain subject, is invited, or offers, to write upon that subject. Who can suppose that the man of special knowledge is going to consult the “Encyclopaedia Britannica?” Why employ the specialist if the Encyclopaedia will answer the purpose? An intelligent boy, to select and to copy, would do perfectly well, and be a good deal cheaper. One thing is quite certain, that when a man submits an article, it is understood that it is an original article, wholly written by him from knowledge specially obtained and possessed by him. Any one, for instance, with the aid of
"Cook's Voyages," could write on the manners and customs of the natives of Terra Del Fuego. But only one who has been among this interesting people can write an account containing the results of personal observation.

The custom of journalism is that he who comments on things—articles, books, arguments—may use freely whatever he finds in the book or the speech which may assist or advance his own contention. Thus a leader writer on "Fashion among Persian Women" would naturally turn to Dr. Wills for the facts; he would freely use the book; but even then he would probably acknowledge his authority. On the other hand, one who communicates a paper on "Fashion among Persian Women" is expected at least to write an original paper. It may be taken for granted that such was the expectation of the editor in this case when he accepted and published the paper on "Persian Women."

Dr. Wills asks how much of an article tendered and accepted as original can be copied, borrowed, or extracted from books or papers on the subject. The answer, of course, is plain—without acknowledgment, nothing. How much with acknowledgment? That depends upon the editor. It does seem, however, as if a special tariff might with advantage be adopted for such cases. Borrowed work might be paid for at the rate of, say, a penny a folio—the price given to a law stationer for copying documents.

The Westminster Budget has called attention to the great age often attained by literary men of distinction. Crandon died at 88; Voltaire, at 83, superintended the arrangements for the performance of "Irene"; Madame d'Arblay died at 88; Herrick at 83; Izaak Walton at 90; John Evelyn at 83; Charles Macklin at 107; Colley Cibber at 86; Wordsworth and Tennyson at over 80; Browning close on 80; Victor Hugo over 80; Walter Savage Landor at 90. Activity of brain clearly does not hurt the body; is it not generally attended with physical strength? On the other hand, Shakespeare died comparatively young; so did Spenser, Ben Jonson, Pope, Addison, Chatterton, Keats, Byron, and Shelley; a consumptive frame, a weakly constitution, a malarious fever, an accident, account for these early deaths. If we consider, again, the long lives of theologians, lawyers, and men of science, it certainly seems as if long life, as well as honour, success, and all the other things desired by men, was given with intellectual activity. Many years ago I made a table of comparative longevity, using Hole's little Biographical Dictionary. I forget how many names it contained, but there were many hundreds. The result was that divines live longest, then lawyers, then men of letters.

The pensions of the year under the Civil List show a greater amount of conscience in the appointment and the distributions than has ever before, any previous year, been exhibited. There is only one appointment which ought not to appear in the list. It is a national disgrace that there is no place for the widow of a distinguished officer except in a list devoted to literature, science, and art. One is far from grudging the meagre pension granted to such a lady, but it is shameful to take it from the slender provision made to literature, science, and art. Elsewhere will be found a question or two asked, and answered, in the House. Mr. Bartley was quite right, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite wrong. The Resolution on which the grant is made, loosely worded as it is, has always been interpreted to mean that the pensions shall be given to literature, science, and art; unfortunately, personal service to the Crown was included, and meant provision for Her Majesty's teachers and tutors, while "performance of duties to the public" never did mean naval, military, or civil services. Further, though the resolution did not say that persons were to be in necessitous circumstances, it implied that condition, because no one in affluent circumstances would accept a pension of £75 a year. Tennyson, when he received his pension, was certainly not in affluent. Lastly, the Resolution has been of late interpreted to include widows and daughters of distinguished men which it did not at first contemplate. Thus, in the list before us, eight persons out of sixteen who are on the list, are widows, sisters, or daughters of distinguished men. It is greatly to be wished that Mr. Bartley will continue to watch over the distribution of this grant. But is it not time to alter the wording of the Resolution, and to restrict the grant expressly to persons, or to the widows, children, or sisters of persons, distinguished in literature, science, and art, who are in distressed circumstances?

The book of the month is Lord Dufferin's filial tribute to the memory of his mother. Is not the Sheridan family the only family on record which has continued to hand down its best characteristics from one generation to another? Wit, beauty, charm, grace, genius—all these gifts seem born with the descendants of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley. Genius, at least, not to speak of the other qualities, has
never before shown itself to be hereditary. Which of the numerous descendants—nephews and cousins—of Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Addison, Swift—what other member of the family of Shelley, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb, has shown in his own case that poetical genius may belong to a family? I know not one case at all resembling this of the continuance of genius in the children and grandchildren of Sheridan.

WALTER BESANT.

LONDON FREE LIBRARIES.

We have already (June, 1894) referred to the Report on the Free Libraries of London contained in London, of April 19, 1894. The subject is so important that I have made a more careful analysis of the report, and present here more detailed notes upon the books read and the people who read them. We cannot give too much information to our readers, who should be more interested than any other class in the success and the spread of the free library movement, upon the literary tastes of the people, their standards, the prospects of future advance. For my own part I see nothing to change the opinion I had already formed from independent research on a much more limited scale than that of London; it is that the taste of the people in literature is sound; that they do not willingly choose what is called by some "slush," and by others "truck"—meaning low and worthless works. I am, indeed, persuaded that if a book becomes popular there must be in it some quality of strength, "grip," or interest out of the common to account for its popularity. This does not mean that a book admirable for its style or for its matter will, on that account, become popular; but that style does not, as some would pretend, make popularity impossible. Thus, among the writers who are most frequently called for are—in history, Green, Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Gardner; in addition to these are mentioned, as in continual demand, Gibbon’s "Decline and Fall," McCarthy’s "History of our own Times," Grant’s "British Battles," Cassell’s "Franco-German War," Kinglake, Hallam, Malleson, Thornbury, and Strickland. In theology, Farrar, Drummond, Gore, Stanley, Liddon, Newman, Geikie, Milman, Martineau, and Stopford Brooke, are most in demand. In art, John Ruskin is easily first, and Miss Jane Harrison and Walter Crane are also wanted. In poetry, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Byron, Goethe, Longfellow, Kipling, Browning, and Matthew Arnold are the favourites. In science, Darwin, Ball, Huxley, Spencer, and Sir John Lubbock are in demand. In sociology, Ruskin, again, Charles Booth, Thorold Rogers, Karl Marx, are favourites. To these must be added the current and contemporary books on socialism. In biography, the favourites seem to be the reminiscences and autobiographies so much in vogue at the present. In travel, it is always the newest book that is in demand. We come next to fiction, which presents such an enormous demand as compared with other branches. And here let us consider the warning of the writer in London. He says:

Reading the above tables one might come to the conclusion that the public libraries are mainly used for the dissemination of fiction. But without some explanation, tables of percentages prove misleading, and deductions drawn from them entirely erroneous. The percentages of fiction read is artificially raised to the disadvantage of other works. The student of reading in public libraries should bear in mind the following points:

1. That libraries possess more novels than other works, quite as much because they are cheap as that they are often asked for.
2. Novels take a much shorter time to read than serious works.
3. Many novels borrowed and recorded in the percentages are not read at all. They are only dipped into—tasted—and returned unread as unsatisfactory.
4. Juvenile literature which does not consist entirely of fiction is often included in that department, and in some cases other non-fictional works.
5. Reading in reference libraries—where there is little or no fiction—is never included in the percentages.
6. A large number of new readers cultivate a taste for reading fiction, and graduate to more solid fare.

N.B.—As only four of the London public libraries have been in full working order for more than two or three years, there has not yet been much time to elevate the taste of the readers.

Bearing these guiding facts in mind, it will be seen that the high percentage of fiction is fallacious. In the private subscription libraries—Mudie’s, W. H. Smith and Sons, and the Grosvenor Library—patronised by the middle and upper classes, about 90 per cent. of fiction is read. They read the latest topical favourite, follow the craze of Society, must be up to date with the latest neurotic story, simply because it is the fashion to read such books in such circles. The reading in the popular public libraries is not regulated by fashion. They are a much better test of the permanent literary qualities of a book.

We must never forget that most readers, whether at the free libraries or at home, read for amusement; they therefore read fiction. And one would add that the great mass of people, leading dull and monotonous lives, and not particularly anxious to advance their knowledge or cultivate their intellect, cannot do better than read fiction. It fills their minds with new thoughts; it introduces them to a society which they are not likely to enter; it widens their minds; it teaches them manners, ideas, history, everything. Let the majority read fiction by all means.

Who are the most popular of novelists?
THE AUTHOR.

Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Marryatt—among dead authors; and among living authors all those whom we recognise at Mudie’s or Smith’s as being the most popular. Since the taste of the masses at the free libraries exactly agrees as to fiction with that of the classes at Mudie’s and Smith’s, the less we listen to talk about “slush” the better.

Who are the people who use these libraries? Clerks head the list; then come governesses and teachers; then every kind of trade that can be enumerated. There are also representatives of every profession; but, of course, trades far outnumber professions, and the readers, with the exception of clerks and teachers, are practically of the working class.

In short, what is clearly demonstrated by this investigation are the broad facts that the popular taste in literature is sound and wholesome; that the books read by the crafts are the same as those read by their “betters,” to use the old word, and that from 60 to 90 per cent., that is to say a proportion about the same for the free libraries as for Mudie’s, read for amusement, and therefore read fiction.

For whom, then, are there printed the thousands upon thousands of penny novelettes, stories of highwaymen and bold defiers of the man in blue, the hero schoolboy, the romantic adventures of the young lady depicted outside? These things are not bought or read by those who frequent the libraries; they are read and bought by school-boys, school-girls, rough lads, who do the lowest kind of work, and servant girls, who have a good deal of time for reading. We do not think of these when we speak of the public or of the popular taste. Must we think of them? Then our conclusions must be taken with exceptions and deductions.

Meantime, there are not half enough libraries in London. Outside the city there are only thirty-one which have adopted the Act. Those who desire to know what the Act is, how it should be set in force, what arguments may be used to persuade the unwilling and the prejudiced voter, may consult Thomas Greenwood’s admirable work on “Public Libraries” (Cassell and Co.). There are those who think that the working man should be left to buy his own books, and to advance himself, teach himself, cultivate himself, if he likes. But, left to himself, the working man will not like. Nothing is more certain than that the man achieves these fine things for himself only because necessity, self-interest, prudence, self-preservation, desire for greater comfort, longer life, and other reasons of the kind, lead him, pull him, drag him, shove him, and flog him. Give the working man his library, by all means, but you must lead him into it. He acquires the taste for reading; he returns; if he is intellectually active he is stimulated to learn; if not he reads fiction, and finds what the world is like outside his own. Leave him quite alone and he will become—what the working man of London was a hundred years ago, when he had been left alone for two hundred years. You will find in the pages of the late Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, Magistrate, what was the consequence of leaving him alone.

W. B.

WANTED TO PUBLISH.

It is suggested by a correspondent, that under this heading might be advertised MSS. ready for publication, or subjects on which it is proposed to write articles. It would be a new departure. Editors and publishers are accustomed to receive MSS., not to answer advertisements offering them. It might happen, however, that the subject or the name of the author, if that is advertised as well, might cause a desire to see the MS. We are quite ready to act upon the suggestion and to advertise for our members or others such particulars of their works as they may think enough to make known the scope and general contents. Our correspondent points out that if this plan were taken up it might save a great deal of worry and needless trouble in sending MSS. around. The secretary is constantly asked to suggest the most likely magazines for papers. He can only advise on this point in general terms, e.g., an anecdotal paper on some well-known literary person, especially if the stories are derived from letters unpublished, is welcome in most magazines. A popular paper on travel is also generally welcome. But each case stands by itself. It seems possible that a man who has written a paper of special interest might get an answer to his advertisement. However that may be, we are willing at least to try the experiment. For terms address the advertisement agent of the Author, 4, Portugal-street. Members of the Society will pay half the price charged to those who are not members.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

I have long been thinking over the causes of the apparent decay of the English magazine and the undoubted prosperity of the American magazine. It is quite true, as was said in the article on the subject in last month’s
Author, that one never sees English magazines in America, and that one does everywhere see American magazines in England. I believe the reasons of the decay of the one and the popularity of the other to be chiefly those pointed out in the article, viz., that the American magazine is carefully thought out and planned beforehand, while its English rival depends mainly on the casual contributor; that the American editor gives to his journal all his time, all his thoughts, all his energies, while the English editor sits in his room, receives casual contributions, selects from them, and does his editing, say, while he takes his lunch. Again, there are four or five highly priced magazines which desire to be the recognised exponents of the best wisdom and experience of the time. Their high price keeps down their circulation, while the subjects of their papers are generally those of which people have been reading every day in the newspapers for the last month. Is it impossible for our magazines to learn a lesson from the Americans? Are we too proud to be taught that if we would lead the people, we must write on lines that please the people? This truth is understood by the daily papers: why not by the magazines? One would not exclude the casual contributor, who is most useful in his way; but we must not absolutely depend upon him. Fiction is all very well, but we must not have too much of it. Laboured essays are all very well, but we do not want many of them. Literary papers, estimates of dead men, "slatings" of living men, we do not want in any large quantities—"slatings," not at all. Nothing damages a magazine or a journal more effectively than the bludgeon. Papers on art we want, if they are by artists; poetry we want, if it is good. I venture to submit a programme for the year 1895, which, I think, would raise even the decaying Cheapside, or the fallen Bungay's, to a level with Harper, the Century, or the Cosmopolitan.

(1) Recent British Conquest in Africa. By H. C. Selous.
(2) Fleet Street Idylls. Second series. By John Davidson.
(3) Short Stories by various writers. One or two in each number.
(4) Manners, Customs, and Religions in South India. By * * * * late judge in Muckamore.
(5) A New and Original Play. By one of the half dozen who can write plays.
(6) Proverbs. By Anthony Hope.
(11) The Highlands as they are. By William Black.
(12) Art of the Day, from month to month. By * * * (painter and writer).
(13) The House of Commons: Its procedure, laws, and customs. By * * * M.P.

This is a programme which I imagine would "catch on." The magazine must be illustrated. Nearly all these things would be serials, running for six months or more, to be published by the house which owns the magazine after its run.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I desire very much to put money into the pockets of any London publisher. But I do desire to see our English magazines rise out of the slough into which they seem rapidly sinking, and take their place once more in the front, and this can only be effected by doing exactly what the American magazines are doing. I am quite convinced that the reign of the casual contributor is long since over and done, and that editing cannot be done while one eats his lunch, nor even over a cup of afternoon tea.

II.—Grammatical Use of "Nor."

Mr. Skeat's sentiments about grammar seem to me somewhat anarchical. No doubt grammar has grown up out of usage; but it has rules, which cannot be infringed with impunity. Good writers often permit themselves to fall into slipshod English, but that does not make slipshod writing good style. I should like to know why it is logically correct to say, "It did not rain nor blow." It seems to me to involve a double negative. And the length of a sentence cannot, surely, make any difference. In the sentence given by Mr. Skeat as a lengthened one, there is another verb, which does make a difference. It would, I think, be quite correct to say, "It did not rain nor did it blow," but it seems to me both more correct and more elegant to say, "It did not rain or blow," than "It did not rain nor blow." The sentence is equivalent to "It did not either rain or blow." If "Mützen shows that even good authors occasionally use neither—or instead of neither—nor," he shows, I think, simply that good authors are sometimes careless; no good author could intentionally write such abominable grammar.

Surely Professor Skeat's lengthened sentence has nothing to do with the first. He has lengthened "It did not rain nor did it blow," where "or," would be obviously wrong. The repetition of "did it" disjoins rain and blow, connected in "It did not rain or blow." If "did" relates to "blow," "nor" is a double negative. Every one who wishes to "appreciate"
mystakes should study the rather hypercritical, but invaluable, “Hodgson’s Errors in the Use of English.”

III.—WHAT is PERMISSIBLE?

On reading an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “The Wares of Autolycus,” on Persian Women, July 3, 1894, the language seemed strangely familiar to me. On comparing the article with my book, “The Land of the Lion and Sun” (Macmillan’s 1883, p. 322), I discovered that out of 759 words of which the article was composed, 577 were mine, and 182 those of the ingenious author.

I saw the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who expressed his surprise, and promised that I should hear from the author. I did so, and was somewhat astonished to learn that the author had never read my book, though he had heard it quoted. But on turning to the “Encyclopaedia Britannica,” article Persia, I find my description of costume given (and acknowledged), which might account for this statement.

But what I want to know from you, Mr. Editor, is, what is the exact amount that can be “extracted” without acknowledgment, and how little can be added to constitute an original article? What must be the ratio of sack to the half-penny-worth of bread? Is it, as in the present case—sack, one part; extract, three-fourth parts.

C. J. WILLS, Author “Land of the Lion and Sun.”

P.S.—Since writing the above I have again seen the editor *P. M. G.*, who handed me a letter from the writer of the article, in which he acknowledges his indebtedness to the “Encyclopaedia Britannica,” a foot-note in which would have told him that the information as to Persian costume was obtained from me. I inclose the article, and with the editor’s *P. M. G.* consent I write you.

IV.—CORRECTIONS.

A correspondent writes: “In Professor Skeat’s interesting grammatical note on the use of ‘nor,’ in the last number of *The Author*, the name of the translator of Mätzner’s ‘English Grammar’ is given as Grice; this is a misprint, it should be Grece. The learned work, published in 1874 by Murray, has long been out of print, I believe, and a new revised edition, undertaken by Dr. Grece—who now practises as a lawyer—in conjunction with a professed English philologist, would be of great advantage to students of English.

“The second correction refers to the name of the editor of Halm’s ‘Griseldis,’ published at the Oxford University Press, which should read: Buchheim.”

V.—REMAINDERS.

With regard to par. 4, on pp. 420-30, concerning publishers’ agreements and remainder sales, the following suggestion may be useful: A printed agreement form sent me by a publishing firm contained this clause:

“As to copies sold in the United Kingdom or elsewhere by auction or privately to a dealer at reduced prices, or by way of ‘remainder,’ at the amounts actually received in respect thereof.”

This clause I naturally objected to, since it left my affairs entirely to the publishers’ discretion, and abrogated entirely any claim of mine to have a voice in such sales at reduced prices. I therefore struck out the whole clause, and inserted the following:

“That no sale shall be made at reduced prices in any way unless by the author’s written consent.”

This alteration, which was at once accepted by the publishers without any demur or difficulty, appears to me to safeguard the author very effectually.

A FREE LANCE.

BOOK TALK.

M. R. Ulick R. Burke has written a life of Benito Juarez, which necessarily brings before us once more the modern history of Mexico and its relations with European policy. Juarez, it will be remembered, was the Constitutional President of the Mexican Republic, an office to which he properly passed from the post of Vice-President. This is a point which Mr. Burke considers of great importance, because it shows the strength of Juarez’s position, and also the illegality of the attempts to remove him made by monarchical and other pretenders. Mr. Burke persists in calling Juarez an Indian, though he is careful to say that he was of the “pure blood of the Zapotecs;” that is, he was not a Toltec, or a Chichinec, or even an Aztec. But when one has been at some pains carefully to distinguish these tribes, surely it is lost labour to put them altogether again and call one’s hero an Indian. Benito Juarez then was a Zapotec, for his father and mother were of the pure blood of the Zapotecs; he was born in 1806, entered the Mexican Congress in 1832, and became President in 1857. The leading features of the new constitution chiefly due to him, and which was promulgated in that year, were, Mr. Burke says:

A free press, freedom of meeting, equal civil rights, complete religious toleration, the abolition of special tribunals, of hereditary honours, of monopolies of all unjust privileges.
By which it will appear that Juarez deserved to succeed—he represented the cause of freedom as much as his opponents represented the cause of slavery. Mr. Burke retells the story of the ill-fated Maximilian—a prince who was never able to distinguish the regulation of a court and the duties of courtiers from the governing of a country and the duties of citizenship—and shows how he was the tool of the clerical and absolutist faction, and that between the schemes of the Jesuits and the schemes of Napoleon III., it is no wonder a weak man became a criminal. So that, apart from the interesting story Mr. Burke has to tell, his volume becomes one of general utility as a warning against the kind of Government or want of government which is sure to obtain where ministers of religion are permitted to influence ministers of State. We may also note that Mr. Burke's book has received praise from the financial press, and those interested will find the history of the Mexican debt carefully told. It is not very long ago that an evening contemporary, interviewing the editor of the Intransigeant, drew from him the remark that la haute politique was becoming nothing more than la haute finance. If that be so, it is instructive to read in these pages how the worn-out Statecraft of Europe overreached itself in its dreams of manipulating the supposed wealth of a comparatively new country. Indeed, there seems to have been no end to the attempts made to exploit Mexico for the benefit of the Emperor and the Church. Of the three, Napoleon III., Pius IX., and Maximilian, so far as Mexico is concerned, only one got his deserts. As for Juarez, he remains the "great President" in the memory of his people.

Mr. John Willis Clark, F.S.A., has published his Rede Lecture of this year, on Libraries in the Medieval and Renaissance Periods (Macmillan and Co.). He traces the growth of the library, especially, in churches and monasteries, from the earliest beginnings to the Renaissance. It does not appear that the custom of giving books to churches, which began the Christian Library, was long maintained. Augustine gave his books to the church of Hippo to form a library. A thousand years later Caxton bequeathed books to St. Margaret's, but to be sold. An occasional king, an occasional bishop, formed libraries, but the real home of the Medieval library was the monastery. This was not a stately room, but simply a wooden press set up in a recess in the cloisters in which the books were kept, vertical as well as horizontal partitions being set up, so that the books should not get damp or be packed close to each other. At Christ Church, Canterbury, at the beginning of the fourteenth century there were 698 volumes, all kept in presses put up wherever room could be found for them. As the books increased in number, a room became necessary. The Canterbury library was built between 1414 and 1443; that of Durham about the same time. The monks were enjoined to spend a part of their time in reading. Benedict's Rule orders that at the beginning of Lent every monk was to have a book given him, which he was to read through before the end of Lent. The nature of the work, or its length, seems to have been unconsidered. The arrangement of desks, seats, and books, the chaining of books, and the lending of books, are treated in this little volume, which is a valuable contribution to the history and the literature of the library, whether regarded as a museum, i.e., the temple or haunt of the Muses, a place which is haunted by the men of the past, or as a modern workshop; a place where things are to be found and learned, or "as a gigantic mincing machine, into which the labours of the past are flung, to be turned out again in a slightly altered form as the literature of the present."

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's monograph on "Charles Whitehead," a forgotten genius, has been reissued as a new edition, if edition it can properly be called. There is new matter in the volume in the shape of an appreciation of Whitehead by Mr. Hall Caine, and there is a new preface in which the author recounts certain circumstances which he writes "have rendered a re-issue of the unbound " remainder " of my volume desirable." Of the book itself it may be said that Mr. Bell has executed his task with excellent taste, for he has made it clear that the story of the author's life must not be taken into account in judging his literary merit. Note is taken of the high opinion in which Whitehead was held by Rossetti, Professor Wilson, Lord Lytton, and Douglas Jerrold, chiefly as the author of "Richard Savage."

Miss Eleanor Tee has written a book for young women and girls entitled "This Everyday Life." It has a preface by the Rev. C. Pickering Clarke, in which the object of the work is thus described: "The book is designed to give working women and girls a true insight into the meaning of that life here, which seems so heavily weighted by the obligation to work." Miss Tee has set herself the difficult task of bringing home the idea of the "dignity of labour to some of the workers whose duties are styled service."

Mr. Thomas McCarthy, instructor in gymnastics, has written for the "use of public elementary schools," in accordance with the new code, "An Easy System of Physical Exercises and Drill." The directions given are intended for those other
than drill serjeants who wish to learn how to drill school boys and school girls. From the great number of the directions and their complex nature it is clear the new code must demand a very comprehensive system of muscular training. We are aware that many parents are not entirely satisfied with the reasons given for the compulsory drilling of their children, and, if they are at all in ignorance of what that system is, Mr. McCarthy's book can teach them. English people other than yeomanry cavalry and militia have been drilled for years, but it is a common remark that if they have to march in procession—unfortunately a growing custom—they do it very badly. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy's book will help to change that.

Mr. Robert Bingley's "Borderlands," a volume of poems, religious and secular, including some translations, has passed into a second edition. It is published by the Oxford University Press.

Every Saturday evening for a good many weeks—or months—the readers of the Westminster Gazette were invited to read a most charming little dialogue, full of cleverness, epigram. The epigrams were not barbed, nor were they intended to wound, nor was the cleverness obtruded. These delicate and sprightly things were signed A. H. They are now collected and published at the office of the Westminster Gazette. And they are the work of Mr. Anthony Hope, author of the "Prisoner of Zenda."

Mr. Julian Sturgis has issued a volume of poems (Longman and Co.), in which he proves that his power as a writer of verse is equal to that of a writer of prose.

Mr. R. E. Salwey has completed a new novel, called "Ventured in Vain," which will be published in September by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in two-volume form.

Miss Frances Mary Peard's novel, "An Interloper," which has been running as a serial in Temple Bar, will be published in two-volume form by Messrs. Bentley and Son, and simultaneously by Messrs. Harpers in America.

Mr. Anthony C. Deane will publish, in the early autumn, a volume of light verse, reprinted from the magazines and journals in which it first appeared. Among them are Punch, where the larger part was first produced, the Cornhill, Longman's, Temple Bar, St. James's Gazette, the Globe, the Westminster Gazette, the Pall Mall Gazette, the Granta, and Vanity Fair. The publishers are Messrs. Henry and Co.

Mr. R. Thistlethwaite Casson, author of "Bonnie Mary," "A Modern Ishmael," "The Doctor's Doom," and many other successful serials, has been commissioned by Mr. George Newnes, M.P., to write a series of novelettes for the "Illustrated Penny Tales," now being published by George Newnes Limited.

Mrs. Preston has translated some of the poems of Friedrich von Bodenstedt, which will be published by the Roxburghe Press early in August under the title of "The Mountain Lake."

Mrs. Stevenson, the author of "Mrs. Severn," published by Messrs. R. Bentley and Son, and which the Guardian compared for power with "Janet's Repentance," has another story on intemperance now in the press. It is appearing first in the Temperance Chronicle, whose critic judged "Mrs. Severn" as "the most powerful temperance story that has ever been written," and later it will form one of the C.E.T.S. Azalea series. Its title is "Helena Hadley." Last year Messrs. R. Bentley and Son published "Mrs. Elphinstone of Drum" for the same writer.

A second edition of "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, will appear in a few days. It will be published by Horace Cox.

Mrs. James Suisted sends us a lively little volume, published at Dunedin (Otago Daily Times Office), New Zealand. It is a record of travel, and is called "From New Zealand to Norway." It is, perhaps, useless to wish for a book published only in a colony success in the English book market.

Mr. E. St. John Fairman, 66, Southamptonrow, W.C., publishes his new book himself. It is called "An Electric Flash on the Egyptian Question."

A copy of Mrs. Dixon's book on "Columbia" has been graciously accepted by the Queen. It was presented by Sir Henry Ponsonby.

By the publication of "A Seventh Child" (F. V. White and Co.) in one volume instead of two, John Strange Winter has been the first among popular authors to adapt herself to the new state of things brought about by the circulars issued by Smith and Mudie on special library editions. "A Seventh Child" deals with the subject of clairvoyance, and derives its title from the superstition that "the seventh child of a seventh child is gifted with the second sight." The story, which records the experiences of such child, has been running as a serial in Mrs. Stannard's magazine Winter's Weekly.

Professor Raleigh has written a book for Murray's "University Extension Manuals" on the history of the English novel, from its origin to Sir Walter Scott. Could not the history be
extended, so as to include Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Collins, Kingsley, George Eliot, the Brontës, and Mrs. Gaskell?

The papers have been full of discussions, letters, and leaders on the subject of the three-volume novel. A collection of cuttings has been made by Mr. Thring, on which we may find an opportunity of speaking in the next number. Some of the papers speak as if the novel must be killed when the three-volume form is abandoned. Will not the libraries, then, take any of the one-volume form? The following remarks are taken from the St. James's Gazette. In the second line, for the "Incorporated Society of Authors" read "those who are novelists in the Society of Authors," the resolution of the council having been adopted mainly in consequence of their singular unanimity. The novelists on our list form perhaps one-fourth of the whole number. Nor have the "Authors"—meaning the society—said a word in their resolution on the subject of the libraries.

"The three-volume novel seems to be in the painful position of Mr. Pickwick in the Pound—of having no friends. The Incorporated Society of Authors has, with only a single dissentient, pronounced against it; and that society has been generally regarded as having especially at heart the interests of young novelists, in whose favour chiefly the three-volume system has been supposed to operate. The Authors argue that the only possible persons to profit by the plan were the libraries, who under it became monopolist middlemen between the producers and consumers of all new novels for the most profitable period. Yet the late M. Mudie protested that he hated it; and it is the libraries whose present action has threatened its continued existence. The three-volume novel looks as if it were going to die without any mourner to drop the sympathetic tear—except, perhaps, the Bishop of London, who will be unable henceforward to begin his fiction with the third volume.

"When it is gone we shall all begin to regret the easy print and ample margin; for, after all, for the really long novel it is the most agreeable form. 'Middlemarch' and 'Daniel Deronda' are disagreeable enough in the single volumes, and without perseverance and good eyesight it needs faith or fashion to get one through the new 'Marcella.' But the price of the three volumes was prohibitive, and the generality of the old custom of a first appearance in this form not easily defensible."

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**WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.**

**CERTAIN REMEDIES.**

"Mr. Johnston's remark that the books of certain novelists had had a more potent effect on him than all the quinine and drugs he had introduced into Africa' suggests a new vein for publishers' advertisements. Why not work the hygienic motive on which so many other advertisements rely with such success? As thus:

"Besant's World-famed Cure.—Unrivalled for Headache, Lassitude, and a Stuggish Liver. Worth a Guinea a Volume. A Circulating Librarian writes:—'I take them regularly, and am now sensible of a marked improvement in my whole system.'

"Black's Soothing Syrup (Highland Blend).—Indispensable when yachting. A sure preventive of mal de mer. Should be taken (on subscription) in all Climates. Put up in Uniform Doses; one quality throughout. An Analyst writes:—'I have examined Mr. William Black's various Preparations. All the samples seem to be compounded of the same well-tried ingredients in various proportions, and can be warranted absolutely harmless, even for the most delicate. A Sound Family Medicine. Have you a nasty taste in your mouth on waking up in the morning (after reading Latter-day Fiction overnight)? Then try Black's Soothing Syrup.'

"For Anaemia: Try Rider Haggard.—From an African Recipe. Unrivalled for the Blood. The Young like it; Children take it readily.

"Plain Pills from the Hills.—(Registered Title.) Put up in Small Doses. An Anglo-Indian writes: 'Please send me a fresh consignment.' Caution.—Insist on seeing R. Kipling's Name on Label.

"Dr. Conan Doyle's Prescription.—A Certain Solution. Equal to the most Obscure Cases. Does not fool about the place, but quickly finds out what is wrong, and puts it right. No Holmes without it.'

*Westminster Gazette.*

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs: "M. Leconte de Lisle, Victor Hugo's successor in the Academy, and since his death the chief French poet, died on Tuesday night from heart disease. He had an attack of pneumonia on Friday, from which he never rallied. He was born in 1820 in the island of Réunion, whither his parent had emigrated from Brittany. He was sent to Rennes to be educated, and in 1853 published 'Poèmes Antiques.' A second volume, 'Poèmes Barbares,' appeared in 1862, and in 1882 he issued 'Poèmes Tragiques.' These works made no bid for general popularity, but were addressed to the cultured few capable of appreciating artistic perfection. He was, as it were, a sculptor in poetry. His love of the classics was shown by numerous translations, sometimes rugged, but admirably chiselled. In 1873 his tragedy 'Les Erynnies' was played at the Odéon, and in 1888 he published a second tragedy, 'L'Apollonide,' which was..."
never acted. M. Gaston Deschamps, in the
Temps, after dwelling on his superiority to all
vulgar ambitions and artifices, says:—'He closes,
or nearly so, the series of great poets who have
given a voice to our century. His verses will long
resound in our charmed and faithful memory.
But we also lose in him a consoling example, an
intellectual and moral authority, not easily re-
placed. Fate would almost seem bent on un-
crowning France. To lose in two years Taine,
Renan, Leconte de Lisle are too many bereave-
ments at once. Who will console us? Who will
guide us on the uncertain road to truth and
beauty? I see, indeed, in the throng of young
contemporaries, admirers, disciples, and especially
detractors of these illustrious men. I do not see
their successors.'"—Times, July 19.

LITERATURE AT OXFORD.

Dr. Lentzner will deliver five Free Public
Lectures in Comparative Literature at
Oxford, during the Michaelmas Term,
1894, viz., one in English, called "Some Aspects of
Literature," on Monday, Oct. 22, at noon; two in
English, on Björnstjerne Bjørnson, on Mondays,
Oct. 29 and Nov. 5, at noon; and two in German,
on "Richard Wagner als Dichter," on Mondays,
Nov. 12 and 19, at noon.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.

Breaching, Rev. H. C. Seven Sermons to Schoolboys.
With a Preface by Canon Scott Holland. Methuen.
2s. 6d.

Cantrell, Archbishop of. Echoes from the Choir
of Norwich Cathedral, being the sermons preached
when it was reopened after reparation. With an
Introduction by the Dean of Norwich. Jarrold.
2s. 6d.

Cust, Robert N., LL.D. Essay on the Prevailing Methods
of the Evangelisation of the non-Christian World.
Luzac and Co.

Gray, Rev. Dr. H. B. Men of Like Passions. Being
sermons preached to Bradfield Boys. Longmans.
5s.

2s. 6d.

Maclaren, A. Illustrations from Sermons of, edited and
selected by J. H. Martyn. 3s. 6d.

Maldonatus, John. A Commentary on the Holy Gospels
—St. Matthew's Gospel. Translated and edited from
the original Latin by George J. Davie. Part II.
John Hodges. 1s.

To which is added the Basis of Religion presented to us
by the Parliament of Religions assembled at Chicago.
Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

Scholler, L. W. A Chapter of Church's History from
South Germany. Translated by W. Wallis. Longmans.
3s. 6d.

Sinclair, Archdeacon. The English Church and the
Canon Law. Fourth Charge. Elliot Stock. 6d.

Strachey, Rev. W. J. Short Sermons on the Psalms.
Fourth series, including Psalms lxxvii-xcvii. Kegan
P. Scott. 5s.

Studia Sinaitica, No. I.: Catalogues of the Syriac MSS.
in the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai, com-
piled by Agnes Smith Lewis (10s. 6d. net); Studia
Sinaitica, No. II., an Arabic version of the Epistles of
St. Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, with
part of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from a 19th
century MS. in the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount
Sinai, edited by Margaret Dunlop Gibson (5s. net).
C. J. Clay.

Swete, Professor. The Apostle's Creed. C. J. Clay.
3s. 6d.

Tee, Eleanor. This Everyday Life. With a preface by
the Rev. C. Pickering Clarke. George Bell. 2s. net.

Theodosius, Archbishop of Alexandria. Saint Michael
the Archangel. Three Encomiums. Severus, Patriarch
of Antioch; and Eustathius, Bishop of Trake. The
Coptic Texts, with extracts from Arabic and Ethiopic
versions. Edited, with a translation, by E. A. Wallis
Budge. Kegan Paul. 15s. net.

History and Biography.

Barber, Henry. British Family Names: their Origin and
Meaning. Elliott Stock. 15s.

Boase, Rev. C. W. Register Collegii Exonensis, with a
History of the College and Illustrative Documents.
Society, at the Clarendon Press.

Campbell, Lord Archibald. Notes on Swords from the
Battlefield of Culloden. With four autotype Illustra-
tions. Charles J. Clark.

Canning, Hon. A. S. G. The Divided Irish. An Historical
Sketch. W. H. Allen. 3s. 6d.

Coghill, T. A. The Wealth and Progress of New South
Wales, 1893. Seventh issue. Sydney, Potter.

Conder, Major, R.E. Judas Maccabaeus. New edition.,
Published for the Committee of the Palestine Explo-
rations Fund by A. P. Watt.

Elvey, Lady. Life and Reminiscences of George J. Elvey,
Kt. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.

Furnival, Frederick J. Child-Marriages, Divorces, and
Ratifications, &c., in the Diocese of Chester, a.d. 1561-6.
Also Entries from the Mayors' Books, Chester, a.d.
1588-1600. Edited from MSS. written in Court and
from the Mayors' Books. Published for the Early
English Text Society by Kegan Paul. 15s.

the Seas, 1592-1794, and on English soil, 1794-1894.
Marcus Ward.

Groves, Lieut.-Col. Percy. History of the 91st Princess
Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders, 1794-1894. Illus-
7s. 6d.

Henderson, Ernest F. A History of Germany in the
Middle Ages. George Bell. 7s. Gd. net.

Hill, Thomas S. The Registers of Bramfield, co. Suffolk,
1539-1596 and 1603-1639. Mitchell and Hughes.

Hogan, Rev. Edmund. Distinguished Irishmen of the

Hunter, Sir W. W. Bengal MS. Records: A selected list
of 14,156 Letters in the Board of Revenue. Calcutta,
1782-1807, with an historical dissertation. 4 vols.
W. H. Allen. 3os.
THE AUTHOR.

KNOLLS, COLONEL. Life of General Sir Hope Grant. Blackwood. 21s.
LESLEI, ROBERT C. A Waterbiography. Illustrated by the Author. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
MALDON, HENRY ELLIOT. English Records = A Companion to the History of England. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
MENÉVAL, BARON CLAUDE DE. Memoirs to serve for the Construction and Citizenship. The Guild and School of Handicraft, Essex House, Mile-end-road.
MENEVAL, BARON CLAUDE DE. Memoirs to serve for the Construction and Citizenship. The Guild and School of Handicraft, Essex House, Mile-end-road.
MELDRE, REV. SAMUEL. Servicessby, the Home of the Chamelion. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
NEVILL, LADY DOROTHY. Mannington and the Walpoles, Earls of Orford. With ten illustrations of Mannington Hall, Norfolk. The Fine Art Society. 15s.
REVOLUTION on THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. With an Introduction and edited by Henry Lazarus. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.
ROYAL CHARTERS on THE CITY OF CARLISLE. Printed at the expense of the Mayor and Corporation, and edited by R. S. Ferguson. Carlisle: C. Thurnam. 21s.
SABATIER, PAUL. Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. Hodder. 9s.
SALVADORI, A. HUMBOLDT. The First Technical College. With portraits and illustrations. Chapman. 36. 6d.
STOPES, C. CARMICHAEL. British Freewomen. Sonnechein. 3s. 6d.
WALLACE, ARTHUR. The Earl of Rosebery= his Words and his Work. With portrait by F. C. Gould. Second edition. Longman. 4s. 6d.
WHITE, T., AND BAIN, PROFESSOR. Philosophical Remains of George Croom Robertson. With a Memoir. Edited by. Williams and Norgate. 9s. net.

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The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

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1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

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3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

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5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

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13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

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HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member...
THE AUTHOR.

has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and passes accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the expenses of the Authors' Syndicate are defrayed solely out of the commission charged on rights placed through its intervention. Notice is, however, hereby given that in all cases where there is no current account, a booking fee is charged to cover postage and porterage.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works for none but those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiation whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment and that, when possible, at least four days' notice should be given.

6. That all attempts are made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wanted and Wanted" has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

The Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of " doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth
as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Fox-Bourne v. Vernon and Co.

This case, finished on Aug. 3, heard before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, was one in which an editor claimed twelve months' notice of dismissal, whereas he had only received six months' notice. The jury found a verdict for the defendants. The case would have little interest for this paper but for the words of the judge in defining what is meant by "custom" (see the *Times*, Aug. 4, 1894). "Custom," he said, "in its strict legal sense, was a uniform and universal practice so well defined and recognised that contracting parties must be assumed to have had in their minds when they contracted." Contracting parties, that is, on both sides. If, for instance, one side intends to falsify accounts, and excuses himself on the ground that it is a trade custom, while the other side know nothing of his intention, and had never heard of the alleged "custom," the excuse, according to this judge's definition, would not be allowed. This definition agrees with the opinion of Mr. Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., and Mr. Rolt, published in the *Author* of March last. Of course the fact that such a practice was common, not to say universal, would have to be proved. The warning which the Lord Chief Justice addresses to journalists equally applies to writers of books, writers in magazines, dramatists, and every kind of literary worker. The following is the summing-up referred to (*Times*, Aug. 4):

The Lord Chief Justice, in summing-up, said the plaintiff was a journalist of good position and long experience, who had been employed by the defendants as their editor, and had received from them a six months' notice. The question for the jury was whether plaintiff was entitled to twelve months' notice or whether six months' notice was such a notice as the defendants were legally entitled to give plaintiff. Although the case seemed to have excited a good deal of feeling between journalists and proprietors, it had no general importance, as in the future journalists would only have themselves to blame if they had not insisted upon having an agreement. The jury had no question of

II.—Musical Copyright in America.

Mr. G. Dixey, secretary of the Music Publishers' Association, writes from 9, Air-street, Regent-street, W., Aug. 4:—"I am instructed by this association to inform you that the plaintiffs in the celebrated American test action of Novello and Co. v. The Oliver Ditson Company and others, have just received a telegram from their counsel, Mr. L. L. Scaife, of Boston, to the effect that the judge who tried the action has decided in the plaintiffs' favour on all points. The action, as you are aware, relates to the correct construction of what is known as the manufacturing clause in the American Copyright Act of 1891, and it was brought to test the question whether 'a book' within the meaning of that clause includes 'musical composition,' which, in an earlier part of the Act is mentioned, together with 'book' and other subjects of copyright, as being entitled to protection under that Act. The judgment just delivered has settled the point for the present, and until that judgment is upset or varied it must be accepted that the law of the United States of America is, that the expression 'book' in the Act of 1891 does not include 'musical composition,' and that consequently it is not necessary that such compositions should be printed in America as a condition of obtaining copyright there."—*Times*, Aug. 7.

III.—Artists Protected by Copyright.

(From an American Correspondent.)

Boston, Mass., Aug. 8.—A decision by Judge Putnam in the United States Circuit Court, filed to-day, holds that an artist having copyrighted a painting may restrain reproductions of the painting, and that a bill in equity for an injunction may be maintained by one to whom the artist has sold the right and who has taken out a copyright in his name.

The decision was given in the case of Emil Werckmeister v. The Pierce and Bushnell Manu-
facturing Company. G. Naujok, a resident of Germany, painted a picture called "Die Heilige Cecilia," and later executed an instrument conveying to the complainant the exclusive right of reproduction. The painting was publicly exhibited at Munich, and afterwards sold, and its present location is unknown. The complainant secured a copyright and filed a photograph of the painting at Washington. The defendant subsequently sold in this country a photograph, which, it was claimed, is an infringement. The court ordered a decree for the complainant.

IV.—THREE YEARS OF AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

The Daily Chronicle (Aug. 14) publishes an instructive "interview" with Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College, New York, on the result of three years' working of the American Copyright Act. In the first place, the pirates are nearly all "knocked out." The pirate chief, Lovell, is bankrupt, and his stock of several millions is being sold at "dry goods stores" at 4d. and 5d. a volume. When these have been worked through the book market will improve. Meantime, we must note the necessity of copyrighting everything. Mr. Matthews points out how three notable books of last season—"Dodo," "The Yellow Aster," and "Ships that Pass"—through neglect of this precaution were pirated and sold for 8 cents. Next, the effect on American literature is that American authors no longer have to compete with stolengoods.

The publishers already show a very large increase of American books in proportion to British books. Harper Brothers show British books in their lists numbering 25 per cent. of the whole, as against 75 per cent. thirty years ago. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have reduced the percentage of British books to 10 per cent. London houses in New York are putting out American books in excess of English books.

As to the price of books; novels, as a rule, appear in one volume, at four, five, or six shillings. The Americans are, as a rule, a book-buying, not a book-borrowing, people.

The effect of free libraries tends in America, he thinks, first to beget and encourage the habit of reading, and next to develop the desire to possess books. They make people buyers of books.

Mr. Matthews further gave his views as to the difference between the circulation of English and American magazines. He said:

The main fact is, no doubt, that our reading public is so much larger than yours, and that for that very reason our magazine proprietors are enabled to pursue a much more systematic and spirited policy than is possible with you. We have made magazine editing at once a fine art and a science. Each of our great magazines occupies the whole time and thoughts of a very large editorial staff, consisting in one case of an editor-in-chief, an associate editor, an assistant editor, two editorial assistants, and four or five editorial clerks, to say nothing of two or three art editors. Every manuscript that is sent in is examined, and articles and drawings are always paid for on acceptance, instead of, as with you, on publication. Harper's or the Century will often have £10,000 worth of stock in hand, paid for, and ready for use as occasion offers. The policy of these magazines is mapped out for years beforehand by experts in the art of meeting the public taste. But such a policy, it is clear, can be pursued only when a very large sale is assured. The circulation of the magazines I have named runs to something like 200,000 copies a month. From all I can learn, no high-priced illustrated magazine on your side commands more than one-fourth of that sale. It is a noteworthy fact that not a single English magazine is to be seen on the American bookstalls, as our magazines are seen on yours. In the days of piracy your leading reviews used to be reprinted every month and sold at low rates, but even before the passing of the Copyright Act that practice was found unremunerative, and was accordingly dropped. Now, a few sets of your leading reviews are sent over in sheets, stitched, and sold to clubs and libraries. They have practically no general sale whatever.

"And our cheap magazines, such as the Strand—have you any periodicals of that class?"

"No," replied Mr. Matthews, "and why? Because their place is almost precisely occupied by the Sunday editions published by all our leading daily papers. These contain serial novels, short stories, and general articles, of exactly the same class as those which appear in your cheaper magazines, and illustrated in much the same style. In fact, the same stories and articles are often supplied by syndicates to your cheap magazines and to our Sunday papers."

V.—THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL.

The fate of the three-volume novel still continues to furnish matter for discussion. The Publisher's Circular naturally takes the keenest interest in the subject.

The writer of an article in the August number on the Resolution of our council, puts forward certain statements and opinions which we can hardly accept. Thus he says:

"We do not know how far this Resolution represents the mind of the great body of English novelists. The opinion of writers in general, or even of the majority of the members of the Authors' Society, was not, we believe, taken before the council passed its sweeping motion, and there are, we fancy, many writers of fiction who would repudiate this official declaration."

Now, the great body of English novelists are members of this Society. With a very few exceptions all novelists of standing are members. The secretary received instructions to ask the opinions of all those members who are novelists, but not of other members. A "private and
confidential” circular was drawn up giving the facts of the case: and the opinions which were sent in were practically unanimous. Of course there may be, as the writer of the article thinks, some who would not agree with the Resolution, but they did not come forward.

He says, further, that the “mass of the people does not read fiction.” The general opinion is that fiction is all that the mass does read—that part of the mass which reads anything besides the daily paper.

He goes on to say, “Possibly the Council did not see that its resolution, if carried into effect, would deprive three-fourths of the members of the Society of their occupation and means of living.”

Let us, once more, take refuge in those figures which do so seriously annoy those who love a good broad general statement. There are between 1300 and 1400 members of the Society. Three-fourths of this number means about a thousand. It has been pretty conclusively proved in back numbers of the Author that the number of novelists whose works possess any commercial value at all with Mudie and Smith is under 300, of whom about one hundred are likely to be affected by the abolition of the three-volume system. It is a great mistake to suppose that the members of the Society are nearly all novelists. Statements to this effect have been made, over and over again, with intent to injure, but not in the Publisher’s Circular, whose attitude towards the Society is generally fair.

The writer probably reveals the truth when he says that depression in trade has brought about the present crisis. It is certainly more than twenty years since the three-volume novel was fiercely denounced; but it survived. Times were good; libraries took large numbers; cheap editions could wait. Now, smaller numbers must be taken at a less price; that is what the libraries say. Let us, therefore, go straight to the general public. That is what the majority of novelists say; that is what many of the best novelists have already begun to do; that is what many publishers have declared their intention to do for the future. It is a significant commentary on this article, written clearly in favour of the old system, that the back page of the Publisher’s Circular contains an announcement that Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. will no longer issue three-volume novels, except under special circumstances.

The three-volume novel, however, is not yet dead.

VI.—THE COPYRIGHT CONGRESS AT ANTWERP.

The Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale informed us that a copyright congress would be held at Antwerp from the 18th to the 25th of Aug., and invited this Society to send delegates. We regret extremely that the invitation should not have come into our hands until after the last committee meeting, so that, our members having dispersed, there was no opportunity of arranging for the proper representation of the Society. We wait for a report of the proceedings. The following is the official programme:

**Programme Général Des Travaux.**

Du contrat d’édition, en matières littéraires, artistiques et musicales.

*Rapporteurs:* MM. Pouillet et Ocampo.

De l’arbitrage en matière de contestation relative à la propriété intellectuelle.

*Rapporteur:* M. Mannery.

De la propriété littéraire en fait de noms individuels.

*Rapporteur:* M. Georges Maillard.

De la propriété littéraire en fait de têtes.

*Rapporteur:* Dr. Max Nordau.

De la collaboration.

*Rapporteur:* M. Harmand.

De la propriété artistique en matière de portrait.

De la propriété des types (clichés) de reproduction.

*Rapporteur:* M. Davanne.

De la création d’un répertoire universel au bureau international de Berne.

De l’obligation du dépôt.

De l’enregistrement.

*Rapporteur:* M. Jules Lermina.

De la traduction.

De la cantion judicatum solvi.

De la photographie.

*Rapporteur:* M. Eugène Pouillet.

Des droits des auteurs en matière de représentation gratuite.

*Rapporteur:* M. Wauwermans.

De la clause de la nation la plus favorisée.

*Rapporteur:* M. A. Darras.

**A POET’S LOVE.**

[Imitated from a poem by Félix d’Anvers, quoted by Ste. Beuve Nouv. Lundis. III., 361.]

Love leaped like instant lightning to my breast
And made himself therein a secret throne:
The hopeless slavery I bear, unknown,
By her who caused it least of all is guessed.

I pass her often, as in darkness dressed,
And even when by her side am still alone;
Nor when I lie beneath my burial-stone
Will prayer of mine have ever marred her rest.

She whom God made so tender and so kind
Perceives not, bent upon her daily task,
The sighs of love that round her presence go;
But wrapped in duty, innocently blind,

Reading the words I write of her, will ask—

“Who was the woman that he worshipped so

H. G. K.

The following is a table of the prices at which the English novel has been issued from the year 1750 to the year 1860. It has been compiled from catalogues and lists published at the end of books, from magazines, and from advertisements. The compiler, Mr. R. English, of the British Museum, made no choice, but wrote down selections from the lists at random, three or four for each year. Some of the novels whose authorship was subsequently acknowledged appeared at first anonymously.

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<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Confessions of an Old Maid</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 8 6</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Herbert Lacy, a Novel</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 1 6</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Tales and Legends</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 1 6</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>De Lisle; or, the Distrustful Man</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Herbert Milton</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>The King’s Own</td>
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<td>E. Lane</td>
<td>The Game of Life</td>
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<td>Sir E. B. Lytton</td>
<td>The Fugitives</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>The Student</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Agnes Searle</td>
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<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Finesse, a Novel</td>
<td>2</td>
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If we analyse this list the following facts are established:

1. From 1750 to 1792 inclusive the ruling price of a novel was 3s. a volume, so that a four-volume novel was 12s. and a three-volume novel was 9s. Occasionally, however, there is observed a tendency to cheaper forms, as in 1790, when there occur two cases of novels at 2s. 6d. a volume. This price was "net"; there was no reduction or discount to the public.

The novels of this period were for the most part very short; now and then, as in the case of "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle," they were long; as a rule they were much shorter than the modern Three-Decker.

2. In the year 1793 there is a sign of an upward tendency. A single volume book is announced at 4s. Then for three or four years the old price is maintained. In 1796 Mary Robinson's "Angelina" is priced at 4s. 6d. a volume, and "Agatha," whatever her merits may have been, appears at 4s. a volume. In 1797 3s. 6d. and 4s. are the rule. In 1798 the old price is forgotten. In 1799 nothing is under 3s. 6d. In 1800 prices range from 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d., to 6s. a volume. In 1801, nothing is higher than 4s. 6d. In 1802 we range from 4s. 6d. to 5s. 3d. The same prices are asked in 1803, 1804, 1805. In 1806 the author of "Flim Flams" asks 7s. a piece for his volumes. A common form is now the four-volume novel at a guinea. Here and there, all the time, we find the old price of 3s. In 1807 Lewis's "Feudal Tyrants" is issued in four volumes at £1 8s. In 1808 Mdme. Genlis' "Euphrosyne" is published in four volumes at the same price. In 1809 and 1810 6s. a volume is the rule. In 1811 an Anonymous issues a three-volume novel at £1 4s.—we are getting very close to the guinea and a half. From 1812 to 1821 prices range from 6s. to 8s. a volume.

In 1822 for the first time occurs the ominous price of a guinea and a half. There may be earlier cases, but the first discovered by Mr. English was that of Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate," in three volumes. In the same year "Peveril of the Peak" was published in four volumes at £2 2s., viz., half a guinea for every volume.

From 1823 to 1830 one-volume novels are issued at 6s. and at 10s. 6d., but by far the larger at the latter price. Two-volume novels appear at 12s., 16s., 18s., and a guinea. Three-volume novels at a guinea, £1 4s., £1 7s., and £1 11s. 6d. That is, out of twenty-one three-volume novels on this list fifteen are at a guinea and a half, two at £1 8s. 6d., one at £1 7s., two at £1 4s., and one at a guinea.

From the year 1825 to 1860 the price of half a guinea for every volume was the rule, with here and there a rare exception.

Of late years there have been many experiments in price and form. Certain well-known writers have never produced a three-volume novel at all; the price of the single volume has become a uniform 6s., exactly double the price a hundred years ago.

The first appearance of the cheap edition seems to have been the series of novels issued by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley in 1831, called "Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances," at 2s. 6d. each. Of this series the Athenaeum of that date says: "If these works do not succeed, and eminently, it is no use catering honestly for the public. These are among the very best and cheapest ever issued from the press."

The first appearance of the six-shilling novel seems to have been in 1861, when Messrs. Blackwood and Sons published at that price George Eliot's "Silas Marner." Others followed at the same price, and the London publishers, as Bentley and Son, Sampson Low, &c., speedily began to publish at the same price.

The second and cheap edition of the novel, in regular succession, either at 6s. or 3s. 6d., or less, is a thing of not more than thirty years' existence. The old rule was one form of publication, either serially or in three-volume form, and then an end. Until the year 1865 or thereabouts, if a novel

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Vols</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>1840</td>
<td>G. P. R. James</td>
<td>The King's Highway</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 11 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1841</td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Ellen Bray; or, the Fortune Teller</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>D. Lister</td>
<td>College Chums</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>Shadow and Sunshine</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 11 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td>G. P. R. James</td>
<td>The Smuggler</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 11 6</td>
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<td>1860</td>
<td>Capt. Wraxall</td>
<td>Camp Life</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>P. Leicester</td>
<td>Ada Greville</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 11 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>F. J. Greenwood</td>
<td>Halse House, by the Author of Anne Grey</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1 11 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
appeared in a magazine, that was its first and final appearance. The two-shilling novel, for which Miss Braddon is chiefly responsible, began the cheap edition. But the ordinary successful novelist did not, as a rule, look forward to a cheap edition of his story, however well it was received by the public, and there were critics who spoke of a reprint, even if it contained an acknowledgment of the journal from which it was taken, as if the publisher and the author were committing some kind of fraud upon the public in presenting old wares as new.

The rise in price from 3s. to half a guinea a volume may perhaps be explained by more than one theory. Perhaps the following explanation may find acceptance:

The rise in price begins towards the close of the last century. For nearly a quarter of a century the country was engaged in a deadly contest for life and liberty. This contest demanded the most cruel sacrifices. Therefore, although the seas were kept pretty well open and a great part of our foreign trade remained with us, the taxation fell heavily on all classes, but most heavily on that class which then formed the great bulk of readers—the clergy and the professional people. The examples of Edinburgh, Lichfield, Exeter, Norwich, and other places illustrate the importance of the literary circles—some of them containing men of great literary ability—which had sprung up all over the country. The members of these coteries, perforce, ceased to buy books; they formed book clubs and circulating libraries. The natural result of the narrowed circulation was a rise in price. From 3s. a volume the novel became gradually, as we have seen, half a guinea. And this price continued, because the people had lost the habit of buying books, and, though the book clubs fell to pieces and the literary coteries were broken up, the habit of reading remained and was extended more and more, while the central circulating library took the place of the country book club and supplied the reading, the demand for which far exceeded, and still exceeds, the purchasing power of the people.

THE AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

They have already begun in the Athenæum. The number for August 25 contains the autumn lists of four publishers. It is proposed to analyse and classify these lists as was done last year in these columns. This classification cannot be complete before the end of October or perhaps later. Meantime, with thirty-five new books and new editions announced by Messrs. Longman; fifty-four by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; seventeen by Messrs. Chambers; and four by Messrs. Putnam, we make a good beginning. At present we may only observe that, as appears from these lists, the three-volume novel is not dead yet.

ON "WARNINGS AND ADVICE."

A CORRESPONDENT addresses a letter to the editor which seems to demand especial attention. He writes to this effect:

"I read your paper regularly from beginning to end. It afflicts me, every month, with a profound melancholy on account of your 'Warnings and Advice.' They may be most useful, for those who can follow them. I cannot. I am one of those whose first desire is to get my work published at all. Why? Because I have a message for the world? Not at all. But because I can write things of a kind which command a certain, but not a great, success. My line is the novel, but there are many others, like myself, though in other lines, who can produce work which gets bought, somehow, to some small extent. They write readable essays; 'historical' chapters, cribbed from recent investigations in the Record Office and elsewhere; concocted out of old books in a library, and made to look something like work of original research among unpublished documents; biographies of half-forgotten celebrities; poetry. But the poets are not quite up to my level, for they have to pay for their things; I want my work published, and not at my own cost. I want, also, to be known in my own circle as a man of letters. It gives one a certain distinction to have produced one book and to be engaged upon another. My vanity is, I believe, the leading motive. But, besides, I always have a suspicion that my work may be worth large sums of money, and I naturally want all I can get, and more. So that I go to my publisher, first and above all things, anxious that he should take my stuff; next, suspicious of his terms; and, lastly, afraid to stipulate any conditions. As for independence, I really haven't any. I am in his hands; he makes me feel that he is obliging me. Not that he is insolent; he is even kindly; sometimes he makes me miserable by telling me how much he loses by his authors; sometimes he makes me mad by little condescensions and words of patronage. Always, of course, I am to be the obliged and grateful party in the business. I am never, as you desire me to be, independent of him. He will very kindly take my work; he will very
noblly, though he says he is certain to be a loser by it, make me an offer. He has produced half-a-dozen books of my mine; on every one he says he has lost; yet he is always ready to take another. Therefore, as he is a business man, I do not believe him. But I don't dare tell him so. What have your warnings and your information done for me? Well, they have proved clearly that, even with my limited sale, the gratitude should be on his side, not mine. As a (hitherto) grateful dependant on this disinterested Patron, it is gall and wormwood to me to learn what his agreement really means, and what it is that I have had to accept. Your 'Warnings and Advice' are fourteen in number; they are all practical; they are all, I dare say, to other people, useful. But, alas! they are of no use to me, because I am quite unable to adopt any of them. I might, it is true, go so far as to stamp the agreement—I don't think he would find it out—but the nature of the document makes it quite unnecessary for me. The other man can stamp his, if he likes, but it seems unnecessary. Then, again, I might take your advice about a literary agent, but I fear that my commercial value at the best is not great enough to make any agent anxious to have me as a client—my last book, produced on the half-profit plan, showed a loss of eleven pounds, eleven and eightpence. As regards 'future work,' my Patron has not yet tried to bind me down; but he would do so, I dare say, if he thought of it. And as for drawing the agreement myself, or reserving anything, or having a say in the advertisements, I think I see my Patron's face if I dared to suggest anything of the kind. One poor man, a friend in the same line as myself, and of about equal commercial value, ventured once to suggest to his Patron that he might have the accounts of the joint venture audited. 'What?' cried the Patron, 'do you think I mean to cheat you?' The retort was obvious; there can be no such conditions. The result would be—must be—submission and acceptance. For, since our conditions involve nothing in the world that can be considered derogatory to the publisher, nothing unfair, nothing out of the common course, nothing but the common sense of an ordinary business transaction, and nothing more than the customary precautions with which one person admits another to the management of, or partnership in, his property, it stands to reason that opposition would disappear as soon as it was found impossible or difficult to get such agency or such partnership without these conditions. The 'warnings and advice,' on the other hand, to those whose work is in demand are so simple that it is their own fault if they do not stipulate for their observance. For instance, in the common case of a royalty, the 'warnings' numbered respectively (1), (3), (4), (7), (8), (11), and (12) are the only points necessary to be observed, and of these especially numbers (4), (8), (11), and (12).

Next, it must be remembered that the business of the Society is to defend literary property, and to show how it must be defended. If writers will not trouble to defend their property because it is of small value that is their concern. We
tell them, at least, how they may estimate its possibilities, and how they may guard and keep their own. In defence of other kinds of property, the law does not permit the invasion of its rights where the value is small any more than when it is large. A pocket must not be picked of a handkerchief any more than of a watch. Nor should a literary agreement over a small property be more unfair than one over a large property.

There is another way of looking at it. The one-sided old 10 per cent. royalty; the penny in the shilling; the 20 per cent. when 5000 copies (say) have been sold; and many other of the tricks which we know so well—if they are now tried with even the youngest and most dependent writer, are tried with the consciousness that they have been exposed; that the victim can ascertain for himself the reality of his position; and that, dependent as he may be for the moment, should the day of success arrive when his works would become by themselves an income to his publishers, he will certainly go elsewhere. The Society has rendered many of the old "dodges" impossible by ascertaining and publishing what is really meant by the mysterious Cost of Production.

To return to the class represented by our correspondent. They want to publish, very often, because they believe that their work is "as good as other people's." This desire overcomes, as is apparent from this letter, every other consideration. In order to be published they will accept any terms. This desire, therefore, makes the author a supplicant and a dependant. He invites a one-sided offer. If he refuses it the chances are that he is not worth much, and he is told to go elsewhere. On the other hand, if he is a young man, it is possible that he may become a success, in which case it is, perhaps, wiser to treat him with fairness, as a client whose business is desirable. This consideration smooths the way to a better understanding.

Here is a very simple rule. Such a writer generally avoids the leading Houses, thinking foolishly that he will do better with the smaller Houses—and forgetting that there is but one public. Let him, therefore, before going to one of the smaller Houses examine its lists. If he finds that it can show only one or two works of any popular author, and those his earliest works, let him ask why this popular author left this House. Naturally, because he was, or thought he was, unfairly treated. Then let this young writer make up his mind to avoid a House which cannot keep its clients. On the other hand, a House which has long lists of popular authors is, primi facie, one which acts so as to retain the confidence of writers.

But if a writer considers that warning which stands last in our list, he will do well, either by a man of business or in person, to address a publisher as one business man with another. "Here," he will say, "is a work which I believe to be a possible property, even if a small property. If your advisers also think so, is it worth your while to undertake its production on the following terms? I contribute the work itself; you contribute the liability to pay the difference, if any, between the actual cost of production and the demand for the book. You also undertake the distribution, collection, &c.; in return for which you shall have such a share of the profits as may be agreed upon as equitable. The partnership is to be quite open, as between two honourable men; books always accessible; nothing charged but out of pocket expenses; the proposed list of advertisements to be arranged with me: and, of course, no secret profits of any kind." Such a letter, at all events, would not be the letter of a dependant. And the answer would probably show the true character of the publisher to whom it was addressed.

NOTES AND NEWS.

READERS of the Author will rejoice to learn that Mr. Robert Sherard is about to resume his Letters from Paris in these columns. Arrangements have also been made for a Letter from New York, on American Literature and Literary Folk. The former letter will begin, it is hoped, next month; the latter in November or December.

Mr. Strachey's paper in the National Review for August, on the Heroic Couplet in English verse, indicates a new line of critical research, which will, I hope, be followed up either by Mr. Strachey or by other competent scholars. The construction—the structure—of English poetry, not the lives of the poets, or criticisms on their works, but the origin, growth, and development of its many metres, has never, so far as I know, been seriously and adequately treated. Mr. Strachey's paper is only a chapter, and that an imperfect chapter, on one branch of the subject. Where did Chaucer find his favourite metre? Why did he choose that metre in preference to the shorter line most common in the fabliaux, or the longer line which was used by his friend Eustache Deschamps? Where did Skelton find—or did he invent—his short metre? How was it that the six-foot line failed to hold its own? Sonnet, blank verse, ode, lyrical ballad, song—every branch of poetry down
to the new-old metres of modern versifiers—the ballade, triolet, villanell, chanson royale—which seem to have had their day. Again, there is the splendid music of Swinburne. Is there anything, anywhere, in the history of poetry, which can compare with his march of song? Can there be any verse, anywhere, to which he owes anything? Such a paper as Mr. Strachey's takes time and reading and scholarship. Therefore it is rare.

I have received from America the First Part of “The Art of Short Story Writing.” It is only a typewritten part, and I am earnestly begged to guard it from being published in this country. It would therefore be unfair to quote from the pages, or to set forth the methods and plan of the book, or to express any opinion upon the treatment or the literary value of the book, or its probable usefulness to beginners. The author of the work prefers to remain anonymous, which is perhaps wise. Many writers, seeing the terrible mistakes and the waste of good material committed by beginners in their first attempts, have thought that a school of fiction might do useful preliminary training work just as well as a school of painting. The anonymous author of this work, which will be issued by “the Revised Literary Bureau,” of New York, declares himself strongly of this opinion. The first and obvious objection to such a school is that everybody so far has got on without it. Quite true. On the other hand, how many would have got on more quickly and better with it? How many, again, would have been deterred from entering upon a line of work for which they had no ability? There is in the construction, the arrangement, the setting, the dialogue of a novel, as much art as there is in the grouping of a picture, the management of the light, &c. This truth, which is perfectly well known to all those who have studied, and intelligently attempted, the art of fiction, has been denied, or derided, by those who write on the subject without any study of it or any sympathy with it. It may be objected that those who have the natural aptitude will find out these things for themselves. Perhaps they will; perhaps they will not; perhaps it will take them years of work and partial failure, with the sacrifice of their best materials. Of course, those who have not the natural gift will never be able to use, even if they find out, the true methods. Why, then, teach them? We cannot create a story teller, any more than a poet, by teaching; but we may stop at the outset those who are certain to fail; we may teach the methods, and put into the right line the rank and file of the story tellers; and we may save genius itself from blunders and from disappointments. Another objection, however, less obvious, presents itself. After going to such a school the candidate who failed would most certainly throw the whole blame of failure upon the school. It would, therefore be necessary for the lecturers and teachers to be very ready with their warnings. He must be a stupid person, however, who was unable in six months to find out whether a student would fail or succeed. We now await the American treatise.

Every year, as regularly as the showers of August, appears the letter complaining of the bold bad smuggler who imports Tauchnitz editions in his pockets. The whole family, girls and all, enter with zeal into the smuggling business; impromptu pockets are devised in feminine garments; men's coats are found to contain stowage room previously unsuspected; a successful run is made; and the family shelves are enriched with another row of Tauchnitz books. They have been bought at half the cost of the English edition, you see. Cheapness before anything. These books, moreover, are openly sold in this country; one may sometimes see rows of them in the secondhand shops. What is to be done? It is impossible to touch the conscience of the traveller homeward bound. He will not smuggle lace, because he understands that lace is property—it is visible property—he must not defraud the revenue; literary property he does not understand—he cannot see it. Here is a book—why cannot he take the book home with him? Because the law prohibits? Nonsense; it can hurt nobody. It is impossible to make him see that to import this book is an infringement of right; a robbery of author or publisher, or both. Therefore something else must be attempted. What? Let us take counsel together. There must surely be some way of preventing the smuggling of books. Now the rough and ready way by which dockyard labourers are prevented from stealing dockyard stores might be attempted. Wardens of the yard stand at the gates and feel the men as they pass. An expert hand would detect a Tauchnitz in the coat pocket. And a substantial fine judiciously and sternly administered would do the rest. But perhaps some other method might be suggested.

· — We referred last month to the critic who desires the reduction of three volumes to one, because we should then get a shorter novel. I have before me two novels, each in one volume. One is called “Marcella” and the other “The Manxman.” The former contains about 250,000 words, and is therefore twice as long as the ordinary three-volume novel; the latter contains
about 236,000 words, and is therefore half as large again. No; we shall not necessarily get our novels any shorter when they are published in one volume; and, as was said last month, a book may be very short and yet very ill-constructed.

It is well known that Mr. Hall Caine deliberately resolved to try the result of appealing to the public at once with his new novel "The Manxman." The following was the result, published here with the author's sanction, eight days before the day of issue:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mudie's subscription</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith's</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith's railway stalls</td>
<td>2000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The trade, &amp;c.</td>
<td>4000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separate Colonial edition</td>
<td>5000</td>
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</table>

Total, 12,260, before the book was out. Now, it must be remembered that 1200, or even 1000, is a very large subscription for a three-volume novel. The publishers' immediate returns, therefore, are probably more than doubled by the new system. Everybody, however, it is objected, is not so popular as Mr. Hall Caine. That is quite true. The figures must therefore be taken to show what may be meant by a popular work, and they certainly do carry encouragement to those who believe in going to the whole public of readers in the first instance.

Since this was written the Athenæum (Aug. 25) states that the first edition of 20,000 "ran low" in a fortnight.

We have been accused of encouraging persons who have not the faintest chance of achieving either kind of literary reputation—that is, reputation for literary style, or popularity—to believe that figures such as these may apply to themselves. Disappointment most probably awaits those sanguine persons. But is it not the same in other professions? The freshman from the country grammar school goes up to the university dreaming of the Craven, with a first-class and a fellowship to follow. In five or six years he has found his place as a third-class man and an assistant master in his old school. The young barrister recognises the splendid prizes of his profession and dreams of becoming a leader, a Q.C., a judge, a Lord Chancellor. Why should not the young writer in the same way dream of vast popularity? Meantime, as the Society is in existence mainly for the defence of literary property, is it not necessary to show what literary property means?

A paper on the "Art of the Novelist," by the late Amelia B. Edwards, is published in the August number of the Contemporary. The paper bears the appearance of being unfinished, or, at least, uncorrected, being out of proportion, covering too much ground, and generally "unworkmanlike." But, for one thing, it is valuable. The author speaks out strongly on behalf of a novelist whom we seem to be forgetting, viz., Anthony Trollope. His works will perhaps be read again, but not until the time comes when the society of this century has become the study of the historian. Then, indeed, Trollope will be found a mine of wealth for the ideas, the habits, the prejudices of that kind of society—the higher middle class—which he drew so well. Perhaps no novelist has ever understood his own generation better than Trollope. Dickens knew the lower middle class; Trollope knew the class above—the gentlefolk of the country town; the clergy; the country people; the professionals. Last year in America I met a lady—a lady no longer young—a lady of reading and culture—who declared to me that, in her opinion, whatever might be said to the contrary, Trollope was the first English novelist of this century. Trollope's greatest vogue was in the Sixties. When he died—was it not in 1879?—he had not outlived his reputation, because there were millions who remembered his work, but his circle of readers had wofully diminished. Those of us who remember the Sixties can recall the joy with which his novels were received, one after the other; the firm drawing; the clearly outlined portrait—all his figures were types; the individuality of the author who owed nothing to any predecessor. Thinking over these things, I understood what that American lady meant. And here is Amelia B. Edwards, after her death, speaking to us to much the same effect. I wonder how a modern young lady would like one of Trollope's novels of the Sixties, with its illustrations—the dumpy girl with her hair in a net, the crinolined skirts, the flat heels, her round face with the great innocent eyes, her honest worship of Man the Superior—oh! so very, very different from her daughter, from the new girl, who defers to no masculine mind, talks on all subjects, writes on all, and carries a latchkey!

The testimony of Professor Brander Matthews, of New York (see p. 29), to the working of the American Copyright Act, which we owe to the Daily Chronicle, is extremely valuable. He shows, especially, how the Act has weeded out the reprints of English authors, and encouraged and stimulated American authors, who for the first time find themselves, he says, free from competition with stolen goods. Henceforth all the best books will belong to both countries alike;
but the bulk of the more popular literature will remain American for the Americans, and British for Britons; in other words, while the writers who can command an audience on both sides of the Atlantic will enjoy the widest audience that was ever granted to any writer in any country, the people for their daily reading will prefer their own folk, their own local setting, and their own dialect. I am pleased to read Professor Matthews' opinion on the effect of free libraries, because I have always maintained, from my own experience, observation, and conversation with those who know, viz., librarians themselves, precisely the same opinion.

As regards the magazines, it is also pleasant to find Professor Matthews practically saying exactly what has been said in the Author. In one or two points he does not speak from knowledge. For instance, he says that the American weekly paper contains much the same kind of work, and is illustrated in the same way, as our Strand. Obviously he has never seen the illustrations of the Strand, or he would not compare them with the terrible things of the American weekly. Again, I doubt his "main" fact; namely, that the American reading public is so much larger than our own. He quotes a circulation of 200,000 copies. We can show a circulation of 300,000 copies of this same magazine, the Strand. The questions are, it seems to me—What makes popularity? Is good work compatible with popularity? The example of the American magazines seem to prove that it is—unless, which would be a most humiliating confession, we must own that the middle class in this country is below the corresponding class in America in intelligence, taste, and cultivation.

WALTER BESANT.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.*

SINCE writing the notes on English Free Libraries and the books read by the people who use them, for the number of August, I have received a work by Mr. William J. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst, on the Public Libraries in America (Columbian Knowledge Series: Sampson Low and Co). This little book supplements the information already gathered concerning our own libraries. The greater part of it is, it is true, devoted to topics belonging to librarians, such as classification, cataloguing, preservation, distribution, buying, and binding. There are, however, many points of more general interest. For instance, as to the number of public libraries. In the year 1858 there were in the United States no more than 100 libraries, with something like a million volumes altogether. The largest was that of Harvard College, with 70,000 volumes. In 1890 the number of libraries in the country was 4000, the number of volumes amounted altogether to 27,000,000; and there were fifty libraries with more than 50,000 volumes each. Moreover, free libraries are multiplying much more rapidly than ever before. Not only are there founded every year many new libraries, but it is found that the old libraries cost more every year to maintain, the growth of a large library being much faster in proportion than that of a small library. Neglected departments are discovered and brought up to date; serial publications have to be continued; the reference department is always increasing. A great deal has been done in the States by private gifts. This book contains a list of donors and donations, including only those of 50,000 dollars and upwards, amounting in all to 17,000,000 dollars, or three and a half million sterling! How much has been given to free libraries in this country by private persons? The incomes of the hundred largest public libraries are also given in a classified list; they amount to nearly a million and a half of dollars, or £300,000, but the returns of ten out of the hundred are not complete. The number of free public libraries which contain more than 10,000 volumes does not much exceed one hundred. But in the smaller towns there are a great many libraries as yet quite small, too small to be included in the Government report.

The 4000 libraries above mentioned may be divided roughly as follows:

- College and school libraries... ... ... 2000
- Subscription libraries... ... ... 500
- Libraries of societies, &c. ... ... ... 1000
- Free public libraries ... ... ... 500

The free public libraries are all lending libraries. For instance, in the Newark (New Jersey) library any resident of the town may freely borrow books, under certain conditions to insure the library against loss. This extension of the public library, once introduced, seems essential for its true usefulness. A large number of the libraries are open on Sunday, but not the greater number. Again, there are a large number of special libraries not included in the lists already considered. Almost every State has its Historical Society, which has its library, free and open to

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any student. There are also the State libraries, which are composed chiefly of law books and public documents, of great use for purposes of reference. And there are the special collections of scientific books. At Washington alone there are nine special libraries, including more than a million volumes, and of the university libraries there are six at least which contain over 100,000 volumes each; that of Harvard alone contains 430,000 volumes.

What do the people who use these libraries read? This little book gives no lists or details. But it states, what everyone might guess beforehand, that the fiction circulated far exceeds all other classes of books together, "the great majority of readers seeming to care for nothing else." Not that the American librarian groans over the fact. "This," he says, "simply shows how great is the demand for reading as recreation. To the masses of the people, hard worked and living humdrum lives, as well as to their pining for something to kill time, the novel comes as an open door into an ideal life, in the enjoyment of which, even in fancy, one may forget the hardships or the tedium of real life." Something is said as to the guidance exercised by librarians in this respect.

Enough has been said to show that the Americans are much in advance of us in the matter of libraries. Four thousand libraries with over 10,000 volumes each, and a great many more with from one to ten thousand; more libraries continually being founded; rich men continually giving great sums of money for the foundation and maintenance of libraries; this is a statement with which comparison is not calculated to inflate our own pride.

One thing more. Everything good in literature becomes instantly, as soon as published, the common property of all the English-speaking peoples. These figures illustrate and prove, what we have persistently maintained, that already a popular book, of whatever kind — historical, scientific, religious, imaginative — commands in Great Britain and Ireland, the Colonies, India, and the United States, taken all together, an audience from the libraries alone which has never yet been equalled in the history of literature. There are writers belonging to this country alone, writers in every branch of literature, who command on the first appearance of a new book the subscription of every important library over the vast area where our language prevails. And great as is already this audience, it is nothing compared with that which awaits the writer and teacher of fifty years hence. When the number of libraries will be multiplied by fifty, and the number of readers by ten, one hundred millions of English-speaking people will be two hundred millions: if there are now only ten millions of readers there will then be a hundred millions.

W. B.

LOVE'S COMPLETION.

Dim are the memories of those early days
When Love was only in the bud as yet;
Swift glances — peeps of tangled woodland ways:
The hues she wore, the way her hair was set.
Like broken lights upon some fairy stream,
When Dion's silver shafts are shivered there,
Through misty veil seen faintly as in dream,
So gleam those far off days, so dimly fair.

As we forget its tributary rills,
When seawards borne upon the river's breast;
The flashing breakers boom ; amid the hills
The becks are hushed, or murmur at the best.

So, launched on Life's inexorable sea,
Those echoes of the past have ceased to move
Our wedded souls ; their whispers drowned—Ah me! —
In the imperial symphony of love!

F. B. Doveton.

LITERATURE OR PHYSICAL SCIENCE?

For the last twenty years, the increasing predominance of subjects other than literary in English education has been most marked. An active movement has been observable to deprive letters of the prominent place they had hitherto occupied; and confident predictions have been uttered that this revolution will be complete, that art and letters will be entirely replaced by the absorbing pursuit of the knowledge afforded in physical science.

No doubt, the scientific method of investigation is a most valuable discipline, and it is desirable that everyone should have some experience of it; but it is folly to deny that Art and Poetry and Eloquence have the capability of refreshing and delighting us, and possess for mankind a fortifying, elevating, quickening, and suggestive power. However, for the time being the partisans of Science are popularly supposed to have the victory; and gloomy prognostications are to be heard with reference to the future of modern literature as well as antique.

These apprehensions have been felt elsewhere in Europe. The late M. Renan asserted that "one hundred years hence the whole of the historical and critical studies in which his life had been passed, and his reputation made, will have fallen into neglect, and that natural science will exclusively occupy man's attention." No one, familiar with the history of European literature, will for a moment accept this view. It is
only by the pursuit of this study that we can rightly appreciate the history of the race. Literature is the voice of the people. I believe that so long as man exists, from the very constitution of the human mind, there will always be moral and aesthetic cravings, which Science, however attractive, can never gratify. I think, therefore, that the "splendour and rapid march of the physical sciences" have partially eclipsed, but will never extinguish, the interest in the older subject of literature.

However, some of those whose opinions carry weight in the scholastic world have asserted that it cannot be taught, and that the experiment has failed. The signs of this failure are to be found in the modifications of certain examinational requirements, in which literature has been degraded to a secondary place, or altogether eliminated, or recognised only in connection with Philology. "Literature has been regarded as mere material for the study of words. All that constitutes its intrinsic value has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into exercises in grammar, syntax, and etymology; its history into a barren catalogue of names and works and dates. No faculty but that of memory has been called into play in studying it." That it should have failed therefore to commend itself as an instrument of education is no more than might have been expected.

The aim and purpose of modern culture are distinctly utilitarian; all studies have been appraised and valued, and "saleable knowledge" is the most sought. No wonder the proper study of literature can find no place in the system of modern education. Indeed, it is better out of it.

Wise men are pointing out the necessity in these days for finding some effective agency for cherishing within us the ideal, and herein is the great value of literature to all those who seek the higher education, with a genuine desire for true culture. It supplies a want, which, however much the exclusively scientific may ignore, will make itself felt in the human heart. It was well said by a great Oxford scholar that "the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression." We need not pause to support the truism that literature is a most valuable agent in self-culture. But we can avoid the mistake of those who confound its pursuit with education, or regard it as the sole and sufficient agent. Burke said, "What is the education of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice, these are what form the education of the world."

Let us avoid all extravagance, however, and remember that it contains "the best that has been thought and said in the world," and therefore regard it as a priceless factor in self-cultivation.

But enough, perhaps, has been said upon the disciplinary and educative character of the study of literature. It contains other sources of interest; it brings to our knowledge many whom it is a delight to know. While some excite our reverent admiration, and some afford endless entertainment, there are others who call forth deeper feelings by the loveableness of their character—the noble-minded, in whom pride and vanity, resentment and self-love have no place, who in pure simplicity and singleness of heart give their great knowledge and power unreservedly to the world, solely that all may share their own happiness; men whose lives seem realised ideals of what is most excellent in moral beauty.

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**BOOK TALK.**

HAS the one-volume fiction anything to fear from the one-volume collections of short stories? It would be very interesting to know whether the circulation of "Life's Little Ironies" has equalled that of the one-volume edition of any of Mr. Hardy's other novels. Perhaps such a collection of good short stories, already popular, is likely to become more popular than the long novel, whether in one or three volumes. In the words of a recent critic, "the tendency of the public taste is in the direction of brevity and wit rather than of long drawn-out narratives and elaborate word painting!" No rule, however, can be laid down as to length, that depends on the subject; on the author's style; on the incidents; on a thousand things. If a novel can be too long, it may also be too short. And, indeed, every one knows novels which one would like to go on for ever. The impatience of readers on the length of a novel belongs to London, or to the rush of life in great cities, which leaves little time for reading. In the country, or quiet colonies, there is no such impatience: the reader loves to linger among the creations of the novelist.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new book, "The Purification of Dolores Silva, and other Stories," is one which must leave a good impression on the reader as far as the art of short story writing is concerned, but, at the same time, the impression is a
sad one. In the first story, "Initiation," a girl's first lover, or, let us say, would be lover, is treated with surely more than usual severity, even by the most startled innocence. In the second story the lover never knows till after her death that the heroine cared about him at all. In the third, called "When She May," the luckless proverb is complete. She does get May—a May lasting a lifetime. "Panic" is the next, and is the one story in the book which everyone will have read before, we forget where it appeared, but it was spoken of as a good story at once. We cannot be quite sure whether, after carefully showing that the chief character was a coward, the author did not mean to convey the idea that after all he had a certain amount of courage—as much as a great many men. However lily-livered, however great a "cur" a man may be, to cut one's throat with a razor in front of a looking glass requires some nerve. The "Fair-trader" is, perhaps, the most worthy of praise, but it provokes the question whether it is at all founded on fact. If European girls who disappear are really drafted into Mohammedan households, it is surely a question for public meetings and Parliament.

When we take up Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon's story, "A Modern Woman," it is natural just now to wonder beforehand whether or not we are going to have the fin-de-siècle young person over again. It is therefore particularly pleasing to find that a modern woman as described by a woman need not necessarily imply a pretty piece of up-to-date vulgarity. We have in Mary Erle, Miss Dixon's heroine, as sensible a girl as one would expect the daughter of an eminent scientist to be; her father's distinguished position gives her a footing in society, but at his sudden death she has to earn her own living. The story opens with some account of the professor's funeral, which might have been pruned a little, true as it is to the dismal facts of our methods of interment. From this point we have a history of the girl's fruitless attempts to become an artist, and afterwards of her success as a society journalist and writer of stories. With the account of these struggles is interwoven that of her own and her friend's love affairs, which the author refuses in either case to bring within the possibility of a happy ending. We doubt whether Miss Dixon has been as successful with her men characters, but we confess to have been sufficiently interested to want to know what became of them in the real end—"Jimmie," for instance, and the A.R.A.

One method of trying to arrive at the best relation between producer and consumer is to compare our system with that of other nations, and the question is asked, when his (the novelist's) story has passed through the magazines or the syndicate of newspapers, must he fling it on to the world as one volume, and let people buy it or not as they think fit? That is what he has to do in France, that is what he has to do in Germany, that is what he has to do in the United States. Whether foreigners can be called greater readers than Englishmen because they may be greater buyers appears doubtful—we have had our system, they have had theirs. But if our three-volume system has given way, there are those who say that the foreign system of publication has become quite as risky.

For instance, apropos of the novel in Paris, we have lately read: "A member of a great novel publishing firm tells me that now it does not pay to bring out novels unless there is some great name on the title page." Zola still makes money, but this business man believes the turn of the tide has in his case begun. Before advocating any foreign system, American, then, or continental, the author would require a much more exact knowledge than we at present possess of the agreements entered into between publisher and author in those countries. As it is, it has taken this Society many pages of recapitulation to get its members to understand that while there is no sentiment in business, every plausible man of business knows there is a great deal of business in sentiment.

Perhaps the most striking, because the most ignorant, comment on the recent three-volume novel discussion, is the following:—"The simple fact is, that until the public can be educated to buy books instead of borrowing them, the attempt to produce original works of fiction in one volume must inevitably result in a ruinous failure." Well, but how about the thousands—the hundreds of thousands—the millions of one-volume novels which are bought every year? How about the returns of those who write them? The fact is, the public does buy books in vast numbers. Perhaps the numbers should be even greater, but it is absurd still to speak of the public as a borrowing instead of a buying body. As to the price asked, perhaps the critic could help by giving his opinion as to whether the book is worth buying at all, or at any other price. Rarely, if ever, in our leading reviews do we see the price of the book mentioned or discussed, but now it really seems a false shame on their part to persistently avoid the pecuniary question when perusing a book; but however that may be, apart from excellence in literary criticism, the duty of educating the public to become book buyers must lie chiefly in the hands of the critics.
May we not therefore leave the reading powers of the public alone for a minute, and revert to the idea of property? In every family there will be those who read and those who prefer other amusements; but the outlay of money upon books, the investment in books, the formation of a library, which in the ordinary course of events would pass to a man's children or be sold—why should this be generally left to chance? Why should a householder be so careless of the value of the books admitted into his home that on his demise they will only fetch 1d. or 2d. a volume? Yet how often is that found to be the case? A valuable book is certainly more within the reach of most men than are valuable pictures, but because some books can be obtained cheap, like some prints, that is no reason why some discrimination should not be used. Library is perhaps too big a term for most people's collection of books, but, on the other hand, modern literature must have fallen very low indeed if it excites no desire in the reader to possess and re-read what has appeared to be worth finishing when once taken up.

Mr. Lockwood has published through the Roxburghe Press his lecture on the Laws and the Lawyers of Pickwick, with a sketch of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz as a frontispiece. Every reader of Pickwick has his own idea of what Buzfuz was probably inclined to be like, and those who sometimes may find amusement in visiting the public galleries of the courts may have fixed on quite a different type of counsel as representative of that distinguished advocate. Surely Serjeant Buzfuz's handkerchief ought to appear. As the lecture consisted mostly of readings, the author tends an apology for reproducing it in book form; but perhaps he did not intend it to be much more than a souvenir of what must have been an enjoyable evening to each of his audience.


"A Spanish Singer," by Annabel Gray (Stone-man), vol. 2 of the Annabel Gray library, is a well-constructed and dramatic story depicting the artistic experiences of a young débutante in opera, in Italy. Vocalists will find much to interest them in this realistic sketch of art abroad.

In Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," the author has at least done one thing, and that a difficult one; he has added another "cat" to literature. The madman has a broken-legged wild cat which performs a grand feat in the destruction of a weasel. The introduction of this incident, and the manner of describing it, seems to us to be the best thing in this clever book.

The late Professor Romanes wrote poetry and printed his verse, but refrained from publishing it. His poems, which are said to be chiefly religious in their tone, were given to his friends only. It would be possible, perhaps, to secure the publication of those which may appear worthy of the author's reputation as a man of science.

Mr. Samuel H. Church thinks that Oliver Cromwell has never had justice done him by any of his English biographers. He has therefore addressed himself seriously to the subject, and the result has been issued by Putnam's, New York.

A presentation copy of "Among the Boers and Basutas; or, a Study of our Life on the Frontier," by Mrs. Barkly, has been graciously accepted by the Queen. The book is now in its second edition.

The Rev. Prebendary Jones has issued (Smith, Elder, and Co.) a new and cheaper edition of his "Holiday Papers."

This is the very deadest time of all the year. The book advertisements are chiefly lists of the "Standard" works and "Favourite" novels. The "announcements" have hardly begun. The dear old phrase—"Messrs. Bungay and Co. promise us"—as if we were all waiting anxiously for that distinguished Firm to tell us what it has got in the bag—has not yet appeared; it will begin next week. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that it is the month of the least reading. If the publishers of the Saturday or the Spectator would divulge secrets it would probably be shown that the circulation goes up, not down, while the people are running about the country, killing long hours in the train, sitting in lonely seaside lodgings with a rainy day to get through. Holiday time is reading time with a large number of people who are too much occupied with business and society to read while they are at home. The magazines which are tossed over in June are read through in August.

Of literary articles there are not many in the August magazines. One observes in the Contemporary a paper by the late Amelia B. Edwards on the "Art of the Novelist;" a paper by Hall Caine in the National Review on "The Novelist in Shakespeare;" and No. 1 of a series of papers on "The Historical Novel" by Mr. George Saintsbury in Macmillan. All on fiction.

The friends of the late Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., will note with pleasure that the story of part, at
least, of his life, that of his Ministry, has been written and published. The biographer is the Rev. W. Hardy Harwood; the publishers are Cassell and Company. It would seem, however, that his literary life, which would interest many, apart altogether from his career as an independent minister, is not included. Yet he was for many years the editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, a magazine which was the home of many admirable papers—literary, social, and historical, as well as controversial. Dr. Allen was a personal friend of the late Dean Stanley, and acquainted with most of the men of leading in that part of the literary world which is engaged on subjects treated in quarterly reviews. He was a many sided man; his views on literature were broad, and while he was its editor the *British Quarterly Review* was a power of considerable weight and authority.

Mr. Grant Allen’s new book “The Tidal Thames” (Cassell and Co.), is a sumptuous work, illustrated by—and illustrating—twenty original drawings by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. It is not, perhaps, a cheap edition—£5 15s. 6d. cannot be called cheap—but the drawings are exquisite; everything that is fine, however, is in a sense cheap, whatever price be put upon it; because there is no measuring of artistic worth by money, and the only question is whether one can afford to pay the price asked for the work desired.

Mr. Standish O’Grady’s heroic Irish romance, “The Coming of Cucullain,” will be published early in October by Methuen and Co., illustrated by Mr. D. Murray Smith. The story is now running serially through the *Warder* (Dublin) and the *Northern Whig* (Belfast). The hero of Mr. O’Grady’s tale is the famous Cuchullin of Highland tradition, the Cuthullun of MacPherson’s epic.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—THE LAUREATESHIP.

I have read with great interest the article on the Laureateship and its long abeyance in the *Author* for this month. It would be impossible to put the view of the case which we, who are in favour of maintaining this ancient and unique office, entertain in terser or more forcible language. To my mind the delay is one which can in no way be excused. There is one point which I should like to emphasise which the writer of the article has passed over, and it is this. It is notorious that poetry in England does not in general pay. Long after Mr. Tennyson had published his most characteristic and popular poems his income consisted mainly of the pension from the Consolidated Fund, which he retained to his death. But, on his appointment as Laureate, his income is said to have risen enormously. Without going into figures, it is certain that his position as Laureate very largely affected his popularity and increased his income.

What the gains of a new Laureate would be on appointment it is impossible to tell. If he should unfortunately be a writer with no public, probably they would be but small. If he already had a considerable circulation, it is certain that the appointment would mean a very largely increased income.

It is of this substantial advantage that the perhaps natural hesitation of extreme age has deprived the literary profession for nearly two years. It is well that the literary public should know that it is not the pittance of £80 or so, which is the nominal salary, that is at stake, but a much larger sum, to say nothing of the great discouragement which the blank silence of the authorities has inflicted upon the chief glory of our literature for a period without precedent in the history of the vacant office.

II.—M. MALLARME’S SCHEME.

I hope that the Society will take up and at least ventilate the proposal made by M. Mallarne in the *Figaro* that the literature of the past should become the property of the nation, or at least of living writers. How much would have been realised by the works of Sir Walter Scott had there been a royalty of 1d. in the shilling laid upon every volume issued since the copyright came to an end? And why, M. Mallarne asks, should this great property be handed over, not to the nation, but to a small class of tradesmen? Pray let us know more about it.

A Member.

III. ON THE WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

(Our correspondent’s letter on this subject will be found with comments on p. 99).

IV.—ON THE CO-OPERATION OF MEMBERS.

Now that the dead season gives one time to look round and think, I should like to ask you, Mr. Editor, if the time has not come to take the members’ opinions upon many subjects concerning which the *Author* has spoken from time to time. I would suggest that a list of subjects of importance to the craft be drawn up, taken one after the other, and referred to the whole body of members. I think that your hands would be strengthened, the members would feel that they
THE AUTHOR.

were having a voice, and that many ways of joint action might be arrived at. A JOURNALIST.

V.—The Society's Readers.
I submitted a MS. to be read. I received an opinion which was careful and courteous, and not complimentary. It pointed out certain definite objections to the work as reasons why it would not be accepted. I have now removed those objections, yet it is not accepted.

A BEGINNER.

[It is to be hoped that the Society's reader did not commit himself to the statement that alteration would mean improvement, or that the removal of certain objections would mean acceptance by publishers. Everyone knows the common criticism on a new author. “Well, he knows, at least, how to write.” Any publisher's reader also knows the MS. of which he says, “Well, at least he has not yet learned to write.” The Society's reader can only suggest why the latter judgment was pronounced, and here the “way to write” can be discovered.]

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

I.—The Late Mr. Wyatt Papworth.

Mr. Wyatt Papworth, F.R.I.B.A., curator of Sir John Soane's Museum, died at the museum on Sunday, Aug. 19. Mr. Papworth was distinguished for his literary work in connection with architecture, especially in his contributions to the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, among which those “On the Superintendents of English Buildings in the Middle Ages, with especial reference to William of Wykeham,” and “Collections for an Historical Account of Masons, their Customs, Institutions, &c.,” are of historical importance. He was also a constant contributor to Notes and Queries. To his labours the architectural profession is indebted for the production of “The Dictionary of Architecture” (Architectural Publication Society), recently completed in eight volumes folio, begun in 1852 on the lines of the notes and collections of himself and his late brother, Mr. J. W. Papworth, and, until its completion in 1892, carried out under his sole editorship. Mr. Papworth, as a member of the Court and Master and Past Master of the Clothworkers' Company, took a leading part in the promotion of technical education and in the City and Guilds Institute.—Times, Aug. 21.

II.—The Aim at Popularity.

The man who aims at being popular and admired is not nearly so likely to be popular and admired as the man who thinks little or nothing about it, but aims simply at his own individual ideal. Here, again, the failure of the direct aim appears to be due to its real and perceived inferiority to those aims which usually secure it. The man who directly aims at getting admiration and esteem will hardly deserve them, for he cannot deserve them without cherishing plenty of aims which would be very likely to risk or forfeit other persons' admiration and esteem. The man who lives for the good opinions of others, cannot be deserving of those good opinions, for he cannot contribute much to teach others, by the independence of his own life. In this case also, then, the ill-success of the direct pursuit of admiration is simply due to the fact that that pursuit is a lower aim than any consistent with the attainment of the admiration pursued. But if happiness be the true standard and end of life, why should it fall into the hands only of those who do not directly seek it? Surely, if it is not safe to pursue it directly, it can only be because it is not the proper end and aim of life—because while it may be the natural reward of the pursuit of better ends, it is not itself the chief end. Nothing could well be more improbable than that the one standard and best fruit of human action should be carefully wrapped up in the folds of inferior ends, so that you may come upon it by accident, if you are to taste it properly at all.

R. H. HUTTON.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.

Browne, Canon. The Christian Church in these Islands before the Coming of Augustine. Three lectures delivered at St. Paul's in January, 1894. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. S.F.C.K. 2s. 6d.


Gray, Rev. Herbert B. Men of Like Passions, being Characters of some Bible Heroes, and other sermons, preached to boys at Bradford College. Longmans. 5s.

King, Right Rev. E. Practical Reflections on Every Verse of the Prophet Isaiah. Longmans. 4s. 6d.


History and Biography.

Church, Canon. Chapters in the Early History of the Church of Wells, 1136-1333. Limited edition. Elliot Stock, and Barnicott and Pearce, Taunton. 15s.
THE AUTHOR.


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HARRIS, THOMAS. Three Periods of English Architecture. B. T. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. Isabella of Castile. Funk and Wagnalls. 6s.

HUME, MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. Reminiscences of the Crimean Campaign, with the 55th Regiment. The Author, 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-hill. Cheap edition. 3s. 6d.

Kayebling, DR. M. Christopher Columbus. Translated from the author's MS. with his sanction and revision, by Charles Gros. Longmans. 5s.

LLOYD-VERNEY, COL., and HUNT, LIEUT.-COL. J. M. Records of the Artillery Militia Regiments of the County of Southampton from A.D. 1853 to 1894. With portraits and illustrations Longmans. 30s.

MORRIS, WILLIAM, and MAGNUSSON, EIRIKR. The Heimskringla. Vol. II. By Snorri Sturluson. Translated from the Icelandic. Being Vol. IV. of the Saga Library. Quaritch. 4£. 11s. 6d.

SHUCKBURGH, EVELYN S. A History of Rome to the Battle of Actium. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

THIERS, LOUIS 'ADOLPHEL History of the Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon. Translated by R. W. Simpson.


General Literature.

ABBOTTS, W., M.D. Stammering, Stuttering, and other Speech Affections: Their Causes and Cure. The Savoy Press. 1s.


BRASSI, LORD. Papers and addresses on Work and Wages. With an introduction by G. Howell, M.P. Longmans. 5s.


CALVERT, ALBERT F. The Aborigines of Western Australia. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co. 1s.

CASE AGAINST DIGGOLISM. Published for the Progressive School Board Election Council by Alexander and Shephard. 1s.


CICERO, M. T. Correspondence. Edited, with a revision of the text, a commentary, and introductory essays, by Professor Tyrrell and L. C. Purser. Vol. IV. Longmans, Green. 15s.

CYNICUS, HIS HUMOUR AND SATIRE. Cynicus Publishing Company.

DAVIS, A. H. Dover College Register, 1871-1894. Edited by. Dover: the Editor. 2s. 6d.

DEMBO, DR. J. A. The Jewish Method of Slaughter, compared with other Methods. Translated from the German. Kegan Paul, Books. 26. 6d. net.

DOUGLAS, DR. THOMAS, M. Our State Hospitals. Leicester: John Richardson and Co. 2s. 6d.

DUBOIS, FELIX. The Anarchist Peril. Translated, edited, and enlarged with a supplementary chapter by Ralph Derechef. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

EDGAR, JOHN. Voluntary Schools and Board Schools Contrasted. R. W. Simpson.

ELLISTON, THOMAS. Voluntary Schools and Board Schools Contrasted. R. W. Simpson.


FURSE, COLONEL GEORGE. The Organisation and Administration of the Lines of Communication in War. Clowes and Sons. 12s.


HART, ERNEST, D.C.L. On the Use of Opium in India. Prepared by. Smith, Elder. 1s.

HARTFIELD, T. H. Land o' Nod. Gay and Bird. 6d. net.

HEFFER, THOMAS EDMUND. The New Code for Evening Continuation Schools (1894-95). With Introduction, Notes, and Index. Benrose and Sons. 6d.

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has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

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6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

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MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and passes accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

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There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth...
as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so
elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged
in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we
have not included any sums which may be charged for
inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines,
or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too
often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from
sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket,
by inserting any number of advertisements in his own
magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are
who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those
who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

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LITERARY PROPERTY.

WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARRISON, appellant.

May, 1894.

(Before Judges WALLACE, LACOMBE, and SHIP
MAN, United States Circuit Court of Appeal.)

SHIPMAN, C.J.—The complainant, Maynard,
Merrill, and Co., a corporation duly created
under the laws of the State of New York,
and having its principal office in the City of New
York, was, in June, 1893, the owner of the
copyright of a book entitled "Introductory
Language Work," of which Alonzo Reed was
the author, and which had been duly copy-
righted by him in July, 1891, under the
laws of the United States respecting copyrights.
The complainant is a book publisher, and
has been in the habit of sending the printed
and unbound sheets of this book, and of other
books which it published, to George W. Alex-
ander's bookbindery, in the City of New
York, to be stored there until it gave Mr.
Alexander an order to bind a specified quantity,
who would sometimes bind a lot in anticipation
of such orders. On June 21, 1893, a destructive
fire occurred in this bindery, the result of which
was, as the complainant supposed, to destroy the
commercial value of all the property which it had
in the building.

One of its employés, at its request, examined the débris and reported that there was nothing of
value which the complainant could use in the
manufacture or sale of books. Alexander there-
upon sold the entire débris which had fallen into
the cellar to one Fitzgerald, who resold it, with-
out moving it, to some Italian dealers in waste
paper, and in order to prevent them from using the
paper and books for other purposes than paper
stock, incorporated the following provision in
the contract of sale: "It is understood that all
paper taken out of the building is to be utilised
as paper stock, and all books to be sold as paper
stock only, and not placed on the market as any-
thing else."

"The cellar was cleared of this class of materi-
al, and subsequently a quantity of damaged
copies of "Introductory Language Work" appeared in the market, as owned and offered for
sale by the defendant, William Beverley Harrison,
a dealer in second-hand books, and a citizen of
the State of New York and residing in the City
of New York. The leaves of the books were dis-
coloured and stained by smoke and water, but
the covers had a respectable appearance, and the
complainant supposed that the unbound sheets
which had escaped the fire had been rebound by
Harrison, or under his direction, or with his
privity, and that he was selling such newly bound
books, as well as some bound books which had
escaped serious injury, and thereupon brought a
bill in equity before the United States Circuit
Court, to restrain his alleged infringement of its
copyright. The bill counted entirely upon the
right of the complainant under the copyright
statutes of the United States. Upon its motion,
the Court granted an injunction pendente lite.

Harrison denies, in his affidavit, that he pur-
chased any sheets or loose covers of the book.
He further says, rather vaguely, that he "learned
that certain dealers had come into possession of
the salvage from the fire at said Alexander's
place; that affiant visited the premises where
said salvage was stored, and from them purchased
a number of bound and completely finished
volumes, some of which were the publications of
the complainant." He further says that he "pur-
chased the said books in the regular course of trade,
without any knowledge of any understanding or
arrangement, if any there was, between com-
plainant and others, and that he accepted the
same, as he believes, according to the established
usage of the trade, believing them to be books
which had been put upon the market as salvage,
as damaged books are bought and sold."

The affidavits show that the complainant, which
was the owner of the copyright, permitted
Alexander to sell absolutely all its copyrighted
books in his cellar, and that his vendee obtained
the entire legal title to these damaged volumes.
They were sold again, together with other papers
and books, under express restrictions against their
use for any other purpose than for the manufac-
ture of paper. Harrison says that he bought the
books in question without knowledge of this
restriction. Whether he had notice of facts which
should have put a purchaser upon inquiry to
ascertain whether he was being made a party to
a violation of contract cannot be determined upon
the affidavits.

The question, as it arises upon the bill and the
affidavits, is, can the owner of a copyright restrain, by virtue of the copyright statutes, the sale of a copy of the copyright book, the title to which he has transferred, but which is being sold in violation of an agreement entered into between himself and the purchaser; or are the remedies of the original owner confined to remedies for a breach of contract?

So long as the owner of a copyright retains the title to the copies of the book which he has the exclusive right to vend, by virtue of the copyright, he can impose restrictions upon the manner in which and upon the persons to whom the copies can be sold. Having the exclusive right to vend, he has the right to appoint to whom the book shall be sold. If his agents, to whom he has intrusted the possession of his books, violate his instructions and fraudulently sell to a person with knowledge or notice of the fraud, such fraud will be an infringement of the copyright, with which the original owner has never parted, and can be restrained by virtue of the Statutes of the United States. Thus, if the owner of a copyrighted book entrusts copies of the book to an agent or employé for sale only by subscription and for delivery to the subscribers, and the agent fraudulently sells to non-subscribers, who have knowledge or notice of the fraud, such sale is an infringement of the original owner's copyright, who can disregard the pretended sale and have the benefit of all the remedies which the statute or the law furnish. This right to enjoy the benefit of the copyright statutes results from the fact that the owner has never parted with the title to the book or the copyright, although he parted with the possession of the book.

But the right to restrain the sale of a particular copy of the book, by virtue of the copyright statutes, has gone when the owner of the copyright and of that copy has parted with all his title to it, and has conferred an absolute title to the copy upon a purchaser, although with an agreement for a restricted use. The exclusive right to vend the particular copy no longer remains in the owner of the copyright by the copyright statutes. The new purchaser cannot reprint the copy, he cannot print or publish a new edition of the book; but the copy having been absolutely sold to him, the ordinary incidents of ownership in personal property, among which is the right of alienation, attach to it. If he has agreed that he will not sell it for certain purposes, or to certain persons, and violates his agreement and sells to an innocent purchaser, he can be punished for a violation of his agreement, but neither is guilty under the copyright statutes of an infringement. If the new purchaser participates in the fraud he may also share in the punishment: ("Clemens v. Estes," 22 Fed. Rep. 899.)

The distinction between the remedy of the owner of a copyright and the books published under its protection, who has retained the title to the books and the copyright, and has been defrauded by an unauthorised sale to a purchaser, with notice, and the remedy of a copyright owner who has parted with his title to a copy of the copyrighted book, and has been injured by the failure of the purchaser to comply with his contract in regard to its use, is stated by Judge Hammond in "Henry Bill Publishing Company v. Forsythe" (27 Fed. Rep. 914) as follows:

"The owner of the copyright may not be able to transfer the entire property in one of his copies, and retain for himself an incidental power to authorise a sale of that copy, or rather the power of prohibition on the owner that he shall not sell it, holding that much, as a modicum of his former estate, to be protected by the copyright statute; and yet he may be entirely able, so long as he retains the ownership of a particular copy for himself, to find abundant protection under the copyright statute for his then incidental power of controlling its sale. This copyright incident of control over the sale, if I may call it so, as contradistinguished from the power of sale incident to ownership in all property—copyrighted articles like any other—is a thing that belongs alone to the owner of the copyright itself, and as to him only so long as and to the extent that he owns the particular copies involved. Whenever he parts with that ownership, the ordinary incident of alienation attaches to the particular copy parted with, in favour of the transferee, and he cannot be deprived of it. This latter incident supersedes the other—it swallows it up, so to speak—and the two cannot co-exist in any owner of the copy except he be the owner at the same time of the copyright; and, in the nature of the thing, they cannot be separated so that one may remain in the owner of the copyright as a limitation upon or denial of the other in the owner of the copy."

The case of "Murray v. Heath" (1 Bain & Adol. 804), which is somewhat relied upon by the defendant's counsel, does not throw a light upon a case arising under the statutes of the United States. The question was whether the sale of the engravings was, under the circumstances of the case, a violation of the English statutes, which prohibited a piratical publication of the engravings of another, or was a breach of contract. The Court was of opinion that the statutes were not applicable.

The other cases which were cited on the argument are not applicable to the facts of this case,
THE AUTHOR. 117


Our conclusion is that, upon the facts stated in the bill and in the affidavits, the complainant has no remedy under the copyright statutes of the United States, and, as both parties are deemed to be citizens of the State of New York, the complainant is without remedy in the Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York.

The order of the Circuit Court for a preliminary injunction is reversed and set aside, with costs.

Wallace and Lacombe, JJ. concur.


II.—MUSICAL Copyright in AMERICA.

We published in the September number of the Author a letter addressed by Mr. G. Dixey, secretary of the Music Publishers' Association, on a recent decision in an American court. To repeat the last words of that letter, "The judgment thus delivered has settled the point for the present, and until that judgment is upset or varied it must be accepted that the law of the United States of America is, that the expression 'book' in the Act of 1891 does not include 'musical composition' and that, consequently it is not necessary that such compositions should be printed in America as a condition of obtaining copyright there."

On this point Mr. R. H. Johnson writes from New York as follows: "I hope the news of the confirmation by the courts of our contention that music does not have to be manufactured here will be widely published in your country. It closes a chapter in the history of International copyright. Music is now a thing produced and published, and not subject to exclusion because the method of publication may be like that of books or chromos. My testimony as to the intention of the framers of the bill was part of the plaintiff's brief, and that consideration seems to have had weight in the decision."

III.—AUTHORSHIP FALSELY ASCRIBED.

A publisher of New York printed in 1873 a volume, the authorship of which was ascribed to Bret Harte. This volume contained four chapters of a story that had actually been written by Bret Harte ten years previously, while the remaining chapters making up the volume were written by some person unknown. To the whole story Bret Harte's name was prefixed, but at the end of his portion of the story appeared an explanatory note.

The facts having been proved as above stated, the court granted Harte's application for an injunction under which further sale of the book was restrained. The judge said, in his opinion: "I think that the plaintiff has such an interest in his name and in his reputation as an author as entitles him to invoke the aid of a court of equity in restraining the defendant in falsely representing that a literary production published and sold by the defendant is the work of the plaintiff. . . . It seems to me that the act of the defendant is calculated to mislead the public, and induce the purchase of the work referred to in the complaint, under the impression that said work is wholly written by the plaintiff. The case is analogous to that of a trade mark, and the principle on which the relief is granted in such cases is that a defendant shall not be permitted by the adoption of a trade mark that is untrue or deceptive, to sell his own goods as those of the plaintiff, which is injuring the latter and also defrauding the public. In this case the general public would, in my judgment, be misled by the title-page of the book in question into supposing that the whole of the book was a production of the plaintiff, and the facts seem to point strongly to the conclusion that it was the design of the defendant thus to mislead the public. . . . It is no answer to this to say that every one who read the book must necessarily read the note at page 34, as that note is better calculated to call the attention of the purchaser to the fact that he has been deceived rather than to prevent the deception. Entertaining these views, I shall direct that an order be granted continuing the injunction until the case can be tried, plaintiff to pay all the costs of the motion."

IV.—HANFSTAENGEL v. NEWNES.

The "living picture" cases, Hanfstaengel v. Newnes, 7 R. Aug. 80; Hanfstaengel v. Empire Palace, '94, 2 Ch. I, 7 R. Sept. 84 (both in C.A.), make a good example of the true principles of copyright law. Copyright is not a property in ideas conferred by the law of nature, as certain philosophers have vainly talked, but a monopoly
specially created by law on grounds of public utility, and a monopoly not in ideas or artistic motives in the abstract, but in particular forms of expression. Therefore copyright in a work of literature or art can be infringed only by a reproduction ejusdem generis, a picture by something pictorial, and so forth. It does not follow, however, that infringement might not be indirectly committed by reconstruction of the original design from something which was not itself an infringement, even if the reconstructor had no direct acquaintance with the original; it was expressly allowed by the Court of Appeal that it could be so, though they held that in the particular case it was not. The questions of dramatising literary work and of "performing rights" are not touched by these decisions, and stand on a special footing. —Law Quarterly Review for October.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONGRESS AT ANTWERP.

Mr. J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S., was the sole representative of England at the Congress, which closed its sittings on the 26th of August. Mr. Muddock, who went over by special invitation of the committee, speaks in glowing terms of the princely hospitality offered to the foreign delegates by their Belgian confrères. Without making any invidious comparison, he wishes to particularise the exceeding kindness and courtesy of the Hon. Paul Cogel, President of the Antwerp Society of Bibliophiles; of M. Victor Robyns, the esteemed President of the Antwerp Cercle Artistique, Litteraire, and Scientific; and M. Franz Gittens, the well-known Belgian dramatic author. Fetes, illuminated corteges, receptions, dinners, excursions, and visits to all that is interesting in Antwerp, were the order of the day, and the wonder is that the guests have survived all this kindness. They have not only survived, however, but are unanimous in their expressions of satisfaction and gratitude for the magnificent hospitality of their hosts. Notwithstanding all the feasting and junketing much solid work was done, as two séances were held each day, and some six hours a day were consumed in this way. At the opening sitting, M. Robyns, in the name of the old and intellectual city of Antwerp, extended a warm welcome to the foreign delegates, and he alluded in graceful terms to the great interest manifested in the Congress by His Majesty the King of the Belgians. It was a good sign when representatives of nearly every European nation assembled to discuss amicably their mutual interests in the products of intellect, whether such products took the form of literature, art, science, poetry, the drama, or music. Meetings like that did more to bring about the longed for universal brotherhood than anything else could possibly do; for there was no nationality in brain work. Literature and art were cosmopolitan, they recognised no frontiers, and gatherings of that kind served to strengthen the bond of good feeling which literary men and women, musicians, artists, composers, &c., entertained for one another, irrespective of country. Great strides had been made of late years in securing to authors and artists universal recognition of their rights in the works they created. But there was still much to do, though the good work that had already been done was a guarantee for the future; and it might safely be asserted that there would be no pause until the literary and artistic millennium was reached. Then nations would be compelled to recognise, by the laws of their respective countries, that the products of a man's brain labour could no more be filched from him with impunity than could his land, his houses, his household effects, or anything that was legitimately his.

The sentiments expressed by the President were received with warm approval, and Dr. Albert Osterrieth, who spoke in the name of the Congress of German authors, said that throughout Germany there was a very strong desire to promote in every possible way the interests of international copyright. M. Pfeiffer, of the Syndicate of the Musical Composers of Paris; Dr. Lundstadt, in the name of Swedish publishers, and of the Literary and Artistic Circle of Stockholm; Herr Stoutz, for Switzerland; and Mr. J. E. Muddock, for England, said that authors and composers of their respective countries would not rest until their rights in literary and artistic property were fully recognised.

At the second sitting there was a very large attendance, including the Princess Napoleon Bonaparte-Weiss, and several women of letters, amongst them being Madame Brun, the well-known Belgian novelist and journalist. When the meeting had been declared open by the President, M. Bonilla, who represented the "Society of Spanish Writers," rose to address the assembly. Speaking in Spanish, he made a stirring and eloquent appeal for the universal recognition of the results of intellectual labour. He insisted that workers with the pen and pencil had been too long regarded as mere time-servers of the public, whose mission was to give to the world the efforts of their genius, but like the slaves of old they could own nothing. Fortunately a more enlightened era was dawning, and
the day could not be far distant when authors and artists would have cause to rejoice that they had clamoured for an equitable recognition of their interests by all nations.

A long discussion followed on the rights of translation. Translation in principle is said to be a mode of reproduction, but while that principle is admitted in some countries it is contested in others. It was certainly proclaimed at the Brussels Congress in 1858; and since then the International Literary Union has endeavoured to get it universally recognised. Under any circumstances, the desirability was urged of prolonging the term during which an author's consent has to be obtained before his works can be translated, and twenty years was named as an equitable limit. This was objected to by M. Ernest Eisenmann, an avocat of Paris, and the author of an important work on the rights of authors and journalists. He maintained that if such restrictions were placed upon the rights of translation they would militate against the author's themselves. That would certainly be the case in dramatic and musical composition.

When the subject had been well threshed out, without any very definite conclusion being arrived at, M. Alcide Darras, one of the general secretaries of the union, laid before the assembly a brief but lucid account of the legislative movements that had been made with regard to international copyright during the past few years. He spoke bitterly of the action of the United States, and said it was something more than an anomaly that Canada should be disposed to favour American writers in preference to all others. England had given copyright to English authors in the whole of the British Empire, and that copyright was secured by an international treaty; nevertheless Canada showed a strong disposition to give American authors Canadian rights, although America had treated English authors scurvily. Referring to Mexico, M. Darras said it was greatly to the credit of that country that Mexican subjects, or anyone producing a literary work in Mexico, had the advantage of perpetual copyright, while great liberality was shown to authors of all nationalities. It certainly would be more honourable on the part of the Government of the United States if they took a leaf out of their neighbour's book. At the subsequent sittings of the Congress long and interesting discussions took place on the relations of publishers and authors, in so far as those relations were concerned in contracts of publications. All the speakers pointed out that in every country, as matters now stood, the author was entirely in the hands of his publisher, and if the publisher chose to act dishonestly, as he often did, the author suffered, and had no remedy. It was pertinently asked why literary contracts should not be placed upon the same basis as any other commercial contract. If an author wrote a book, and a publisher undertook to publish it on terms of mutual profit, there was a distinct partnership created. The author's capital in the business was represented by his work, and the value of that work must be taken to be equal in every sense to the amount the publisher invested when he printed and put the work on the market. The author should therefore be in a position to know precisely what business is being transacted and what returns are coming in. As matters now stood, he was entirely dependent for this information on the bare statement of the publisher. And, while it was not assumed for a moment that all publishers were dishonest, it could not be denied that the temptation to make a little extra profit by the manipulation of accounts and the suppression of information that ought to be afforded was very great indeed; and human nature was the same in a publisher as it was in other human beings, often more so. It was admitted that the subject was a very difficult one to deal with in an international sense, for transactions of the kind often had to be determined by local circumstances. But there was no reason why some general principles should not be laid down and adopted by the union. And it was suggested that in default of distinct stipulation to the contrary a contract of publication should be taken to mean one edition only, whether it was of a musical or literary work. The number of that edition should be expressly stated in the contract, and every copy of it should be numbered and signed by publisher and author. This scheme would at once afford an author a ready means of knowing how many copies of his work had been sold, and it would be a safeguard against unauthorised reproduction. Of course the same regulations would apply to any subsequent editions.

Although no definite decision was arrived at on this subject owing to various difficulties that presented themselves, it was admitted that it was too important to be shelved, and that it should be brought forward next year, and in the meantime some concerted plan of action should be worked out which should aim at doing justice to all parties without wounding the susceptibilities of any.

Mr. Wolfgang Kirschbach, the well-known theatrical critic and editor of the Dresdner Nachrichten, then invited the Congress to meet next year at Dresden, and he said he was authorised to promise a welcome and a reception in the name of the Saxon Government, as well as of the
NOTES FROM PARIS.

I am writing this from a fishing village at the extreme southern point of the Bay of Biscay, in a desolate land of dunes, with the purple line of the Pyrenees in front of me, and all around a forest of pine trees. A coin perdu, if ever there was one, yet at the time of the English rule in Aquitaine, a place of some importance. In the middle of the village rises the “Tower of the English,” and many of the houses were built by English hands.

Is it a fallacy that, as many of us imagine, solitude and quiet are very necessary to the man who would produce his best work, and that a man works hardest where there is little temptation for him to leave his writing-table? Zola has recorded the fine fevers of industry which come upon him in the country, but then Zola will work anywhere and under any circumstances. Daudet, on the other hand, has told me that at the seaside at least he is never able to work. “The sea is a terrible waster,” he said, and added that having sought solitude in a little village on the Mediterranean coast, he remained six weeks without putting pen to paper. For my part my experience is that a solitary and monotonous way of life is fatal to literary production. One cannot think when one yawns. And again, the song of the sea is one continual invitation to idleness, whilst the fields and the forest have mysterious and syrenlike voices to tempt one away. People who have read “Jack,” will remember the poet D’Argenton, who, having longed for years for a quiet retreat in the country, found, when he was able to afford one, that he could not work there, and wasted six years in idle endeavours. Perhaps the reason of this is that the country is so delightful that idleness becomes a real pleasure.

It is a characteristic trait of the American critics that when reviewing a translation all mention of the translator, even in quoting the title of the book, is omitted by them. Translation, it would appear, after their manner of thinking, is and cannot be otherwise than hack work. Yet one of Charles Baudelaire’s chief titles to fame is in his masterly translation of Poe’s tales. American journalism, by the way, seems to be sinking lower and lower into infamy. Not many days ago I was passing a delightful hour in the pine forest near my house, with my dog and my grey donkey for companions, and an odd volume of Montaigne in my hand. I could see the great red sun going down into the sea, athwart the pines; the air was fresh and balsamous, and only the cooing of the turtle-doves broke the stillness. I was away for the time from everything that was common and cruel, and ugly and human. And then broke in upon my tranquil meditation American journalism, in the form of a cablegram from New York, an unclean thing that I threw away from me with disgust as soon as I had read it. It came from a great American editor, and requested me to nose out the dirty story of an American milliardaire, who, it appears, has fallen into the toils of some Parisian Phryne. I was to “mail photos,” and to accompany the same with a “rip-roarer story of their intimacy.” After reflection I picked the filthy paper up again, and have pasted it up in my study as a reminder of the things to which American journalism leads.
Inasmuch as, by the stress of circumstances, there are many writers who engage in literature in a purely commercial spirit, might not the critics exact that the publishers in sending in books for review should mention, besides the price of each volume, the amount of remuneration which was assured to the author when he sat down to the task of its production. This knowledge might dispose them to greater leniency or severity, as the case might be. The critic might be very exacting in the case of a book for which the author had received or was to receive several hundred pounds, and less so in the case of work paid for with as many sixpences. I would like to read some such sentence in a literary critique as the following: "This is a hastily-written book, immaturely considered. Still, when we remember that the author produced it at the rate of fourpence halfpenny for each hour’s work, we cannot but commend it as extremely good value for money." In this matter also the philosophy of Mrs. Gamp holds good, and them as wants titivating must pay accordingly.

Alphonse Daudet has just finished a new novel. It is one of the very few of his stories—which contains a murder. There are a husband and wife who each suspects the other of the crime, and so on. It ends in a reconciliation. I am glad to say that Daudet’s health is improving. I had a long letter from him a few days ago, entirely in his own hand, firm, healthy writing "in his least nervous pen." He usually dictates to his secretary, the amiable M. Ebner. He tells me that his son’s book, "Les Morticoles," is still selling very well, already in a tenth edition, I believe.

Apropos of Léon Daudet, who, it will be remembered, married Victor Hugo’s granddaughter, the last time I saw him he told me that Hugo’s books were selling very badly indeed, and he is in a position to know the facts, as husband of the lady who is entitled to one half the revenue from the Hugo copyrights. This disposes of various accounts we have heard of the continued demand for these works.

Emile Zola leaves for Rome next month to collect materials for the second volume of "Les Trois Villes" series, which is to be called "Rome." I am afraid that he will not succeed, as he had hoped, in securing an interview with the Holy Father, and it is to be feared that the odium theologicum provoked by "Lourdes," will put many difficulties in his way. In the meanwhile "Lourdes" is in its hundredth edition, and Charpentier’s presses are still hard at work turning out copies by the thousand. It is expected that this book will have the largest sale of any of Zola’s works.

Edmund de Goncourt, I am sorry to say, is, as I hear from Champrosay, ailing with “a liver crisis.” This splendid old man is, however, so robust that I expect him to outlive us all. He is resting his pen at present, though, of course, he continues to keep his daily diary, as he has done for the past thirty years.

The widow of Leconte de Lisle is preparing her late husband’s manuscripts for the press. She is working in collaboration with De Héredice, and they hope to collect sufficient material for a volume of poems, which shall add to the reputation of the author of “Poèmes Barbares.” The task is a difficult one, as the late poet was very critical about his own work, and they are anxious not to print anything which he would have refused to publish. Leconte de Lisle destroyed more than four thousand lines of verse which he deemed unsatisfactory, and what he published had been revised and revised again.

A new life of Napoleon is being prepared in Paris by a Boston Professor, and will run for two years in the Century Magazine. I myself was recently invited by the proprietors of another American magazine to do another life of Napoleon, and very good terms were offered. But the matter fell through when I was informed that Napoleon had to be treated in an entirely favourable light, as I found it impossible to do so. The Americans all have an immense admiration for Napoleon, chiefly, no doubt, because of the persistent way in which he plagued England. A study of Napoleon as the Arch-Anarchist and forerunner of the anarchy of this fin de siècle would be interesting.

Robert H. Sherard.

Capbreton, Landes, Sept. 19.

Augusta Webster.

THE death of Augusta Webster on Sept. 5 takes from us a poet of very remarkable powers, and of achievement second to no woman of the age who has attempted poetry. She was a daughter of the late Admiral Davies, who for many years filled the post of Chief Constable for Cambridgeshire, and lived at Cambridge.

Augusta Davies published her first volume of verse in the year 1861 or 1862. It was entitled "Blanche Lisle," and bore the assumed name of Cecil Horne. After her marriage to Mr. Thomas Webster, a classical scholar and a Fellow of Trinity, she published under her own name translations of "Prometheous Vinctus" and the "Medea."
she also published another volume of verse under her nom de plume. The works that followed were "Dramatic Studies" (1866), "A Woman Sold" (1867), "Portraits" (1870), "The Auspicious Day" (1872), "Yu-Pe-Yas's Lute" (1874), "Disguises" (1879), "A Book of Rhyme" (1881), "In a Day" (1882), "Daffodil and the Croaxaxicans" (1884), and "The Sentence" (1887). In addition to these volumes of verse, Mrs. Webster produced a book of essays called "A Housewife's Opinions." She wrote for the Examiner when William Minto was its editor, and, it is understood, for the Athenæum. She also essayed a novel, but, apparently, without success, and for six years she was a member of the London School Board.

It will be seen that her time of greatest activity was in the sixties and the seventies. It seems a long time ago, but the time has not yet come for an estimate of Augusta Webster's place among the poets of the Victorian age—an age which produces more fine verse in a decade than was written during the whole of the last century, and an age in which critics are continually bemoaning the decay of verse; an age in which we are so busy over our own work that we have no time to read the works of others; an age in which a new great novelist, if not a new great poet, is boomed every month; an age in which the poet of to-day will be clean forgotten to-morrow. The contemporaries of Augusta Webster—those who lived in the sixties and the seventies—have read her works and found in them qualities of the highest order, purity of thought, beauty of expression, music in rhythm, dexterity in metre, power of conceiving and drawing character. Does the younger generation read her? One knows not. Will the works of this singer survive? Out of all she wrote, surely, something. He would be a bold critic who would foretell immortality, even a limited immortality—an existence prolonged for three generations—for any poem of the day. But to him who remembers those early volumes—the "Dramatic Studies," "Portraits," and the translations—Augusta Webster will always remain a figure in contemporary literature among the foremost, and among the worthiest. W. B.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. James Payn writes that if he had twenty lives he would give them all to the profession of Letters. He says, moreover, that no profession is more free from jealousies and acrimonies. Well, a certain depress-
theArnold family as another which has also done so. He mentions the names of Matthew Arnold, Thomas Arnold, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Oakley Arnold Forster. Undoubtedly this is another case of hereditary genius, which in the domain of literature is exceedingly rare. In music and in law hereditary ability is more often found. What descendants of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, have ever distinguished themselves in literature?

In another column will be found some kind of answer—though of necessity incomplete—towards the question of what the people read. Setting aside fiction, an army of 10,000 borrowers, in one library, read during one year 65,000 works of history, travels, philosophy, art, and science. This for a body of people only just beginning to read seems pretty well. We must remember that they are nearly all working people; that a great many of them—the women especially—have very long hours of work; that during the summer months they will naturally take their recreation in the open air; and that a large proportion of the men have been accustomed to take their winter recreation in public houses.

Let us remember also that without this library—only very few of these working men would have read any book at all. Not any book at all. It is rare to find books in a working man’s lodging; it is still rarer to find him buying books. How can he buy books unless out of the twopenny basket? Indeed, to those who ignorantly accuse us, as a nation, of not buying books, the first reply is, that whether we want to buy books or not we cannot afford to do so, because, out of the whole 37,000,000 population or 7,400,000 families in this our United Kingdom, there are but 250,000 families which earn an income of so much as £200 a year, and not more than 400,000 families which either earn or possess that modest income. Now, with the lowest possible standard of necessary comfort, what margin can be left with an income of £200 for the purchase of books? From time to time we read letters in the papers on the economy of small incomes. Something is put down for the luxury of trips and excursions—for change of air is necessary; the gentility of a pew, instead of a free seat, is never forgotten; but nothing is ever left for books. Why? Because books cannot be afforded. And those who cannot buy books are now growing eager to read them. “We would buy,” they say, “if we could. But, indeed, we are not able to buy.”

As for those favoured few—the happy 400,000 families—whose income is £200 a year and over, they have hitherto bought all the books that are sold—new or secondhand—all but the books of elementary education. The new public libraries are now stepping in as purchasers. When we speak of the vast audience which already awaits a successful writer, whether historian, poet, exponent of science, preacher, philosopher, or novelist, it must be remembered that this great body of readers who cannot buy will always form the largest part. And if, as seems probable, the 400,000 families above-named become reduced in number, and their incomes grow steadily and yearly less, there will be nobody at all left to buy books, and the libraries will be the only purchasers. Meantime what the 400,000 do buy and how much they buy, and how far the reproach is just that they do not buy, must be considered by the light of actual figures. And these figures we will try to collect and to publish.

The New York Critic of Aug. 11 contained a paper on Art in the Magazines, suggested by certain comparisons made in these columns between the advance of the American magazines and the seeming decline of our own. The writer says: “Among other reasons advanced for this state of things is the abundance of illustrations that we give, but the most important thing is omitted, viz., their quality. With us illustration is an art; in England it is a pastime—it entertains without instructing. The same class of men do not practise it in both countries; and, furthermore, the English draughtsmen have not yet learned to draw for the photo-engravers, as have the American and the French.”

He goes on to criticise the artistic character of a certain English magazine. The remarks under this head may be omitted. The following, however, is an American’s opinion on American art. One would like that of an English artist on the same work:

Now take the August Harper’s and see the difference between the American process-work and that of England. Note Mr. Smedley’s illustrations in Mr. Ralph’s story of “Old Monkmouth,” in Mr. Matthews’s “A Vista in Central Park,” or in Mr. Warner’s story. They are made by the Kurtz process. Here we have the artist and the process-engraver working in perfect harmony, and the result is almost as fine as that brought about by the graver. Mr. Remington’s illustrations of his own paper are even better. There are few artists who know so well how to work for mechanical engraving as Mr. Remington. An admirable piece of work is Mr. Thulstrup’s in “Up the Coast of Norway.” The illustration on page 381 has all the softness and light and shade of a mezzotint engraving. Mr. Du Maurier’s illustrations of “Trilby” lend themselves particularly well to the work of photo-engraving, because they are pen-and-ink drawings. The engraver could probably not reproduce them any better, if as well. But to see just
what delicacy and tone the engraver’s hand gives to a picture, we must turn to the frontispiece, “On Shark River,” drawn and engraved by Victor Bernstrom. In Mr. Castaigne we have another artist who is a master of the art of drawing for process-engraving. He is a Frenchman, and learned his art in France, where they have long made a specialty of it. I doubt whether the engraver could do him the justice that the camera does. It would be very difficult to catch his peculiar effects with the hand. His illustrations to “Washington as a Spectacle,” in the Century, make this clear, especially the picture on page 490. Mr. Sterner shows himself in a new light in his illustration of “Poe in the South.” There is an imaginative quality in his work that goes well with that of the author he illustrates. For work with the graver it would be hard to find anything more satisfactory than Mr. Timothy Cole’s reproduction of Quentin Matsys’s portrait of his second wife. Here we have something that mechanical engraving can never give—the personality of the engraver, the touch of the artist. In looking at this picture one feels the dignity of handwork over that of the machine. Another fine example of the engraver’s art is the frontispiece of Scribner’s, Carolus Duran’s “The Poet with the Mandolin,” engraved by W. B. Closson. Here, again, we have what photo-engraving cannot give. The name of W. S. Vanderbilt Allen is comparatively new in the art world, but it accompanies some spirited scenes of Newport life, which have had the distinction of being engraved. Kaemmerer’s illustrations of Professor C. G. D. Robert’s poem would have gained much, had Florian touched them into life; as it is, they have lost by the “process.” On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the engraver could have done more for Castaigne’s illustrations of Mr. Bunner’s story. Process work has seldom been seen to better advantage than in the picture opposite page 164. Mr. Sterner’s illustrations of “An Undiscovered Murder” are, if anything, better than those he has in the Century. They are certainly more pleasing in subject, and the one on page 183 is a gem. No; one does not find such art in the English magazines.

Everybody is interested in the Autocrat of Boston. Therefore I make no doubt that everybody will read the following extract from the New York Critic (Sept. 8, 1894). I had the pleasure of an afternoon with the most amiable of poets and essayists last year. We drove from Salem to Beverly one fine afternoon in July, the party consisting of Prof. Woodberry, Mr. Sprigge, and myself. And we spent a couple of hours talking to the Autocrat, who was in the best spirits, and the best health possible. At Beverly he has a charming country house on a hill with a large garden and a delightful view.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes’s birthday, of which the Critic had brief mention last week, was celebrated in a very quiet manner, as the poet himself desired. He is not only adverse to publicity on that day, but finds it best to protect his health as far as possible by preventing intrusion into his sanctum. The good Doctor is always kindly in feeling and expression towards every reporter who calls, but yet has become now extremely reserved. To the first reporter who came last week he gave an interview, and then, when the other gentlemen of the press trod the path to his Beverly summer home, he presented each with a printed slip containing this same interview, thus saving time and exertion. The friends who called on his birthday were glad to find that in spite of the prolonged illness which prostrated both mind and body (in fact, the doctor himself says that it was the longest illness he ever had), the Autocrat is regaining his physical strength. He is no longer able to answer the hosts of letters that pour in upon him as they always have, people by the score having simply flooded his table with queries and with manuscripts to which they have invited his attention; and, while the Doctor has always expressed himself as gratified at words of affection, he has not been able of late to answer even the complimentary notes. Indeed, he does no writing now at all, and whatever dictation he is able to carry out is devoted to the completion of his autobiography, now made his great lifework, and not destined to be published until after his death. Someone suggested to the Doctor, when the latter spoke of the cramp that affected his hand in writing, that he learn to use the typewriter, but the poet smilingly replied that he did not propose to forsake an old friend for a new one at his time of life. For eight summers now Dr. Holmes has been at Beverly Farms, which he regards as the most perfect of summer resorts (barring the east winds), and he delights in telling visitors about all the surroundings of the place. He points out, with delightful interest, the two islands in front of his house, quaintly named “Great Misery” and “Little Misery”—terms derived from a game of cards called Boston,” invented by some British officers who were quartered upon those islands during the early wars. Of course, the trees still consume a great deal of his attention. Recently, it is said, he has found a new tree in Beverly, which he considers the most beautiful of all; and to its base he drives several times each week, there to sit in its shade and enjoy its protection. If he can hear of any big tree within any reasonable distance of his home he is sure to visit it.

Speaking about his health to a caller, Dr. Holmes said:—“I am afraid that I am commencing to grow old. Since last February, when I had a severe attack of the grip, I have not been very well, and I have been obliged to take good care of myself. Walking and riding principally, an occasional call and receiving some of my friends who are kind enough to call upon me, form the day’s routine.” He spoke briefly of literary people he had known, stating that he had been visited by almost every literary Englishman who had come to Boston since Dickens’s time. He added sadly, “Lowell’s death affected me keenly, it makes me feel that I am old, that I have outlived my generation.” It is a well-known and remarkable fact that the year which saw Dr. Holmes’s birth, 1809, also saw the births of Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, Robert C. Winthrop, and Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Holmes himself once spoke of this, mentioning all except himself in noting the “wonders” of the year, and when his visitor added, “You have forgot to mention one birth, Doctor, that of Oliver Wendell Holmes,” the Autocrat quickly responded, “Oh, that doesn’t count; I sneaked ’ in, as it were.” Dr. Holmes’s birthday this year was remembered, as usual, by his publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Co., with a magnificent bouquet of eighty-five roses, one for each year of the poet’s life, while other friends sent remembrances.

The classification of Literature is a subject which belongs especially to the Institute of Librarians. If, however, the existing methods of classification are to be considered by this body, we may ask to send representatives to the deliberating committee. A letter by Mr. J. Taylor Kay, in the Daily Chronicle for Sept. 18, proposes that a commission consisting of one or
two members of the crafts of author, publisher, bookseller, journalist, and librarian, shall be appointed to consider existing systems, and to recommend, or to create, a classification for general use. Meantime Mr. Kay gives the classification which he considers the best, that of Mr. Melville Dewey, proposed in 1876. Here it is:

**Classes and Divisions.**

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Each of these divisions is, of course, capable of nine further sub-divisions. In adapting the system to shelving arrangements, the above numbers are the subjects or class numbers, and a decimal point number being added, acts at the order of numeration on the shelves, which in each case will, of course, run to infinity.

An interesting point in literary history is touched upon by an “Old Novel Reader” (p. 129). He informs us that the first attempt to introduce cheap books was made in Ireland nearly sixty years ago, by Mr. John Simms, of the firm of Simms and MacIntyre, of Belfast.

Mr. Henry Herman is dead. One was surprised to learn, first, that he was sixty-three years of age, and next, that he was formerly a Confederate officer—Lieutenant-Colonel of the 8th Alabama Regiment. He was the author, in collaboration with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, of the “Silver King,” and he wrote “Claudian.” He also wrote, with Mr. David Christie Murray, two novels, and several without collaboration. He was a man of strong friendships, of great resource, and of wide personal experience.

Sir Frederick Pollock (p. 126) objects to the “language” of a note of mine about the importation of Tauchnitz books. He complains that it is a note of “vituperation.” I thought, in my feeble way, that it was a note written in good temper and without any calling of names. I have read it again; and again I fail to find any “vituperation.” Is it right, or is it not, to bring these books into England? If it is not right, one is justified in saying so. The reason why the practice is common is that many excellent people who carry it on are ignorant that it is much the same thing as smuggling a roll of lace. And this was pointed out in the note. However, as some readers have not perhaps read the note of September who will read Sir Frederick’s remarks in October, I reproduce it, vituperation and all:

Every year, as regularly as the showers of August, appears the letter complaining of the bold bad smuggler who imports Tauchnitz editions in his pockets. The whole family, girls and all, enter with zeal into the smuggling business; impromptu pockets are devised in feminine garments; men’s coats are found to contain stowage room previously unsuspected; a successful run is made; and the family shelves are enriched with another row of Tauchnitz books. They have been bought at half the cost of the English edition, you see. Cheapskates before anything. These books, moreover, are openly sold in this country; one may sometimes see rows of them in the secondhand shops. What is to be done? It is impossible to touch the conscience of the traveller homeward bound. He will not smuggle lace, because he understands that lace is property—it is visible property—he must not defraud the revenue; literary property he does not understand—he cannot see it.
book—why cannot he take the book home with him? Because the law prohibits? Nonsense; it can hurt nobody. It is impossible to make him see that to import this book is an infringement of right; a robbery of author or publisher, or both. Therefore something else must be attempted. What? Let us take counsel together. There must surely be some way of preventing the smuggling of books. Now the rough and ready way by which dockyard labourers are prevented from stealing dockyard stores might be attempted. Wardens of the yard stand at the gates and feel the men as they pass. An expert hand would detect a Tauchnitz in the coat pocket. And a substantial fine judiciously and sternly administered would do the rest. But perhaps some other method might be suggested.

About the magnitude of the mischief; Sir Frederick puts it down at £50 or £100. Let us see. Every year there are at least 300,000 travellers from the British Isles on the Continent. These include the people who crowd the hotels of Biarritz, the Riviera, and Italy in the winter; the people who stay at the mountain resorts; and the people who travel in the spring, summer, and autumn. All these people buy for their reading the Tauchnitz books. This collection contains 2000 works, I believe, in about 2500 volumes. It is certainly not too much to estimate the annual purchase at one volume for each traveller. If only half of these volumes—say 150,000, representing 120,000 works—are brought back to England, it means that 120,000 works printed abroad are annually brought over here, to the great detriment and loss of books printed in this country. We certainly must not assume that every book brought over prevents the purchase of an English manufactured book. But, remembering the way that books get lent, and that in certain houses, where not much can be spent in new books, every book is circulated, we may be pretty sure that the Tauchnitz books do prevent the purchase of a very large number of English books. I should be disposed, roughly, to estimate the yearly loss at something like 60,000 volumes, which means a good many thousand pounds, and I think that if the Society could do anything to stop the practice of bringing over these books, it would be doing good service to everybody concerned.

The new departure which was observed by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. in the publication of Mr. Blackmore's "Perlycross" has been followed in Mr. William Black's new novel "Highland Cousins." The first issue of the novel in book form is in one volume at 6s. The edition consisted of 6000 copies, and the 4th, 5th, and 6th thousand are so numbered on the title page. The month which produces "Trilby" and "Perlycross" and "Highland Cousins" is fortunate indeed. Walter Besant.
pirated issues notwithstanding the efforts already made by the Society to procure better enforcement of the law. The same mischief exists, though not so largely, in Canada.

3. The question of filling up the Laureateship seems to me outside the business of the Society of Authors. Individual members are entitled to their opinions. I shall not state mine, but I feel sure that any corporate attempt at meddling in this matter could only bring the Society into ridicule.

4. I have observed with uneasiness, in the Author and elsewhere, a tendency to revive the high metaphysical theory of copyright as a perpetual and immutable right of property conferred by the law of nature. This theory, in my opinion, unsound, and at all events has been definitely rejected by English and American law. Copyright is property, but not a property in ideas; it is a monopoly or exclusive franchise, created for reasons of policy, in particular forms whereby ideas are expressed. M. Mallarmé's project is of a different order. It is an installment of Socialism, and points towards a proposal which I quite expect to see seriously made some day, namely, to abolish copyright and substitute the endowment of literature by a State department, which department would, as a probable though not necessary corollary, be invested with large powers of censorship. Let authors consider how they would like this.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

HAMMERSMITH PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE Report of the Commissioners for the Public Library of Hammersmith for the year 1893-94 has been sent to us. The facts and figures are instructive. By an unfortunate omission the rules of the library are not presented with the report, so that the subscription or price of a ticket for the lending library cannot be learned. That it is very small is shown from the return of receipts for the year, in which £20 Os. 5d. is set down for sales of tickets. Comparing the number of applicants for new tickets with the amount realised, it would seem that 2½d. was the price of a ticket, but perhaps this is wrong.

However, there are about 10,000 borrowers. An analysis of the professions and trades of the 2000 who enrolled themselves during the year shows 350 belonging to the professional classes, among them two authors, three publishers, one barrister, one solicitor, fourteen clergymen, two missionaries, nine journalists, while the rest are all working men and working women. The library, therefore, belongs to all classes. It contains 11,500 books, of which more than one-fourth belong to fiction. It is greatly to be hoped that in the next report the commissioners will give an analysis of the books taken out, showing the names of the authors mostly read. There is, however, a classified list showing the number of books in each class. The figures are very satisfactory. The 10,000 borrowers between them, representing, in the proportion, viz., 18 per cent. of the professional to 82 per cent. of the working classes, read between them the following:

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<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number of Books</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Theology and Philosophy</td>
<td>1,958 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History and Biography</td>
<td>7,088 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voyages and Travels</td>
<td>5,220 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law and Politics</td>
<td>679</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts and Sciences</td>
<td>8,027 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fiction</td>
<td>125,827 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry, Drama, and Classics</td>
<td>1,725 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous and Magazines</td>
<td>9,469 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juvenile Literature</td>
<td>28,350 books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>1,871 books</td>
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<td>Music</td>
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<td>Music</td>
<td>1,871 books</td>
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</table>

In all they read 190,214 books, which, divided among the 10,000, means very nearly twenty books a-head. Since reading is no longer to the great mass of mankind study but recreation, and since it may be allowed that the Commissioners and the librarian between them know how to present only literature that is worthy of being read, we need not wonder at fiction representing 60 per cent. of the books taken out. If, however, we ask what fiction is read, the answer exactly agrees with what has been repeatedly advanced in these columns; that the general public turned into a public library read exactly what the limited public turned into Mudie's library read, viz., the newest fiction by living writers first, and that they call for these books oftenest. This must necessarily be the case, because the books of the day will always interest more than the books of yesterday. Thus Rider Haggard's books go out at the rate of 56 copies a year for each volume, but Scott's only 22; Thomas Hardy's novels are taken out at the rate of 47 copies a year for each book; Charles Dickens's at the rate of 35; Thackeray, 23; Charles Kingsley, 36. The dead novelists still in demand at the Hammersmith Library may be classified as follows:

- Wilkie Collins ................. 2604 issues.
- Harrison Ainsworth ............ 1926 books
- Miss Muloch ................... 1594 books
- Lord Lytton .................... 1494 books
- Anthony Trollope .............. 1494 books
- Dickens ........................ 1388 books
Sir W. Scott .................. 1122 issues.
Lever .......................... 815
George Eliot .................. 696
Thackeray ..................... 517
Charlotte Brontë ............. 347

As to the popularity of living authors the returns are not trustworthy, because the collections do not appear to be complete.

On the same subject the Librarian of the Clerkenwell Public Library—Mr. J. D. Brown—writes as follows: "My experience is that slash and track are avoided even by the classes who are supposed to have nothing in the nature of educated perception about them. Give even the ordinary public library boy reader his choice between one of Henty's tales and 'Broadway Bill's Adventures in Denver,' and it will soon be seen that Paternoster-row licks the Bowery."
obstacles, to oppose the accomplishment of their wishes, but at last overcome them all, and the conclusion or catastrophe must leave them happy. A novel is a kind of abbreviation of a romance; for a romance generally consists of twelve volumes, all filled with insipid love nonsense and most incredible adventures.

F. Norreys Connell.

IV.—The Two-Volume Novel.

As no voice has so far been raised on behalf of the two-volume novel during your late interesting discussion upon the rival merits of its longer and shorter sister, might I now urge my feeble plea for it? In the first place, would not many three-volume novels be improved in quality by some compression? How often the padding will come out in that third inevitable volume. Witness even “Lord Ormont and his Aminta.” I am an ancient and omnivorous novel reader, and I speak the name of George Meredith with all due reverence, but here for the first time I did strip some irrelevant (as it seemed to me) details and conversations, not bearing in his usual admirable way upon the plot, which helped to expand two very short first vols. and this filled up last one into the publishers’ fatal three.

I speak in ignorance of the financial aspect of the question. Perhaps you would enlighten us a little as to that matter. As regards the reader, his pocket would benefit of course, though less than if the compression into one solid mass, involving smaller type and poorer margins, became general. But then our eyes. We especially who go on loving fiction in our decrepitude. Besides, who has the courage to face a one-volume “Middlemarch” or “Diana of the Crossways,” if even the shabbiest of second-hand editions in decent print can be had second-hand on easy terms?

May I venture, in my rôle of sexagenarian, to correct a statement in your August number to the following effect, and by so doing do justice to an enterprising Irish firm of publishers? “The cheap edition” you say “was introduced about thirty years ago.” It is almost double that term of years since Mr. John Simms, of the firm of Simms and MacIntyre, an old established firm in Belfast, invented the shilling novel. This gentleman is still alive. I inclose his address on the chance that you may care to have a few particulars of his venture. I remember, when a child, the arrival of each gay green monthly volume as it came to be read aloud of an evening, and then added to the long rows of its fellows on the book-shelves. These bore on their backs the names of Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope (Anthony’s mother), the Banimis (O’Hara family), Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and numbers of other good novelists, to say nothing of the great “Monte Christo,” “Consuelo,” and hosts of the better sort of French and German stories, translated for the first time into English. All these came to us at the modest price of one shilling. With many apologies for intruding on your space, I am, sir, yours faithfully, 

AN OLD NOVEL READER.

THE AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE following announcements are reduced and classified from the lists published in the Athenæum up to Sept. 22. The order followed is that of their appearance in that paper.

Among the more important books announced by Messrs. Longmans are Froude’s “Life and Letters of Erasmus;” Gardiner’s “History of the Commonwealth;” “Wandering Words,” by Sir Edwin Arnold; Liddon’s “Life of Pusey,” third vol.; Liddon’s “Clerical Life and Work;” the Bishop of Peterborough’s “Hulsean Lectures for 1894.” They announce one three volume novel, one novel in one volume, and a complete set of Mrs. Walford’s books. A new edition of Max Müller’s “Chips from a German Workshop;” a new edition of Chesney’s “Indian Polity;” and a new edition of Leslie Stephen’s “Playground of Europe,” are also in their list of thirty-seven new books.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will produce fifty-seven new books, including three novels in three volumes; five in two volumes; twenty-five in one volume; some of these being cheap editions only. In what is called more solid literature will be issued Vols. III. and IV. of Justin Huntly McCarthy’s “French Revolution;” the Life and Inventions of Edison; a translation of the Memoirs of the Duchess de Gontant; Flammarion’s “Popular Astronomy;” George MacDonald’s Poetical Works. Not belonging to the more solid literature is Lehmann’s “Conversational Guide to Young Shooters,” from Punch.

Messrs. Chambers’s announcements are mainly of fiction. Nine one volume novels; four new volumes of popular biographies; and certain elementary works.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam’s Sons announce forty-two works. Among these are biographies and studies of Rufus King, Oliver Cromwell, Tintoretto, Napoleon, Prince Henry, Julian the Apostate, Louis XIV., Thomas Jefferson, Thomas
THE AUTHOR.

Paine—a sufficiently miscellaneous collection—and five novels.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce in all eighty-two works, including reprints and new editions and selections, and republished essays and papers. Among the reprints and old authors we find Shakespeare: a new Concordance to Shakespeare; Tennyson, "Gulliver's Travels;" Froissart, Thoreau, Chaucer, Keble, Southey, a new version of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and several new editions of classical works. The more important of the new books are Matthew Arnold's "Letters;" Mrs. Ophant's "Reign of Queen Anne," Mrs. Steele's "Tales of the Punjab," novels by Marion Crawford and Sir H. Cunningham, the Life of Dean Church, the Life of Cardinal Manning, the Life of Sir A. C. Ramsay, Frederic Harrison on "The Meaning of History;" Five Lectures by Freeman; Canon Atkinson on "Whitby," and a book on Sport and Natural History, by the late George Kingsley.

Mr. John Nimmo will publish eight new books, and will complete the "Border Waverley." Among these books will be a biography of the late John Addington Symonds; a posthumous work by Symonds on Boccaccio; and a selection from the stories of Bandello.

Mr. Edward Arnold announces twenty-six works, including a Life of Sir John Macdonald; a Memoir of Maria Edgeworth; the Recollections of the Dean of Salisbury; Robert Sherard's Life of Alphonse Daudet; Dean Hole's "Thoughts upon England spoken in America;" and a selection from Ste. Buve.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce thirty-four new books, including a volume to which Archdeacon Farrar contributes.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce thirty-eight works. These include the second volume of Traill's "Social History of England;" George Augustus Sala's Autobiography; a "Life of Daniel Defoe;" by Thomas Wright; and novels by Frank Stockton, Hesba Stretton, Max Pemberton, H. Hutchinson, L. T. Meade, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Molesworth, Anthony Hope, Frank Barrett, Egerton Castle, Maurus Jokai, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. announce twenty-seven works. Among these are Biographies of Reginald Heber, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Bishop Alwyn. There are novels by G. Manville Fenn and Sarah Doudney, and there are books for boys and girls.

The S.P.C.K. announce sixteen works. Among the writers are Mrs. Charles, Professor Maspero, G. Manville Fenn, F. Frankfort Moore, Harry Collingwood, and others.

Messrs. Innes and Co. announce six new books, besides story books, for these children's series. Dorothea Gerard and Stanley Weyman have intrusted them with two novels.

Messrs. Ollivant, Anderson, and Ferrier announce three new books, including one novel by Maggie Swan.


Messrs. A. and C. Black announce nineteen works. Among them are Archdeacon Farrar on "The Life of Christ as represented in Art;" an "Introduction to the Book of Isaiah," by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne; Halke's "Monism," translated; "Syriac Literature," by the late William Wright; "The Religion of the Semites" (new edition), by the late Professor Robertson Smith; and three novels.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. have forty-six books in preparation. Among them are six selections of English verse and one of English prose; additions to the different series running for this firm; a History of Egypt, by Professor Flinders Petrie; a book on the French Riviera, by Mrs. Ollivant; a book of Ballads, by Rudyard Kipling; and novels in one volume by Baring Gould, W. E. Norris, Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Robert Barr, "X. L.," and Standish O'Grady.

Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co. announce fifty-six works, of which thirteen are educational and thirteen belong to social and political economy. There is a volume of Ethical Discourses by Leslie Stephen; a new series, called "Social England Series," will be commenced; and there are four novels.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces fifty-seven works. Among them are a translation of Villari's Florence; "A Literary History of the English People," by M. J. J. Jusserand; the Life of Charles Bradlaugh, by his daughter; a Life of Abraham Lincoln, by John Nicolay and John Hay; Henry Norman's Travels in the Far East; four or five books of new verse; twenty novels, including one by the Rev. S. R. Crockett and one by "Rita;" the Tales of John Oliver Hobbes, now first collected, in one volume; and the com-
mencement of a series called the "Criminology Series."

Messrs. Wells Gardner and Co. announce twenty-three works, including seven stories.

Mr. John Hogg announces two books, viz., one on Whist and a collection of stories.


Messrs. Chapman and Hall are producing fifteen new books. The more important are Sir C. P. Beauchamp Walker's "Days of a Soldier's Life," Col. Malleson's "Life of Warren Hastings; Col. Cooper King's "Life of George Washington;" "Life of General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew; six books of sport and travel, and five novels.

Messrs. Heinemann has a list of thirty-five new books. Among them may be mentioned "Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge; "In Russet and Silver," a new volume of poems by Edmund Gosse; three new volumes of the "Great Educator"; seventeen novels by Mrs. Lynn Linton, W. E. Norris, M. L. Pendered, including translations of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Tourjouenief; seven novels by Mrs. Lynn Linton, W. E. Norris, M. L. Pendered, including translations of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Tourjouenief, and Zola.

The "Roxburghe Press" announce sixteen books. Among them is the address of the Marquis of Salisbury to the British Association, revised.

Mr. David Nutt announces twenty-one books. They are not all reprints of mediaeval and Tudor literature. Among them is Canon Jenkinson's "Cardinal Toussure and the Jesuits in China," and "Lectures on Darwinism," by the late Alfred Milne Marshall.

Messrs. Nisbet and Co. announce twenty-five new books, with a note of "several new volumes in the 'Pilgrim' and other series." With the exception of two stories, they appear to be of a religious character.

Messrs. Blackie and Sons announce five new books and a new series.


Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce thirty works. Of these twelve are devotional, seven are novels, the rest chiefly biographical.

Messrs. Henry and Co. announce five books—one of sport, one of rhymes, one of housewifery, and two novels, of which one is by John Oliver Hobbes.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Farrier announce twelve books. Of these three are biographical, one is devotional, seven are novels.

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M. MALLARME'S PROPOSAL.

MALLARME'S proposal, published in the month of August, called forth a considerable amount of discussion, for the most part favourable as to the general principle involved, viz., that if literary property is to become everybody's property after a term of years it might very well be subject to a tax, i.e., that those who, for trading purposes, produce books whose time of copyright has expired should pay to the State for that privilege a royalty upon every copy sold. It is not expected that persons interested in this kind of property should welcome the proposal—indeed, one or two such persons have already cried out pretty loudly against "taxing the public" and "taxing knowledge." But it would not be taxing the public at all, nor would it be taxing knowledge; it would be taxing the publisher for permission to use literary property for his own individual emolument. We may be very certain that a book now sold for a shilling, if it were subject to a half-penny stamp, would continue to be sold for a shilling.

The opinion of our Chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock, on the proposal will be found in another column (p. 127). Meanwhile, without considering the possibility or even the wisdom of such a scheme, let us see how it would work.

Suppose such a tax imposed. It would be collected by the simple process of affixing a stamp on every copy that went out of the publisher's office. It would produce say, at a half-penny in the shilling, a small revenue, say, of £20,000 a year. What could be done with that money? Would the heirs of the authors by the sale of whose books it was raised be entitled to take it all? Clearly not, because then the needy author would be induced to sell his possible claims in futurity as he now sells his copyright, very likely for a mere song. It must, therefore,
be thrown into a special Fund—not the Literary Fund, which exists only for the relief of occasional distress, but a special Fund which shall distribute the income. The rights of successful books would then belong to the nation in trust. This Fund would be used for the purpose of preventing distress. It is always a miserable and a humiliating thing to appeal to the Literary Fund for assistance; it would be well not to extend the humiliations. Such a Fund as that proposed should be used for conferring pensions on the children and grandchildren of great writers, should they be in want; and in giving pensions to living writers should their works warrant the grant. Such pensions to the living would be like a good-service pension in the navy, an honour and a distinction. It is not, however, in the least likely that the proposal will ever go farther.

One point rises out of the discussion. It is fifty years since the question of terminable copyright was discussed. Perhaps the time has now returned when the question should be again discussed. If the same arguments would be used which then prevailed they would at least be clothed in new language, and would be set forth by leader writers and magazine writers in language that would be understood by the people. Whatever the conclusion of such a discussion might be as to the law, one good result would certainly follow: that authors would better understand what is meant by copyright, and would more stiffly demand agreements in accordance with their rights of property. It may be quite true that only one book in a thousand enjoys an existence of a hundred years; it is certainly quite true that most agreements are based on the tacit understanding that the work will not become a classic. At the same time, every writer should act as if his book was going to become immortal.

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A DISHONEST AUTHOR.

MR. HEINEMANN communicates to the Daily Chronicle the following story:

"Years ago a clever author brought to the publisher an incomplete MS, saying that the remainder should be delivered within a few weeks, and pressing the publisher to at once go to press with the part delivered. His plausible and pleasant manner persuaded the unsuspecting publisher to do so, and, with the additional plea of poverty, he obtained a large sum of money on account of the price of the whole. For years the publisher vainly begged, prayed, clamoured, insisted to be given the remainder of that MS, so that the book could be published; but, waiving aside all trivial considerations of honesty and good faith, the author, with a splendid indifference, steadily declined to again put his pen to paper to complete the work in question. Neither did he vouchsafe any satisfaction to his victim. When all amicable means failed, and the publisher found himself duped and deceived, the arm of the law was called in, but every stick that the author owned had been cleverly donated to another. The book was never completed, never published, except that the author used the identical title for a later work issued through another channel. The publisher, however, resigned himself to his loss, and refrained even from attempting to persuade a British jury that money had been obtained from him under false pretences."

One has heard from time to time of this case, but vaguely. It is like a nursery story beginning "Once upon a time." It would be well if it were fitted with a name and date. Meantime we may note Mr. Heinemann's sweeping statement that publishers are "only too often victims of thieves most cunning, robbers most unscrupulous." Only "too often"? Then let us hear another case or two, if another can be found. No good is accomplished by exaggerating the importance of a single fact so as to make it appear like a typical instead of an isolated fact. Publishers, in fact, are not "too often" victims of such dishonesty; though they may be sometimes treated in this manner. No one supposes that every writer is therefore an honourable man. Publishers may also lend money to an author in difficulties, and find it difficult to get that money back, a thing which happens in every profession or trade. Would it not be better to recognise all along that between author and publisher the same business precautions should be observed as between any other two parties to a business transaction?

No one pretends that perfect confidence should be placed in an author because he is an author; nor does any man in any business, except that of publishing, demand that absolute confidence shall be placed in him simply because he is in that business.
BOOK TALK.

RS. STEVENSON will contribute a new volume to Messrs. Hutchinson’s series of “Homespun Stories.” It will be called “Woodrup’s Dinah, a Tale of Nidderdale.” She has also nearly ready a story entitled “Helena Hadley.”

Among the reprints announced in the literary columns, the most interesting to one old enough to remember the literature of the sixties is that of Henry Kingsley’s novels. He had the misfortune to be the rival of his brother, who came first and had the advantage always conferred by a serious and a religious turn. Kingsley’s Devonshire lads who sailed westward ho! all carried a Bible in their pockets, and were extremely careful not to use naughty words. In “Alton Locke” and in “Yeast,” Charles Kingsley was a reformer and a radical; in “Hypatia,” he gave us nineteenth century difficulties discussed by philosophers in Alexandria from an English point of view taken about the year 1860. Henry Kingsley, on the other hand, had no reforms to propose, no grievances to remove, no difficulties to encounter. He took the world as he found it; he had no theological difficulties; he was not plagued with “questus”; and he wrote his stories about the men and women that he knew. Thirty years ago they were rattling good stories—considered as stories, a good deal better than his brother could produce, with a lighter touch and a more dramatic instinct. Whether, after all these years, one would find them as bright and interesting remains to be seen. Mr. Clement Shorter edits the books and contributes a memoir. I have heard that Henry Kingsley wrote the most delightful letters possible, but I have never had the opportunity of reading any of them. Perhaps Mr. Shorter will be able to give the world an illustration.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton’s new novel, “The Hispaniola Plate,” will commence in the St. James’s Budget, on Friday, the 5th inst., and will be illustrated by M. G. Montbard. In this novel the scene will be laid partly in the present day and partly in the last days of the Stuart period, both epochs being connected by incidents pertaining to the ends of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. The action of the story takes place principally in the Virgin Islands.

A translation of “Astronomie Populaire,” by M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The work, which is a very interesting and popular one, written expressly for the general reader, had an enormous sale in France, no less than 100,000 copies having been sold in a few years. Several new illustrations have been added, and the work has been carefully brought up to date by the translator, Mr. J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S.

Cecil Clarke has just issued a new novel, entitled “An Artist’s Fate,” through Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Maberly Phillips, F.S.A., of the Bank of England, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has written a book on the History of Banks and Bankers of Northern England. The book deals with early currency, the establishment of the first north-country bank, traces the evolution from their early beginnings of the many well-established banking concerns which now exist, and gives most interesting accounts of the serious failures which attended the efforts of the earlier bankers to cope with the rapid strides in trade and industry which followed the epoch-making invention of steam power. It will be published immediately by Messrs. Effingham, Wilson, and Co.

Mr. C. A. M. Fennell, Litt.D., proposes a “National Dictionary of English Language and Literature.” It is to be issued in monthly parts at a subscription of three guineas paid in advance, or four guineas in parts. The work will be based on full indexes of certain selected authors, with quotations from many others.

We learn from the New York Critic that Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of Boston, are about to issue a new edition of Mrs. Trollope’s famous “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” in two volumes, with ninety-four illustrations from contemporary drawings reproduced from the first edition of 1832.

From the same paper we learn that a new and complete Concordance to Shakespeare, by Mr. John Bartlett, who has been engaged upon the work for eighteen years, will be published in New York immediately. It will fill 1910 double column quarto pages. Also that Mr. Richard Watson Eddis’s poems will shortly be issued in a collected form by the Century Company.

Max O’Rell sails for America this month on a fourth lecture tour in the States.

On Longevity of Authors, “H. G. K.” says: “You might have noted Hobbes, Fontenelle, St. Evremond, and Goethe, whose united ages amount to 368, an average of 92.”

A new edition has just appeared of Mr. Powis Bale’s “Handbook for Steam Users” (Longmans), and a new and enlarged edition of “Wood-
working Machinery; its Rise, Progress, and Construction" (Crosby, Lockwood, and Son).

Early in the autumn a new serial story by Fitzgerald Molloy, entitled "A Justified Sinner," will be run through Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate of newspapers.

The same author began in the third week of this month (September) a sensational serial novel called "In Shadow of Shame," in Cassell's Saturday Journal. This story deals with a certain operation performed on the brain, and the consequences which follow. The incident has not previously been used in fiction. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy recently told an interviewer that such a case was brought to his notice by a distinguished surgeon, and that the chapter in which he, the author, deals with the subject is largely copied from the medical reports, all distressing and disagreeable details being omitted.

Mr. Thomas Aspden, author of "The House of Stanley," "Queen Victoria," &c., will produce a political novel this month called "The Member for Workshire; or Church and State." The publishers are Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.

Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., has had two works published during the past month; one, "Pictures from Bohemia," being this year's volume of the "Pen and Pencil" series of the Religious Tract Society. The volume is very artistic, being illustrated by Walter Crane, Henry Whatley, and other artists who have travelled with the author in distant Bohemia; a country crowded with historical and picturesque and artistic surprises. The second work of Mr. James Baker is wholly historical, entitled "A Forgotten Great Englishman." It deals with the life of Peter Payne, a great leader of men in the 15th century, who, as principal of an Oxford college, had to flee for his opinions, and became a chief in Bohemia of the powerful Hussite movement, being first always in debates, in councils, and in treaties; a man with whom Pope, Kaiser, and kings had to reckon; a leader of thought of his century, and yet forgotten by his own country, as the letters embodied in the volume from such authorities as the late Professor E. A. Freeman, Professor J. A. Froude, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Professor James Rowley, and others fully prove. This volume, like the first, is the outcome of Mr. Baker's travels and researches in Bohemia.

Readers and students of Scandinavian literature and history may note that they may obtain catalogues of Scandinavian books at the Skandinavisk Antiquaria, 49, Gothersgade, Copenhagen.

Mr. Robert Sherard has now completed his biographical study of Alphonse Daudet. It will be published this autumn with a portrait, a facsimile letter, and other illustrations.

Mr. John Codman Roper, author of "The Campaign of Waterloo," has written the "Story of the American Civil War." It will be published by Putnams in three volumes.

Mr. James Field has collected his papers, which appeared originally in Scribner's, into a volume, which will be published by the same house.


Mr. John Burroughs has a new volume of "Outdoor" essays in the press (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.). Three other "Outdoor" books are announced in the New York Critic from the same firm.

The "Book Hunter in London," by W. Roberts, will appear in the autumn. It will form a companion to M. Octave Uzanne's "Physiologie des Quais de Paris," better known under the title of the English translation of "The Book-Hunter in Paris." In this contribution to the history of book-collecting the results of many years' inveterate book-hunting will be chronicled, and the experiences not only of the compiler but of many past and present distinguished "hunters" will be laid under contribution. The introductory chapter takes the form of an essay on "The Theory and Practice of Book-Hunting." This is followed by a dissertation on book-hunting in London from the earliest times to the eighteenth century. Other chapters deal with book auctions and auctioneers; with some famous collections and collectors; with book thieves; with bookstallings in London; with famous booksellers; with lady book-collectors; with the prices paid for particular books in past and present times; booksellers' catalogues; and other interesting matters connected with the subject. In a book covering such a wide field it is naturally impossible for the efforts of one man to gather into his net all the numerous incidents and anecdotes connected with book-hunting in London. The author, therefore, invites any information or suggestion sent without delay to him, as well as the loan or indication of rare or curious pictorial illustrations of the subject, at 86, Grosvenor-road, S.W.

A new method of publication is about to be put to the test by the Roxburghe Press, of 3, Victoria-street, Westminster, and 32, Charing-cross, S.W., who announce a "time" limited edition of
"Phantasms," a volume of original stories, illustrating posthumous personality and character, by Wirt Gerrare, author of "Rufus's Legacy." Instead of confining the edition to a predetermined number of copies, the publishers will supply booksellers until Dec. 31 next, after which date all sales by the publishers will be stopped, and no other edition will be issued during the continuance of the copyright. The sole edition will be popular and modern in price and form, and the limit is made with a view to guard booksellers from deterioration in value of any stock carried over at the end of the season, and as affording a safer investment than offered by the purchase of first editions, subject to cheap reissues and remainder sales.

The Roxburghe Press have in preparation "The Magistracy," being a directory and biographical dictionary of the justices of the peace of the United Kingdom, revised to date and edited by Charles F. Rideal; "Evolution," a retrospect by the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., being the address (slightly revised by the author) recently delivered before the Royal British Association; a second edition of the "Law and Lawyers of Pickwick," by Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., slightly revised, with an original drawing by the author of Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; a third edition of "Wellerisms" from "Pickwick" and "Master Humphrey's Clock," selected by Charles F. Rideal, with an introduction by Charles Kent and an entirely original drawing of "Sam Weller," by George Cruickshank, jun.; "Woman Regained," a novel of artistic life by George Barlow; a second revised edition of "Charles Dickens' Heroines and Women Folk," some thoughts concerning them, by Charles F. Rideal, with original drawings or Edith Dombey and Dot; "The Reunion of Christendom," by Cardinal Vaughan, being the slightly revised address recently delivered before the Catholic Truth Society; "Young Gentlemen of to-day," by Charles F. Rideal, illustrated by "Crow"; "Phantasms," original stories illustrating posthumous character and personality, by Wirt Gerrare, a time-limited edition; "The Mountain Lake and other Poems," from the works of Friedrich von Bodenstedt, translated by Mrs. Percy Preston, an edition limited to 450 copies; "Told at the Club," some short stories, being No. 1 of the "Pot-boiler" series, by Charles F. Rideal; "Accidents," by Dr. G. M. Lowe, lecturer and examiner to the St. John Ambulance Association; "Young Babies, their Food and Troubles," by Mrs. Truman and Miss Edith Sykes; and a second edition of 5000 copies of "Food for the Sick" by the same authors; "The Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian Citizen," by Edward Callow.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**I.—Proof Sheets.**

May I suggest to writers, especially writers of fiction, that it would be a kindness to send their proof sheets to any hospital they may choose, for the use of the patients? The lightness of the sheets is a distinct advantage for those who have to read in bed.

F. M. PEARD.

**II.—Personal.**

Will you allow me, through the medium of The Author, to thank the Society of Authors and their secretary for aiding me to obtain an acknowledgment from two papers of infringement of my copyright in title and matter. The first, a paper, boldly adapted my title of "By the Western Sea." The second, a case of a reprint of a Canadian article entitled "British v. German," which is bodily taken from pages 25, 27, 31, 34, 45, 46, and 95 of my "Our Foreign Competitors." Individually I doubt if I could have obtained these public acknowledgments, as one editor laughed at my first very polite note suggesting an infringement of copyright had been committed; but the letters from the Society's secretary had a salutary effect, and tardy and reluctant justice was done to my little book and title, and the acknowledgment given as wished.

JAMES BAKER.

**III.—George Eliot.**

It is a matter of wonder to me that Miss Gilchrist's remarks on George Eliot in the July Author have remained unchallenged. As a lover of George Eliot let me say that I cannot discover the "barren fatalism" in her work. Why, the great difference between the ancients and George Eliot stands in the fact that the former depicted mortals at the mercy of a predestined fate outside their own personality, and independent of it altogether, men and women like Odipus or Helen being "sculptured in black marble on the wall of their fate," while the George Eliot made man master of his fate. Let me refer you to Sidney Lanin's masterly essays on the English novel on the subject of George Eliot: "Anne peut être juste qu'envers ceux qu'en aime."

S. S.

Will "Sans Souci" be so good as to give the Editor an opportunity of answering her letter of Aug. 5?

**IV.—Hereditary Genius.**

The Rev. Dr. Bell, of Cheltenham, writes: "In your brief notice of Lady Dufferin's
Memoirs, by her son, you ask: "Is not the Sheridan family the only family on record which has continued to hand down its best characteristics from one generation to another?" May I in reply remind you that genius has shown itself to be hereditary in the family of the late Mr. Thomas Arnold, the eminent head master of Rugby, and author of "A History of Rome," "Lectures on Modern History," and other valuable works. Mr. Matthew Arnold, the distinguished poet, essayist, and critic, was his son, and his place in English Literature has become assured. Another son, Mr. Thomas Arnold, is well known in the literary world as the editor of Pope, the author of a volume on Literature, and is now engaged on a work, likely to add to his reputation, for the Rolls Office on the history of Bury St. Edmunds. His daughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, has won herself a name in literature as the authoress of three novels which have commanded a large share of popular attention, and made their mark in the domain of fiction. Mr. Oakley Arnold Forster, a son of Mr. William Arnold, and grandson of Dr. Thomas Arnold, has a seat in the House of Commons for West Belfast, and has already shown distinct statesmanlike qualities which augur well for his future. He also has proved himself possessed of literary powers. All who have the privilege of intimacy with the daughters of Dr. Arnold, one of whom is the widow of the eminent statesman the Right Hon. William Forster, will bear ready witness to their culture, charm, and intellectual powers, both of thought and expression, though those have been confined to the quiet sphere of home, and not sought the suffrages of the public. I may say, however, that Mrs. Forster has edited a new edition of her father's "Sermons on the Interpretation of Scripture and the Christian Life." Surely you will allow that in the Arnold family, as well as in the Sheridan, literary genius is hereditary. The great grandchildren are too young as yet to prove by their works what they can achieve."

V.—A New Form of Paper for Typewriters.

All who use a typewriter know what an amount of time is consumed in putting in, adjusting, and taking out the sheets of finished copy, particularly if one is duplicating by the use of carbon paper. I wish to suggest an improvement which I venture to think will save much time, particularly in MSS. of great length. Instead of the ordinary sheets of paper cut to 8in. by 10in., or foolscap, why could we not have paper furnished us on rolls 8in. wide, and in lengths that would make 100 or 200 ordinary manuscript pages. The paper could then be put on a little adjustable reel and fed to the machine as the huge rolls of paper are fed to printing machines. To make a duplicate copy two reels will be required, one placed above the other, and between these a long strip of carbon paper may be inserted. The sheets may be afterwards torn off as one tears off a cheque. I believe this to be perfectly practicable and intend to give it a trial, and will let your readers know the result of my experiment (with your permission) later.

J. H. Hill.

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THE AUTHOR.

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History and Biography.


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The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

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2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher’s agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS’ SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors’ Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and passes accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the expenses of the Authors’ Syndicate are defrayed solely out of the commission charged on rights placed through its intervention. Notice is, however, hereby given that in all cases where there is no current account, a ‘booking fee’ is charged to cover postage and porterage.

3. That the Authors’ Syndicate works for none but those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiation whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least four days’ notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors’ Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a “Transfer Department” for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a “Register of Wants and Wanted” has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 dispatch 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 Authors’ Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker’s order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the “Cost of Production” are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of “doing sums,” the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth...
as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

ELECTION OF MEMBERS.

At the first meeting of committee after the vacation on Oct. 8, twenty-eight new members and associates were duly proposed and elected. There have been 196 new members elected since the beginning of the year. Against these, however, must be placed the number of those who are every year struck off the list either by death, or by resignation, or by neglecting to pay their subscription.

Cases have arisen in which authors have joined for the purpose of obtaining aid and redress, and have then retired when their case has been won for them. In other words, they pay a guinea, put the Society to the expense of many guineas, and then retire.

Authors are earnestly entreated to remember that the society exists for the common good; that to regard it as solely a means of obtaining individual advantage is contrary to the whole spirit of the association; that to carry a single case through often costs the subscriptions of a great many members, and that were it not for the subscriptions of those who are not likely to need its services at all, the Society would not be able to exist, or would be reduced to a powerless condition.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—PAYING FOR PUBLICATION.

The advice of the Society with regard to payment for publishing is that a MS. which is refused by half a dozen good houses is probably without commercial value. The author, however, is too often persuaded that it possesses sufficient literary merit to justify him in paying for its production. He then receives an estimate from the firm to which he applies. In general this estimate is called Messrs. A. and B.'s "charge." The charge includes a very liberal addition to the printer's bill—for themselves. It is a secret profit, and therefore absolutely indefensible. Of course a charge for services may be advanced, and may be granted, but it should be made openly. The following are quite recent examples of this method of giving estimates. They were brought to the Society, and through the machinery at the disposal of the Society the books were actually produced at the price given below, after that of the original estimate. It should be added that the actual publisher, not the person who sent in his "charges," was in each case a fit and proper person, and that the books were produced in the best possible style of print and paper.

First case.—Estimate for printing, paper, and binding . £78
Actual sum paid for production .... 38

Second case.—Estimate for printing, paper, and binding . £180
Actual sum paid .... 80

Third case.—Estimate for printing, paper, and binding . £220
Actual sum paid .... 150

In the first case an overcharge was made of £40, in the second an overcharge of £100, and in the third of £70.

In the first case the author was saved 50 per cent. on the first charge, in the second 55 per cent., in the third 32 per cent.

It seems, therefore, as if it were worth the consideration of authors about to pay for their own books, whether they should bring their estimates to the Society before signing their agreements.

II.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

The following letters have appeared in the Times. That by Mr. Lancefield may be fairly assumed to represent the Canadian view: that by Mr. Daldy the answer of one who has long worked upon the question. The subject has been referred by the London Chamber of Commerce to a committee upon which the Society of Authors is properly represented. The letters are given at length for obvious reasons.

I.—To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—I have only recently seen a letter which appeared in your valuable paper some time ago (May 3, 1894) from Mr. F. R. Daldy on the question of Canadian copyright. Some of Mr. Daldy's statements certainly require correction, as the views he set forth in his letter (which letter, I understand, was printed in full in various literary journals in England) place Canadians in
a most misleading and unfair light before your readers.

In the first place, Mr. Daldy writes, he has "reason to believe that Canada has asked the Imperial Government to repeal all British Copyright Acts so far as it is included under them . . . and also to denounce Canada's connection with the Berne Convention." This is correct. And why not?

The B.N.A. Act of 1867 gives Canada the right to legislate on copyright, the same as on tariffs, patents, &c. The Imperial Government allows us to pass such laws as we please with regard, for instance, to patents. We assert the same right with regard to copyright, and we maintain our position strengthened by the knowledge that every argument is in our favour.

Mr. Daldy's second count deserves serious consideration. Not content with referring sneeringly to a royalty which the Canadian Government will collect for those who refuse or neglect to secure copyright in Canada as a "visionary" royalty, he says "no consideration whatever has been shown to artists and musical composers." A serious indictment, if true. But what are the facts?

I have before me the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889, passed unanimously by the House of Commons and Senate of the Dominion of Canada, but to which the Imperial Government refuses sanction. This Act enacts that "Any person domiciled in Canada or in any part of the British possessions . . . who is the author of any book, map, chart, or musical or literary composition, or of any original painting, drawing, statuette, sculpture, or photograph, or who invents, designs, etches, engraves, or causes to be engraved, etched, or made from his own design any print or engraving, and the legal representatives of such person or citizen," may secure copyright in Canada for twenty-eight years. It would appear from this that Mr. Daldy is either grossly ignorant on this question of Canadian copyright, or that he is deliberately misrepresenting the action of the Canadian Government, presumably in order to create and foster ill-feeling in England.

Again, Mr. Daldy says "that it is no more difficult for Canadian than for United States publishers to enter into contracts with authors and artists direct." Very nice in theory, but under present conditions practically impossible to put into practice. Why? Because the United States publisher, in nine cases out of ten, when buying the market for a new book, insists on Canada being included.

The Canadian people, therefore, have at present the satisfaction (?) of seeing their market quietly handed over by the British author or publisher to alien United States publishers. Surely you cannot blame us for making an earnest, decided, emphatic protest against such a practice. Canadians are not surprised at the alien United States publishers insisting on the Canadian market being included. That is their business—to get all they can, and more, too, if possible. But we are surprised at the British authors and publishers conceding to the demand of the United States publishers. And we are doubly surprised that the British authors and publishers are our principal opponents when we ask the Imperial Government for such legislation as will enable us to say to the United States publishers, "You cannot control the Canadian market except on our own terms."

We are proud of the fact that we are part and parcel of the great British Empire. The recent conference of Colonial delegates at Ottawa proves that we are alive to our responsibilities to the Empire. I submit that it is not an edifying spectacle to witness many of our brethren in England making desperate and, as I have shown, unfair attempts to create prejudice against us in our efforts to secure our book market from the grasp of alien publishers.

In any case we intend to expose such attempts and to persist in our agitation, as we are convinced that the Imperial Government must soon see the justness of our case and grant the relief asked for.

Mr. Daldy signs himself "Hon. Secretary of the [British?] Copyright Association." Very many are apt to look upon him as an authority on copyright. I have already shown that his statement as to no consideration whatever being shown by the Canadian Government to artists and musical composers is untrue. He is equally unreliable when he tries to frighten British authors and artists by the statement that if the British Government yields to the Canadian demand the English relations on copyright with the United States would be upset. Mr. Daldy's argument, then, is that justice must be denied Canada because, if granted, English copyright arrangements with the United States will suffer. What utter nonsense!

But Mr. Daldy reaches the height of absurdity when he gravely asserts that "the United States Government made the consent of Canada that American copyright should run in that Dominion a leading condition of their conceding it to the British nation."

This is news to us in Canada. Our consent was never asked to any such agreement. The British Government could not give the consent of Canada without first securing that consent. Neither the British Government, Mr. Daldy, nor the Copyright Association he represents need
think that Canada will recognise any arrangement without first consenting thereto.

Mr. Daldy knows, without being told, that the day has gone by when the consent of Canada to a question so important as this of copyright can be taken for granted before formally securing said consent through the usual diplomatic channels.

Thanking you for granting me space,
I remain, Sir, yours in the bonds of Imperial Unity,

RICHARD T. LANCEFIELD.

Public Library, Hamilton, Canada September.

II.—To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—The charges brought against me in Mr. Lancefield’s letter, published by you on the 11th inst., require, I think, an answer so far as the subject-matter of them is concerned, though I must respectfully decline to take more notice than is necessary of his personalities.

He says, “I have placed Canadians in a most misleading and unfair light before your readers.” I certainly had no desire to do this, and I hope the following observations will satisfy your readers that I have not done so.

He admits that Canada has asked the Imperial Government to repeal all British Copyright Acts so far as they include that Dominion, and says Canada has the right to legislate on copyright under the British North American Act of 1867. If Canada has that right, why ask England’s help? Lord Selborne and Lord Herschell, when at the Bar, on Nov. 7, 1871, advised the Copyright Association that the above legislative authority “has reference only to the exclusive jurisdiction in Canada of the Dominion Legislature, as distinguished from the Legislatures of the provinces of which it is composed,” and they further said that the “Imperial Act 5 & 6 Vict. c. 45 (our principal Copyright Act), is still in force in its integrity throughout the British dominions.” This view is corroborated by the decision in “Smiles v. Belford” of the Supreme Court of Upper Canada and the opinions of recent law officers of the Crown.

Mr. Lancefield objects to my reference to the way in which Canada collects, or neglects to collect, the royalty due to British and Colonial authors under the Imperial Act of 1847 and the Canadian Act of Aug. 1850, approved by Imperial Order in Council made Dec. 12, 1850. Perhaps he will not be surprised to hear that this royalty has only been spasmodically collected, although the Act was passed for Canada’s benefit, and she undertook to make the collection. It is notorious that many books were imported by Canada without payment of this royalty, and I have before me now a correspondence showing that a copyright owner, who was entitled to royalty since 1883, had to send an agent to Canada, who traced one payment in 1885, but the customs authorities in Canada could not even then discover the collection of royalty on any other occasion, although the work had been largely circulated throughout the Dominion before that time. The first payment of this royalty, not in full, but “on account,” was not received by the copyright owner till 1889.

Can Mr. Lancefield be surprised at the incredulity of English authors as to her honestly carrying out her engagements?

Mr. Lancefield quotes from the Canadian Act of 1889 to prove that artists have received due consideration. He quotes the 4th section of that Act, but omits any reference to the 5th, which says the condition of obtaining copyright under the Act is that such artistic work shall be reproduced in Canada within one month of production elsewhere. Hence, to obtain copyright under the Canadian Act, Sir F. Leighton, or any artist, must go to Canada and reproduce his picture there within a month of publication here. A new opera must be represented there within the same time. Am I right in saying “no consideration whatever has been shown to artists and musical composers?” Is it not a mockery to offer copyright on such terms?

Mr. Lancefield says Canadian publishers cannot acquire copyright from British authors because United States publishers buy the Canadian market with the American market. Why does not the Canadian purchaser come forward first and buy the two markets? It is all a matter of commercial competition. Mr. Lancefield seems to think authors hand over their works to United States publishers by preference. What they prefer, and what they are entitled to, is the best price for the two intermixed markets, because it is against their interests to sell either separately. This arises from American, not British, legislation. Mr. Lancefield cannot expect authors to forego the value of their copyrights in America merely to help Canadian reprinters to get the printing of them. Let Canadian printers come forward earlier, before American arrangements are made, and buy both markets.

I regret to say American copyright for British authors is jeopardised by the apprehension of our allowing Canadian printers to reprint copyright books without the author’s sanction, and that on most trustworthy authority.

Perhaps my observation about the consent of Canada as to American copyright running there is rather unfortunately worded, as of course her consent was not required. The facts are that the United States Government asked if American
copyright ran in all British possessions, and, on Lord Salisbury assuring the United States Government that it did, the United States Government issued its proclamation giving the authors, &c., of "Great Britain and the British possessions" copyright throughout the United States. (See United States Papers, No. 3 (1891), Correspondence on United States Copyright Act.)

I am glad to find Mr. Lancefield proud of Imperial unity. Will he, in obedience to its requirements, advocate "copyright unity" as far as we are able to promote it? The laws of copyright are too much mixed up with the commercial handling of copyright property. The one gives the title to the property; the other utilises it to the best advantage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Frederic R. Daldy.

Aldine House, Belvedere.

III.—Littleton et al. v. Oliver Ditson Co.

The inclosed judgment from one of the circuit courts in Massachusetts, supporting the decision recently published on musical copyright, may be of interest to the readers of the Author:

LITTLETON ET AL. v. OLIVER DITSON CO.

(Circuit Court, D. Massachusetts. Aug. 1, 1894.)

No. 3065.

Copyright—Musical compositions—Manufacture in United States.

The proviso in sect. 3 of the Copyright Act of March 3, 1891, that "in the case of a book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph," the two copies required to be delivered to the librarian of Congress shall be manufactured in this country, does not include musical compositions published in book form, or made by lithographic process.

This was a suit by Alfred H. Littleton and others against the Oliver Ditson Company for infringement of copyrights.

Lauriston L. Scaife for complainants.

Chauncey Smith and Linus M. Child for defendant.

Colt, Circuit Judge.—This case raises a new and important question under the Copyright Act of March 3, 1891 (26 Stat. 1106). The plaintiffs, subjects of Great Britain, and publishers of music, have copyrighted three musical compositions, two of which are in the form of sheet music, and one (a cantata) consists of some ninety pages of music bound together in book form, and with a paper cover. Two of these pieces were printed from electrotype plates, and one from stone, by the lithographic process. The inquiry in this case is whether a musical composition is a book or lithograph, within the meaning of the proviso in sect. 3 of the Act, which declares that in the case of a "book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph" the two copies required to be deposited with the librarian of Congress shall be manufactured in this country.

The Act of March 3, 1891, is an amendment of the copyright law then existing. The principal change made is the extension of the privilege of copyright to foreigners by the removal of the restriction of citizenship or residence contained in the old law, and hence it is sometimes called "The International Copyright Act. Section 1 relates to the subject-matter of copyright, and declares that:

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 . . . shall, upon complying with the provisions of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, &c.

Section 3 recites the conditions which must be complied with, and says:

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, . . . 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 . . . 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 . . . or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the librarian, . . . 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, photograph, chromo, 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.

From the language of these provisions it seems clear that "book" was not intended to include "musical composition." In the section which enumerates the things which may be copyrighted, "musical composition" is mentioned as something different from "book," and we find this same distinction twice observed in the preceding part of the section which contains the proviso. It is as reasonable to suppose that "book" and "musical composition" were as much intended to refer to different subjects as "map, chart, engraving," and other enumerated articles.

If Congress, in the proviso, had intended to include a musical composition among those copyrighted things which must be manufactured in this country, it should have incorporated it in the
list of things subject to this restriction. The omission in the proviso of "musical composition," as well as of "map, chart, engraving," and other things before enumerated, is very significant, as intimating that Congress never intended to extend this provision to any of these articles. And so, with respect to "lithograph," if Congress had intended to cover by that word a musical composition made by the lithographic process, it should have expressed its meaning in clear and unambiguous terms, in view of the language used in other portions of the statute.

If there is any doubt as to the meaning of the statute, it is proper to examine the history of legislation on this subject, in order, if possible, to discover the intent of Congress. As the bill passed the House of Representatives, this proviso was limited to "book," but when it reached the Senate an amendment was offered and passed extending the proviso to various other subjects of copyright, as "map, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print," &c. A conference committee was appointed, and a compromise was agreed to enlarging the house provision by the addition of "photograph, chromo, or lithograph," and the bill was finally passed in this form. In the debate in the Senate, reference was made to the fact that musical compositions had been eliminated from the proviso. The first and fundamental rule in the interpretation of statutes is to carry out the intent of the Legislature if it can be ascertained, and I think an examination of the proceedings in Congress shows that it was intended to exclude musical compositions from the operation of this proviso: (22 Cong. Rec. pt. 1, p. 32; pt. 3, pp. 2378, 2836; pt. 4, p. 3847.)

"Book" has been distinguished from "musical composition" in the statutes relating to copyright since 1831: (4 Stat. 436.) The specific designation of any article in an act or series of acts of Congress requires that such article be treated by itself, and excludes it from general terms contained in the same act or in subsequent acts: (Potter, Dwar. St. pp. 198, 272; Homer v. The Collector, 1 Wall. 486; Arthur v. Lahey, 96 U.S. 112; Arthur v. Stephani, Id. 125; Vietor v. Arthur, 104 U.S. 498.) If, in a popular sense, and speaking particularly in reference to form, "book" may be said to include a musical composition, the answer to this proposition is that where two words of a statute are coupled together, one of which generally includes the other, the more general term is used in a meaning exclusive of the specific one: (Endl. Interp. St. sect. 396; Reiche v. Smythe, 13 Wall. 162.)

The reasoning upon which this rule of specific designation is based is that such designation is expressive of the legislative intention to exclude the article specifically named from the general term which might otherwise include it: (Smythe v. Fiske, 23 Wall. 374, 380; Reiche v. Smythe, 13 Wall. 162, 164.) The English cases cited by the defendant to the effect that "book" includes "musical composition" are not material in the present controversy, because the statute law of the two countries is different. The early English statute of 8 Anne, c. 19, says, in the preamble, "books and other writings," while, in the modern English statute (5 & 6 Vict. c. 45, s. 2), "book" is defined to include various specific things, as "map, chart, sheet of music," &c. Nor do the American cases cited (Clayton v. Stone, 2 Paine, 382, Fed. Cas. No. 2872; Scoville v. Toland, 6 West. Law J. 84, Fed. Cas. No. 12,553; Drury v. Ewing, 1 Bond, 540, Fed. Cas. No. 4095) help the defendant. In none of these cases has the question ever been determined whether a musical composition is a book. It must also be remembered that the question now presented is not strictly whether a musical composition can ever be regarded as a book, but whether Congress meant in the Act of March 3, 1891, to include musical composition within the terms of the proviso referred to. Nor do I think the dictionary definitions of "book" render us much assistance, because the word is used in so many different senses. It may refer to the subject-matter, as literary composition; or to form, as a number of leaves of paper bound together; or a written instrument or document; or a particular subdivision of a literary composition; or the words of an opera, &c.

Looking at the natural reading of the statute, the intent of Congress, and the rules which govern the construction of statute law, I am of opinion that the plaintiffs have complied with the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1891, respecting the three musical compositions complained of, and that the defendant should be enjoined from reprinting, publishing, or exposing for sale these compositions, or any essential part of them, as prayed for in the Bill.

Injunction granted.

IV.—Continuation by Another Hand.

The following advertisement appeared in the New York Critic:

MASTERPIECES or English Literature.—Entirely New and Finely Illustrated Editions.—A History of our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. With an Introduction, and Supplementary Chapters bringing the work down to Mr. Gladstone's Resignation of the Premiership (March, 1894); with a New Index, and Additions to the Survey of the Literature of the Reign. By G.

This advertisement was forwarded on to the offices of the Society by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. Mr. McCarthy is indignant, and very naturally so, at the course the American publishers have thought fit to adopt, and all persons who are interested in the maintenance of literary property will no doubt support Mr. McCarthy's view as strongly.

The work was published prior to the American Copyright Act, and therefore fell a lawful prey to the American reproducer.

It has been selling in America for some years past in a cheap paper-bound edition.

The author may perhaps have felt hurt that a work, the outcome of his brain, should be so freely circulated without bringing him in anything, but in those days, when books were published in England, the author produced his work with his eyes open to the possible consequences.

But here insult has been added to injury, and Mr. McCarthy's work has not only been appropriated, but has also received the honour of an introduction, and several additional chapters to bring it up to date, from the pen of G. Mercer Adam.

Surely it would have been an easy and courteous matter for the publisher to have written a line to the author or his English publisher to ask whether he had any views as to the continuation of the work.

Neither Messrs. Chatto and Windus nor Mr. McCarthy have had a line of notice, and the advertisement of the book in its present American form was the first intimation of what had taken place.

It is needless to say that there is no legal remedy, as the publishers have in their advertisement fully owned up to the additional chapters and their authorship. If this had not been done, but the work with added matter had been published under Mr. McCarthy's name—a proceeding which has been known to take place with the works of other English authors—he might, perhaps, have had, some remedy under the American case quoted in last month's Author, p. 117, and the question might have been discussed under the law of trade marks and misleading the public.

It is not worth while going into this side of the question, as even this point is doubtful. The American publisher has avoided this difficulty by openly avowing the facts.

But the unfortunate author, who has for some time been meditating the completion of his work, has had the American market taken away from him.

Since the above was written Mr. McCarthy's publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, have received a letter from the American publisher, printed below. This letter bears out all the points put forward above, and explains how little regard is shown for the author and originator of a work, and how little thought or care may be bestowed upon the simple and familiar process of using for a man's own profit the work of another man's brain—especially when there is no fear of legal consequences.

Oct 11, 1894.—Dear Sirs,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st. Oct., and am somewhat surprised that your remonstrance on behalf of the author of the "History of Our Own Times" should be addressed to us for issuing a continuation of the work. There are any number of editions of this work, which is not copyrighted, published in this country, and, therefore, it appears to me your remonstrance for continuing a non-copyright work is extremely ill-founded. Had I known that Mr. McCarthy intended to write a continuation of his work, I should, of course, have been much pleased to have negotiated with him or his publishers for the American copyright, but under all the circumstances I cannot think that I have done either him or you such an injury as entitles you to write me in the way you have, and I remain, Yours very truly, Charles W. Gould, Receiver—Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

———LETTER FROM PARIS———

I AM writing this on the eve of my return to Paris, in a room full of the disorders of departure. The weather is so fine that it might be July rather than mid-October, and the sea is still very tempting for long and hazardous swims. But the vines are all leafless in my garden, and in the fields around the Indian corn has been harvested; and, after all, as go one must, it is better to leave the country with a good impression and under smiling circumstances, than to outstay Nature's welcome and see in the farewell moment, a sullen face.

"It is two days since we returned to Paris, and though my Parisienne is delighted to find herself in her town once more, my little Edmée and I continue to regret the golden horizons of our peaceful Champrozay." So writes Alphonse Daudet to me. In the same letter he says that he wishes to converse with me about "la perfide Albion," which he has never seen, but wishes to visit before he "passes his rifle to the left." I should not be surprised if, as a result of our conversation, he were to pay a visit to England ere long.

In looking over Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin" the other day, I came across a quotation from his favourite Montaigne, which he applies
THE AUTHOR.

to his friend the Provençal poet, Mistral. It occurred to me that the advice is so good, that for those of our readers who do not know, it may well be here reproduced: "Souvienne-vous de celui à qui comme on demandait à quoy faire il se peignoit si fort, en un art qui ne pouvoit venir à la connaissance de guére des gens. J’en ay assez de peu, repondit-il. J’en ay assez d’un. J’en ay assez de pas un." No better consolation could be found by the man of letters, who, doing his best, does not secure a success of popularity. But he must do his best. He must peiner fort.

A group of distinguished Frenchmen were the other day discussing in my presence the young littérateur of to-day, who, after setting forth some great idea for a book, will add, with a sigh, "If only some publisher would give me an order for it." It never occurs to him to write the book, for the sake of writing it, with the conviction that when written it will surely find both a publisher and a public. We were all surprised to read Mallarmé's name in connection with the proposal that the State should inherit all lapsed copyrights and republish books for the general profit. Surprised, because of all living men of letters, Stéphane Mallarmé is perhaps the one who has ever least troubled about the property side of literature. His own magnificent writings he printed at his own expense, in a most luxurious fashion, for himself and a very few friends. He has probably never received a sum of forty pounds, all reckoned, from the publishers.

The proposal seems an ill-considered one. Fancy what a bitter stepmother the State, moved by odious political considerations, would be towards the work of certain authors. The power granted by this proposal, if it were carried into effect, would be tantamount to one of life and death, and the immortality, after which most writers strive as their highest and best reward, would be at the disposal of Government officials. With what glee would these censors condemn to obscurity the works of all those whose opinions clashed with the opinions which the Government desired to promulgate, and how lavishly would the writings of Prudhomme and Company be spread abroad!

One power might, to my thinking, be granted to the Government, namely, the right of levying on the profits of those who publish an author's works after the copyright in these has become public property, a trifling sum, sufficient to keep the grave of this author in decent and respectable order. If out of all the money which the publishers have gained by publishing Oliver Goldsmith's works a few pounds had thus been exacted, London would not to-day have the shame of Goldsmith's abandoned and ruined grave, which anyone may see in the Temple, and blush at our English sordidness.

The De Maupassant memorial subscription, which had never attained a figure in any way commensurate to the very modest requirements of the committee, was handsomely increased the other day by a donation of £200, subscribed by a person who expressed a wish to remain unknown. Poor De Maupassant seems to have passed into oblivion. His books are little asked for, and the dealers in the photographs of celebrities have ceased to keep his portrait in stock. One dies fast in these days.

Poor Henry Hermann. He spent some years in France, and was at one time the collaborator of D. C. Murray. His forte was in the creation of plots, but he was less successful in delineation of character, description, and elaboration. Owing to an infirmity of the eyes he was forced to dictate to a secretary, and would grow quite excited as he dictated. "That's literature, my boy," he would exclaim, after composing some passage which pleased him particularly. When I knew him he had fallen on penurious days, and it was mournful enough to see so old a man, who had been so liberal in his days of fortune, often worried for the wherewithal to pay his rent or to buy his dinner. His courage, his industry, his cheerfulness of spirits were unflagging, and an excellent example.

It occurs to me that we of the Society of Authors might subscribe the trifling sum necessary for restoring Goldsmith's grave. The whole expense would barely exceed £20, so that one hundred admirers, at four shillings each, could put the matter right.

I was interested in Mr. Hill's suggestion for a new form of paper for the typewriter, because a few days before the Author for last month came into my hands I had had exactly the same idea. I admit that I had not thought of the double roller for duplicating purposes. On reflection, however, I had come to the conclusion that the loss of time in cutting the length of paper, after it had been written on, into suitable takes, would be greater than the time lost at present in filling the machine with the sheets as supplied by the manufacturers. Certainly for the writer who prides himself on great production it would be pleasant, on rising from his machine, to see coiled on the floor, say eight yards of copy, but the coils might be cumbersome, and I can even imagine a fin de siècle Laocoon writhing in the embrace of a paper serpent. As it is, the typewriter produces too fast for a man to use it for his best work, and it is only by careful revision that typewritten copy can be made fairly presentable.
One would accordingly prefer to hear of the invention of a drag or break to check its speed. At times, certainly, where speed is the requisite, the machine renders excellent service. One remembers T. P. O'Connor's "Life of Parnell," which was produced so quickly; and I myself, on a day when I was very hard pressed, achieved 25,000 words of a translation in twelve hours.

Léon Daudet's "Les Morticoles" is now in its seventeenth edition, of a thousand copies to the edition. This mean £400 to the good already, apart from royalties to come, both from further editions and from republication in the provincial papers. As Léon is only twenty-seven years of age he may be said to have enjoyed exceptional good fortune. I know of no French writer of standing whose début can, in point of success, be compared to his. We will not speak of Xavier de Montépin, who from the age of twenty never made less than two thousand a year, because we do not consider him a writer.

A circumstance of which we English may be proud is that of all foreign novelists it is our great George Meredith who is most esteemed by the French. I don't mean to say that his works have a large sale in France, but I can vouchsafe the fact that the cultured who know English have his books, and that those who cannot read English are always glad to hear him discussed. His name is constantly referred to in the literary papers, and he is very evidently an influence in France. Does George Meredith know this? There is also great curiosity about Thomas Hardy, and at the Authors' Club dinner to M. Zola last year, Zola told me that he should advise Charpentier to arrange for a French translation of Hardy's works. I believe that a French publisher who would produce a cheap edition of translations from our best English authors would make money. The French are sick of pornography, and are hungering for more solid fare. Young Léon's success is a proof of this. Unfortunately the French writers who know English so perfectly as to be able to give an adequate version of Meredith say, or Hardy, are very few; on the other hand, French publishers do not care to pay anything like a fair price for translation. Eight pounds, or, in a liberal moment, ten, are considered a fair price for translating an ordinary novel. Hachette bought "David Copperfield" for twenty pounds, and paid the translator a similar sum, and this was a great event in backdom.

Translating is good exercise for writers who are afflicted with the knowledge of other languages than their own. I use the word "afflicted" advisedly, for it is an established fact that the linguist never writes his own language as well as the writer who knows no other tongue. He loses the sense of value of words, he falls into curious constructions, and may even, unconsciously be guilty of laches in grammar. In translating he has to pull himself together, to strive after the genius of his own tongue, to remember its characteristics, forgotten in the Babel of his brain.

Amongst recent publications I notice a volume of essays by Maurice Barrès, chez Charpentier. It is entitled "Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort." Well, well, well!

Robert H. Sherard.

"DISCOUNT PRICES" IN 1852.

The frugal book-buyer will have noticed that for some time past attempts have been made by publishers, not by any means of the smaller sort, to abolish the system of "discount prices." This question is not to be regarded as a formal business detail, affecting "the trade" alone, it is closely connected with authors' and readers' rights, and it seems unlikely that a serious controversy may ensue upon this movement in the book trade. As the whole question was raised and discussed some forty years ago, it may be profitable to follow in some details the features of the older crisis. The practice of booksellers giving discount off publishers' prices was first commented on at the beginning of this century, and increased with the improvement in communications, till in 1848 a Booksellers' Association was formed to counteract it. The prime movers in the scheme were not retail booksellers but publishers, and they were supported by nearly the whole body of booksellers and publishers in London. In July, 1851, a stringent agreement was entered into; the subscribing publishers bound themselves to supply books at trade price to members of the Association only; the booksellers agreed not to give more than 10 per cent. discount to private customers, or 15 per cent. to book societies. The trade discount being admittedly 33 per cent. on an average, it is evident that a considerable profit was left for the booksellers. Anyone offending systematically against the regulations was to be expelled. The rule worked laxly from the first, for on the one hand members put a loose interpretation on the word systematically, and gave as much as 20 per cent. discount to large purchasers, without incurring the displeasure of the Association. Occasionally, however, the severest measures were taken against offending members, and, finally, one case threw the whole of the trade into a ferment. One member, an importer of American books, thought it would be
more profitable, instead of disposing of his wares to "the trade" at the customary large discount, to sell directly to the public, charging them cost price, plus a percentage for profits. The matter was taken up by the Association, and the member, proving contumacious, was expelled (Jan. 1852). In his fall, however, he had with him the sympathies of the public and of part of the trade. Hereupon a fierce newspaper war sprang up, the Times and the Westminster Review particularly taking up the cause of the rebellious Associates in the public interest. Such was the heat of the quarrel that the "trade" became anxious, for their own sakes, to patch it up, and it was resolved to submit the matter to arbitration.

Lord Campbell, George Grote, and Dean Milman were selected as arbitrators "for the purpose of deciding whether the Booksellers' Association should be carried on under its then regulations or not, it being understood that the decision of Lord Campbell and the other literary gentlemen should be binding on the Committee, who agreed, if the decision were adverse, to convene the trade and resign their functions" (April 8).

The arbitrators first met on the 15th of the same month, but the Association had it all its own way on that occasion, their opponents absenting themselves on the ground that they had been summoned only at the last moment; or, in some cases, that compromise was out of the question. Lord Campbell refusing to sum up when only one side had been heard, the meeting was adjourned till May 17. Meanwhile, on May 8, a meeting was held at the rebellious member's house, with Charles Dickens in the chair, in opposition to the Association, when Lord Campbell, George Grote, and Dean Milman were selected as arbitrators (April 8). The Times report of this meeting is curious to read. The great novelist, in opening the proceedings, said that at first he had been disinclined to associate himself with the agitation, but that he had acceded, seeing that a decision was to be shown that book-selling was different from other trades, and had attempted this by saying that the authors were protected (by the Copyright Acts) and so should the dealers be. Lord Campbell pointed out that the only protection given to authors was that which the law gave to property of every description. What weighed most with him, he said, was the peculiar mode in which the wares in the book trade was distributed. There was, no doubt, a great advantage to literature in the existence of respectable book shops all over the country, and, doubtless, their practice of having books in stock for inspection, which under a system of unlimited competition they might not be able to keep up, often produced purchases that would otherwise not have been thought of. He hoped, however, that the lessening of profits would be accompanied by enhanced sales, and so by greater prosperity in the trade. It had also been asserted that although the removal of the regulations might not affect the sale of works by well-known writers, "that the meritorious, but second-rate, might not affect the sale of works by well-known writers," that the law would not have been thought of. He hoped, however, that the lessening of profits would be accompanied by enhanced sales, and so by greater prosperity in the trade. It had also been asserted that although the removal of the regulations might not affect the sale of works by well-known writers, "that the meritorious, but second-rate, could not without a law against underselling, be ushered into the world." Even so, said Lord Campbell, we should deny the justice of aiding dull men at the expense of men of genius.

For these reasons," said the arbitrators, "we think that the attempt to allege the alleged exceptional nature of the commerce in books has failed, and that it ought to be no longer carried on under present regulations. We do not intend to affirm, however, that excessive profits are received...
in any branch of the bookselling trade. . . .
We likewise wish it to be distinctly understood
that our disapproval of the "regulations"
extends only to the pretension of the publisher
to dictate the terms on which the retail book-
seller shall deal in his own shop, and to the means
adopted for enforcing the prescribed minimum
price. They add further: "The publishers are
not bound to trust anyone whom they believe to
be sacrificing his wares by reckless underselling."
Within ten days from this decision the associa-
tion was dissolved, and the practice of giving 2d.
in the shilling discount for cash became imme-
diately widespread. It seems not improbable that
the facility thus afforded was one of the prime
factors in the weakening of the credit system,
which up till then held nearly all retail transac-
tions in its enervating grasp.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. SHERARD in his Letter from Paris
suggests that the members of the Society
should themselves subscribe to repair the
tomb of Goldsmith. He estimates that £20 would
cover the expense. If members between them
will guarantee that sum an estimate shall be
made. Perhaps a single member would be willing
to pay the whole amount—it is not a great sum—and it would be a service to the honour of
literature. Perhaps twenty would guarantee one
pound each. Anyhow, I hereby invite the readers
of the Author to send me a promise, not a cheque,
of so much if necessary; and then I will try to
ascertain what is wanted to be done and what it
would cost, and whether the new Master of the
Temple would give his consent to the thing
being done in this way.

It is late to speak of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
But it is impossible for the Author to appear,
even three weeks after his death, without a word.
Our words shall not be many. Holmes was one
of the very few authors who enjoyed the personal
love of all his readers. Greater writers there
are still living—greater poets, greater novelists,
greater essayists. There are none who live so
deply in the affections of their readers. This
kind of influence is a gift; it cannot be acquired
or learned, or imitated. How many—how few—
living writers possess this gift? In Holmes's
case it was accompanied, or caused, by a
singularly sunny and cheerful disposition. He
neither spoke ill, nor thought ill, of anybody.
The little spitefulnesses which so largely enter
into the literature of many writers, and effectually
deprive them of personal charm, were entirely
wanting in Holmes. He was the Goldsmith of
his age.

The following is from the biography of Froude in the Times of Oct. 22:
"Froude could not refrain . . . from a
few incidental thrusts at the insincerity which,
according to him, is the besetting sin of the
clergy of all denominations. It so happened
that just about this time his friend and brother-
in-law, Charles Kingsley, was resigning the chair
of Modern History at Cambridge, and in his
farewell discourse denounced historians for their
partisanship, carelessness, and habitual mis-
representation. The opportunity was too good
to be lost, and an academical wit, said to be the
present Bishop of Oxford, circulated some lines
here which, though well remembered in University
circles, have not often been printed, and may
therefore be quoted here:

While Froude assures the Scottish youth
That persons do not care for truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
"All history's a pack of lies."
What cause for judgment so malign?
A little thought may solve the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

The following verses have also been recovered
by the writer of the paper in the Times. They
are by Froude, and appeared in Fraser's
Magazine for May, 1862. They were written
to his wife:

Sweet hand that held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's own anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take them as the sign.
Of sweeter days in store,
For life and more than life when life is done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.
I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request;
Let my blood speak to them, and hear the rest,
Some silent heartward way.
Thrice blest the sacred hand,
Which saves e'en while it blesses; hold me fast;
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So near the better land.
Sweet hand that stays in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this and make me thine.

I suppose that, if the modern school of history
is right, the whole of English history will have
to be re-written, thanks to the newly recovered or
newly studied documents. The re-writing of
history will afford excellent occupation to a good many scholars now in their cradles. When one considers the immense accumulations of other historical documents — cuneiform bricks and tablets, inscriptions in all languages under the sun, letters, legal instruments, diaries, memoirs, and autobiographies, it is clear that all history will have to be re-written. As the public libraries will then be numbered by thousands, and as every library will have to take a copy of every new history, it is certain that the historian’s lot will not be an unhappy one. Froude may cease, under these circumstances, to be an historical authority: so also may Macaulay, Freeman, and several others. But Froude will not cease to be a model of fine, picturesque, and vigorous English.

There was a very pretty paper in the Spectator of Oct. 20th, called “The Literary Advantages of Weak Health.” The title was clumsy. It should have been called “The Bridle of Theages.” This bridle—as those who have read Plato’s Dialogues ought to know—was the ill-health which kept Theages, the friend of Socrates, out of politics, and constrained him to follow philosophy. On this peg the writer points out very carefully how this same bridle has constrained others besides Theages to lead the retired life of meditation and experiment. Among those thus bridled he mentions Darwin, Pusey, J. A. Symonds among writers of our time; and of past time, Virgil, Horace, Pope, Johnson, Schiller, Heine, Pascal. On the other hand, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Milton, Scott, Tennyson were all men of healthy constitutions, and even more than the average strength. It is certain that a sickly frame does not make a good writer: it is also certain that some minds work better in the retirement which ill-health forces upon one, and the excitement of society and social engagements cannot be good either for one who pursues philosophy or for one who cultivates imagination. One would not desire the Bridle of Theages; still, if it is laid upon our shoulders, we may remember how it has been used by some as a stimulus for work.

America has her monuments sacred to literary associations, and America, like England, is fond of pulling them down and destroying them. The cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe lived and worked, at Fordham, is for sale with its grounds. It is laid out in “4½ city lots”—eligible lots, because they are “on one of the main thoroughfares of the ‘Greater New York,’ within three minutes’ walk of the railroad and the electric line, less than half an hour from Grand Central Depot, and in the midst of a growing popula-

A suggestion has been made in the New York Critic that it would be a graceful thing for editors of magazines to bring out occasionally a “consolation” number, containing only papers which had been rejected. But unless the “consolation” number was of colossal dimensions there would be no consolation, except to a few dozen—and what are they among so many?

They are an experimental people in Chicago. They have started a publishing firm, of which the directors are called “Author-Publishers,” a double-barreled name, which may mean either that they are authors as well as publishers, or that they are publishers of authors. We wait for information on this point; also on the special merits and methods of these publishers. But they have certainly improved on our methods, because they announce themselves as their own literary agents. They conduct a literary bureau, in which they offer to read, correct, and criticise MSS.; to select—i.e., we suppose, to invent—plots and dramatic situations; to aid in securing publishers—other than themselves?—to explain the meaning of agreements, cost of production, royalties, &c.; to look after copyright, and other useful things. In these pages I have always given my advice in favour of getting the business arrangements done by competent and trustworthy agents. Therefore one cannot but wish success to this agency. But that such an agency should form part of a publishing business is quite a new departure.

The following from the Century Magazine is a dream of Poe concerning the future of magazines. He does not venture to dream of a circulation of more than 20,000. Yet it was a fine dream:

Before quitting the Messenger I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista, the brilliant field for ambition which a magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to magazine literature—to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and the inaccessible. I knew from personal experience that lying perdu among the innumerable plantations in our vast Southern and Western countries were a host of well-educated men peculiarly devoid of prejudice, who would gladly lend their influence to a really vigorous journal, provided the right means were taken of bringing it fairly within the very limited scope of their
observation. Now, I knew, it is true, that some scores of journals had failed (for, indeed, I looked upon the best success of the best of them as failure), but then I easily traced the causes of their failure in the impotency of their conductors, who made no scruple of basing their rules of action altogether upon what had been customarily done instead of what was now before them to do, in the greatly changed and constantly changing condition of things. In short, I could see no real reason why a magazine, if worthy the name, could not be made to circulate among 20,000 subscribers, embracing the best intellect and education of the land. This was a thought which stimulated my fancy and my ambition. The influence of such a journal would be vast indeed, and I dreamed of honestly employing that influence in the sacred cause of the beautiful, the just, and the true. Even in a pecuniary view, the object was a magnificent one. The journal I proposed would be a large octavo of 128 pages, printed with bold type, single column, on the finest paper; and disdaining everything of what is termed "embellishment" with the exception of an occasional portrait of a literary man, or some well-engraved wood design in obvious illustration of the text. Of such a journal I had cautiously estimated the expenses. Could I circulate 20,000 copies at $5, the cost would be about $30,000, estimating all contingencies at the highest rate. There would be a balance of $70,000 per annum.

Are we really returning to our old love—fair Poesy? It almost seems so. Edition after edition comes out of certain young poets—Le Gallienne, Norman Gale, John Davidson, and a few others. A few years ago they would have had to pay for the production of their verse. Now, it is to be hoped, the payment is on the other side. It may be that the editions are very small—anything else "may be;" one thing remains certain—that there is a revival of interest in new poetry; new poets are talked about; as for the standard of modern verse, that is certainly high; it is to the credit of poets born in a less happy time that they have handed down the lamp trimmed and burning bright. Is it necessary, one would ask, always to speak of young poets as "minor poets?" Surely a great poet is not necessarily one who produces long poems. The young men do seem to confine themselves almost entirely to short poems; but if these short poems can be placed beside those of a "great" poet, without suffering from the comparison, surely they themselves must also be great. Certainly I have read poems by one young poet at least which seemed to me worthy of being placed beside anything.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in her book of recollections, speaks of the limitations of literary influence. She was disappointed at the apparent failure of her books and papers—all of which had a purpose—to move the hearts of people. What are the limitations, if any, of literary influence? Carlyle, for instance, has had an amazing influence upon the thought of the last fifty years. His only limitation was in himself. He had a message; he proclaimed it; then proclaimed it again and again in book after book. When he went outside that message nobody heeded him. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe exercised an enormous influence over the whole English-speaking world. The reason was that her book was opportune; it came at a moment when everybody was thinking and talking of the slavery question. Sir John Seeley has exercised an enormous influence, first in placing old truths in new language, and next in making people realise the growth and the grandeur of the empire. The only limitation to his influence is himself. So long as he has a thing to teach, we shall listen. He gained that influence solely by showing in his books that he was a teacher. There is, in fact, no limitation at all to literary influence. It is only the first step that is troublesome. One has to persuade the world to listen, and one has to be provided with something to teach the world. This done, the rest is easy, and there is no bound whatever to the extent of the influence which follows. Of course, there is another point. The teaching must be adapted to the time and to the people. He who would preach Carlyleism in the eighteenth century would presently sit down with the sadness of one who feels that it really is no use going on. And if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had appeared in 1750, nobody would have read a work so low and grovelling. Then, if one is not a prophet, what is the good of advocating, preaching, or arguing? Because it is always useful to keep on teaching, however poorly or unsuccessfully, the things that people should learn, because many things can only be taught by long and patient repetition, and by many teachers in different ways. And, again, no writer can estimate or learn the influence which his own work has possessed. Therefore, one may harmlessly assume that it has been world-wide, and go on happy in that belief.

Another literary association. It is called the "Briar Rose." and it owns an organ called "The Briar Rose," which appears every three months. Members are privileged to send in three papers every year for the editor's inspection and criticism. A critical notice of members' papers will be published with every issue of "The Briar Rose." Members lucky enough to be accepted are paid at the rate of two guineas for a story, and one guinea for an essay. The first number of "The Briar Rose" contains eighteen pages; two stories, two essays, and a poem. There are no critical notices in this number. The club is for women only.
THE AUTHOR.

Whatever Mr. Welch, Librarian to the Corporation of London, says on the subject of Free Libraries must be received with attention. Therefore, the whole subject of Free Libraries being most important and most interesting, I have printed in another column the report of his recent address as given in the Times. For my own part, I think he fails to recognise the enormous educational value of fiction. It is from novels that a very large section of the community derives its ideas, its standards, its manners, its respect for literature, art, and science. The Free Libraries may have been founded on the conventional theory that every reader is a student. This is not so; every tenth reader—perhaps every hundredth reader—is a student; the rest are reading for amusement. If Mr. Welch will look round the circle of his own acquaintance and friends, how many will he find who follow a hard day’s work with a hard evening’s study? Perhaps, none. Why, then, does he expect or hope to find this phenomenon among working people? It is in the power of every library—it is the duty of every library—to keep out trash, whether in the shape of novels or any other kind of literature. But the theory that public libraries should be maintained for students alone cannot for a moment be allowed. They are educational and they are recreative. It is quite as useful a function for the libraries to provide a hundred men of the working class with an evening’s recreation as it is for them to find books of reference for half a dozen students.

We must reserve until next month the autumn announcements of American books. This list, considered with care, will suggest many points of interest. At present one only may be noted—the proportion of English to American books. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the Copyright Act has given a great impetus to American work. While English work could be had for nothing, the American author in every branch was fatally overweighted. This obstacle removed, we begin to see what we expected—the great bulk of the literature of the States written by their own people, and only the exceptionally useful and popular authors of this country being published there. This proportion we may expect to find every year greater in favour of American writers. At the same time there will be found on both sides of the Atlantic a great and always increasing demand for the work of the first and best.

An analysis in advance of the list shows the following numbers and comparative authorship:

- History, thirty-three works; seven by English writers, twenty-six by American.
- Biographies and Memoirs, thirty-four works; ten by English writers, twenty-four by American.
- General Literature, forty-eight works; fourteen by English writers, thirty-four by American.
- Poetry, thirty-four works; seven by English writers, twenty-seven by American.
- Fiction, seventy-seven works; twenty-one by English writers, fifty-six by American.
- Art and Music, thirteen works; four by English writers, nine by American.
- Travel, Adventure, and Description, thirty-three works; twelve by English writers, twenty-one by American.
- Education and Text-book, eighty-five works; all by American editors and writers.
- Politics, Sociology, and Law, twenty-one works; five by English writers, sixteen by American.
- Science and Nature, thirty-six works; three by English writers, thirty-three by American.
- Mechanics and Engineering, twenty works; nine by English writers, eleven by American.
- Medicine and Hygiene, ten works; three by English writers, seven by American.
- Games and Sports, seven works; three by English writers, four by American.

WALTER BESENT.

SPRING TIME IN THE VIKING DAYS.

NORWAY.

Spring and the sun are returning and winter is past; Aoi! The bonds he has flung round the earth are loosened at last; Aoi! Soft blows the breeze o’er the mountain tops, melting the snow; Swoln are the rivers and, foaming and frothing, they flow seaward. Right weary are we of the land and it’s, Oh! For the creak of the wind in the cordage aloft, and the flap of the sail by the mast! Aoi! Seaward the breezes blow, bidding us idle no more, Aoi! Curling and flecking with foam-flakes the wide ocean floor. Aoi! Earth was our sojourn awhile, but the sea is our home.

Hark! how he calls us on viking-cruise over the foam, As, surging and seething, he grinds at the beach. We will roam, And our longship no longer shall yearn for the waves, as she frets high and dry on the shore. Aoi! Gather and run her down over the rollers of pine, Aoi! Down to the foam-tossing breast of the welcoming brine. Aoi! Upward to clasp her he flings his white arms in wild glee; Downward she plunges, till knee-deep we stand, with the sea Laughing and leaping and curling round ankle and knee. Oh! sweeter the smell of the salt sea-waves than the scent and the savour of wine! Aoi!

From “Sagas and Songs of the Norsemen.”

By ALBANY F. MAJOR
ON Thursday evening, Oct. 18th, a meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom was held at the Mansion-house, when a paper was read by Mr. Charles Welch, librarian to the Corporation of London, on "The Public Library Movement in London; a review of its progress, and suggestions for its consolidation and extension." Mr. Richard Garnett, LL.D., presided, and delegates attended from numerous public libraries in the metropolis.

Mr. Welch observed that it seemed at first that London would vie with the great municipalities in the kingdom in supporting free public libraries, when, in 1857, only two years after the passing of Ewart's principal Act, the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, united to establish a public library. Twenty-four years elapsed, however, before another library was started, this time by the suburban parish of Richmond, to be followed by Twickenham in 1882. The year of her Majesty's jubilee gave a great impulse to what had then become a popular movement, and its subsequent progress inspired the hope that, in spite of the remarkable obduracy of certain parishes, the time was not far distant when every district of our great metropolis would enjoy the blessing of a well-stored library. Taking the whole fifty-four divisions of the county of London, they found that twenty-seven parishes, or divisions, had established public libraries, while twenty-six had hitherto declined to do so. In the remaining district, Southwark, the divisions of St. Saviour and Christ Church only had established libraries, the remaining parishes having, up to the present, held aloof from the movement. The City had been provided by the Corporation of London with an excellent reference library at Guildhall, and had also been furnished, by endowment from the City Parochial Charities Commission, with three other admirable institutions in Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, and St. Bride's, Fleet-street, to which extensive lending libraries were to be attached. With reference to the prejudices in London against the movement, beyond the question of any increase in taxation there was a stronger and more deep-seated objection, which was held very widely among men of culture and lovers of good literature and loyal promoters of education. Their opposition was based, not upon the principle underlying free library legislation, but upon its developments as seen in the present condition and management of the public libraries throughout the country. Having quoted from the debates during the passage through Parliament of the measure for establishing free public libraries, he said he thought it would be clearly evident that the intention of Mr. Ewart himself, and of his supporters in Parliament, was to provide for the education and intellectual advancement of the people and only in a subsidiary degree for their "innocent recreation." At the request, however, of the editor of London, the librarians of seventeen free public libraries in the metropolis made a return in April last, showing the classes of books read in the homes of the people. From this it appeared that the issue of fiction, as compared with other classes of literature reached a general average of 75 per cent., and in nine districts over 80 per cent. of the total issues. In connection with the management of the lending libraries established under the Free Libraries Acts in London, they were struck by the fact that the student had been ousted from his rightful place by the inordinate favour afforded to the demands of the general reader and the devourer of fiction. The principles of management which had made possible the statistics which he had brought under their notice had, he was convinced, alienated from the free library cause in every district the support of many friends of intellectual progress, and were at present a serious hindrance to the growth of the movement in the metropolis. Would it be too much to ask the novel reader to provide himself with the current fiction of the day and resort to the library for the masterpieces of fiction of the present and bygone times? Should Parliament be approached for permission to raise the limit of the library rate to 2d. (a course which he thought seemed most desirable), any such measures should undoubtedly be accompanied by a compulsory proviso that a definite proportion of the amount available for the purchase of books should be devoted to the purposes of a reference library. The present condition of the free library movement in London, and the erection of new libraries, which was continually proceeding in every district, suggested most strongly the need of some scheme for converting this aggregation of institutions into a systematic and harmonious system to provide for the needs of the metropolis as a whole. The popularity of the two existing free public libraries —those of the British Museum and the Guildhall —prove that similar institutions, placed in the midst of the homes of the people, would prove a boon of the highest kind. He felt most strongly that the present haphazard system in which our London libraries were growing up, owing to the different extent and circumstances of the various districts which maintained them, must end in confusion, perhaps (in some cases) in partial or complete failure; while, on the other hand, a well-considered scheme of mutual help and effort,
the details of which might well be evolved from a general conference of the metropolitan library authorities, would result in placing London in a position second to no city in the world in respect of facilities for literary reference and research. —The Times.

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.


The Clarendon Press announce forty-seven new works and editions. These are mostly works of scholarship and education. Among them is the final volume of "Realm of India," "Russell Colvin," by Sir Auckland Colvin; two more volumes of Professor Skeat's edition of Chaucer; two more letters of the New English Dictionary; and Mr. Hastings Rashdall's "Universities of the Middle Ages."

MESSRS. RIVINGTON, PERCIVAL, AND CO. announce thirty-three works, nearly all are educational. Among them is Canon Taylor's "Names and their Histories."

MESSRS. DENT AND CO. announce sixteen works, chiefly reprints and new editions. Among the new books are "Annals of a Quiet Valley in the Wordsworth Country," by Mr. William Watson; "Overheard in Arcady," by R. Bridges; and "Studies in Literature," by Mr. Wright Mabie.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK announce ten new works, all theological.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, AND BOWDEN announce twelve new books, besides a reprint of Henry Kingsley's novels, and a new volume of the Waverley novels. Among the new books is Mr. Douglas Sladen's "On the Cars and Off"; Mr. Bertram Mitford's "Curse of Clement Waynflete;" and Mr. George Meredith's "Tale of Chloe."

Mr. Elkin Mathews announces seventeen new books, chiefly essays and poems. Among the authors are Mr. Wedmore, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Dowson, Mr. A. Galton, Mr. S. Hemingway, Mr. Quilter, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Rothenstein, Mrs. Radford, Mr. Bliss Carmen, and Mr. R. Hovey. "Revolted Woman: Past, Present, and to Come," is by Mr. C. G. Harper.

MESSRS. BENROSE AND SONS announce two books.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS announce fifteen new books. Among them are three biographies and five novels, including two by Mrs. Oliphant, and the "Son of the Marshes."

MESSRS. ALLEN announce nine new works, including a book on the "Portuguese in India," by F. C. Danvers; on "Buddhism in Thibet," by Surgeon-Major Waddell; a Bengali Manual; new volumes of the Naturalist's Library; and two novels.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER announce nine books. There are two novels by Mrs. Caird and Miss Clementina Black; the continuation of the "History of the United States Navy," and a book on Strikes.

MESSRS. NELSON AND SONS have eleven new books, besides new prize books and atlases. The most important are Dr. Wright's book on Palmyra; a new Concordance to the Bible, by the Rev. J. B. R. Walker; the "Voyages and Travels of Capt. Basil Hall," and five stories.

MESSRS. LUZAC have four learned works.

MESSRS. W. ANDREWS have seven works, mostly antiquarian.

MESSRS. WARNE AND CO. announce twenty-six new editions or new works, without counting many children's books. Among the new editions are the Waverley Novels, "Cameos of Literature," which will be a reprint of Knight's famous "Half Hours with the best Authors;" a new library edition of Wood's "Dictionary of Quotations;" a revised edition of Lear's "Nonsense Songs and Stories;" and four or five reprints of novels.

MESSRS. JARROLD AND SONS announce eleven new books; additions to certain series; the "Greenback;" "Flashes of Romance;" and "Unknown Authors;" uniform editions of the novels of Helen Mathers and Fergus Hume; and their novels outside the series.

MESSRS. SKEFFINGTON AND CO. announce fourteen books, of which twelve are religious. There are two novels.

MESSRS. BROWNE AND BROWNE, of Newcastle, announce a "History of the Chartist Movement."

In the "Autumn Announcements" of our last number we attributed to Messrs. Chapman and Hall the production of fifteen new books. The
chairman of the company points out that they are producing thirty-one instead of fifteen new books. The mistake was caused by the "announcements" of that firm being entered in three different columns of the Athenæum, of which only one was seen by our compiler. The complete list of thirty-one is exclusive of new editions, nor does it include reprints of "stock" books, such as Dickens, Carlyle, and Meredith, of which an unusual number are this year published.

In the October number of the Author it was stated as remarkable that out of fifty-one books announced by the Cambridge University Press there should be not one mathematical or scientific book among them all. The mathematical and scientific books were in another list. There are twenty-four of them. Among them are the seventh volume of the collected Mathematical Papers of Arthur Cayley; the Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams; a Treatise on Spherical Astronomy, by Sir Robert Ball; on Electricity and Magnetism, by Prof. Thomson; on Hydrodynamics, by Prof. Lamb; the tenth volume of a Catalogue of Scientific Papers, compiled by the Royal Society of London; the Practical Physiology of Plants, by F. Darwin and E. H. Acton; on a Practical Morbid Anatomy, by H. O. Rolleston and A. A. Kanthack; on the Distribution of Animals, by F. E. Beddard; on Physical Anthropology, by Alexander Macalister; and the Elements of Botany, by F. Darwin.

In this and in the last number of the Author we have classified the announcements made in the Athenæum by various publishers of their autumn books. The list seems somewhat smaller than that of last year, which was to be expected from the general depression everywhere reported. At the same time not so much shrinkage in production as shrinkage in sales would be the first result of such a depression. Almost all the better known names are represented in the list. For instance, of historians, critics, travellers, philosophers, and antiquaries, we find the names of Canon Atkinson, Rev. Robert Burn, Justin McCarthy, T. F. Thiselton Dyer, W. Cunningham, Archdeacon Farrar, J. T. Jusserand, Dean Hole, Frederick Harrison, Professor Freeman, Professor Froude, Professor Gardiner, Canon Liddon, Max Muller, Professor Maspero, Henry Norman, Sir Frederick Pollock, Professor Flinders Petree, Bishop of Peterborough, J. Addington Symonds, Sir J. R. Seeley, Leslie Stephen, Colonel Malleson, John Westlake, Robertson Smith, Professor Skeat, Canon Taylor, H. Traill. Among the novelists and poets there are, among others, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Alexander, F. Barrett, Amelie Barr, Robert Barr, Walter Besant, William Black, Clementina Black, R. D. Blackmore, Marion Crawford, S. R. Crockett, Mrs. Caird, R. Bridges, Mrs. Charles, Sir H. Cunningham, Egerton Castle, Sarah Doudney, George du Maurier, Conan Doyle, G. M. Penn, Baring Gould, Edmund Gosse, Dorothy Gerard, R. Lehmann, G. Meredith, G. MacDonald, Christie Murray, John Oliver Hobbes, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Helen Mather, L. Pendered, W. E. Norris, Gilbert Parker, Standish O'Grady, "Rita," Adeline Serjeant, G. A. Sala, Hesba Stretton, Sarah Tytler, Stanley Weyman, Douglas Sladen, William Watson.

BOOK TALK.

Mr. R. B. MARSTON'S new work on "Walton and the Earlier Fishing Writers" (Elliot Stock, The Book Lover's Library) will certainly add to his reputation as an authority on the literature of the angler, and will form an instructive companion to the magnificent edition of "The Compleat Angler," published by him some years ago. From A.D. 1420, when Piers, of Fulham, wrote a curious tract on the subject, through the works of Dame Juliana Berners, Leonard Mascall (pioneer of fish culture in England), Blakey, John Denny, Gervase Markham, William Lawson, and Cotton, down to the ever-famous work of "Old Izaak," Mr. Marston takes his readers in the pleasantest manner possible. He tells us that the "Compleat Angler" was published originally in 1653 at the price of 1s. 6d. What is a first edition worth nowadays? It would appear that £235 is about a fair figure, though as much as £310 has been paid. In 1816 a "first" could be bought for four guineas! As Mr. Marston pointedly asks, "What will such a one be worth, say, in 1993?" Not the least interesting feature of an extremely interesting work is the modest preface in which our author tells us something of his own early days as an angler, and of his youthful acquaintance with fishing writers. He also takes the opportunity of warning would-be collectors against spurious first editions, of which he declares that there are many in the market, mostly "made in Germany." Truly a charming work, and one deserving a place in every fisherman's library. It is got up with great care on wide margined paper, and is a credit to the publisher by whom it is issued.
In another column will be found certain lines taken from a new volume of verse by a new poet—Mr. Albany F. Major. The whole volume is full of strong and spirited verse. We have had plenty of verse in the minor key, let us welcome one who can sing of life in action and in battle, and in enjoyment of both action and battle. The little book is published by "David Nutt in the Strand."

A bard of a lighter kind is Mr. Anthony C. Deane, who has just republished, under the title of "Holiday Rhymes," a collection of very sprightly verses, which have already appeared in Punch and many other papers and magazines. It is as pleasant a collection as one could wish. Mr. Deane can command laughter, which is a truly admirable gift; he is always cheerful and always genial; he can be sarcastic without the least discoverable touch of bitterness. Greatly to be envied is the man who can stand outside, look on, and laugh, and make even the combatants laugh. Even when Anthony Deane laughs at that sacred institution, the Author, he can laugh with a sympathetic light in his eye.

Mrs. Spender's new novel, "A Modern Quixote," has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson in three volumes. The same publishers have issued a cheap edition, at 2s., of her last novel, "A Strange Temptation."

Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell's one volume story—a yachting story—called "The Wee Widow's Cruise," will be issued by Messrs. Ward and Downey. Mrs. Cuthell has also written a children's story called "Only a Guardroom Dog," which is to be illustrated by Mr. W. Parkinson, and published by Methuen and Co.

Miss Clara Lemore's new novel—in three volumes—called "Penhala, a Wayside Wizard," is now ready at all the libraries. It is published by Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Standish O'Grady's Irish romance of the Elizabethan period, entitled "Red Hugh's Captivity," will begin to run in the weekly Irish Times in January, 1895.

"What is Education?" Mr. Walter Wren asks (Simpkin and Marshall) the question, and answers it, giving his own ideas on the subject. Education is, to begin with, a thing personal. No man can be educated; he can be shown the way to educate himself, it depends upon himself whether he ever does become an educated man. For instance, the first law of education is to notice things; things that you read, things that you hear, things that you see; not to pass over things without understanding them. This then is education of the body, the mind, and the spirit. As regards the second. Education of the mind must do two things—(1) bring out, develop, and strengthen the powers of the mind, just as a proper course of training in games and athletics brings out and strengthens the powers of the body; and (2) it should teach useful knowledge. These notes are worthy of expansion into a book.

Before closing up his work on the old A.B.C. Hornbook which is to contain something like two hundred illustrations, Mr. Andrew Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, E.C., asks to be favoured with notes from those who may remember the horn-book in use, or who may have in their possession examples which he has not yet seen. Information about spurious hornbooks, from the sale of which certain persons are at present said to be reaping a golden harvest, is also sought.

John Gladwyn Jebb—Jack Jebb—was not born in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and he did not seek the Spanish Main with Drake. He was born fifty years ago, and he died last year. During his fifty years of life he had more adventures than any novelist would dare to invent—not even Rider Haggard, who writes an introduction to the Life of Jack Jebb. Indeed, one is astonished that the novelist did not lay hands on the MS., and bring it out with a few additions as a novel. The hero is wasted and thrown away in a mere biography. It is, indeed, an astonishing book, astonishing that in these days so much adventure and danger should be possible. There is still hope for the boy who desires the life of danger. Mexico lies open; and there is Central Africa. In the former the boy can follow the footsteps of Jebb; in the latter, of Selous.

Coulson Kernahan's "Sorrow and Song" is a collection of essays originally written for the Fortnightly Review and other papers, and recast or re-written for this volume. They are papers on Heine, Rosetti, Robertson of Brighton, Louise Chandler Moultrie, and Philip Marston. Mr. Kernahan is the first writer, so far as I know, to draw attention to the beauty and purity of Mrs. Moultrie's verse. She has the rare poetical touch; the thing that can never be imitated, or borrowed, or learned, or stolen. Of living American poets, Mrs. Moultrie stands in the first rank. There are not many, indeed, who are worthy to stand beside her. We neglect the American poets. Will Mr. Coulson Kernahan undertake the pleasing task of presenting to English readers some who desire to be known in this country as well as their own? Among these, for instance, are R. W. Gilder and Professor Woodberry, both of whom ought to be better known by us.
I recommend "Baron Verdigris" as a topsyturvy book. The author describes it as a romance of the reversed direction. He shows, in fact, a new and hitherto undiscovered danger in applied mathematics. The book is calculated to confirm in their prejudice all that large class which does not like "sums." Speaking as one who does like sums, especially when they are in "x" and "y," I found the book diverting and ingenious, but was saddened by the reflection that I might myself have made similar discoveries.

It is said that the sale of "The Manxman" has reached the number of 45,000 copies. This is probably the highest number ever attained in this country in so short a time by a sixshilling volume. It is, however, surpassed by the sale of "Trilby" in the United States. The number reached by "Trilby" is said to be 100,000. In the three-volume form, in which it has been judged expedient to produce it here, it is in great demand.

The St. James's Gazette has discovered that "Adam Bede," which enjoyed a similar measure of success, ran through 16,000 copies in nine months. The terms offered by Messrs. Blackwood to its successor were: £2000 for 4000 copies of three volumes, £150 for 1000 at 12s., and £60 for 1000 at 6s. These terms, the St. James's Gazette points out, amount to royalties of 20 to 25 per cent. To be exact, the royalties are 31%, 25%, and 20% per cent. respectively.

From the same paper we learn that Miss Wills, daughter of Dr. C. J. Wills, the author of "Persia as it is," has written, from personal experience, a book on Eastern life called "Behind an Eastern Veil."

Mr. William Watson's new volume will be called "Odes, and other Poems" (John Lane).

William Westall, who is spending the winter at St. Moritz, in Upper Engadine, and may remain abroad for a year or two, has placed his literary interests in the hands of Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son, to whom all communications should be addressed.

A short time ago a certain Swiss paper "ran" "Josef im Schnei," an old story by Auerbach, without making any preliminary arrangement with the publishers, or intending to pay for the serial use. But the publishers, getting wind of the piracy, demanded an honorarium of 200 marks, to which the proprietors of the Swiss paper demurred; whereupon the publishers brought an action against them and obtained a verdict for 200 francs. The incident is noteworthy, as showing the advantages to authors and publishers of international copyright treaties. Only a few years ago foreign authors had no protection whatever in Switzerland, their works could be reproduced without let or licence, and Swiss newspaper proprietors were not slow to take advantage of the fact. Some of them still obtain their feuilleton matter surreptitiously from foreign sources, and are not always, as in the present instance, brought to book and made to pay.

"In Furthest Ind," by Sydney Grier (Blackwood and Sons), is a remarkable tour de force by a young writer, whose work has hitherto been confined to short stories for the magazines. It is a finely-conceived romance of travel and adventure in the latter half of the seventeenth century, as told by the hero himself in the very language, as it were, of his own day. Edward Carlyon, whose father fought and bled for Charles I., goes out to Surat as a "writer" in the East India Company's service, and spends twenty years in India, during which he meets with many strange adventures, and has more than one hair's-breadth escape from a cruel death. Every detail of the story and its local surroundings seems to have been studied with infinite care, and worked in with due regard to the general effect. The interest is well sustained on the whole, and some, at least, of the characters—especially Dorothy—are really alive. And, as one reads on, one seems to discover in the author's style a certain grace and harmony of its own which, as in "Esmond," count for much more than a clever masquerade.

A story which ran as a serial through The King's Own is now to be issued in book form by Parlane and Co., Paisley, under the title of "Covenanter of Annandale." The book will be beautifully illustrated with views of the haunts of the Covenanters in the hills and glens of Upper Annandale. A short story, by the same author, will shortly be published by Hunter and Co., Edinburgh, as a Christmas booklet. It is entitled "A Swatch o' Hamespun." The author, Agnes Marchbank, has, at present, serials in the Ladies' Journal, Scottish Reformer, and the Plough. A new serial from her pen will shortly appear in Word and Work (Shaw and Co., London). It is a tale of Bothwell Brig.

One of the most important of the illustrated books which Mr. George Allen contemplates issuing this autumn is the limited edition de luxe of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" in large post quarto form, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane. It is to be published in monthly parts.
CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Novels at Popular Prices.—Wilkie Collins' Opinion.

In the interesting compilation of novels issued from the year 1750 to 1860—which appeared in September's Author—during the first forty-two years of this period the ruling price was 3s. a volume. In those days, then—when, if I mistake not, there was a heavy duty on paper, now taken off—this price must actually have compensated author and publisher. And as the cost of production must have been more then than now, with no monster circulating libraries existing, it must be presumed that the novels in those days had a large circulation, and were purchased by their readers. At present novels are borrowed and not bought, on account of their high price. As readers now must be greatly in excess of those in the eighteenth century, it surely must follow, as "the night the day," that good fiction at 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. a volume would reach the masses, who are forced to amuse themselves with penny dreadfuls. In the year 1823 I had a long correspondence with the late Wilkie Collins on the subject, and I transcribe one of his letters, which will prove interesting just now, when one-volume novels threaten to supersede those in three volumes.

Your views on the question of publication have been my views for years past. I have tried thus far in vain to induce publishers to see the advantages (to themselves as well as to literature) of effecting a reform already established in all other civilised countries. I can do nothing by myself. . . . I should be powerless for this plain reason, that my time and energies are wholly absorbed in writing my books. I can only wait and hope for the coming man who will give me my opportunity. The vicious circulating library system is unquestionably beginning to fail, and the recent issue of sixpenny magazines shows an advance in the right direction.

It is superogatory for me to comment on the opinion of this great authority. To my mind a popular book must always be a cheap book, in spite of a prevailing prejudice that what is cheap cannot be good. The circulation of a favourite work of fiction would increase a hundredfold if it could be bought at 2s. or 2s. 6d. Everyone does not belong to Mudie's, and the purchasers amongst the inhabitants of Greater Britain number legion, and our novels would gain in excellence and interest by being shorter and crisper. In fact, one might actually look forward to a time when the novelist will actually write a story without having any need to garnish it with interminable descriptions, dull moralisings, or tedious conversations, when, instead of writing a novel with a purpose, his only purpose will be to write a novel.

Isidore G. Ascher.

II.—"New."

One of a coterie of "new" authors has lately advanced the idea that the "incident" novel is a product of to-day; that to our medical author more than anyone else we owe the modern "incident" novel. It seems, too, to be received in the new school of critics that a certain quality of dry wit now in vogue is "new" humour. Are not both these crude ideas fallacies?

We might easily speak of a still living giant to prove the error of these "new" ideas, but we will be content with the dead. Between thirty and forty years ago—about the time our "new" author alludes to as that when "incident" was bad art—a book burst on the public: a book which is still read, and which is and will be considered one of the masterpieces of the century—"The Cloister and the Hearth." Will any "new" writer be bold enough to advance the statement that this is not a novel of "incident?" It brims over with it; with that strong dramatic incident which thrills the reader. Here also may be found the "new" humour. You say "no?" "Look else." "He dearly loved maids of honour, and indeed paintings generally." "Est ce toi qui l'as tu," and what follows.

But why particularise, the book teems with instances, of which the two mentioned happen to cross my memory first. Then incident! The fight upon the stairs with the Abbot and his gang, to pick out one amongst many; who can read this and his nerves not crawl?

Was "Hard Cash," with its pirate encounter, no book of incident? Or "It is Never too Late to Mend?" and do we not find the "new" humour flashing upon us from any one of these books? Ay! humour and incident too, yet so blended with scenes of touching pathos, and all else that goes to the making up of a novel, that each is a masterpiece.

Is it necessary to mention Charles Kingsley and "Westward Ho," is "incident" wanting here? Would not any living writer be proud to have written that great chapter "How Amyas threw his sword into the sea?" Need we go further? And yet we are to be told that because Thackeray and Trollope followed other methods, the "incident" novel is some new thing; the "incidentalist" a new genius. We might go still further back towards the beginning of the century, and instance "Ivanhoe." But enough.

There is nothing, now, new under the sun any more than there was in Solomon's day. As in fiction so in music. Writers, even against their volition, plagiarise.

So it is with the "incident" novel, and with the "new" humour.

Alan Oscar.
III. ARE THEY LOST?

An acquaintance of mine sent some fifteen papers to a learned society now nearly four years ago, and from that day to this she has tried in vain to learn their fate. They were translations, and of their scientific value she was ignorant more or less; but they had involved considerable labour, besides the writing of at least 20,000 words. It was not a question of money, as she knew that the society was too poor to pay, even if they thought the papers worth using.

It was something like two years before she discovered the member in whose hands they had been placed. He informed her that a selection was to be made by himself and the editor of the quarterly in which the selected papers were to appear.

Another interval, and towards the close of the third year two of the papers actually made their appearance, prefaced by a long introduction, from which it appeared that they were of some value.

More months, more inquiries. Then five or six papers were returned without a word, and the remainder are—where? Nobody deigns to say.

The publisher of the quarterly, who is in no way responsible, has kindly inquired for them more than once, but to no purpose.

And yet one little post-card would relieve an anxious soul and settle the question of their fate. Are they lost, or burnt by accident, or committed to the waste-paper basket? Or—are they going to be used at the rate of two every four years? One would like to know, if only for curiosity's sake; and the worst, however heartrending, would be better than prolonged uncertainty.

Meanwhile, it is melancholy to reflect that some poor publisher might have been quite pleased to bring them out.

IV. SLIPSHOD ENGLISH.

A correspondent (F. H. P.) writes to point out the following specimens of slipshod English in one number of an English magazine:

"M. had succeeded to re-establish," &c.
"He eagerly pursues the aim to abolish." "We advise to consult," omitting the names or persons advised.
"Have left definitely the country" for "have definitely left."

V. ON CRITICAL AND EDITORIAL AMENITIES.

I commit to paper, without fear or prejudice, my experience of the amenities of certain literary men in our boasted Nineteenth Century!

Au premier, a well-known critic, after praising my poems, and including me in a list of the poets of the day, suddenly showed his teeth and refused to read my last volume of poems, or to answer my letters. And this without the shadow of a reason for his change of front; on the contrary, I always wrote most warmly and gratefully to him for his kindness, as he must admit.

Again, I sent, not long ago, a poem to a monthly magazine, and, not hearing of its fate, about a month later I sent the editor a post card inquiring about it. This post card was returned to me with "Refused," written across it. Why?

Once more, a ballad of mine was recently inserted in a certain journal, which had appeared in another periodical six years ago, and also in one of my books, but was never paid for. As this book had been recently reviewed in this journal, I naturally thought they would have seen it there. The acting editor, on finding that it had appeared before, asked me to explain. On my doing so, he not only refused my apology, but wrote very rudely to me, as I considered. So much for the gentlemanly feeling and courtesy of this acting editor!

Yet, again, there is a certain gentleman quite free from "prejudice"—we have his word for it—who cut up a fairy tale of mine in a journal now extinct. On my writing a line to him to say that I had heard that certain persons were enchanted with the same tale, and that I felt sure he would be pleased to hear it, he simply returned the printed extract I sent him without a single word of any sort or kind. How manly and generous, and how like a gentleman this was! Without prejudice, forsooth!

Again, the editor of a Radical evening country paper, for whom I have written many articles and poems gratuitously in days gone by, and others which were paid for, and who professed to value me as a contributor very highly, not only gave me no review of my last book of poems, but (though I wrote most courteously to him more than once) never sent me a line in reply!

These are only a few instances of the many discourtesies I have received. What must the shade of Thackeray (a true and courteous gentleman) think of some of our modern editors?

On the other hand, I would instance the Westminster Gazette, the Minstrel, Public Opinion, Fun, Vanity Fair, the Weekly Sun, and others as being most fortunate in having editors who are courteous and kind in the extreme.

I may mention that the critic first referred to does notice books in the columns of a weekly journal, so he could have mentioned mine had he chosen to!

AN AUTHOR.

[Our correspondent's complaints, it seems to us, unless the facts are not all stated, may be...]

THE AUTHOR.
answered offhand without reference to the editors referred to. For instance, (1) a critic may change his opinions and may not see the necessity of explaining at length why he has done so. (2) An editor must decline hundreds of papers every year, but it would be absolutely impossible for him to write his reasons to every contributor. (3) No journal likes to publish verses which have already appeared elsewhere. The writer should have stated the fact in sending the poem. (4) Next, a reviewer who has expressed an opinion on a book would certainly not change it because somebody else was said to hold an opposite opinion. (5) An editor might resent being asked for a review of a book. It is a pity that politeness is not everywhere observed towards contributors. But in the cases quoted our correspondent apparently complains without good reason. It is a common belief that an editor will consider unfinished, or half-finished, work; that he will sit down and point out where a paper is deficient; that he will act as a judicious coach; that he will give his reviewer's written justification for his review. Let it be remembered that an editor can do none of these things. If our correspondent would consider the position of the editor, he would withdraw at once half the above complaints.—ED.

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LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Canadian Copyright.

On Thursday, Oct. 18, a meeting of the sub-committee on Canadian copyright was held at 4.15 p.m. at the offices of the Incorporated Society of Authors, 4, Portugal-street, W.C. Mr. F. R. Daldy took the chair, and the other members were all present. The secretary read over the minutes of the former meeting, and they were signed by the chairman. Mr. Daldy then proceeded to give a statement of what took place during his visit to America and Canada. He informed the committee that unfortunately he had arrived too late for the Ontario Conference, but that he had taken the opinions of a good many people in Canada, and, with the exception of a small ring of printers, he found that the people were ignorant of the steps that were being taken with regard to Canadian copyright. In America the opinion was very strongly opposed to the change in the law, and Mr. Daldy stated that he was informed on good authority that any such change as was suggested by Canada would be likely to prejudice American copyright in the British Dominions. Mr. Thring, the Secretary of the Society of Authors, confirmed this statement through a letter he had received privately from America. Mr. Daldy then stated that he had made a few observations on Sir John Thompson's report at the end of each paragraph, and he handed the members of the committee a copy of these observations, and requested that they would look carefully into the matter and make their own additions, so that at the next meeting the whole question could be finally gone into and settled. The meeting was then adjourned until the following Thursday to enable the sub-committee to study the report and formulate their reply.

At two subsequent meetings of the sub-committee an exhaustive answer to the report, taken paragraph by paragraph, was prepared, and also a covering letter, both of which documents were to be approved by the general committee and forwarded to the Government Department committee.

At a full meeting of the general committee, held at Mr. Murray's house in Albemarle-street, on Oct. 30, when Mr. Murray was voted into the chair, the report and covering letter were discussed and finally approved, and it was resolved that they should at once be forwarded to the Colonial Office.

It is hoped that at a later date the Marquis of Ripon will receive a deputation representing all the copyright interests.

The committee of the Society will be careful that authors' interests are adequately cared for on this deputation.

II.—Deputation on Canadian Copyright.

Lord Ripon received at the Colonial Office, on Monday, Nov. 26, an influential deputation from the London Chamber of Commerce, and its four publishing trade sections, the Society of Authors, the Copyright Association, and the Printellers' Association, which were represented by the following gentlemen: Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., Mr. E. M. Underdown, Q.C., Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. W. H. Lecky, Mr. G. Herbert Thring, Mr. F. R. Daldy, Mr. John Murray, Mr. T. Norton Longman, Mr. E. Marston, Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Mr. H. R. Clayton (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), Mr. Arthur Lucas, and Mr. A. Tooth.

Sir Albert K. Rollitt, M.P., president of the London Chamber of Commerce, in introducing the deputation, expressed their thanks to Lord Ripon for the opportunity which had been afforded them of considering the despatch from Sir John Thompson, the Canadian Premier, demanding Imperial legislation which would explicitly confer upon the Parliament of Canada the power to legislate on all matters relating to copyright and to repeal the Imperial statutes in force on the subject. There was no feeling of hostility towards the Canadians on the part of the deputation; but while Canada had the right to legislate on those points which concerned her own printers and publishers, it was strongly felt that the proposed legislation was of a much wider character, and violated established principles upon which the whole copyright law of the empire had hitherto been determined. Prior to the Berne Convention the colonies were consulted, and each gave its consent to joining it. They therefore felt that this was an Imperial matter, and could not be satisfactorily dealt with on the lines suggested by Canada. They wished to protect literary property, in which the rights of authors and publishers, though not, perhaps, so tangible
as in the case of trade marks, were nevertheless quite as real, and the violation of which would involve injustice to them. Besides these considerations, the feeling with regard to the Canadian Act of 1889, which Sir John Thompson desired her Majesty's Government to assent to, was that if it were passed it might create a precedent the effect of which would be almost unlimited.

Mr. E. M. Underdown, Q.C., said the Canadians appeared to take the view that Imperial copyright infringed the rights of certain publishers in their country. There was no question as to copyright being property, and a most valuable one, and it seemed impossible to realise at this time of day that any nation should desire to disregard the rights of that property. It was to be regretted that the United States should have attached a manufacturing profit as a condition of copyright, an example which was sought to be followed by one of our own colonies. He was afraid they must characterise Sir John Thompson's demands as a pure attempt to further a particular trade—the Canadian reprinters—and he saw no reason which would justify her Majesty's Government in breaking away from a convention affecting the whole of the Empire. France, as a member of the Berne Convention, might also have cause of complaint because two millions of the Canadians were French and spoke that language. They should jealously guard the principle of copyright as property.

Mr. Walter Besant pointed to the present condition of literary property in the English-speaking countries, and the effect which would be produced by such changes as were contemplated by the Canadians. They had at last succeeded, after fifty years of struggle, in obtaining from the United States an Act granting international copyright. By that Act they had obtained the protection of their works from piracy; they could bring them out in America just as they did here; they could make arrangements and agreements with American publishers just as they did here with English publishers, and American authors had equal rights in this country. So what was ours became theirs by legal contract, and in the same way what was theirs became ours. We must remember that the new condition of things made the literature of the whole English-speaking world a common possession. It was an enormous possession. It was the possession of 120 million people, and as education spread and more readers came in every year—more by hundreds of thousands—it would become far more important for all concerned. Therefore it was above all things necessary to watch over and guard with the utmost jealousy those newly-acquired rights. From the author's point of view the question was most serious. Where the foreign author had no rights he became a most deadly rival to the native author, because he could be produced for nothing. The American authors had only ceased to suffer from this cause during the three years since the Act was passed. They were already showing the increase of vitality and strength which was to be expected when they could compete with English authors on fair terms. Again, great as was the audience of our own Empire, the American audience was greater still. In a very short time, when the American publishers had settled down to the new conditions, a popular English author would find his best audience in the States. If, however, Canada had a separate Copyright Act of her own, what would happen? The separation of Canada from the States was by a long and imaginary frontier. It was impossible to keep Canadian books out of the States, or books printed in the States out of Canada. Then would begin again the old miserable game of cheap reprints vying with other cheap reprints. The American proclamation which gave English authors copyright would be torn to pieces. The piracies would go on again. Once more the Americans would publish our books for nothing. American authors who were now enjoying the new system which allowed them open competition with each other and with British authors on fair terms would fall back upon the old state of things in which they used to compete against the book got for nothing. Worse still, all the old bitterness and recriminations would be revived. The question was, in short, should a country of five millions be allowed to wreak all this mischief and wrong upon a world of 127 millions in order to enrich two or three publishers by underselling the Americans?

Mr. H. R. Clayton said that musical composers and publishers were specially affected by copyright questions. While the fact of there being 2,000,000 French-speaking Canadians was important, the language of music was universal. The music publishers had availed themselves to a large extent of the Canadian Copyright Act of 1875, which authorised the exclusion of American editions, but in spite of that they could not keep them out. He specially addressed himself to Sir John Thompson's arguments in regard to the collection of authors' royalties, and pointed out the great difficulty of collecting them. Sir John had suggested that English publishers preferred the American to the Canadian market; but the fact was that it was impossible to divide the two.

Mr. F. R. Daldy said he had had an opportunity while in America this year of consulting the
American Authors’ Association and the leading publishers, and he found that the feeling against the Canadian view was such that the American Minister in this country had been requested to ascertain officially what course Great Britain intended to adopt. It was declared that to accede to Canada’s request would more than jeopardise the President’s proclamation. What they said was, “We have given you a great boon; we gave it to you on the faith of the statements of the British Government that the copyright privileges which you gave us would run throughout the British dominions.” The difficulty of collecting the authors’ royalty under the proposed Act would be almost insuperable, especially in connection with stories passing through periodicals and newspapers, or even given away gratis.

Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forsiter M.P., concurred with previous speakers, and pointed out what would be the consequences if other parts of the Empire were allowed the privileges sought by Canada.

The Marquis of Ripon, in reply, said they would not expect him to give any opinion on the question at the present time. He was very glad to receive the deputation, because it was his duty to hear both sides. Sir John Thompson was now in England, and he proposed to have a full discussion with him at the earliest opportunity; but he was anxious, before he entered into that discussion, to hear the views of such important bodies as those which were represented by the deputation. Of course they would understand that the desires expressed by one of the great colonies were entitled to the most serious consideration of the Imperial Government, while, on the other hand, that the Government was bound not to overlook the interests of persons to whom the world was so much indebted as the representative authors and publishers who formed that deputation. He had no hesitation in promising them that the views that had been expressed, and which might be expressed on the other side, would receive the serious consideration of her Majesty’s Government.--Times, Nov. 27.

III.—Cape Town Copyright.

1. Some change in the Cape copyright law, as it affects the sale of books, is an imperative necessity, and we trust that steps will be taken to make the desirable amendment without the loss of another session. Under the present law the sale of pirated editions of books is not prohibited, and, consequently, unscrupulous booksellers are able to do a lucrative business in this unholy traffic of men’s brains. The existing law is a farce, and it would be interesting to ascertain what purpose the Legislature sought to serve by it. The Customs levy a special duty of 20 per cent. on foreign reprints of British copyrighted works, half of the proceeds to go to the owner of the copyright. We have never known of any account of this curious impost being rendered to the public, or of any list of remittances to authors being published. But supposing the system to be fully carried out, see what an inane system it is. A copyright work of Ruskin’s is worth let us say, 10s. It is kept out of the colony by the substitution of a pirated edition at 1s. 6d. We levy one shilling, and send sixpence out of it to Mr. Ruskin to compensate him for the loss of sale of a 10s. book on which the author’s profit—Mr. Ruskin is generally his own publisher—would be no small part of the price. Nothing could be simpler than to prohibit altogether, as in the United Kingdom, the importation of pirated books, photographs, or pictures. Nothing less will prevent what may be seen in Cape Town windows to-day—the unblushing vending of pirated matter. If nothing else will avail, let us invoke the great name of Imperial Federation in aid of reform.—Cape Argus, Wednesday, Oct. 17.
copyright works at their finger ends.—Cape Argus, Friday, Oct. 19.

IV.—Photographic Copyright.
(Before Mr. Justice Collins, without a jury.)

Ellis v. Ogden.

Mr. Alfred Ellis, the plaintiff in this action, is a well-known photographer in Baker-street. The defendants, Messrs. Ogden, Smale, and Co., are the publishers of the Ludgate Monthly. The action was brought for an injunction to restrain the defendants from publishing certain photographs, taken by the plaintiff, in their magazine, and for damages. There appeared for the plaintiff Mr. Scrutton; and for the defendants Mr. Ruegg.

Mr. Scrutton, in opening the case, said that the persons the publication of whose photographs was complained of were Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Charles Kenningham. Both of these gentlemen were well-known actors, and, at the request of the plaintiff, they (at different times) went to his studio to be photographed in character. There was no suggestion of payment. At the end of each sitting Mr. Ellis asked them to sit in plain clothes. This they did. They received copies of all the photographs taken, as a present, and each of them had subsequently bought copies of the plain clothes photographs, for which they had paid "reprint" prices. Mr. Nicholls had sent one of these to the Ludgate Monthly, and it had been published in a number containing an article upon him. Mr. Scrutton referred to section I of the Copyright (Works of Art) Act of 1862 (25 & 26 Vict. c. 68), and maintained that on those facts the copyright in these photographs was the property of the photographer.

Mr. Ellis gave evidence in support of the above facts, but Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Kenningham were both called by Mr. Ruegg, and they stated that it was they who first suggested the plain clothes sitting. They went with the intention of being photographed on their own account when the character photographs were finished. The plain clothes photographs sent them previous to those paid for they regarded merely as proofs.

Mr. Ruegg argued that these photographs were not, as were the character photographs, taken by the photographer for himself, but they were "made or executed for or on behalf of another person, for good or valuable consideration" within the words of the above-mentioned statute.

The learned judge said that he had before him a pure question of fact. Looking at the evidence, he had no doubt that the account given by Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Kenningham was correct. It was really not material who first suggested the plain clothes sitting. These gentlemen went to the studio intending to take the opportunity of being photographed in plain clothes. They were so photographed, they received proofs, and they paid for copies. Nothing was said or done to give the copyright to the plaintiff. Judgment must be for the defendants, with costs.—Times, Nov. 16, 1894.

V.—Ellis v. Ogden—Opinion of Counsel.

I write on the assumption that the Author will contain a report of the case of Ellis v. Ogden, recently tried before Mr. Justice Henn Collins.

In that case a theatrical celebrity, having gone to a photographer to be taken in costume, was also photographed in plain clothes, either at his request or at that of the photographer, was subsequently presented with copies of his portrait, and later on bought others; and the question at issue on the trial of the action was whether the copyright in the portrait so produced belonged to the photographer, or whether it became the property of the sitter, the photograph having been "made or executed" on his behalf "for good or valuable consideration."

In the case before him, and from the facts given in evidence, Mr. Justice Collins drew the conclusion that the photograph was so executed as to give the celebrity in question the copyright in it. No doubt the learned judge was right; he had, according to the Times, conflicting testimony before him, and he believed one side and not the other. What I venture to question is the justice of the dictum attributed to him in the Times report that "It was really not material who first suggested the plain clothes sitting."

I venture to submit to you, and to your readers, that it is absolutely material who makes the first proposal in such a case. To put it broadly, I say that one of two things happens. Either the celebrity says (in substance) to the photographer, "Take me and give me copies of my portrait, and you may sell other copies as your reward," in which case the former employs the latter and acquires the copyright; or the photographer says to the celebrity, "Let me take you and sell copies of your portrait, and I will give you copies of it as your reward;" in which latter instance I submit that the photographer employs the celebrity as a sitter; or purchases permission to photograph him, and so should acquire the copyright in the production. If I am wrong, does not the following anomaly result? A photographer takes a "snap shot" at a celebrity without "by your leave or with your leave," and thereby gets a picture of which he will own the
VI.—The Cost of Production.

A paper appeared on Nov. 3rd in a penny weekly on the production of novels. It took the form of an interview with a publisher, and it presented all the appearance of a genuine interview with an honourable man; that is to say, not one who falsifies his accounts or charges for advertisements for which he has not paid. In the course of this interview the question of cost arose. The following is the publisher's estimate:—

The book contains 482 pp., crown 8vo., pica type. The cost for composition, printing, and paper would be £68 1os., author's corrections extra; binding, £19 15s. per 1000 copies; blocks for binding, £3 10s.

On referring to our own "Cost of Production," we find the figures come out as follows:—

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£101 14 8

We shall have to revise our "Cost of Production." Our estimate for such a book is £101 14s. 8d. compared with £91 15s., the publisher's estimate. The secretary also reports that he has had in his hands estimates the items of which were much below those in our volume.

VII.—A Letter from Dr. Johnson.

The New York Critic (Nov. 10, 1894) publishes, under the heading of the "Boston Letter," by Mr. Charles Wingate, a hitherto unpublished letter by Dr. Johnson. It was sold by Messrs. Puttock and Simpson in the year 1886 and was bought by an American. The following is tendered by Mr. Wingate as a correct copy:—

"Sir,—I will tell you in a few words, what is, in my opinion, the most desirable state of copy-right or literary property. The Author has a natural and peculiar right to the profits of his own work. But as every man who claims the protection of Society must purchase it by resigning some part of his natural right, the Author must recede from so much of his claim, as shall be deemed injurious or inconvenient to Society. The judgment of the Lords was therefore legally and politically right. But the Author's term of his natural right might without any inconvenience be protracted beyond the term settled by the statute, and it is, I think, to be desired:

"1. That an Author should retain during his life the sole right of printing and selling his work. This is agreeable to moral right and not inconvenient to the public. For who will be so diligent as the Author to improve the book, or who can know so well how to improve it?

"2. That the Author be allowed by the present Act to alienate his right only for fourteen years. A shorter time would not procure a sufficient price, and a longer would cut off all hope of future profit, and consequently all solicitude for correction or addition.

"3. That when after fourteen years the copy-right shall revert to the Author, he be allowed to alienate it again only for seven years at a time. After fourteen years the value of the work will be known and it will be no longer bought at hazard. Seven years after possession will therefore have an assignable price. It is proper that the Author be always invited to polish and improve his work, by that prospect of recovering it which the shorter periods of alienation will afford him.

"4. That after the Author's death his work should continue an exclusive property, capable of bequest and inheritance, and of conveyance by gift or sale for thirty years. By these regulations a work may continue the property of the Author, or of those who claim for him, a term sufficient to reward the writer without any loss to the public. In fifty years far the greater number of books are forgotten and annihilated, and it is for the advantage of learning that those which fifty years have not destroyed should become bona communia, so to be used by every scholar as he shall think best.

"In fifty years almost every book begins to require notes, either to explain forgotten allusions and obsolete words; or to suggest those discoveries which have been made by the gradual advancement of knowledge, or to correct those mistakes which time may have discovered.

"Such notes cannot be written to any useful purpose without the text, and the text will fre-
THE "NET" SYSTEM.

It has been decided by the Committee to ask the opinion of every member of the Society upon the great and important change proposed by certain publishers in their dealings with booksellers. It is to be hoped that every member will take the trouble to consider the question, and will forward his opinion to the Secretary. Members will, of course, understand that it is a question very materially affecting their interests. It has been, so far, suggestive that the approval, or the opinion, of authors on the subject has not even been mentioned. Certain publishers are writing about it, the rest prudently abstain; certain booksellers hold one opinion, others hold the contrary. No one seems to consider that the opinion of the persons who should be principally concerned is worth the trouble of asking or inquiring. The following letters are submitted as containing the views of three out of the four parties concerned in the proposed change.

The first two are written by authors of repute; the "Publisher" belongs to a very important house; the booksellers are what they represent themselves to be, dependent upon the business which they carry on.

I.—FROM AN AUTHOR.

I am very glad to hear that the committee propose to ascertain the consensus of opinion among members of the Authors' Society on the question of "net" prices. I presume that a general meeting will be held for the purpose.

The very decided opinion which I myself entertain on the matter has two grounds. In the first place I hold that all such restrictive interferences with freedom of contract are inevitably mischievous in the end; and, in the second place, I hold that the particular restriction now sought for will be detrimental alike to authors and to the public.

Those authors who have not carefully considered the question might, I think, not unprofitably be guided by the decision which authors arrived at in 1852. If at that time, after inquiry and consultation, it was decided by a number of leading authors, literary and scientific, that the system of fixed prices from which no discounts were allowed was detrimental to them, the conclusion that such a system, if now re-established, would be detrimental, is at any rate a highly probable one; for there have, so far as I know, taken place no changes which may be supposed to make the conclusion held valid in the one case invalid in the other.

But it need not take long to form an independent judgment. There is often an irrational cry against middlemen, though middlemen are, in the majority of cases, very useful persons. But in all cases middlemen must be kept in order. They, of course, pursue their own interests, and, if allowed, will satisfy those interests at the expense of those they serve. This is obviously the case with the middlemen who constitute the various classes of the book trade as with all others. On the face of it, therefore, any proposal of change made by them must be looked upon with great suspicion.

That a disadvantage is threatened in the present case will at once be seen when the essentials are divested of all details. It is contended that retail booksellers must have greater profits assured to them. These greater profits must be at the cost of some among the several parties concerned. At whose cost then? Those concerned are the writers, the readers, and the several classes of traders who come between them. Of these classes of traders one is to have greater gains. Will these greater gains come from the other classes of traders? Will the publishers, for instance, sacrifice part of their profits for the benefit of retailers? Certainly not. They can practically make their own terms, and will sacrifice nothing, if they do not even take a share of the extra gains. Will the sacrifice be made by the wholesale bookseller? It is unlikely; for he, too, has power in his hands to make his own bargains, and can take care he does not lose by the change. There remain then the public and the authors, one or both of whom must suffer a loss that the retailers may gain. That the public will suffer a loss is clear, if the discounts now made from advertised prices are denied to them; for it is absurd to suppose that advertised prices will be lowered to balance the absence of discounts. If that were done publishers would gain nothing. Clearly, then, the loss would be borne directly by the public. But eventually a loss would also be borne by the authors. It is impossible that the prices of books can be raised to buyers without to some extent restricting the sales. "This book is advertised at 12s.,” says the buyer to the retailer. "That is too much; I must go without it.” "But,” says the retailer, "you can have it for 9s.” "For 9s., you say. I can afford 9s. You may let me have it.” Conversations of this kind, or thoughts corresponding to such conversations, must be of...
continual occurrence. Obviously, therefore, if
discounts are given many more copies of a book
are sold than would be sold in the absence of dis-
counts, and of course diminution in the number
of copies sold is diminution of the author’s profit,
though the rate of profit remains the same.

Alike, then, on our own behalf and on behalf
of the public, we are, I think, bound to oppose
the attempt to establish “net” prices.

II.—From another Author.

The question must be considered from four
points of view.

1. That of the book-buying public:—

At present the buyer obtains all books for cash
at a reduction of 25 per cent. For a book
advertised at 6s. he pays 4s. 6d. In fact, it is
with books as with everything else, a large
discount has to be made in selling them. It is
now proposed that no discount at all shall be
allowed. It is not proposed, however, that a
book now published at 6s. shall be published
henceforth at 4s. 6d. It is only stated that a book
which would have been published at 7s. 6d. will
in future be published—say, at 6s. It has also
been suggested that the 6s. book shall henceforth
appear at 5s., without any discount at all. In
other words, the immediate effect upon the public
will be to raise the price of books.

It is a time of trade depression, likely to become
worse. Is it probable that the public will continue
to buy what they can do without, when the price
is raised? It does not seem probable.

Again, there are only a certain limited number
of people who can afford to buy books or anything
else outside the mere necessaries of life. Between
them they can only afford to spend a certain
amount of money every year on books. The
amount varies somewhat from year to year with
good years and bad years, but there it is. If the
price of books is raised the amount spent every
year will perhaps be the same, but the number of
books bought will be less. Who is benefited,
therefore?

Another way to consider the subject is this: For
many years we have been gradually diminish-
ing the price of books; this diminution has been
helped by the discount bookseller; people have
become accustomed to the cheapness of books;
they are attracted by their cheapness; they are
becoming, as their means allow, a people of book
buyers. But if the books which are cheap
become dear, the growing spirit of book buying
will receive a check that may throw us back for
years. And there is no doubt that the desire of
the promoters of this movement is to make books
dearer than they are.

2. From the author’s point of view:—

Since the first effect of the change will be to
increase not only the price to the public, but also
the price to the bookseller, the author will have
to revise his system of royalties, or his method of
sale should he sell his book outright. This may
be a gain to him. But if fewer books are sold on
account of these high prices, the change may be
a loss to him. It will be for him personally to
decide whether he will consent to an application of
the “net” system to his own work.

3. From the publisher’s point of view:—

He will undoubtedly gain on every book. But
will he dispose of so many? This doubt will
probably make many publishers hesitate before
they adopt the hard and fast “net” system. One
may also ask why, seeing that of all trades
publishing is the most lucrative, its followers
should not be satisfied with what they have, and
forbear the risk of losing it in the hope of getting
more.

4. From the bookseller’s point of view:—

We may leave the booksellers to regulate their
own business. But there are one or two points, apart
from those urged above, which should make them
hesitate. They will undoubtedly, like the pub-
lisher, gain something on each book sold. But
will they sell so many? And if their customers
are going to get no discount for cash, will they
not decline to buy at all? A shrinkage of the
trade will most certainly follow the adoption of
the “net” system, whether it will be perma-
nent shrinkage or not remains to be seen. And
who is to prevent a bookseller from giving dis-
count? No one. It will be impossible to prevent
him. He may not advertise the fact, but he will
have to do, and then the bookseller will be in
the pleasing position of paying more and getting
less. At present he pays, probably, 3s. 7½d. apiece
on taking a dozen copies of a 6s. book. He
sells them at 4s. 6d. each. There is a profit of
10½d. on each. If the 6s. book were reduced to
5s. net, he would give the publisher, say, 3s. 11d.
for it, and would sell it at 5s. Increased profit,
2½d. But the discount would inevitably come in.
The customer who has always before had 25 per
cent. will not be contented with less than 15 per
cent., or 9d. on each book, which he carries off
for 4s. 3d. Decreased profit, 3d.

Another consideration is the fact that by this
change, if it is effected, the bookseller becomes
the slave of the publisher. Books are put into
his hand which he is to sell if he can at a certain
stipulated price. There is no longer left any
elasticity of trade, any freedom, any enterprise.
Every bookseller will become a mere clerk, distri-
buting and collecting.

THE AUTHOR.
In whatever way the change may work, there can be no doubt that trade restrictions are injurious, oppressive, and must in the long run be broken through. Meantime great mischief may be done to author, bookseller, and the book-buying public.

III.—From a Publisher.

The question of net prices is far more important to the bookseller and to the author than to the publisher. To the majority of the booksellers the matter is one of life and death, of existence or extinction; but the publisher can accommodate himself, more or less, to this or any system. The matter has been sufficiently threshed out in the newspapers for every business man, at least, who has read the articles and correspondence, to understand the financial and trade bearings of the question; I need not, therefore, trouble your readers with a repetition of these details. It is, perhaps, well to state that the free-trade principle is hardly involved on either side of the question. It would be if the price of a book under the discount system were not a purely fancy and artificial price, fixed by the author through his agent, the publisher. In other words, the price of a book is not necessarily settled by the cost of production, as the price of tea, coffee, wheat, or other natural productions is fixed. It is fixed arbitrarily, at present, at a higher figure than the mere cost of production and the expectation of a fair profit would justify, in order to meet the tremendous reduction which the existing artificial discount system and the ordinary and concurrent trade allowances make compulsory. The buyer, therefore, who thinks that he gets his book cheaper because he gets an enormous discount reduction is under a delusion. He gets it neither dearer nor cheaper. He does not buy a commodity under cost price—which, of course, is economically impossible—he only gets an artificial reduction on a commodity whose price has already been artificially raised. The argument, therefore, of a writer in a leading newspaper, who signs himself “Free Trader,” that the discount system helps the reader to cheap books, is fallacious. It is founded on an entire economical misconception of the facts.

The present system of selling books was no doubt an excellent system when conditions were quite different to what they are now. The net system, which it is sought to substitute for it, is an attempt to replace a system which has become antiquated by one which is in every respect consonant to the doctrines of economical science. The selling price will, if the net system be introduced, be nearer the figure representing the cost of production than it now can be, and, what is of infinite importance to author, publisher, and reader, it is a system by which the average bookseller can make a fair living.

In this lies the crux of the question. The present discount system is killing out the small bookseller. Some of the very large firms in the trade thrive by it, for reasons that are obvious enough to commercial men, and, of course, one great firm that holds the railway monopoly thrives by the system, but it is extinguishing the country bookseller. Mr. Collier, of the very important firm of Stanford, of Cockspur-street, in the course of a recent interview in the Daily Chronicle, stated that, approximately, some 200 country booksellers survive out of 1200 that did business in books some twelve or fifteen years ago. This is a most pregnant fact. It means simply this: that twelve or fifteen years ago an author, without spending a penny in advertisements, could, through a strong publisher, bring his wares into the hands of the reading public through 1200 channels. This for a good book might easily mean the sale of a handsome edition. Now all books—good, bad, and indifferent—must incur a preliminary expense of from £15 to £60 in advertisements, simply in order that they may be known. It is a direct loss of so much in money to the author, and it is, of course, an indirect loss, to be counted in hundreds and thousands of pounds, to the publisher; but to the booksellers—to the majority of booksellers—it is worse than loss—it is ruin. That is why publishers wish for the ending of a system which is interfering with their best and cheapest channel of distribution.

All other objections to the discount system are feeble in comparison to this one: that it is pushing out of existence the tradesman who is acting as distributing agent to the author.

IV.—From a Discount Bookseller.

I think it is Mr. Andrew Lang who has a “pet growl” that no bookseller knows his business. I have the misfortune to have a shop in a main thoroughfare in London, and had I ten times the amount of brain even of Mr. Andrew Lang I should not be able to know, to remember anything like, the names of a part only of the books that exist. I wish Mr. Andrew Lang would take my place for one week, to listen to the hundreds of books that are asked for daily, and to which at least 60 per cent I have to give the negative answer, that I have not got the book in stock. After the week’s experience I think Mr. Andrew Lang would have a better opinion of booksellers. There can be no question but that all the grievances of both the bookseller and the publisher lie in the fact that
there are a very great deal too many books pro-
duced. If we booksellers could turn over our
stocks once a week, like the butchers and the
bakers, or once a month, or even once a year, we
should have no cause to complain that, after giving
25 per cent. discount to the public off the published
price of the book, it does not leave us a living
profit. I buy my books so that I am quite con-
tent with the profit I make even after selling them
at 3d. in the 1s. discount. “A London Book-
seller,” writing in the Athenaeum on Nov. 17th,
says, “That it gives no pleasure to the bookseller
to sell his books at a discount of 25 per cent., or
any other per cent.; his gorge rises at it.” Rather,
my gorge rises when I sell a book at its net price,
because I know I am not selling in the cheapest
market, and that my customer, when I tell him
the book is issued at a net price, and no discount
is allowed, is incredulous, and doubts by his
manner that I am making a larger profit. No
Englishman likes to be “done.” If you go into a
chemists, or grocers, or anywhere, and buy an
article marked at 1s. for 18., and passing along
the street see in another window the exact article
marked at 10d., you feel you have been “had”
or “done,” and your gorge rises at it, and you
mentally determine not to patronise that first
shop again. It will be the same with this net
system in the publishing of books, which, I regret
to see, so many booksellers are inclined to hail as
a salvation of their business. They will find, as
“Autor” writes in the Athenaeum of Nov. 24
“That the unforeseen always occurs,” so that their
last state will be worse than their first. To be
despoticly told by the publisher that such and
such a book is published at 1s. net, and if you sell
it below that price you shall not have any other
of his books, is a system of tyranny that cannot
be quietly submitted to.

V.—From a Retail Bookseller.

That the present movement for the introduction
of books published at net prices and the abolition
of all discount is decidedly retrograde, and instead
of having the effect of placing the new book trade
on a firmer basis will prove the indirect means of
making it worse than ever, as everyone who thinks
of the matter seriously will own, as the public,
finding they cannot get their books from the
bookseller (who is the middleman) at a less price
than the publisher will supply them, will
naturally write direct to the publisher to have
the book they require promptly sent to their
homes post paid, quicker and much more ex-
peditiously than their bookseller would deliver it.
Publishers who are most in favour of the net
system state that a book now published, say, at
78. 6d. net would, under the old system, have
been issued at 10s. This, I fear, is not the case.
It is merely said to delude the public. Take the
following instance, and see whom this extra
profit benefits. Recently a book was issued by
Professor Drummond called "The Ascent of
Man," and which is published at 78. 6d. net.
The bookseller has to pay 6s. 3d. net for every copy;
thus he makes a profit of 1s. 3d. Under the old
system the book would have been 78. 6d., subject
to 25 per cent. discount=5s. 8d., and would have
been bought by the bookseller at 5s. 4d., thirteen
copies as twelve, and a discount of 5 per cent. on
settlement of his quarterly account. This would
make its net cost 4s. 8d., giving a profit to the
bookseller of 1s., which is quite as much as he
can expect. Now, under the old system the
bookseller gets 1s. profit, sells his book more
readily, and satisfies his customer, who knows
he is buying in the cheapest market (which is
itself an indispensable consideration). Under the
net system the bookseller gets 1s. 3d. profit (3d.
more) and does not satisfy his customer, who
imagines he is not buying at the cheapest
market, and goes away doubting and dissatisfied.
On the other hand, the difference to the
publisher is very considerable, under the old
system he gets 4s. 8d. net from the bookseller,
under the net system he gets 6s. 3d. net, which is
1s. 7d. more in his pocket. Undoubtedly the
publisher would like such a system established,
which all goes to enrich him, unless the author
becomes a share of the plunder in the shape of
increased royalties, which are rightfully his.
Again, in these days of excessive competition,
will the public tamely submit to this increased
price on their books? Certainly not. Already
many publishers are sending their printing, &c.,
to the continent. Messrs. Nester, of Nuremurg,
have so successfully competed with all English
producers of children's colour printed and other
books, that they have practically ousted all others
from the field, and have this especial market
entirely in their own hands. What then is to
prevent (if all books are to be published at net
prices) some energetic continental firms printing
and flooding the English market with cheap
editions of non-copyright books, &c., and by their
success, which will be indisputable, they will be
able to approach our English authors and pro-
duce copyright books in such a way as to upset
the whole system of publishing. Our publishers
may find their headquarters for the production of
English books will be in Berlin rather than
London.

Under these circumstances would it be wise for
us booksellers to sell our books at published
prices? Decidedly not; the more discount given,
the cheaper the books are offered to the public, the brisker will be the trade, and the better for everyone.

VI.—From a London Bookseller.

That certain books may with advantage be issued at net prices, such as professional and technical books and books of a special character, for which there can be no large demand, every bookseller will I think agree, but it is much to be regretted that any bookseller should be in favour of the abolition of all discount for cash purchases. Until very recently there was a great outcry against the Civil Service, and Army and Navy, and kindred stores marking not only books, but goods of every kind, down so that by very serious competition to all small traders it was said that their “occupation was gone,” and they would have to shut up shop; time has shown that these stores have built up enormous businesses by simply supplying their goods at the lowest remunerative prices for cash payments. Their motto has been the very true one of “small profits and quick returns,” and now the booksellers of both London and the country at large are clamouring for higher prices, the abolition of discount, and that all books be published at net prices, and such prices strictly adhered to, whether their customer come into their shop cash in hand, and pays for and carries away his purchase, or has the purchase booked to his account, which he pays for and carries away his purchase, or has the purchase booked to his account, which he pays for and carries away his purchase.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Hall Caine has very kindly sent me his recent address delivered before the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on Nov. 17, with permission to use any part of it for this paper. The pressure on our limited space prevents any use of it in this number, but I hope to avail myself of Mr. Hall Caine’s permission next month.

It is impossible to know or to ascertain the reasons which guide a Prime Minister in his award of pensions in the Civil List. We will suppose that, unlike most of his predecessors, he is anxious to administer the grant in the interests of literature, science, and art, and not to foist upon the list widows and daughters of the Naval, Military, and Civil Services, for whom provision should be made elsewhere. It is true that an unfortunate clause—“and other persons who may be worthy of Her Majesty’s bounty”—or words to that effect, seems to justify the placing of all the world on this list; but the fact remains that the grant was intended for literature, science, and art, and that the claims of persons belonging to these three branches of intellectual effort must precede all others. Now here is a case which has recently
been laid before Lord Rosebery. A petition was sent in to him signed not numerously, but by a dozen names commanding, one would think, respect and consideration. The petition was in favour of an old man, a very old man. He is eighty-five years of age; he has been working all his long life on literature. Fifty years ago a book was published by Charles Knight on some of the many aspects of London. It was a huge book in six royal quarto volumes; the book is a classic; it has survived to the present day; no one who reads about London at all can afford to do without this book. Exactly half of it was written by this man. How many of us expect to be read in fifty years time? Again, he has written novels. Of his novels three or four survive, and are still in demand after thirty or forty years. How many novels live for thirty or forty years? Can you, dear reader, conceive a case more loudly calling for a place upon the Civil List? Again, I say, that we know not what other cases there were under the consideration of Lord Rosebery. Whatever they were, it is clear that they were even more worthy of assistance than this case, because he has written through his secretaries to say that he will give this man nothing.

It is worth noting that the letter signed by the twelve men and women of letters received no acknowledgment, and that the secretaries did not think it necessary to inform these people of the result of their unfortunate letter. These are the courtesies which the literary class are accustomed to receive from officials. Who are they? Literary chaps. Take no notice of them!

Modern Poets.—It seems quite a long time since we heard of a certain poetical journal, or treasure house of poetry, brought out monthly. It was formerly The Poets' Magazine, then it became Lloyd's Magazine, after the name of the proprietor, Mr. Leonard Lloyd. It has now become Modern Poets, but the proprietor does not inform us whether the life of his magazine has been continuous, or interrupted by intervals of sleep, or, as it is a poetic magazine, of trance. However that may be, Modern Poets now appears quarterly; and if “sufficient good poetry and prose are received to fill its pages” the magazine is to appear monthly. The really attractive feature—that which separates the paper, and distinguishes it from commoner journals—is that while such mean spirited magazines as the Contemporary, or Longman's, actually pay contributors—hire the poor degraded wretches—this magazine expects its contributors to pay the editor. Noble creature! He will be hired by his contributors; in the interests of literature he will dare all and endure all. Every contributor, therefore, sends up a form signed. It is thus conceived:

Sir,—Wishing to contribute to your magazine, I send you MS. entitled . . . and in the event of its acceptance for an appearance in your next number I agree to purchase . . . dozen copies of the magazine . . . (Signed)

An appearance in this magazine will, doubtless, be highly prized by the contributor. Fifty dozen at least, at sixpence, which is £15, is not pay too high for a magazine article. One has heard of £50. Let the contributor value his article himself, and order as many dozen at sixpence each as will amount to that sum.

In another place will be found a few observations on the proposed “Net” system. It is very much to be hoped that all members will forward to the secretary their opinion and their reasons. The two points which seem to concern authors most are (1) whether the adoption of the “Net” system would materially raise the price of books; and (2) whether the rise in prices would not so far check the sale of books as to counterbalance any advantage gained by an increase in price. There are other questions, such as the danger of interfering with the great advance made during the last few years by the public as buyers of books; the danger of interference with the course of trade; the danger of making the bookseller a mere mechanical distributor—in other words, of converting what used to be a centre of literary information into a railway stall; and the doubt whether a “Net” system can ever be enforced—in other words, whether the bookseller would not go on as before giving discount for cash.

Mr. Sherard sends word that in his reference to the Goldsmith tomb he was mistaken. As for me, I was under the impression that something was wrong with the tomb. So there is, but not what we supposed; the name is clearly cut, but unfortunately it is not certain that the tomb is Oliver's. Under these circumstances one has only to express thanks to those who kindly offered their assistance.

A new monthly magazine is to be started. It offers the unprecedented attraction of an astrological horoscope free for all subscribers, with the privilege of asking three astrological questions. After this we may expect another, which will tell the fortunes of every subscriber by the oracle of coffee grounds with the right of asking three
questions on the domestic omens, such as crossed knives, spilled salt, and the influence on fate of black cats, piebald horses, and the man with a squint. Mr. Gosse has arrived at a time of life which prompts to serious reflection on the flight of time. Everybody at forty gets these reflections. "Wait till you come to forty year." They pass, these reflections; in the fifties one feels younger than in the forties. Perhaps, in the sixties, one may feel younger still. We ought to, considering how short a time remains for cheerfulness. However, the motto to the new volume of verse, "In Russet and Silver," is quite in the vein of the fifties:—

\[ \text{Life, that, when youth was hot and bold,} \\
\text{Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,} \\
\text{Now walks by graver hopes possessed} \\
\text{In russet and in silver dressed.} \]

Whether in russet and silver or in scarlet and gold, it is the same music and the same musician; the certain touch and the unexpected phrase; the true word to fit the thought; the perfect dexterity and mastery of the metre; these are qualities which we have long since recognised; and as yet there is no sign of any younger poet—"in scarlet and in gold"—disputing the superiority of Mr. Gosse in these essentials.

The Authors' Club distinguished itself on the 19th Nov. by holding its monthly dinner in honour of Anthony Hope. The room, which is too small for such festivities, was quite full, and there were but two speeches, that of the chairman, Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, and that of the guest of the evening. Among the men of distinction who have thus been entertained are Zola and Rudyard Kipling. And now comes Anthony Hope. It is a pleasing feature of the club to pay this tribute to men who have risen or are certainly rising. Authors are too often accused of jealousy and spite. There was no show either of jealousy or of spite in the dinner of the 19th, but only the general desire to recognise and to honour good work wherever it is found.

The club, which is now two years old, may be looked upon as established. The rooms are extremely pleasant, and have a position as central as can be desired. The members are all connected with literature. Up to the present it has been more of a lunching than a dining club. Everybody is supposed to know everybody else, and the club is essentially cheerful. As stated above, the rooms are too small, they will only accommodate fifty at a dinner. But if another hundred members were to come in additional rooms could be had, and there would be more elbow room.

Clad in a garb of golden-green, with a characteristic portrait of the subject for frontispiece, is Mr. Robert Sherard's book on Alphonse Daudet. It may be thought that Daudet exhausted the subject himself in his "Trente Ans de Paris;" that, however, is not the case; there is a great deal in this volume that is not in the "Trente Ans." The author has received contributions from Madame Daudet, from Léon Daudet, from Edmond de Goncourt, from Ernest Daudet, and from Alphonse Daudet himself. The result is a full biography and a most interesting account of a most remarkable man. The best excuse for writing the book is found in the concluding words of the preface: "Since Alphonse Daudet has honoured me with his friendship, I may say, without exaggeration, that my life of exile has been transformed. It is, perhaps, also on account of my admiration and my affection for this great-hearted man of letters that I have worked to make others know him as I do."

WALTER BESANT.

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THE following letter, which I have just received from my friend Alphonse Daudet, is the best answer that I can give to many questions which have been asked of me as to his intention of visiting London next year:

Oui; mon bon Sherard, j'ai l'espoir au printemps prochain, si je ne suis pas trop invalide de venir voir Londres, mais non pas de me montrer à Londres, ce qui est bien différent. Je serais heureux de vous avoir pour compagnon et cicerone ... mais je vous demanderai de me mettre à l'abri des curiosités du reportage, ce sont des vacances que je compte prendre et je suis bien décidé à ne pas donner de représentation dans ce beau pays que je suis si désireux de connaître.

These things being so, we may hope to see M. Daudet in London in a few months.

In my great admiration for Emile Zola, I feel sorry in saying that the opinion in Paris is one of doubt as to the possible value of a book on Rome, written on information collected during a fortnight's visit. It is generally thought that Rome, from all points of view, and as a whole, is a large subject, and that its comprehension can hardly be effected in a fortnight. It must be added, however, that Zola intends to spend a long time over this book, and that "Rome," the second volume of "Les Trois Villes" series of novels, will not appear till 1896.

We were all much shocked to hear of the death...
of Francis Magnard, the editor of *Le Figaro*, for he seemed in full strength, with years of life and activity before him. Yet certainly he looked very grey and worn when I last saw him. *The Figaro* was a fighting paper, and all fighting exacts nerve and muscle and uses and wears. He was a conscientious and a most hard-working man, who gave himself up entirely to his paper. Most of his time was spent at the office in the Rue Drouot. I am afraid I cannot agree with those who have written in praise of his daily leaderette in the *Figaro*. It was writing after the style and in the manner of thought of Joseph Prudhomme. But good editors of large papers are rarely good writers. Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, could not string six lines of tolerable prose together, yet he was certainly one of the best editors who ever lived. Magnard wrote very quickly, though his work seemed laboriously evolved. He told me once that he always asked himself, on sending the paper to the press, what Villemessant would have thought about the number, both as a whole and in detail, and felt quite nervous on the subject, so completely had he been disciplined by his former chief. I may add that Magnard used to deny being a Belgian by extraction, and used to get very angry when he was attacked as such in the rival papers.

I may also add that M. de Rodays, the present editor, had been designated by de Villemessant in his will to succeed Magnard, in the case of the latter’s retirement or death. M. de Rodays’ successor was also named in the same clause.

The biggest succès de librairie of the year in Paris has been Marcel Prevost’s novel “Les Demi-Vierges.” It is, I see, in its 15th edition. Exceptionally these are editions of only 500 copies, whereas the French edition usually consists of 1000 copies. The book is exceedingly well written, but the subject is a nauseating one, and this success is not one on which his friends can congratulate M. Marcel Prevost.

J. H. Rosny, who is translating George Moore’s novel “Esther Waters” for publication in feuilleton form in *Le Gaulois*, is by many, including Daudet, Zola, and de Goncourt, considered one of the first writers of French fiction living in France to-day. His “Le Bilateral” is undoubtedly a masterpiece, complicated as its style and bitter as is the author’s philosophy. Rosny has had a very troubled and miserable life, and lives none knows where. He hides his address, and is understood to be in unfortunate circumstances. His books do not sell well, and he is indifferent to popularity, in which respect he may be compared to J. K. Huysman.

I heard a story in Paris the other day of how a literary “ghost” revenged himself on a too unscrupulous employer. He had been engaged to write a feuilleton, for which his employer, a very well-known Parisian novelist, had received an order. The original arrangement was that the ghost should receive a penny a line—the well-known Parisian novelist, it may be mentioned, was to receive fivepence a line, and, of course, he signed the story with his own illustrious name; but after some instalments had been printed, the ghost was informed by his employer, who, in the meanwhile, had found out that his hack was in desperate circumstances, that in the future he would only be paid one halfpenny a line. He was forced to submit, but at once introduced into his story two fresh characters, whose names were simple transpositions of his employer’s name and his own, of which one was a well-known novelist and the other a starving literary hack, and showed how the novelist engaged the hack to write a serial story at the rate of a penny a line, and afterwards reduced this to a halfpenny a line, and how the hack to revenge himself introduced, under transposed names, into this serial two fresh characters, one of which was a novelist and so on. The novelist sweater was away enjoying himself whilst these instalments were appearing, and one can imagine his feelings on his return to Paris. It is needless to add that the story was considerably revised before being republished in volume form.

Why are almost all the books supplied to the public in England bound? Is not the French system of publishing all works merely in paper covers preferable? To begin with, an unbound book can be supplied cheaper than a bound book. Then, many book buyers like to bind their books according to their own taste in the matter of binding. Some like the bindings of their books to be in some degree symbolical of their contents, who would bind Haggard in red, George Ohnet in pale blue, Poe in black, and so on. Others like uniformity, and, indeed, so varied are the colours of book backs as sold to-day, that a library shelf often presents a ghastly combination of colours. There is, of course, a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. At the same time, I do not think that the bookbinders would lose by the change. They would have less cheap binding to do, but far more reliures d’amateur, which are really profitable.

I have been told that my note on Oliver Goldsmith’s grave in last month’s *Author* is unfounded and uncalled for, that the grave is in good condition, and well kept. I am not of this opinion, nor am I alone in this respect. “What would you more?” I have been asked. Well, to begin with, a railing round the tomb. I saw a butcher’s boy sitting on it the other day.
I have heard the strange story since I came to London of a high judicial functionary who many years ago published, with one of the most reputable firms in London on the half-profit system, an important work on an important political question. It is several years since any account was rendered, and though the book had then passed through eight editions, all that the high judicial functionary received as his share was 1s. 73d. The book has been selling since, but the author has never received another penny. And he is not very satisfied, and says things about publishers which are not judicial nor quite justifiable.

Weyman has made up his mind to take a year's complete rest as soon as "The Red Cockade" is finished. I am told that this is the very best thing this genius has ever written, by people who have read the opening chapters, now in Jerome's hands.

Apropos of the title of this book, are we about to pass from the "yellow" to the "red." Everything was yellow a short while ago in matter of literature. And now, in matter of literature, things are mostly red. There are Weyman's titles in red, there is Morley Roberts's "Red Earth," there is Francis Gribble's "The Red Spell," there is a novel called "The Crimson Sign," and, of course, there is Conan Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp." In the future all things may be green, as most bindings are, by the way, at the present hour, and so it shall go on.

I am very glad to hear that John Davidson's last book of poems is selling exceedingly well; 500 copies were taken before the book was published. Many people, as a mere commercial speculation, are buying up copies of the "Ballads and Songs." All this is well, for John Davidson, a poet and a most genial man, has fought a hard fight, and merits success and ease. His life has been a life of heroism.

R. H. Sherard.

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NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 10.

The death of Dr. Holmes not only caused the usual feelings of personal loss aroused when any honoured author leaves us, but additional sorrow was felt since with his decease the great New England group of authors ended. In the early part of this century, when Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Fitz-Greene Halleck lived in New York, the literary centre was here, but before the middle of the century Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Holmes revealed themselves, and the glory of the New England group was greater than that of the Knickerbocker school, as the New Yorkers had been called.

Professor Norton, of Harvard College, recently remarked that, "they all wrote with a moral. They had, too, a touch of Puritanism. They were stirred to write often not so much from the impulse of the imagination as because they were impelled to teach some lessons and do some good that way. It was just at the war period, and all continued on the same side. They were all warriors in a sense." Thus it is the closing of a school as well as of a life that we deplore. Since Dr. Holmes wrote "Old Ironsides" the population of the United States has quadrupled, and the country can no longer be said to have one literary centre. In all directions have sprung up authors who write what has been called "local fiction," that is to say, they chiefly devote their efforts to depicting the life around them. This is a recent development, and, although there is now no one great group, there are many more accomplished authors than there were formerly, and the average of merit is undoubtedly higher.

It is a sign that good times are coming when the fall publishing trade opens well, as it has this year. Whether or not publishers suffer much during a business depression is a question often debated. Some contend, that books being a luxury, people either go without in hard times or else use the free libraries. Others think that during financial depression books are sent as presents where expensive jewellery would have been purchased in prosperous years. This year, illustrated gift books, held back by hard times, make the list of announcements very large. Leading houses report that trade is at least normal. It seems to have recovered from the stagnation of the last two years, and bids fair to be better month by month as business revives. There is no boom yet, and probably will not be for a year or two longer, but the conditions are healthy.

Among the more important announcements are "The Warfare of Science," by Mr. Andrew D. White, which has attracted much attention as the successive chapters appeared in the Popular Science Monthly; "Edwin Booth," recollections of his daughter, with his letters to her and his friends, a part of the correspondence of which we have had a foretaste in the Century, and which revealed the great actor in a singularly noble and spiritual aspect; "The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, together with some account of his ancestry and of the Jefferson Family of Actors," by Mr. William Winter, a revision on the briefer biography published ten years ago; "Portraits in Plaster," by Mr. Laurence Hutton, with
seventy-two reproductions of death-masks of famous men and women from the author's own collection of these gruesome objects, which is the largest private collection in the world; "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," the authorised biography, by his literary executor, Mr. Samuel T. Pickard; "The Sherman Letters," a most interesting correspondence between General Sherman and his brother, Senator Sherman, covering the entire war period; "Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau," edited by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who wrote the volume on Thorean in the series of "American Men of Letters;" "Riverby," another volume of delightful outdoor papers, by John Burroughs, the gifted disciple of Thoreau; "In the Dozy Hours and other Papers," by Miss Agnes Repplier, whose terse little essays have gained her wide fame; "Four American Universities," Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, by Professors Norton, Hadley, Sloane, and Brander Matthews; "Character and Development of the Universities of Germany," a most illuminative account by Professor Paulsen, translated by Professor E. D. Perry.

Roberts Brothers have just brought out the first two volumes of a new translation of "Molière's Dramatic Works," by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, whose admirable translation of Balzac, now nearly completed, has won for her wide commendation.

Longmans, Green, and Co. announce a series of "College Histories of Art," edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke, of which the first volume to appear is the editor's own on the "History of Painting;" and the Scribner's are going to bring out the "Art of the American Wood Engraver," by the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who brought to this subject a most unusual breadth of knowledge.

Stone and Kimball, of Chicago, are about to issue the first complete edition of the "Works of Edgar Allan Poe," newly collected and edited, with memoir, notes, &c., by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor George Edward Woodberry; of the ten volumes to which this edition is going to extend, three are ready, and to these very probably will be added a single supplementary volume containing the correspondence between Poe and his friends, which will be edited by Professor Woodberry. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman after two years' work has finished his "Victorian Anthology," which contains representative poems by the authors discussed in his "Victorian Poets."

Americans have always made a specialty of works of reference. Three important books of this class have been lately published here. One is a supplement to the "Century Dictionary"—a seventh volume—called the "Century Cyclopaedia of Names," a pronouncing and etymological dictionary of names in geography, biography, mythology, history, art, fiction, &c., edited by Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, who was managing editor of the "Century Dictionary," under the late Professor Whitney. In this great work, upon which the entire editorial force of the Century has long been engaged, for the first time all the varieties of information usually obtained in biographical dictionaries, geographical gazetteers, lists of characters in fiction, &c., have been arranged in alphabetical order and gathered into one volume. The selections have been made with especial regard to the wants of the general public, thus the central facts are given in large type, and in smaller type such information as will help to a more complete understanding of the subject.

Another is "A New and Complete Concordance in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare," by Mr. John Bartlett, to whom we are already indebted for his admirable "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations." The third is Mr. S. L. Whitcomb's "Chronological Outlines of American Literature," the first attempt to set down the chronological sequence of American books. It is on the plan of Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," but on a much more liberal scale. A fourth elaborate book of reference could not be got ready in time for the fall trade. This is the great "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," which Professor Peck, of Columbia College, is editing for Harper and Brothers. It is to be fully illustrated, and will probably appear in the spring.

The British novelist is to have better showing than usual next year in American magazines, although a large percentage of the serials will be by American authors. Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Simpletons" is the chief serial of Harper's Monthly. In Harper's Weekly Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's romance, "The Red Cockade," begins in the first January number, and will be followed in July by Mr. Brander Matthews's novel of New York, "His Father's Son." In Harper's Bazar the first serial is Maarten Maartens' "My Lady Nobody," and the second is a southern story, "Doctor Warwick's Daughters," by Mrs. Richard Harding Davis. In Scribner's will appear Mr. George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage," and Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," besides Mr. Howell's shorter serial, "The Story of a Play." The Century's two serials are both by American authors—"Casa Braccia," by Mr. Marion Crawford, and "An Errant Wooing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; and so are the two stories announced by the Atlantic, Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote's "The
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Trumpeter,” and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward’s “A Singular Life.”

It has never been the custom of our magazines to limit their serials to fiction alone; indeed, some of their greatest successes have been with works such as no British magazine ever ventures upon. The War series of the Century doubled its circulation in twelve months; and forty years ago a Life of Napoleon gave Harper’s its first impetus. Now the Century begins a Biography of Napoleon, by Professor W. M. Sloane, which has been in preparation for five years, and during two of that period special agents have been ransacking Europe for illustrative material. The Century will also contain Mrs. Van Rensellaer’s series of papers on the French Cathedrals, for which Mr. Joseph Parnell has made many striking illustrations. Scribner’s will contain, beginning in the January number, “The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States,” by President E. Benjamin Andrews, in which he has endeavoured to cover that period of history about which we are apt to know least—from the time school histories end (usually with the War of the Republic) up to the present year. The Atlantic will shortly publish a series of papers by Mr. John Fiske on Virginia, “The Old Dominion and her Sister Colonies.”

An interesting copyright trial has just ended. A New York daily paper, the World, printed, before its official use, the ode written by Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago, for the dedication of the World’s Fair buildings, two years ago. The purloined version contained typographical errors, which the author claimed had injured her in purse and reputation. I1 (his charge the judge told the jury that little pecuniary damage had been proved, but added that punitives damages might be awarded if the defendant had been guilty of disregard of property rights. The verdict of the jury fixed the damages at £1000. As Miss Monroe received £200 from the World’s Fair Commissioners for her ode, she will have gained £1200 by one brief occasional poem.

We are often said to be a book-buying nation, and it is evidence in favour of this assertion that nearly 100,000 copies of “Trilby” have been sold in less than ten weeks. So enormous has been the demand for Mr. Du Maurier’s book that the Harper’s Christmas publishing has been greatly retarded by the fact that they have been obliged to keep thirteen presses on “Trilby” alone. A sale like that indicates that “Trilby” has conquered not only the regular reading class and the broad general public, but also the absolutely unliterary public. A gentleman on the train the other day overheard a girl talking to three young men. “Oh! have you read ‘Trilby?’” she asked one of the men. He admitted that he had not, whereupon the young woman declared that it was “just too lovely.” Who wrote it?” inquired the second man. “Well,” the girl replied, “it’s translated from the French of a man named Moriar, and it’s illustrated by a man named Whistler.”

Hallett Robinson.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

A Personal Reminiscence.

By Mr. Justice Condi Williams (of Mauritius).

In spite of the blinds and the persiennes, the afternoon September sun streamed into that little café at Autun, where we sat drinking bocks, and playing dominoes, and jabbering as only Frenchmen mostly jabber. The ever watchful patron bustled up to me, and said, mysteriously—“See that gentleman who has just entered? He is a compatriot of yours.” There, at a table by himself, sat a brown-bearded, middle-aged man, looking certainly, except for the flowing ends of his necktie, not one bit like a Frenchman.

As the witty dean said, “One doesn’t go abroad to meet one’s compatriots.” As a rule, to tell the honest truth without affectation, I generally, for diverse reasons, give mine a wide berth, but there was a wise and kindly look about this man’s bronze and honest face, and withal a humorous twinkle in his eye as he calmly surveyed his noisy surroundings, which urged me to take the other place opposite to him at his small round table. So, when our game was over, I consoled my little Louise with a Monde Illustré and a grosette, and went and sat there.

Of course, I knew the “Portfolio,” and Mr. Hamerton, by name, but I had forgotten that he lived in France, and near Autun; if, indeed, anybody had ever told me so. However, the ice once broken, and it was very easily broken, we proved to have many friends and many sympathies in common; and, although ten years my senior, he seemed to take quite a paternal interest in me when he heard that, at five-and-twenty years of age, I had become the editor of a daily newspaper in England.

Next day I walked three miles out of Autun, to his pretty country place to breakfast, and made the acquaintance of his charming family—his wife, a French lady, two bi-lingual sons, and a little daughter. Afterwards we talked for a long time in his small study, or studio—literature and art equally well represented upon its bookshelves and in their surroundings. Had I understood
more about etching and lithography, I should have been more deeply interested. But never was a more modest and less egotistical man than Philip Gilbert Hamerton. And seeing that newspapers and books mainly interested me, he talked little save of newspapers and books. But before we parted he placed in my hands, as a souvenir, an early copy (in the Tauchnitz edition) of "Mar-morne," just then on the point of publication. As I grasped his hand I looked up to the wooded hills of Le Morvan, which formed a sombre background to his cheerful country villa.

"It must be lonely, here, in the winter?"

"Yes," he said "but what does that signify? I am always occupied."

"Any wolves or wild boars about?"

"There are some," he replied, and laughed at a reminiscence. "One frosty moonlight night last January, I went out to lock the stable, and met a lean, grisly wolf, face to face, just upon the threshold of this door. We seemed both very vastly astonished, and we both drew back a pace or two involuntarily. Then I said to the wolf, on the impulse of the moment: What on earth are you doing here? Perhaps it was being addressed in English that frightened him, I don't know; but without taking further notice of my query, he turned round and walked slowly away."

Note that at same café at Autun, some fourteen years later, an Englishman entered just as two or three tradesmen, habitués of the place, were taking their post-prandial gloria.

"Monsieur has doubtless come to inspect the antiquities?" volunteered one of them, after the pause which, in a small community, often follows the sudden entrance of a strange newcomer.

"No;" I said to the patron—not the same patron as of yore—"but, before I venture as far as the Maison du pré, I would ask you for news of Monsieur Hamerton."

There was quite an excitement in the place. Hamerton, with his quiet sympathetic ways, a long resident, a distinguished Anglais, yet the husband of a Frenchwoman, was a popular man in Autun and all round it. Who else could have survived, scathless and untouched, as he did survive, all the jealous suspicion, and even overt antagonism, which were visited upon nearly every other Englishman living in provincial France during the closing months of the Franco-German struggle?

"Ah! it was most unfortunate. Monsieur had no luck. He had sustained a malheur enon-vantable, Monsieur 'Amerton (they never could manage that H), so respected as he was, and after so long a residence in the parigage, had left that very day finally for Paris." And it was a rather remarkable thing that, after so long an absence, having corresponded with my friend at very rare intervals, I should have dropped down upon Autun on the very eve of his final departure. He had not actually gone—but his family and his furniture had, as I learned from good Monsieur Thomasset, of the Hotel des Negociants—and he himself was staying with a friend. I would not disturb him—I left a card for him, and on I sped to Santenoy to "assist" still older friends at their Burgundy autumn vintage. A telegram from Hamerton brought me back to Autun next day. Would I come and spend his last Autumn night with him at Thomasset's interesting hotel, where you are escorted up to your bedroom walking over the gravestones of monks and abbots? Of course I went, and am thankful that I went. And a long, long talk we had over that extra bottle of Chambertin, de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. He had had his share of misfortune, and sad misfortune. One of the two bright boys I had met at his table years before, a youth of high intelligence and promise, and Professor of English at a Lycée, had put an end to his life at his rooms in Paris, leaving behind him no sort of clue as to the why and the wherefore. So we were led to talk of the great mysteries of Life and Death—about matters concerning which men of middle age do not often open their hearts one to another. Later, when sauntering forth to the café, we drifted to more material subjects, and I spoke of his long career as poet, painter, and author. I remember that he said, not bitterly, but with a touch of mournfulness, after some remark of mine about the knighthood that certain distinguished English writers surely ought to have been offered, that he himself was weak enough to feel some touch of regret that he, whose work was the English work of an Englishman, could only, when the occasion demanded his wearing it, stand before the world the possessor of a French decoration for his services to art and to literature.

He removed from Autun (the Augustodunum of the Romans) to Boulogne et Seine in Paris, and a friend of his in England was the recipient of his appreciative acknowledgment of these lines addressed to Hamerton in his new Parisian home:

The Seine to Saone gives greeting! O'er the sea
I pen Letetaia's welcome home to thee;
And, with the wish, would fain the hand extend,
Word-painter, picture-painter, poet, friend!
What though her vine leaves scared by autumn's blast,
Augustodunum weeps her glories past—
Though, "round the house" thy graceful pen portrays,
Fond memories linger of departed days?
The city's joy outweighs the country's pain—
Augustodunum's loss is fair Lutetia's gain!
And the other day—not thirty days ago—the same friend received from him a warm letter of welcome on returning to England after many years of judicial work abroad. He wrote cheerfully, yet spoke of illness, of diagnosis by a Paris doctor of "hypertrophy of the heart," and of the necessity of "following a regimen for the rest of my days." Not for long. In a fortnight he was dead.

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BOOK TALK.

THE REV. CANON CHARLES D. BELL, D.D., rector of Cheltenham, has produced a new volume of verses, called "Diana's Looking Glass, and other Poems." Canon Bell's verses are always, to use the words of one of his critics, "sweet and wholesome." After the low level in which we are plunged by some of our younger poets, it is pleasant to stand once more upon the heights and to feel that there are higher levels, and still higher, to be reached. If there is sometimes the natural note of sadness, there is never despair. Let the poet speak for himself.

Come let us wake sweet Echo with a song.
Here she lies sleeping, waiting for our voice,
So call her loudly with a courteous tongue,
That coming forth she may with us rejoice.

For Morning walks in beauty o'er the dale,
And Night's bright glories before her splendours pale.

Nymph of the hills, awake, awake!
Melodious answer to us make.

What shall we sing to please the maiden shy,
And lure her from the secret solitude,
In which she dwells, withdrawn from every eye,
Amid the deep recesses of the wood
In whose green boughs is heard the joyous lay
Of merry birds that greet the dawn of day.

Echo, sweet Echo, hear no strain,
Thy voice is bliss; thy silence pain.

Or shall we sing of love?
How Corydon,
The shepherd boy, the fair Althea woo'd,
How beauteous Thrysis fair Nerissa won,
Or fleet Alpheus Arethusa pursued,
Or Cynthia stooped from heaven with look of love,
While slept Endymion in the Latmian grove.

Hark, comrades, hark! with such a theme
Steal softly on the dreamer's dream.

"A Swatch o' Homespun," by Agnes Marchbank (Edinburgh, R. W. Hunter), is a little story of a weaver in a Scotch village. The writer should be able to do better than this with study and work. Meantime she is working with good materials, and in the true spirit.

"Tales of Famous Men" is the title of a series of papers which Mr. Joseph Hatton is writing for the Idler. They will be of a reminiscent character, with plenty of anecdote to justify the general title; and Mr. W. H. Margetson will illustrate them. Mr. Hatton's new novel, which is running in the weekly press of the old world and the new, will be published in March by Messrs. Hutchinson, who have already sold four editions of this author's latest book, "Under the Great Seal." Mr. Hutchinson told a St. James's Budget interviewer recently that his first great success as a publisher was with Mr. Hatton's "By Order of the Czar," which is now in its fifteenth edition.

Mr. Walter Wren has had to inform the secretary that a person is going about pretending that he is a relative of Mr. Wren, and that he is a member of the Incorporated Society of Authors. There is no member of the society named Wren.

"Maud Marian, Artist" (Religious Tract Society), is a very pleasing and delicately written story by Eglanton Thorne, author of the "Old Worcester Jug," &c., &c. The scene is laid at Rome. It is a book written and chiefly intended for girls.

"Cavaliers and Roundheads in Barbados," by N. Darnell Davis (Argosy Press, Georgetown, British Guiana), is a chapter in colonial history that was well worth the trouble of writing. The early history of Barbados is practically unknown to us. For instance, had it been known, a hundred years ago, that the right to be taxed only by their own representatives was recognised in the case of Barbados in 1652, it would not have refused to the Americans in the year 1770. There would have been no Declaration of Independence and no war.

Frank Stockton's new book, called "Pomona" (Cassell), went through the first edition in advance of publication.

Boys, and those who make Christmas presents to boys, are herewith invited to make a note of Max Pemberton's book of adventure, "The Sea Wolves."

"The Highway of Sorrow," by Hesba Stetton, and ** is a work to be noted either for buying or borrowing, and certainly for reading.

A second edition of Mrs. Oliphant's new novel "Who was Lost and is Found" (Blackwood and Sons) is announced.

In Mr. Fairman Ordish's "Early London Theatres" (Elliot Stock) we have a work of original and patient research. It is worthy of a long article in the Quarterly Review. The author has made himself the sole authority for the future on the subject of the earliest theatres of London.

The Navy Records Society have in preparation a second volume of State Papers relating to the
Spanish Armada; they will next publish a volume of Naval Accounts of the Fifteenth Century.

Mr. W. M. Conway has in preparation an account of the walk which he made last year from end to end of the Alps.

Miss Frances Wood sends some extremely pretty Christmas cards. They are reproductions from Raphael, with verses under each. They are published by Messrs. Carr and Mason, Brunswick Works, Leamington.

Mr. W. H. Besant, F.R.S., D.Sc., has in the press the ninth edition of his "Geometrical Conics," and, as a supplement, his "Solutions of the Examples in the Geometrical Conics."

Certainly one of the most beautiful books of the season is Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ as Represented in Art." It is illustrated by a long catena of early Christian symbols, medieval figures, pictures of the great masters, and by the painters of our own day, some of whom will perhaps be called great masters five hundred years hence. It is a book which should command a wide and immediate success. The publishers are Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Readers are requested to make a note of "Robert Southey," by John Dennis (Messrs. Bell.)

Four biographies from one publisher (Edward Arnold). The first is "Alphonse Daudet," by Robert Sherard; the others are Augustus Hare's "Maria Edgeworth," Dean Hole's "Memories," and the Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald, by his Private Secretary.

"The Memorials of St. James's Palace," by Edgar Sheppard (Longmans), in two volumes, is really a splendid work. It is rather dear, but what is 36s. to one who loves his London?

Another book for a student of the Great City is "London and the Kingdom," by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L. Dr. Sharpe is Records Clerk in the office of the Town Clerk of the City. The book is written from personal investigation of the City archives. It is a book for historians rather than itself a history.

The second volume of Dr. Traill's "Social England" is now ready. One is pleased to read that the book has already gone into a second edition.

In translating Professor Errera's "Russian Jews," Miss Bella Löwy has executed a task of love. The book is an appeal for civilised treatment, fervid in its facts, which are startling, and convincing in its arguments, which are self-restrained in temper. One does not realise until the map is laid open how very small a space of the vast Russian Empire is open to the Jew for residence. He may live in Little Russia, West Russia, and South Russia; altogether over an area, very thinly populated, of one thousand miles in length by three hundred in breadth. In these pages one may read a story of persecution and oppression without parallel even in the Middle Ages. But there are charges brought against the Jews. They are moneylenders. "Yes," replies Professor Errera in effect, "some of them, no doubt. But four-fifths of them have no money to lend; and, besides, they are more honest than the Christian moneylender." They sell spirits. They were made to do so. The nobles manufactured the spirit; the Jew was told to sell it. They are tricky in business. Their persecutions have made them so. And so on. The book is published by David Nutt, Strand.

Professor Brander Matthews sends his new book, "Vignettes of Manhattan." If for the pictures of New York alone, it would be a desirable volume. As a study for a stranger in New York manners, with their little differences compared with our own, the book is equally desirable. Perhaps, however, most desirable for the short stories and sketches which it contains. There is a most exciting story of a fire. There is the sketch of the broken-down man and his last dinner at Delmonico's; and there is a visit to the slums, which is admirably done. There are more, but these will do.

Here is a dainty little volume (Roxburghe Press, 3, Victoria-street, Westminster), dainty binding, dainty print, dainty paper—all to set off the translation by Julia Preston, of "The Mountain Lake, by the late Fredrich von Bodinstedt," whose portrait is presented as a frontispiece. Von Bodinstedt is not widely known in this country. Indeed, of late years a strange indifference to German belles and lettres and poetry seems to have fallen upon us. The attempt of Miss Julia Preston to make a poet of meditation rather than action, and of emotion rather than passion better known, deserves encouragement. Her versification is simple and generally graceful. Here, for instance, is a little thing:

When the Gates of Paradise wide open stand,
Some pious souls for their reward drew near;
And a mingled multitude from every land
Bow humbly down in hope, in doubt, or fear.
I only of all the waiting sinners there,
Shall at those portals without fear abide;
Long since on earth by thee, my Angel Fair,
The Gates of Paradise were opened wide.

"A Bread and Butter Miss," by George Paston, author of "A Modern Amazon" (Osgood, M'Ilvaine, and Co.), is a one-volume story, a
simple, pretty little story of a girl going to stay at a country house for the first time in her life, and her adventures there.

"Three Generations of English Women," by Janet Ross, tells the story of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon. This is a new and revised edition. Susannah Taylor was the wife of John Taylor, one of that remarkable family which has produced so many men and women distinguished for literary and scientific ability. Mrs. Austin, her daughter, was married to a man who began life in the army and became a lawyer. His health, however, decayed. He will not see the summer tide again."


A string of sonnets on the death of a child. They are sonnets which are worth attention. The book principally consists of letters, as delightful as letters can be.

Mr. John B. Mackie, Fellow of the Institute of Journalists, who writes from the North-Eastern Daily Gazette, Middlesbrough, has written a book called "Modern Journalism: a Handbook for the Young Journalist." There is plenty of room for such a book at the present moment, when the rush into journalism is opening it to the most desperate competition. The first result, one fears, will be a lowering of salaries and pay; the next step, however, will be the establishment of new papers in every direction; thirdly, the competition of proprietors will run up salaries again for the best men. Mr. Mackie's book takes a man into every branch of a newspaper— shorthand writing, reporting, sub-editing, leader writing, and editing. It seems a most complete book; it is certainly one which every young journalist should study till he has it by heart. Above all, let him read, mark, and learn what is said as to silence concerning the internal machinery of the paper, and what is said, and very well said, as to the power and the responsibilities of the Press.

Mr. John A. Steuart's new novel, "In the Day of Battle" (three vols., Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), belongs to the school of the older romance. But the tale of battle has an interest that never palls, and there are few whose pulse will not beat quicker as they read of the doughty deeds of the long lost Donald Gordon, who is discovered in the disguise of a Bedouin freelance. Mr. Steuart has succeeded in giving his tale an almost breathless realism; and if it is success to drive his reader on from page to page until one reaches the last he has certainly succeeded. From beginning to end the interest never flags, and that is saying much. His plot, perhaps, is not very strong nor very novel, but it serves merely as the hinge on which to hang a succession of curdling adventures dear to the heart of all boys and most men.

Mr. F. B. Doveton's new volume of verse is now ready.

I AM very glad to see that you have taken up the question of the failure of the Government to appoint a Poet Laureate. It is now nearly two years since the vacancy occurred, and surely it behoves all authors, whether poets or not, to prevent this single recognition of literature by the State being abandoned if they can prevent it. If chaplains or physicians to the Queen were to cease to be appointed, would not the discontent of the clergy and the doctors make itself felt?
II.—Splitting Infinitives.

There is a point in connection with composition on which your advice might be of essential service to young writers. I wrote a book—the name of which I give for your private information—that was favourably reviewed by various papers, and very properly slated by a certain critic; the unforgivable error I had committed being the splitting of infinitives. But, discussing this matter with a literary friend, I inquired—whether it was allowable ever to split a verb at all; the reply being promptly in the affirmative being the splitting of infinitives. But, discussing this matter with a literary friend, I inquired—whether it was allowable ever to split a verb at all; the reply being promptly in the negative. I accepted this dictum, and proposed to myself an earnest study of the writings of our great masters, so that I might improve my own defective style. For it occurred to me, and it may have occurred to others, that it is often very difficult to give the proper sense to a sentence, by a too rigid and pedantic adherence to what, for all I know to the contrary, may be a very sound rule. I have, however, given up my proposed search, for by the merest chance I came across, in the Standard of the 7th inst., a letter from Mr. Froude to Dr. Fischer, of Armagh, dated the 5th May, 1882.

Certainly Mr. Froude nowhere splits his infinitives; but the accompanying extracts from that letter show that Mr. Froude was in the habit of repeatedly splitting his other tenses. The italics are my own, and are inserted merely to mark which you have so kindly sent me,” &c.—“I have only to tell you,” &c.—“and will, by and by, be universally accepted,” &c.—“which he was all his life insisting on,” &c.—“that he alone in the British empire saw,” &c.

Thus in a letter of thirty-four printed lines, the great historian five times splits his verbs. The question then is, whether this practice is or is not permissible?—Your obedient servant, 1588.

III.—Critical and Editorial Amenities.

The editor has, I fancy, rather misunderstood my drift in my letter on “Editorial Amenities,” in last Author. (1) I complained of the lack of common courtesy in no explanation being given of the change of front. (2) I did not want reasons. I only wished to know the fate of MSS. (4) I did not expect the critic to change his opinion, but I reckoned on his having generosity enough to be glad his verdict was falsified in re the Fairy Tale, and to tell me so. (5) An editor who professed to value highly his contributor—as was the case here—would have been complimented by being asked for a review by him. Resentment seems absurd. Does it not?

An Author.
THE AUTHOR.


SHARPE, REV. JOHN. The Student's Handbook to the Psalms. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

STUBBS, C. W., D.D. Christus Imperator, a Series of Letters-Sermons on the Universal Empire of Christianity. Edited by. Macmillan. 6s.

SWETE, HENRY B. The Old Testament in Greek, according to the Septuagint. Edited by. Vol. III.—Hosea to 4 Maccabees. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

VERITIES OR RELIGION; Twelve Sermons. By J. Hamilton Thom, R. A. Armstrong, and others. Philip Green. 12. 6d.

History and Biography.

ANDERSON, JESSIE A. Lewis Morrison-Grant: His Life, Letters, and Last Poems. Edited by. Alex. Gardner. 8s. net to subscribers.

BAIN, R. NISBET. Gustavus III. and his Contemporaries (1746-1762), an Overlooked Chapter of Eighteenth Century History, from original documents. 2 vols. Kegan Paul.

BALDREY, A. LYS. Albert Moore, His Life and Works. Illustrated with photogravure and other plates. Bell. Super royal, 4to., £3 28.; crown folio, with plates on India paper, £5 58.net.

BEALE, MRS. C. H. Catherine Hutton and her Friends. Edited by her cousin. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 8s. net.

BOWER, H. M. The Fourteen of Meaux, from Crespin, and various other authorities. Illustrated. Longmans. 6s.

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE. Life and Works. Smith, Elder. 7 vols., set in cloth case. 12s. 6d.

BURKE, FATHER THOMAS. The Inner Life of. Illustrated. Longmans. 6s.

CAMPBELL, COLIN F. Letters from Camp during the Siege of Sebastopol, with a Preface by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, and a Portrait of the Author. Bentley. 7s. 6d.

CARLTON, JULIA. The Art Annual, 1894: The Life and Work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. Art Journal Office. Illustrated, cloth, 5s.; paper, 2s. 6d.

CERESI, COUNTESS E. M. The Liberation of Italy, 1812-1870. With portraits. Seeley. 5s.


CRAWFORD, E. Prize Essays, with Life Incidents of the Foundress, Rose Mary Crawshay. Second thousand. Bumpus.

CREIGHTON, CHARLES, M.D. A History of Epidemics in Britain. Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. 20s.

DICKSON, W. K. A. Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 18s.


EMERSON, O. F. The History of the English Language. Macmillan. 6s.
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MONNIER, ABBE LEON LE. History of S. Francis of Assisi, translated by a Franciscan Tertiary, with preface by Cardinal Vaughan. Kegan Paul. 16s.

PHILLIPS, MAHERLEY. A History of Banks, Bankers, and Banking in Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire, with portraits and facsimiles. Ellingham Wilson

PICKARD, SAMUEL T. Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier. 2 vols. Illustrated. Sampson Low. 18s.

POLAND, JOHN. Records of the Miller Hospital and Royal Kent Dispensary. Illustrations and maps. Greenwich, H. Richardson. 12s. 6d.


SARLE, W. G. Ingulf and the Historia Croylandensis. An investigation. Cambridge Antiquarian Society. 7s. 6d.

SHALER, NATHANIEL S. The United States of America, a Study of the American Commonwealth. Edited by. In 2 vols., with many illustrations.

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4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS’ SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors’ Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. With, when necessary, the assistance of the legal advisers of the Syndicate, it concludes agreements, collects royalties, examines and passes accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the expenses of the Authors’ Syndicate are defrayed solely out of the commission charged on rights placed through its intervention. Notice is, however, hereby given that in all cases where there is no current account, a booking fee is charged to cover postage and porterage.

3. That the Authors’ Syndicate works for none but those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiation whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least four days’ notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with the correspondence promptly, but that owing to the enormous number of letters received, some delay is inevitable. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors’ Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence, and does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a “Transfer Department” for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a “Register of Wants and Wanted” has been opened. Members anxious to obtain literary or artistic work are invited to communicate with the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

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LI TERARY PROPERTY.

I.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

THE sudden death of Sir John Thompson has probably put off the consideration of the Canadian claims for a time. A memorial on the subject will be drawn up by the committee after the Christmas and New Year Vacation. Meantime, the following is a resumé of the whole case. It appeared in the Times of Dec. 11, and is here reproduced in full, by special permission, for which we record our best thanks:

"The history of the discussion extends over no less a period than fifty years, beginning with the Imperial Copyright Act of 1842, and the details have been made the subject of so much argument on either side that there is, unfortunately, little room to hope for much modification of opposite opinion. Half a century of contention, carried on chiefly by means of official correspondence that tends to grow more voluminous year by year as the means of communication become more rapid, has remained practically barren of result. The Canadian copyright question, with certain modifications deemed wholly insufficient by the Canadian Government, has remained almost where it was placed in 1842. The incidents which have marked its progress are so few that they can be catalogued in a paragraph; the arguments to which they have given rise demand some courage for their mastery on the part of the student of colonial history.

"Briefly, the principal facts which need to be taken note of in relation to Canadian copyright are as follows: The Imperial Copyright Act of 1842 gives copyright throughout the whole of Her Majesty dominions to any book published in the United Kingdom, whether it be printed or not in the United Kingdom, or whether it be written by a British subject or not. The intention was manifestly to provide that British literature should have free circulation through British territory. As a matter of fact, the conditions of trade in the United Kingdom were such that the editions published under the protection of the Copyright Act were too expensive for the colonial market, and colonial readers, instead of being freely supplied with British books, were almost entirely deprived of them. To remedy this evil an Imperial Act of 1847, known as the Foreign Reprints Act, provided that, so long as the Imperial Government were satisfied that sufficient protection was given to the author's rights in any given colony, the prohibition to permit the entry of cheap foreign reprints enforced by the Act of 1842 might by Order in Council be suspended. Under this Act the Canadian Government imposed a nominal author's royalty of 12½ per cent., to be collected at the custom-houses by the Canadian Government and paid to the British Government for the benefit of the author. Foreign reprints were consequently admitted to the advantage of the Canadian reading public and to the manifest disadvantage of the Canadian book trade.

"In the meantime the colonies were developing powers of self-government under the system of Parliamentary responsibility which had been conceded to Canada in 1841, only one year before the passing of the Imperial Copyright Act. The confederation of the provinces of the Dominion of Canada took place in 1867, and in the British North America Act of that year, by which the
conditions of confederation are determined, copyright ranks among the subjects over which power was given to the Parliament of Canada to legislate. But under a previous Act of 1865, known as the Colonial Laws Validity Act, any colonial law which is any respects repugnant to the provisions of any Act of Parliament extending to the colony is read subject to the Act, and remains void "to the extent of such repugnancy." In so far, therefore, as any Canadian legislation upon copyright conflicts with Imperial legislation extending to the colony it remains void, notwithstanding the provisions of the British North America Act.

The results of these two-handed provisions have been those that might have been anticipated. A Canadian Copyright Act of 1875 laid down the conditions of local copyright for Canadian authors, who, as their works are not necessarily published in the United Kingdom, were not protected by the Imperial Act. The Canadian Act was subjected to some wrangle, but was made law by an Imperial Confirming Act. Then followed, in consequence of the discussion upon the Act, the Copyright Commission of 1876. A consolidation Bill intended to give effect to the recommendations of the Commission did not become law. More negotiations followed, and led in the course of ten years to the Berne Convention and the International Copyright Act of 1886.

The Berne Convention, of which the object was to create an international union for the protection of literary and artistic property, was signed on Sept. 9, 1886. By a protocol attached to the Convention the colonies and foreign possessions of Great Britain were included with the United Kingdom, with power reserved to them to denounce the treaty, in so far as it concerns them, upon giving twelve months' notice to that effect. Under the International Copyright Act of the same year, which was passed for the purpose of giving effect to the Berne Convention, it was provided that the author of a book first published in a colony has copyright throughout the whole of the Queen's dominions. Canada, it should be observed, formally assented to the Imperial Act of 1886, and to a subsequent Order in Council of 1887, by which effect was given to it in the colonies. By the Berne Convention the principle of International copyright for all countries belonging to the Union was established. By the Imperial Act of 1886 the supplementary principle of copyright throughout all the British possessions was established for the Empire.

To other members of the Copyright Union, whether international or Imperial, those provisions have been found to be of great value. The geographical position of Canada made her case exceptional. The United States, which is the largest reproducer of English publications, borders the Canadian frontier for some thousands of miles. Under the provisions of the Berne Convention Canada was prevented from reproducing the works not only of British copyright holders, but of the copyright holders of the entire Union without due compensation to the author, while her nearest neighbour, publishing in the same language for a reading public of which the requirements were practically identical, was not a member of the Union, and was consequently free to reproduce at will and flood the markets of the continents with cheap reprints, against which the Canadian book trade could not contend. The privilege given in return to Canadian authors of copyright throughout the Union remained practically void by reason of the small number of authors who could profit by it. The Berne Convention, therefore, rendered the position of Canada so much the worse by increasing the number of copyright holders to whom Canadian publishers were bound to give compensation by as many countries, colonies, and British possessions as joined the Union. As a matter of fact, the reading public of the Dominion of Canada has been, and is, principally supplied with British literature by American reprints. It is worth while in this connection to point out that the interests which are opposed to each other in this controversy are not those of British authors and Canadian authors, or of British authors and the Canadian public, but of British authors and Canadian publishers.

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ment accordingly gave notice that it wished, in so far as it were concerned, to denounce the Berne Convention.

"The Act could not, however, become law without receiving the sanction of Her Majesty's Government, and this sanction has been withheld. In the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, formally reported on Dec. 31, 1889, the powers of legislation conferred on the Dominion Parliament by the British North America Act do not authorise that Parliament to amend or repeal, so far as relates to Canada, an Imperial Act conferring privileges within Canada. It will readily be conceived that this decision has not been received with acquiescence in Canada. The question has been raised by it from a discussion of the relative interests of authors and publishers to the higher level of a question of self-government. Feeling in Canada runs very strongly upon the point. Sir John Thompson, both as Minister of Justice in 1889 and later as Prime Minister of the Dominion, has stoutly defended the self-governing rights of the colony he represents and the competency of the Dominion Parliament to pass an amending Act. Powers which include the right to impose customs duties upon British goods must, it is held, give power to defend the local interest of any trade. Colonial opinion will not easily accept a limitation, the justice of which can be disputed, of constitutional rights, and it is not improbable that the whole question may have to be decided upon this wider issue.

"The latest modification of the technical aspect of the question has been produced by the American Copyright Act of 1891, under which any British subject may obtain copyright in the United States on condition that at least two copies of the book be printed from type set within the United States on or before publication elsewhere. In return for this, American subjects may obtain copyright throughout British possessions on the same terms as British subjects. On the ground that the American Act and the President's proclamation do not constitute an international copyright treaty Canada refused to admit citizens of the United States to the enjoyment of copyright privileges within the limits of the Dominion. This Canada is held to have the right to do under the Act of 1875, which was confirmed by the Imperial Act of the same year.

"What is now desired by the Government of Canada is that an Imperial confirming Act shall be passed to give the force of law to the still inoperative Canadian Act of 1889. The objections of the Imperial Government to such a course are—that to do as Canada desires involves an abandonment of the policy of international and Imperial copyright which was, after difficulty, asserted six years ago; that it is inconsistent with the policy of making copyright independent of the place of printing, which has always been upheld by Great Britain; that it would have the effect of introducing a modification into the conditions under which the United States consented to the agreement of 1891; and that it would be injurious to the interests of British authors, by whom the Canadian market is principally supplied. It is urged on behalf of British authors that the whole Canadian case is based on the fallacy that Canadian publishers and printers have a right to the profits of publishing and printing the works of British authors, whereas in reality the profit of their work belongs to the authors themselves. When the arguments of the right of self-government are brought forward, it is replied that no conceivable British right of self-government can include the right to confiscate the property of unoffending members of society. Unquestionably the adjustment of the case on mutually satisfactory grounds is rendered difficult by the absence of any body of Canadian authors to whom reciprocal privileges under the Copyright Acts can offer substantial advantages. As it stands, the advantage of authors is all on one side, and the advantage of publishers is on the other. That the authors should be British and the publishers Canadian accentuates the sharpness of a contest which, even without the intervention of a governing body on each side, we are accustomed to hear a good deal of in this country. It also, however, helps to indicate clearly the direction in which compromise may most hopefully be looked for, and a practical provision on the part of the Canadian Government by which the rights of authors may be fully safeguarded may, perhaps, help to bring the long controversy to a close."

II.—INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

At a meeting of the American "Authors' Guild," held in New York, Nov. 21, a resolution was proposed to reopen the International Copyright Law by a petition to Congress for its amendment. The discussion of the resolution was adjourned to the regular meeting in December, when the project of publishing a literary quarterly will also be considered by the Guild.—Athenæum, Dec. 8.

III.—PUBLISHED ON COMMISSION.

The following is (1) a publisher's estimate for the cost of production of a book forming 540 pp. at 340 words to a page in long primer type; and (2) the estimate according to the Society's book called "The Cost of Production."
I. Publisher's estimate without advertising and binding of 300 only:

For an edition of 500 copies, £148.
" " 750 copies, £165.
" " 1000 copies, £170.

II. Here is the Society's estimate of exactly the same work in the same type—remember that we can get the work done for so much, and well done:

For an edition of 500 copies, £100.
" " 750 copies, £115.
" " 1000 copies, £145.

One would like the general opinion on the character of the publisher who is capable of sending out such an estimate. And, one would ask, do not figures such as these show the absolute necessity of supporting the only machinery which exposes these things?

IV.—A Hopeless Case.

The following is a case which has happened more than once, and should be noted:

A. B. writes an article or several articles for a journal which is, though the contributor does not know it, on its last legs, financially. He asks the editor for a cheque, and gets no reply. He writes again, and still gets no reply. He calls, and cannot see the editor. Then he seeks the aid of the Society. Now this, one would think, is eminently a case in which the Society should be useful. In fact, there are dozens of similar cases in which the proprietor of a journal has been made to pay by the action of the secretary. But in this case the secretary discovers the unpleasant fact that the paper has been taken over and is being run by and for the debenture holders. This means that, though the secretary might take the case into the County Court and obtain a judgment, there would be no means whatever of enforcing that judgment, because the debenture holders have the first claim upon the proceeds of the paper. The only course, then, is to throw the paper into bankruptcy—a difficult and expensive task. A course, too, by which the creditor will gain only a paltry dividend, if anything. There is no publicity to County Court judgments, otherwise the mere facts of the case might cause the manager to pay rather than incur the discredit of the judgment. So that in such a case there seems no help at all.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

Over all the things that I had to say in this month's letter there hangs a very gloomy shadow, and turn and twist as I may I am always brought back to this most unhappy fact, that your Stevenson and mine no longer breathes our common air, and that thirst we as we may for the clear water of his lucid prose, there will be nothing from him any more nor ever again, for our gentle gentleman of letters lies for ever asleep on a mountain-top in an island in the southern sea.

I fancy that amongst those who deplore his loss few perhaps will be more distressed than Crockett and Weyman. Both spoke to me of him with high admiration and great pride in his appreciation of their work, for to both of them he had written in high praise and encouragement. His portrait hangs in Crockett's work-room in his house on the moors by the Esk, and it is on the mantelpiece of Weyman's study in the Welsh frontier town. And now there is crepe round it; there and everywhere it is felt that our English peoples are poorer by a great-hearted gentleman, our English tongue is robbed of a clear and sweet exponent.

The French press paid due tribute to the dead master, and in most of the leading papers there appeared admiring obituary notices. There is much in this, as as a general rule the French journalists know nothing of, and care less, for English writers. So that, if Stevenson's death was recorded in columns of appreciative articles in the Parisian papers, it shows that his mastery was recognised here also. Some of the writers displayed a certain ignorance, and gave amongst the list of his works the names of books which he never wrote, but the intention was everywhere a good one, and there was comfort in this manifestation in a foreign land.

I have seen Alphonse Daudet since my return to Paris, and he spoke to me with much anticipation of pleasure about his forthcoming visit to London. He, however, seems determined to preserve the strictest incognito whilst in England, and has begged me to state that, greatly touched as he is by the kindness of those who proposed to do him honour, his state of health will prevent him from appearing in public in any way.

Emile Zola is being greatly attacked in the French papers for his Italian proceedings. In one caricature he is represented kneeling before King Humbert licking the royal boots. In another large coloured cartoon he is shown in the garb of a mountebank, grovelling before the King and Crispi, and the former is saying "Enough, enough, it really is enough." All this is very
unjust. I attribute these attacks partly to the hatred of Italy which has been felt in France ever since the Italians joined the Triple Alliance, but mainly to the jealousy with which Zola's unprecedented success and European popularity have filled the obscure scribes who are so attacking him. Zola answers them one and all with an immense shrug of his burly shoulders, and says, "Let them talk, as for me, I am setting to work."

S. R. Crockett has an adorable little daughter called "Maisie." The other day a visitor called at Bank House in the absence of her parents, and was received by the young lady. Happening to notice a photograph of Mr. A. P. Watt in a place of honour in Mr. Crockett's study, he asked his little hostess who that gentleman might be. "Oh," said Maisie, "that is the gentleman who gets papa his American copyright."

The gentlemen who write reviews of books are, I presume, journalists, and their writings, by the same token, are journalism. Why then do these gentlemen use the expression "journalism" as a reproach in their critical appreciations. One often reads "this is not literature, it is journalism," a strange remark coming from a professed journalist. It reminds one of the bird who befools his own nest, for it implies that the writer has a fine contempt for his own writings, and it fills the reader with pity at the want of the writer's self-respect as a journalist.

There is one critic in London—I am sorry that I do not know his name—who has a curious notion of the responsibilities of his craft. A book—it was rather an expensive book—was published in London last month, and copies of this book were issued for review two days before the actual date of publication. On the same evening a copy of this book was seen in the window of a well-known second-hand bookstall in Shaftesbury Avenue. It was marked at a reduced price, though it was uncut, and just as it had left the publisher's hands, and though it was the only copy of the book then for sale in London. It was evidently one of the copies which had issued that morning for review, and had fallen into the hands of a gentleman with peculiar views on the functions and duties of criticism. In France all press copies of books are stamped with a sign which marks them as such. The English publishers might adopt a similar plan.

Amongst the many books which I find on my table on my return to Paris is a very clever collection of prose poems in French, by "P. L." This collection is entitled "Les Chansons de Bilitis," and the poems are supposed to be a translation from a Greek poetess. They are preceded by a detailed biography of the imaginary songstress, and in a most skilful manner the illusion maintained throughout a most charming and savoury book. "P. L." stands for Pierre Louys, a young French poet of whom I have often spoken in these pages as a young littérateur of considerable performance and still greater promise. Pierre Louys is a true artist, with no other preoccupation in life beyond the cultus of beauty, a poet in every fibre. His translation of Meleager will be remembered, to mention only one of his little masterpieces.

I met Maurice Barrés a night or two ago, and found him looking rather tired. I suppose the strain of editing a fighting paper, like La Cocarde, is a very heavy one. Yet he was enthusiastic and energetic as ever, and told me that, apart from his literary work (besides editing La Cocarde and contributing to it a daily leader, he is engaged on a new novel), he is actively preparing his parliamentary candidature in two constituencies, Neuilly and Nancy. We had a long conversation on journalistic blackmailing in Paris, and amongst other things he told me that just before his play, "La Journée Parlementaire," was produced an offer was made to him by an individual representing a syndicate of Parisian newspapers, by which, on payment of a considerable sum, he could secure enthusiastic reports of his play, with the alternative of—well, you can guess the alternative.

Apropos of journalistic blackmailing in Paris, I imagine that nobody is more surprised at the turn which things have taken than the able editors who, arrested for the practice, are now languishing in Mazas gaol. For years they have been allowed undisturbed to practise their little industry, till they had been lulled into the illusion that what they were doing was recognised and admitted. Suddenly, after nearly a quarter of a century of toleration, they are swooped down upon and laid by the heels. I can imagine that they feel a real grievance against the authorities.

I could write a volume on the practices of blackmailing in France, were I only to draw on my reminiscences of conversations I had on the subject with poor Ferdinand de Lesseps. The subject is, however, a nauseating one. I will only mention that I was once delegated to gag a provincial blackmailing journalist, and that each time that I paid him his monthly hush-money, I used to talk to him about his business. He seemed to think that he was acting in a perfectly straightforward manner. "I run my paper," he used to say, "not from philanthropy, but as a commercial speculation, and I work what influence it gives me for all that it is worth.
People must pay to get things put into my paper, and equally must they pay to keep things out." We used to smoke cigarettes together, and got quite friendly in the end, for the man's turpitude was thorough, and one likes thoroughness of every kind. I was almost sorry when I heard that he had died in gaol. He was such an interesting study.

It seems as if shortly there will be quite a colony of English men of letters residing in Paris. I have heard several, and not the least distinguished amongst our contemporary writers, expressing the intention to go and live in the French capital. I think it is a mistake on their part, and I, for one, have never ceased regretting having settled down on what an old Yorkshire farmer de mes amis spoke to me of as "the wrong side of the water, my lad." Paris is uncomfortable, it is expensive, and the eternal foolishness which envelopes one here, ends by influencing disastrously one's views on men and on life. Besides, one forgets one's English. The tool blunts from disuse.

I see that at a type-writing office in the City Mr. Hill's idea of a roll of paper, as a substitute for sheets, has been taken up and put into practice. Quite a crowd of people stand outside that office and watch the long coil as it unfolds itself.


NOTES AND NEWS.

By this time all the papers, daily and weekly, have paid their tribute of praise and regret to the memory of Louis Stevenson. Yet this paper, though late, must also lay its wreath upon that far-off island grave. For, indeed, while he lived, to talk of decadence was to betray incapacity. I do not think there is in our whole literature a finer piece of work than "Treasure Island." I do not think there are anywhere more delightful essays than some of Stevenson's. We need not attempt to compare him with anybody—comparisons of genius are futile things; Scott is Scott; Fielding; Thackeray; every man of genius stands alone. Like all men of genius Stevenson was unequal; there were limitations in his powers; certain fields were closed to him; he could not discourse of love, for instance. But for what he gave the world we must be thankful, for some of it will last, I believe, as long as the English language.

The immortality of a writer involves selection. As time goes on one piece after another drops out of notice and is forgotten, except for the student. Why? It is impossible to tell. Goldsmith has been practically reduced, except for the student, to the "Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," and the "Vicar of Wakefield;" Gray to the Elegy; of Southey's voluminous poems one little poem only remains; Coleridge keeps his "Ancient Mariner." Of more modern writers it would be invidious to speak; it is too early to guess what part of Tennyson will drop out of the general memory; what part of Browning will be preserved; but it would be interesting to learn what novels, if any, of Thackeray and Dickens are already beginning to show signs of approaching oblivion.

The committee have received a large number of replies to their questions as to Net Prices. At their first meeting of the New Year the replies will be submitted to them and considered. Perhaps we shall be in a position to publish some resolution on the subject next month.

In an advertisement of a new periodical, "The Minster," one observes with some surprise the name of Mr. George Gissing as the contributor of a story. With surprise, not because he ought not to be there, but because this powerful writer has never before, so far as I know, appeared in a serial. I hear now of other magazines which have at last found him out. I have never been able to understand the comparative silence with which the very fine work of this writer has been received. It is, perhaps, because his themes have been gloomy. The other writers in the new magazine are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Benjamin Baker, the Head Master of Harrow, Corney Grain, Mr. George Spottiswoode, George Saintsbury, and James Payn. It is quite the orthodox plan to begin with great names. At the same time, great names very often belong to those who are not great in literature. And, since we wish well to the new magazine, we would venture to suggest that literary popularity is most easily attained by names that are great in literature.

The book trade may be in a very depressed condition, but there are six long columns of publishers' advertisements in the Times of Dec. 18. This looks like a certain amount of confidence in the present as well as in the future. Whether the market is depressed or not, there is certainly no falling off in the output, the regulation of which is especially the business of the publishers. The author has not, and cannot have, any voice at all.
in the output. I suppose that depression means, not a restricted output, but smaller editions; e.g., for books of a certain class—say Autobiographies and Recollections—where there were formerly a thousand buyers there are now only five hundred. But, so long as the purchases by readers exceed the cost of production, so long will fresh books of the kind be produced. And so with every other kind of book.

Mr. W. Pollard (Athenæum, Dec. 8) records the death of surely the very last of all the persons named in Charles Lamb’s letters. Elizabeth, widow of Charles Tween, died at Hertford on Nov. 27, aged ninety-two. She was buried, Dec. 3, in Widford Churchyard, Hertfordshire, where Charles’s grandmother, Mrs. Field, lies buried. Mrs. Tween was a Miss Norris, mentioned by Lamb in a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson of January, 1826. She, with her sister, opened a girls’ school, but married two brothers.

The funeral was on Monday, Dec. 3, in Widford Churchyard, Hertfordshire; and the place has many things that recall recollections of Lamb and his writings. On entering the churchyard, we see on the left the gravestones of his grandmother, Mrs. Field, and the lettering requires renovating. In front is the church.

“On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguished from its neighbour-barn
Save by a slender tapering length of spire,
The grandame sleeps.”

And on the right we are reminded of the opening of the first story in Mrs. Lamb’s “Mrs. Lester’s School.” At Widford are the gravestones of Mrs. Elizabeth Norris (widow of Mr. Randal Norris), died July, 1843, and her son Richard. On the west side the church tower is a stile and footpath leading to the beautiful valley of the Ash close by, and just on the other side is the wilderness Charles Lamb describes in his “Blakesmoor in H.—shire” (first essay, second series), and also names in “Rosamund Gray.” Just below the wilderness, and still nearer the church, stood the old Blakesware mansion where his grandmother was housekeeper, and which he describes in this essay. And on the rising ground to the east stood the cottage where Rosamund Gray lived with her grandmother. On the hillside, just north of the church and valley, is Little Blakesware Farm, where Charles Lamb used to visit Mr. Tween, the then tenant.

Does the free library injure the sale of books? At present there are comparatively few free libraries, and their chief effect, so far, has been to place books within the reach of those who could not afford to buy them; and this, I think, will be their effect when they are multiplied by fifty. Thus there are now in this country only about three hundred. It is not too much to expect that a very few years will see the free libraries, great and small, enumerated at 15,000. Almost every good book will certainly be taken by all these libraries. That is to say, good histories and biographies, good books on popular science, favourite poets, favourite novelists, will all be taken; and, really, if no other purchaser appeared, the author would not do so badly. But I believe that the present purchasers will remain. The free libraries will lend books to that enormous class whose incomes are below £300 a year, and who cannot afford to buy books, and those who can afford to buy books will continue to do so.

A man is on the prowl seeking to deceive. He calls himself Charles E. Winter. This is the story of a late attempt: “He called to see me in order, he said, to obtain leave to translate a story of mine. I could not give leave as I had sold the copyright, and he then asked if I could give him any type-writing, saying he had done some work for you”—the editor of this Journal—“and mentioning other names of reputation in the literary world as a sort of guarantee. The end of it was that, influenced by a sad history he told of destitution, and also, perhaps, by his being evidently a man of education—he spoke French really like a Frenchman—I gave him some money, and was foolish enough to trust him with the MS. of another story. Since then I have found out that the man is a fraud, and I have now seen a detective who tells me that the man is already ‘wanted’ by the police for having got money from somebody else in the same way.”

A correspondent wrote some time ago—but his letter was mislaid—asking whether £12 was a fair price to pay for a volume of which an edition of 2000 was sold. The volume was a little book which sold for half-a-crown. An edition of two thousand would probably cost—there were special reasons why the advertising would cost little or nothing—about £70, or about £71 11d. a copy. The enterprising publishers therefore, who sold this book at about 1s. 6d. a copy, cleared 9½d. a copy, out of which they paid the author £12, and realised for themselves £65 odd. Was the transaction a fair one? One thinks that it was not.

Here is a case which perhaps admits of argument. A half profit agreement; a book which is sold at a high price; a return at the end of a year, showing the sale of some hundreds, with a loss of something like £30—the exact amount does not matter, as the account is not disputed. That was twenty years ago. The author during all this time asked for no further return, having long since made up his mind that the book would not prove a pecuniary success. However, in some spare moment he did sit down and asked for a second return. It
It showed a yearly sale of about £30 worth of the book, with an increased loss, after twenty years, of £55 or thereabouts. In other words, what has happened is this. The publisher wished to keep the author's name on his books, and on his lists. He has therefore gone on advertising the book in his list of standard works, every year spending in advertising a little more than he received. He has made the book an advertisement of himself. Nor, it seems, can the author complain. He passed without question the first account. In that furnished twenty years later he asked for a return of the advertisements for the last five years. A small sum was charged for advertising in the publisher's own magazine—it should not have been charged—but to dispute it would not remove the deficit. Therefore it was allowed to stand. Perhaps it may be said that the author was advertised as well as the publisher. The author says that he did not ask for the advertisement, that it did him no good, and that he did not want it. If all the remaining copies are sold the deficit cannot now be made good, and so he will not interfere.

On p. 215 will be found a few contemporary notes on a very remarkable and unprecedented depression in the book market. It is amazing to think that only sixty years ago the leading publishers had no announcements at all to make in the autumn. Six hundred printers out of work at a time when all the London books were printed in London; nothing risked except reprints of favourite authors; not until the end of the year are there any books, and then only a hundred. The whole history of this depression, the length of its duration, and the revival of the demand for books would form a chapter of interest in the history of English literature.

WALTER BESANT.

FEUILLETON.

IN THE PORCH.

By SHAN F. BULLOCK, Author of "The Awkward Squad."

"Well!" said Greenback, as the outer door of the Judgment Hall closed swiftly behind White and Cold,

"Well! what luck?"

White and Cold ruffled her leaves, gave a little shiver of disgust, then suddenly flung back her front cover.

"Look there!" cried she. "Look there! Is it not shameful? Bedaubed like that by such a crew—Oh! such a crew! Look!—'Damned; ' 'Damned; ' 'Damned; ' stamped all over my pretty whiteness—Damnation and finger-marks, there's my portion."

Greenback looked with pity at his little friend. What a change! But an hour ago they had parted there in the porch, and she had gone in for judgment so youthfully happy and fresh and hopeful; now the bolt was shot behind her, and she was back—an outcast, battered, disfigured, surely condemned. What a change?

"Poor dear," he murmured. "Poor dear! So complete—so complete."

"Complete?" cried White and Cold, "I should think it was. I tell you I was damned before one of their vile eyes ever saw me. They sat hungering for me with their daggers drawn. Look! not twenty of my pages cut, not fifty of my verses read, not one verdict even initialled—Oh! such a crew. One looked at my title-page, 'Phew! quoth he, 'New man,' and scribbled 'Damned;' another read two lines, muttered 'Minor, very minor,' and wrote his verdict; another read five lines, 'Rot,' said he, and wrote worse—and so on from deep to deep. Poetry! What know they of poetry? Critics! Just heaven—Critics!—Oh the travail and fond hopes—"

"Poor dear," murmured Greenback. "Poor dear! I'm so sorry—Not even one kind word."

"Oh yes, there's one—you'll find it there near the bottom—a woman wrote it, a little ugly body who turned paler at sight of Long-hair's name on the title-page, and smiled as she read here and there. Can't you find it?"

"Ah!" said Greenback. "Yes, I see—damned with faint praise. Poor child."

"Oh! I don't want your pity," cried White and Cold. "No! It's all a conspiracy. I know it is. I go this way doomed to daggers and destruction, you go that to wreaths and glory. Why? Why, I say? Why because I'm a first child, a girl, the daughter of a long-haired nobody; because my race has fallen among the Philistines; because I trace my descent from Homer through the generations. You smile? Yes, you can afford to smile. You're a seventh child; the world was waiting for you; the—the person who owns you is somebody. What of you both? He was long enough under a cloud at first; and you—why you were born piecemeal, scattered here and there about the world, and then collected into your shabby green covers. Bah! Collected. Essays! Old Sober-sides, what of you? Why, you're a plebeian—a modern—Addison is your—"

"Easy, easy," said Greenback in his urbanest manner. "Why all this folly, child? I'm beyond all that you know, and really—"

"Oh, yes; you're most superior, I know. All gentlemen are. Why did you not keep to your
word, though? Any gentleman can do that. You promised before we left the Row to stand by me and take your fate with me at the same hands. But no; you must leave me at the door, and sneak off to the—the professionals—the big pots—the men who always write sweet things and sign them—"

"Really, madam," returned Greenback, "I must beg of you to keep your vulgar sneers for your equals. As a gentleman I offered you my protection to the extent of my ability; more I could not do. Like yourself I had to take the chances of war—"

"Chances of fiddle-sticks! Chances of nincompoops? What chance had I?"

"Madam," said Greenback severely, "enough of this. You had your chance like another, and let me say that I cannot bring myself at all to look at the art of criticism from your standpoint—"

"Of course you can't. You get the sugar-plums, I get the physic."

"Madam, enough. Let us call a truce to these trivialities. The trial is over; the door is closed on us both; our fates assigned us. Madam, our ways now must part. Thither, out into the world and the sunshine, lies my path. Yours—You—Ah, my poor child! My poor child!"

"Well, what of me? I suppose you think I can't take care—"

"No, no! Not that. Have you not heard? Do you not know? That place of doom and buried hopes; do you not know of it?"

"What? Where? What?"

"Ah, child, thank Heaven for youth and innocence. Knowledge is such a sad burden. . . . Yes! perhaps you had better know. My child, out there, beyond the sun and the light, is a place of dread and despair. Dank fogs envelop it, despairing voices haunt it, a gaunt precipice overhangs and cuts it off from this world of chance. Oh verily! a region of fog and forgetfulness. And thither, day by day, men come, and now with scorn, now with ringing laughter, sometimes, perhaps, with regret, cry, 'Over, over!' and send fluttering down into the darkness the unfortunate children of folly and conceit—"

"Oh, oh! Children? What children? Not—?"

"Yes, child—the books that were born only, sooner or later, to die."

"Books! All of them? Every one? Oh! not every one! Surely not—not me, too!"

"Yes, sweetheart—you, too."

"Oh no, no! Not so soon. Did you say soon?"

"It is cruel—but kind. Child, I fear me your shrift will be short."

"Oh, no! Why a day ago, an hour ago, I was but born. Did you say soon? Why, I haven't yet seen the sun! What! all this pretty finery—all of it, you say? All, is all to go down—down? Ah! mercy, mercy!"

"Sweetheart," said Greenback very tenderly, "be brave. It is soon over—few in the end escape. Better over at once, maybe, than after a cheerless struggle in the storms and the twilight.

"Oh! but so soon—so soon—only an hour of life. It is shameful! I've had no chance. I tell you it will be murder—yes, murder. For, look you, I am alive, every page of me is throbbing alive. Ah! and the brutes would murder me. Ah! comrade—keep them back—only for one day, one gleam of the sunshine."

"Impossible," muttered Greenback. "It is impossible."

"Oh! the injustice, the cruelty, the folly of it all. You say that voices haunt that—that place. What voices? Can the dead cry? What voices? Why those of maidens such as I am, ay! and of men, too, and women who have been buried alive. Hark! you can hear them wailing—wailing hopelessly. Oh! the injustice—the bitter cup."

Greenback let his little friend run on, and himself fell a thinking. Was it true, any of this that White and Cold in her frenzy was saying? Did anything alive ever go fluttering down? Whose were those voices? Surely sometimes mistakes were made—mistakes born of hurry and prejudice, perhaps of ignorance? Surely sometimes a book—maybe just born, maybe having run its course—with just a spark of life between its covers went over, some jewel that were worth the snatching. Down in that melancholy region were there not live things—golden pages, sentences, lines, phrases—buried eternally beneath mountains of stupidity and vanity? The perfect line in a maze of doggerel, a noble sentence standing out from a dreary flatness, a page here and there torn from experience, and telling the story of a heart—surely often and often these had come unheralded, gone unnoticed, and left the world the poorer. Write, write, men were ever writing—could the most hopeless dullaro among them sit always and never chance on the happy phrase, the haunting cadence; never hear once from heaven a whisper of the gods? This little butterfly, now lying all crushed and hopeless, could it be that all her glitter was mere dross and vanity?

"Come, sweetheart," he said at last, "Cheer up, now; all is not over yet. Come! stand for judgment and let me be your critic."

So White and Cold fluttered and twirled and aired her little graces, and Greenback looked gravely on. Those inside the door had not be-
far wrong, he thought; she had virtues, but she
was no divinity; there was glitter, but no gold;
the best she could show was now and then a
happy pose, a graceful turn, and once, he thought,
a flash of passion. No! Salvation was not for her
nor for her kind; still, she was not quite unworthy,
the gold might have flashed somewhere. And—
surely among all the others, her unfortunate
companions in adversity, the gold if sought for,
must have flashed somewhere? Surely not to
have sought, sought eagerly, thought Greenback,
can only be reckoned as foolishness in the ways
of man. Why, he himself, only for his parentage,
might easily have gone over.

"You are right, my dear," he said presently,
"quite right. It is an inhuman thing thus to
destroy ruthlessly what might well contain hidden
treasure most precious."

"Ah, I knew it," cried White and Cold, "I knew
it! I wanted only a chance."

"I was speaking generally, child," said Green-
back hurriedly.

"Then—then—What! are you, too, among
my enemies? You, too, blind?"

"Ah, child, what matters it? Did I see genius
written on your every leaf what could I avail?
Nothing."

"Nothing! Do nothing? Do you mean—do
you say there is no hope?"

"It would be cruel to say you false," murmured
Greenback. "Child, there is no hope."

"No hope? Oh! the living tomb—oh! the
voices wailing—oh! Sir, Sir, do something, save
me for one hour!"

"My child," answered Greenback very gravely,
"what you ask is impossible. Sorely do I regret
your fate, fervently do I wish it were otherwise;
but in this matter, as in all, we are helpless. It
is hard—Ah! would that long ago, when the
Master was bending over me, I had had the
thoughts which now I have! I should have
whispered: 'Write, Master, write and warn the
world of its folly. It knows not what it does—
daily it is casting away treasure. The workers in
the Hall of Judgment are weary and grown
callous; they have no leisure in which to perform
what to be effective must be a labour of love.
But have you not, my Master, called (Ah! spoken
it to myself) this an age of Amateur well-doing,
of societies founded everywhere for the protection
of the weak, and the prevention of wrong-doing?
And have I not shown you wrong; are not these
weak for whom I plead? What work more noble,
more glorious and beneficent could learned men,
of taste also and leisure (of you, revered Master,
and your peers I speak), hope to lay hand to than
the duties which should appertain to a Society
solidly founded, honestly supported, and having
for its object the Rescue of Jewels from the
Wastes of Literature? Go out, my Master, go
out and raise your voice; it is powerful; the
world will hear you; countless generations shall
call you blessed.' So should I have spoken, child;
and—"

"But now—even now it is not too late. The
Master! tell him, tell him—ask him to save me!"

"My child, take heart and be brave—to struggle
and cry is folly. You know not the world; it is
slow to hear, and slower to move. And the
Master—alas! I am not the Master's keeper,
and his ear just now is turned from me. But I
promise you that some day his voice shall be
raised, and this Society of which—"

"Yes, yes—but I shall have gone!"

"Gone—gone—we all go—go and are forgotten.
Ah, child! is there no consolation in the thought
that your sacrifice may to future generations
bring great good?"

"Consolation! Consolation in that pit of hell!
Lost, lost! What do I care about future genera-
tions? Oh! my pretty finery . . . What! going?
Leaving me? Is it good bye?"

"It is good-bye, sweetheart. The world calls
me, and I must go. Keep heart, and die
bravely."

"Die! Die! And is this the end? Must I
face—that alone?"

"Be brave my child—and good bye."

"—All alone—Never see you again—Oh! not
good bye."

"Ah well—who knows—sooner or later we all,
or nearly all, come there. Who knows? Well,
Sweetheart, not good bye then, but au revoir."

A LITERARY CORNER.

I WONDER how many of the men and
women, who monthly turn to the pages of
the Author, have ever explored the pleasant
precincts of Camilla Lacey, which lie within easy
reach of many of their number. It was recently
the good fortune of the present writer to see all
that is now left of this literary haunt, and to
follow for a brief while the footsteps of an almost
forgotten literary coterie. For to this little corner
of the Surrey Hills the French emigrés were irre-
sistibly attracted in the days when the names of
Talleyrand, Narbonne, and Madame de Stael were
on everybody's lips.

The little village was even in those days
remarkable for shady groves and towering trees,
and for its pretty gardens and small cottages, in
one of which Madame d'Arblay lived.
To-day, indeed, the little homestead is gone, with its rustic wooden porch and low white walls, with their charming old-fashioned pointed gables, and in its stead rises a modern mansion, wherein little is left of the old world building. The only authentic remains of the cottage, which was so beloved of the celebrated authors, are now said, indeed, to be the narrow back stairway, and, perhaps, two adjoining small rooms.

Nevertheless, to many folks the house as it is fills the mind with a thousand touching memories, and its owners have sought to preserve intact everything associated with the fame of Fanny Burney.

The prettiest, and, perhaps, the sunniest, brightest room of the whole mansion is the little literary museum wherein are preserved the relics of a fame which once made the gladness of the country side.

In a quaintly furnished room, with hangings of olden times, dainty flowered curtains shade the fading manuscripts which lie in glazed cases available to the curious, the wonderful manuscript of Camilla and Evelina. Old-fashioned furniture fills up the small room, a corner table supports the large crucifix, which, if report says true, was once the possession of no less a personage than the old Chevalier d'Arblay. All the pieces of furniture, though gathered in recent years, seems to be part and parcel of the original inhabitants, and around the walls hang portraits, engravings for the most part of all the prominent friends of the gifted authoress. Below each one is suspended by loving hands an autograph letter from the portrait represented, addressed for the most part in warm hearted language to the "charming kind friend" Madame d'Arllay. Here, for instance, is a full-faced portrait of Mrs. Delany in her black lace fichu and mantilla; close beside her Mrs. Montague (after Reynolds), with her good tempered somewhat oval face; Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Trimmer, many of the Burney family, in pen and ink and in crayon; Baretti (after Reynolds), in queue and powder; David Garrick, in slashed and braided coat. Here, by the bye, hangs another charming portrait, with a characteristic face and expression; below it a delightful old world epistle from Madame Piazzi to the charming Madame d'Arblay. "Come o' Tuesday," runs the faded manuscript, "as well as Sunday. Dine with me o' Sunday, sweet soul, do!" and here is Mrs. Delany's letter full of inquiry after the health of her "Dearest Miss Burney: We sent but yesterday to know how you did; we have been quite alarmed, for they brought us word that though you was better to Burney was only as well as could be expected;" and so on, I might quote infinite in number, the tender, heartfelt greetings of this charming throng. All of them, indeed, ring the same changes of devoted friendship and admiration—Talleyrand, Madame de Stäl, Reynolds, "St. Cecilia," Brinley Sheridan, and many, many another.

As the "gallery" ends, the eye rests a moment on the well filled little corner bookshelves, where are gathered in the old first editions—Evelina, Cecilia, Camilla. The minor works and volumes of great contemporary writers are there to complete the small library, and the celebrated journals, round which has since centred a veritable literature in itself. There, too, are the earlier diaries of 1768-78, to which some men give the most praise; and last, not least, the curious official form, said to be an authentic copy of the marriage register. I almost hesitate to copy it in my short paper, fearing it may raise doubts as to veracity. But I give it, for the curious I feel sure would be allowed to see and judge it for their own satisfaction. The form gives the scene of Fanny Burney's marriage with the Chevalier d'Arblay as St. Luke's parish church, Chelsea, by licence, on July 28, 1793. Biographers, I am aware, mention already two places as the scene of the celebrated ceremony. I can add nothing to their testimony, but I think these few notes may prove of interest.

Of the surrounding country side little can have changed since the old days I here record; the well wooded heights of Denbies, Box Hill, Juniper Hill still stand much as they did then. But the charming gardens and undulating lawns which surround the beautiful modern house of Camilla Lacey; these things mark the transformation undergone since the days of Madame d'Arblay's occupation. There yet may exist, perchance among them, the shrubs that Chevalier planted with toilsome endeavour; but few people now traverse the country lane with thoughts of its literary recollections.

The railway rushing across the country side bears Londonward its crowd of busy people; to thoughtful literary men and women it will ever be the home of delightful old world memories.

E. K. PEARCE.
THE AUTHOR.

At that time there was a tax upon paper, a tax upon binding, and a tax upon advertisements. All these taxes had to be paid in the production of the book, and before a single copy was sold—they had to be paid, in fact, whether a single copy sold or not.

The meaning and the burden of these taxes are shown by the Edinburgh Reviewer. He takes the case of an 8vo. book of 500 pages. He selects an ordinary book of that size, and he gives the figures showing the cost of production with that part of it due to the taxes. These figures, he says, were furnished by a person of the "highest authority." They appear as follows:

1. In an edition of 500 copies:

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<td>Printing and correction £88 18 0</td>
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<td>Paper 38 10 0 ... £ 8 12 10</td>
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<td>Boarding 10 0 0 ... 3 3 8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Advertising 40 0 0 ... 20 0 0</td>
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<td><strong>177 8 0</strong></td>
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If the whole edition is sold out, i.e., allowing for eleven copies sent to the public libraries and fourteen to the author, if 475 are sold at 8s. 5d. a copy, the amount realised is £199. 17s. 11d., leaving a profit of £22 9s. 11d.

2. Taking an edition of 750 copies:

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<td>Printing and corrections £95 6 0</td>
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<td>Paper 57 15 0 ... £12 19 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Binding 15 0 0 ... 4 15 7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Advertising 50 0 0 ... 25 0 0</td>
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<td><strong>218 1 0</strong></td>
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If the whole edition (725 copies) be sold at 8s. 5d., the amount realised would be £305 2s. 5d., showing a profit of £87 1s. 5d.

3. An edition of 1000 copies:

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<td>Paper 77 0 0 ... £17 5 9</td>
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<td>Boarding 20 0 0 ... 6 7 5</td>
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<td>Advertising 60 0 0 ... 30 0 0</td>
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<td><strong>259 14 0</strong></td>
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If the whole edition, 975 copies, are sold at 8s. 5d. the amount realised would be £410 6s. 3d., leaving a profit of £150 12s. 3d.

But, the writer goes on to say, this supposes the sale of the whole edition; now by the evidence of a publisher in the first rank, out of 130 works issued by him, fifty had not paid expenses; thirteen only arrived at a second edition, not always profitable. One fourth of the whole number of books produced do not pay expenses; only one in eight can be reprinted. Suppose that, instead of 720 copies being sold, only 425 went off leaving 300 on hand. This is, in fact, the common case with books. How does the account stand?

The cost of the edition is £218 1s. By the sale of 425 copies the sum of £178 17s. 1d. is realised. This leaves an actual loss of £40. But the taxes had to be paid in advance.

In other words the cost of production had to be increased by about 22 1/2 per cent. Moreover the printing, binding, &c., could be paid after the first returns of the book, but the taxes had to be paid in advance. There would seem in these days to have been some ground for the cry about risk and uncertainty. Certainly a tax of 22 1/2 per cent on the cost of production must have made the business much less lucrative than at present. The writer points out, however, that publishers of standing were careful to avoid risk as much as possible by taking only books written by well known names, and on subjects likely to command attention.

We observe that no "press" copies were issued. The book was advertised; if it was reviewed the reviewer bought or borrowed a copy. The practice of sending out review copies must have come into existence soon after this, because in the Forties it was certain that there were press copies.

It is interesting to compare the cost of production of 1831 with that of 1894. We take the example given in the Society's "Cost of Production," p. 31, i.e., a page of 34 lines, of 339 words, a Long Primer type, and of 500 pages. We have the following comparison, deducting the amount due to taxes.

<table>
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<td>Paper 29 17 2</td>
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<td>Boarding 6 16 4</td>
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<td><strong>£145 11 6</strong></td>
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<th>1894</th>
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<tr>
<td>Composing 31 1/2 sheets at £1 7s. 11d. per sheet... £53 6 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Printing, 5s. 9d. a sheet... 8 19 8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corrections, say... 5 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paper, at 9s. a sheet... 14 13 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Binding, at 5d. a vol... 10 8 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Advertising 20 0 0</td>
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<td><strong>£112 7 9</strong></td>
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Or taking the edition of 1000 copies:—

1831
Printing and correction £102 14 0
Paper ................ 59 14 3
Boarding ........ ......... 13 12 7
Advertising ................ 30 0 0
£206 0 10

1894
Composition ...............£53 6 3
Printing, at 10s. 6d. a sheet ................... 16 10 9
Paper, at 18s.......... .. .. 28 7 0
Corrections ............... 5 0 0
Binding, at 5d. 20 16 8
Advertising ......... 30 0 0
£154 0 8

So that composition and printing have gone down 32 per cent. since the year 1831; paper is half what it was; binding is a little dearer.

As regards the great risks in publishing at this period, it will be seen from another part of this paper, that there was a depression in the book trade at that time (1831) deeper and more marked than had ever before been known. The political excitement of the time was supposed to be the cause; but national excitement, whether over politics or war, generally stimulates the book trade. It is more reasonable to attribute the stagnation first to the general commercial depression of the time which had ruined or crippled the manufacturers, so that they could no longer afford to buy books at the high price then asked; next, to the decay of the book clubs; and, thirdly, to a disgust at the weak and washy novels and poetry with which their book clubs were provided. The reading and book-buying public, never very large, had, from these and other causes, grown much smaller; it consisted of the professional classes and the more wealthy merchants and manufacturers. Outside the larger towns there was little book-buying.

The advertisement duty, formerly of 3s.6d. for each advertisement, and in Ireland 2s. 6d., was reduced in 1833 to 1s. (1d. in England and to 1s. in Ireland. In 1853 it was abolished altogether.

The newspaper stamp, which varied, being 1d. in 1711, 13d. in 1776, 2d. in 1789, 23d. in 1794; 3½d. in 1797, 4d. in 1815, 1d. in 1836, was finally abolished in 1855.

The paper duty was repealed in 1861.

THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE, 1831.

The following extracts, concerning the new books of 1831, are taken from the sources named. They refer to the threatened ruin of literature in the Thirties—a very curious chapter in the history of modern literature. The depression was attributed to the political excitement of the time, but, as we believe, mistakenly so attributed:

I.

(Athenæum, Oct. 15, 1831.)

Man is a poetic creature, let philosophers say as they will; it is wonderful to hear of the ruin to literature and the destruction to art which one friend perceives in the Reform Bill; while another friend will see nothing but prosperity and exaltation to both. The airy fictions of these men, one of a bright and the other of a dark nature, are in a high degree poetical . . . It must be owned that for these six months art and literature have suffered a sad eclipse. One side says, without reform there must be revolution; the other, that revolution will follow reform. No man will speculate in aught but words; labour has nearly ceased — printing presses repose by the hundred—and booksellers say that they have not sold a volume since the question was agitated. A poet in our presence lately requested a publisher to purchase a new poem in ten cantos—subject and time—" Wars of the Two Roses." " Are you insane?" was the quick reply; " write on the rise and fall of stocks, or on the Reform Bill, and hope for purchasers."

II.

(Supplement, Oct. 15.)

These are evil times: the pen and the pencil are nearly idle, save in writing political lampoons and drawing caricatures. The dread of change perplexes monarchs no more, they eat their pudding and hold their tongue; but fear has come upon men of genius; poets and painters eye, in alarm, the thickening clouds, while men whose muscles are strong, and whose hearts are gripping and eager, look on the coming tempest as on the wind which will shake the ripe fruit and give them much to gather . . . A few of the booksellers announce new books, or rather works long bespoke and written; but, on the whole, the depression in the great market of literature continues. Murray has not even an advertisement; we hear not one word of the Quarterly Review, though the period of its appearance has come, and all that is new are the Annuals and a few thrice-spoken speeches for or against reform. There is not one book announced which promises either genius or learning, and there is little chance
of either while this thick cloud rests on our
land, and till this question, which affects the
wealthy, the bustling, and the important, is
settled.

III.
(Athenæum, Nov. 12, 1831.)
The ablest of our writers are for the present
next to idle, and some have left or are about to
leave the land. Scott is on his way to Italy, and
letters from him cheer us up with the intelligence
of increasing health and spirits; a gentle sea
sickness was followed by more than usual vigour
and sprightliness. We rejoice the more at this,
because, before he left Portsmouth, he talked
rather seriously about his voyage. He alluded to
Fielding's visit to Lisbon, Smollett's to Italy,
and Byron's to Greece, and returned to the sub-
ject if diverted from it. It is remarkable that
Byron wrote Scott a long letter inviting him to
Italy, and pointing out, if we remember right,
Naples as a place where he might enjoy balmy
air and see abundance of human characters.
Washington Irving, too, an author whom we love
greatly, is said to be on the point of sailing to
America, and we think he is right—extinction of
literature, and depression of art, riots and blood-
shed; and, finally, the cholera in Sunderland, shut
up from escape by sea, with full liberty to march
whither it pleases by land, are, on the whole, no
cheering prospects.

IV.
(Athenæum, Nov. 19, 1831.)
The public depression attributed by one faction
to the refusal of reform, and by the other to the
introduction of the measure, still continues;
cheap books alone are published, and during the
present political pest cheap books alone will be
purchased; for no man can expect to read a large
work leisurely through when the very ground
under his feet seems to have a touch of the
earthquake, and high houses threaten to topple
down and crush ordinary people in the rubbish.
Men who in former palmy times boldly launched
their first-rate quarto, are now content to push
their cockboat along the shore and close by the land
—in truth, till the great question of reform is
settled . . . but no timid adventurer need
try to come forward. Magazines may change
editors, newspapers their proprietors, reviews
their contributors, and booksellers may have faith
in rich or official authors, but the great market of
literature will not open its gates full and wide
till the public mind is settled, and perhaps not
then.

V.
(Athenæum, Nov. 26, 1831.)
All in literature continues dull as a great thaw,
long promised works are held back from the
market, and no new ones of any mark or likely
hood make their appearance. Six hundred
printers are out of employment in London alone.
Reprints of favourite authors are all that book-
sellers dare venture upon; and of these the new
edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott
promises to be one of the most attractive . . . .
This, with the "Italy" of Rogers, and the Works
of Byron, announced by Murray, must console
our eyes for the absence of mental food. The
Annuals, we fear, must go to the wall when these
are published.

VI.
(Athenæum, Dec. 17, 1831.)
Literature has recovered a little from its long
stupor; more than a hundred new works, and
some of them of great interest, have been
announced. Pamphlets on reform and visionary
treatises on cholera will now give way, we hope, to
works of learning and genius. In addition to
this good news, we hear that Sir Walter Scott has
arrived safe and well at Malta. Reprints of
valuable books, sometime announced, are about to
make their appearance; the Byron of Murray
comes out on the first of the new year, and a
beautiful work it is.

VII.
(Athenæum, Dec. 24, 1831.)
Our publishers' shops are now more frequented
—booksellers are receiving orders—the columns
of the newspapers are filling with advertisements
of books; and though these festive times of
Christmas interpose a little in business matters,
we cannot but perceive that literature has rallied
and gives token of recovering much of its original
vigour. We hear that the next numbers of the
magazines, both north and south, will show
that the national love of elegance is reviving; we
cannot, however, look for a full development of
the publishers' plans of the next campaign till
the publication of the Quarterly, and Edinburgh,
and Westminster Reviews.

VIII.
(Letter from Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibden,
Oct. 31, 1831.)
I paid my eleventh and last visit to the
renowned publisher of the Quarterly Review. I
have long considered Mr. Murray as the greatest
"family" man in Europe, and was not surprised
to find him surrounded by an extensive circle of
little ones. A family man is usually a cheerful
man; but the note of despondency was to be
heard even here. The Quarterly Review was,
however, in full plumage, winging its way, and
commanding the attention of an unabated crowd
of admirers. Lord Byron was also to come forth
in a new dress—shorter, and less flowing, but
well fitting, brilliant, and attractive. So far, so good; yet the taste for literature was ebbing. Men wished to get for five, what they knew they could not obtain for fifteen shillings. The love of quartos was well-nigh extinct, in spite of the efforts of a neighbouring forty-eight horse power engine, to restore that form to its usual fashion and importance.—*Bibliophobia*, p. 31.

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**THE ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY.**

This dictionary will be edited by Mr. Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D., deputy professor of comparative philology in the University of Oxford. The treasurer is Professor Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. The following is from the circular recently issued. Some of our readers will, perhaps, be ready to help in the way herein pointed out:

“The dictionary will include, so far as is possible, the complete vocabulary of all dialect words which are still in use or are known to have been in use at any time during the last 200 years. All words occurring in the literary language, and the dialects, but with some local peculiarity of meaning in the latter, will also be included. On the other hand, all words which merely differ from the literary language in pronunciation, but not in meaning, will be rigidly excluded, as belonging entirely to the province of grammar and not to that of lexicography. It will also contain (1) the exact geographical area over which each dialect word extends, together with quotations and references to the sources from which the word has been obtained; (2) the exact pronunciation in each case according to a simple phonetic scheme, specially formulated for the purpose; (3) the etymology so far as relates to the immediate source of each word.

“During the last twenty years a great number of people in all parts of England have been cooperating to collect the material necessary for the compilation of a large and comprehensive Dictionary of English Dialects, based upon scientific principles. It was also with this express object in view that the English Dialect Society was started in 1873, which up to the end of 1893 has published seventy volumes, all of which, so far as is advisable, will be incorporated in the dictionary. In addition to the great amount of material sent in from unprinted sources, hundreds of dialect glossaries and works containing dialect words have been read and excerpted for the purposes of the dictionary. I have already in my possession considerably over a million slips—about a ton in weight—each containing the source with quotation, date, and county. The slips for

the letter S alone weigh nearly 2 cwt. It has cost those interested in this grand and glorious work, several hundred pounds to get the material roughly arranged in alphabetical order. Professor Skeat, myself, and other specialists—both at home and abroad—are of opinion that the time has come when it is urgently necessary to begin to edit for press the vast amount of material already collected, because in a work of this nature delay is dangerous, and every year will render it more and more difficult to obtain accurate information about the exact pronunciation of dialect words; so rapidly is pure dialect speech disappearing from our midst, that in a few years it will be almost impossible to get accurate information upon difficult points. Hence it has been decided to begin the publication of the dictionary next year if possible.

“But much as has already been accomplished in collecting material, much still remains to be done before the staff of assistants and myself can begin our long and arduous task. I therefore appeal most earnestly to my fellow-countrymen for further help, to enable us to make the material as complete as possible before we begin to prepare the work for press. Two or three hundred additional workers could in a very short time furnish us with all the material which still remains to be gleaned from printed and other sources. When this appeal becomes widely known, there will surely be no difficulty in obtaining the help we require; for, as was pointed out in a former report of the Dialect Dictionary: ‘It will be nothing short of a reproach and a disgrace to us as Englishmen if we let a true and genuine part of our national speech die out in our time without an effort to preserve and hand it down to posterity. Such an effort we are making. It would argue a sad want of public spirit if Englishmen were to evince no interest in our labours, and let them languish for want of material support.’”

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**BOOK TALK.**

In the verses by the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Bell quoted in our last number there are three printer’s errors. In the last line but one of the second stanza, “hears no strain” should be “hears our strain.” In the third stanza, “Arethusa,” should have been printed “Arethuse;” and in the line following, “with look of love” should be “with looks of love.”

“X. Y. Z. and other Poems” presents itself in a garb that suggests the influence of “The Yellow Book.” There is a black serpent in a
green ground and a yellow sun, conventionally presented, on a black ground. The poems are by the Rev. John Lascelles. The publishers are the Leadenhall Press. They are religious verses, and very remarkable for their strength and originality. They are sometimes even startling. Every poet must choose his own vehicle, and perhaps Mr. Lascelles has chosen the form which suits him best. One may ask, however, if the ruggedness is not sometimes a little forced. Here is the concluding poem:

What matters it, if men remember me,
When I have gone to live among the stars;
In some fair home where earthly frets and jars
Have ceased to vex my soul? and I can see
The deepest depths of truth; my vision free
From earth's distortions; and from all that mars
The intercourse of souls; when God unbars
The golden gates of Immortality.

What matter if men read me through and through;
And talk of me when I am but a name,
And all I love have gone to join the just?
What matters it? But for the good I do,
No more than if they reverently came,
In after years—and stooped and kissed the dust.

Mr. George Cotterell is another new poet. His verses are published by David Nutt. Mr. Cotterell is among other things a story-teller in verse. It will be unexpected if he, or some other poet, should succeed in reviving the lost art of story-telling in verse. There are several stories in these volumes. The story of “Nathan,” of “Constance,” and that called “Violets.” Mr. Cotterell has also told dramatically the story of Arethusa and the story of Galatea. The last-named begins as follows:

Sore-smitten, my shepherd, my dearest,
Struck down and for me!
There is none of all now that thou fearest,
None like unto thee.
There is none with thy strength and thy sweetness,
Though lovers remain!
In love with thy dear love’s comploteness,
Nor will be again.
But thy face was a mark for his madness,
Thy love for his hate,
The monster that envied our gladness,
And compassed thy fate:
And all day in all desolate places,
I bemoan thee and weep,
Afar from thy loving embraces
Astray like thy sheep.

“The Confessions of a Poet” is a book which has been lying on our table for two months. It is a volume of verse by Mr. F. Harald Williams (Hutchinson and Co.). The preface, which is amusing, concerns the critics. For instance, one of them declared that he would not dare to ask in a respectable shop for a book with such an improper name as “Twixt Kiss and Lip” (!) One looks at the title from every point of view, and yet one cannot possibly see what and where is the impropriety of it. Then the author complains of the garbled review, the dishonest review, and, above all, of the crowded review, where one or two reviewers have to discuss a dozen books in a single week—sometimes a dozen in a single column. Again, he calls attention to the directly opposite opinions on his book. Here are three:

“Extraordinary skill and felicity in versification.”
“Mere doggerel passing human scansion and comprehension.”
“Accurate rhythm and perfect versification.”

Of course these opinions contradict each other flatly. In these columns criticism of a poet is not attempted. The most that we can do is to let a poet speak for himself, and to state what he presents. The volume is large, containing 500 pages of verse in small print. The poet is fluent: perhaps he would do better to remember that a busy world cannot find time to read through too bulky a volume. The following is the opening stanza of “The Land of Nod”:

The stream of quiet life goes smoothly on,
In sunshine and in shade,
Without a check as it has ever gone,
While blossoms form and fade.
And scarce a ripple breaks the eventide
Of labour touched with tears,
And modest hopes whose sober colours hide
The face of human fears.
Deep down below, like an uncovered corpse
That yet no burial earns
Or decent rest, and with the current warps,
And turns.

We learn from the Athenæum that Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie thinks of bringing out an edition of her father’s works, with biographical notes. Also that a large-paper edition of Mr. George Meredith’s “Tale of Chloe” will be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of 14, Parliament-street, S.W., are issuing a new library of fiction entitled “The Acme Library,” and consisting of volumes by well-known authors of about 20,000 words in length. The first issue is a story by Dr. Conan Doyle relating to mesmeric influence.

In the book list for November the initials of “A. Z.” were given as the author of “A Drama in Dutch” (Heinemann and Co.). They should have been “Z. Z.”

Among the new books in last month’s list should have been inserted a “Manual of Addresses to Communicants,” by the Rev. W. Frank Shaw (Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d.).

Miss Gerda Grass’s novel, “Phil Hawcroft’s Son,” which has been running in the Newcastle
THE AUTHOR.

_Weekly Chronicle_, has now come to an end. It has attracted considerable attention, and has already been translated into Swedish. It will be probably published in the spring.

Dr. K. Lentzner has delivered a course of four lectures on Danish Literature, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

Mrs. F. Percy Cotton, writing under the name of Ellis Walton, has published (Elliott Stock) a new volume of verse, called "Some Love Songs, and other Lyrics." These verses have received highly laudatory reviews in Sunday papers.

The interest recently created in book plates is quite wonderful. Apart from Mr. Egerton Castle's comprehensive work on the subject, there are half a dozen books on the subject issued by the same publishers (H. Grevel and Co.). These are: "Art in Book Plates," illustrated by forty-two original ex Libris, designed in the style of the German; "Little Masters of the Sixteenth Century," from the ex Libris collection from the Ducal Palace of Wolfenbüttel; "Rare old Plates of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century;" "Emblemata Nobilitatis;" "Emblemata Secundaria;" "Initials;" and a "Modern Dance of Death." In addition to this may be noted "American Book Plates" and "English Book Plates," both published by Messrs. Bell.

The "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier" ought to be read by everybody who loves pure literature and the life of a man devoted to the best and highest forms of literature according to his lights. It will cost you 18s., and it is published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. But if you go to a free library you can get it for nothing.


Mrs. Croker's new novel, "Mr. Jervis: a Romance of the Indian Hills," is just published, in three volumes—the old three-decker not dead yet—by Chatto and Windus.

Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" (second series), is, like everything of this most delightful writer and poet, charming and interesting.

The _Fortnightly Review_ under the new editor is getting on so well that last month it was found necessary to issue a second edition.

"St. Andrews and Elsewhere" is A. K. H. B.'s new volume (Longmans). We all know one A. K. H. B. Some of us have known him and been pleased to read him for thirty years.

We recommend Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" (Methuen) to everybody. They are better than photographs; because the photograph shows everything. This author selects, arranges, and produces an artistic whole. His work is the best kind of realism.

Christabel Coleridge will begin a new serial in the _Sunday Magazine_ for January.

There will be two serial stories in _Good Words_ for 1895, by S. R. Crockett and by W. Clark Russell.

The author of "The Yellow Aster" has produced a new novel, in three volumes, called "Children of Circumstance." It has gone into a fourth edition. (Hutchinson.) "The New Note" (same publisher) is advertised as in the fourth edition, and Rita's "Peg the Rake" is advertised in the second edition. These announcements are highly satisfactory, but one would submit that they are less impressive than if the numbers of each edition were given.

A good many publishers have "select" and "standard" and other "libraries" of fiction. Therefore we need not be surprised to hear that Messrs. Macmillan are going to have a series of "Illustrated Standard Novels." The books are to be well illustrated, and there will be a preface or introduction to every volume, thus forming a pleasant and perhaps remunerative job to as many literary men as there are volumes. The books are what we all know—Marryatt, Miss Edgeworth, Susan Ferrier, and so forth.

Mr. Ulick Burke is about to produce his long-promised work on Spain. The publisher will be Longmans. It will be curious to see whether the old interest in things Spanish will be revived by this important book. Of late years our literature has been almost silent on Spain and the Spanish.

"Menzikofi, or the Danger of Wealth," a story founded on fact, has been translated from the German of Gustav Nieritz by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and published by the Religious Tract Society. The book in the original made considerable stir and has had a large circulation.

Miss Julia Agnes Fraser has just issued a novel in three volumes, called "Shibrick the Drummer." The publishers are Messrs. Remington and Co.

Among the many new books of verse which have appeared of late is one by Marcus S. C. Rickards, author of "Creation's Hope," "Songs of Universal Life," &c., called "Poems of Life and Death," published by George Bell and Sons. They are all short poems, ranging in length from one page to three. The poet is always...
pleasing and unaffected. His song is neither complicated nor obscure; perhaps it is sometimes too simple. The themes that inspire him are old-fashioned — The Nightingale, Roses, Violets, Sweet Peas, the New Moon, a Hedge Sparrow, a Curlew, and so on. Those who like simplicity in style, purity of thought, and rippling melody will find these qualities in Mr. Marcus Rickards.

Mr. C. J. Wills has produced another book on Persia which is even more interesting than his "Land of the Lion and the Sun." It is called "Behind an Eastern Veil," and is an account of life as it really is for the women of that far off country — perhaps the farthest "off" at this moment of any country under the sun — certainly a long way more distant than China, Japan, or even, thanks to recent startling developments, Korea itself. It is published by Blackwood and Sons.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published a translation of the Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontant. The period covered is from 1773 to 1836. The Duchess was gouvernante of the Children of France during the Restoration. The memoirs, therefore, cover the whole of the most interesting period of French history. All that can be said about the book amounts to this, that once taken up it will not be laid down or exchanged for another book until it is finished.

"Norley Chester"—Madame or Monsieur—has published a little book of sonnets (Elliot Stock) called "Dante Vignettes." There are twenty-five of them. The sonnets have the true ring of verse, and the true enthusiasm for Dante.

Again, the three-volume novel is not dead yet. Mr. C. Y. Hayman brings out his new work (A. and C. Black) in this form. "Poste Restante" is its title. You who still belong to circulating libraries make a note of it.

Messrs. Ward and Downey have in hand a novel by R. H. Sherard, entitled "Jacob Niemand." It will be published in the spring.

Mr. R. H. Sherard is engaged on a life of Sarah Bernhardt, which will be published next season by Edward Arnold.

Mr. F. B. Doveton's new work will appear shortly. It is a book of Prose Sketches, metaphysical, descriptive, and social, with tales and lay sermons. The publisher is Elliot Stock.

"Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," by the editor of this paper, will be published before the end of January (Chatto and Windus) in one volume, price 6s.

I.—Personal Experience.

It is fair to give publicity to both sides of the question, so, as an author of some years standing, I should like to state that my experience of editors is very unlike that of "An Author" published in your last issue. I have met with great kindness and consideration from many editors; indeed, some have become quite friendly, and when they refuse articles—which they are often obliged to do for want of room, or because they do not require what I send them—they frequently write a kind, courteous note with their refusal. But I never expect this from them, knowing how busy they are and how precious is their time. On the other hand, I should never trouble them with the information that anyone else was "enchanted" with my works. Firstly, because I am not fortunate enough to have an "enchanted" public; and, secondly, because I am sure the editor would not care to hear it even if I had!

But, as a body, should we not be happier if we raised our ideal of the noble profession to which we belong? There are very few great writers in the world, and only a very small proportion of these can be found in England. Even if writers are born with talent or even with genius they have much labour to go through before they can produce a classic, and most of us are far from producing classics. But once let us raise our ideal and we shall not be surprised when that which falls far short of it is often returned without thanks! However, if we have satisfied ourselves that our work is good, or as good as we can make it, do not let us be cast down if the poem, or the tale, or the novel is rejected ten times over. In the end good work will find a publisher. Popularity does not always mean that the writer who has it is a great writer, indeed, for a young author to make a "hit" with a first book is almost a curse. If we place our ideal high we can then be our own judges, and we need not be dependent on the good or the bad opinion of hard-worked editors.

Above all things let us not tout for reviews! I have never done so, yet my work has been noticed quite as much as it deserves; indeed, I have sometimes received more praise than my work merited. I must own, however, to possessing a low opinion of second-rate reviewers, who often do not read the books they review, or else tell the story straight through without one word of critical comment. Still, their strange mistakes make us laugh, and their blame cannot injure an ideal, as they possess none of their own.
Further, if we accuse some publishers of certain unfair dealings, let us also look at home and strive to keep our own profession free from smallness or meanness. Let us set our faces against log rolling, cringing to obtain favourable reviews, or praising poor work hoping to get praise in return. If we want good money let us give good work, but especially let us give good work even if we get no money at all. Let us avoid pot boilers and accept poverty if necessary rather than lower the standard in our own eyes and in the eyes of the few who can see.

If I may, let me again repeat Mr. Sherard's quotation. It will materially help us when, after having striven hard, we find our work returned to us by editors with or without thanks. "J'en ay assez de peu," répondit il. "J'en ay assez d'un, J'en ay assez de pas un."

Esmé Stuart.

II.—Novelists and their Characters.

I had imagined that novelists need no longer fear being held responsible for the opinions and actions of their leading characters. But I have just had singular proof that the old-fashioned idea of "hero" dies hard in England.

Unfortunately I am rather fond of taking immature characters and trying to develop them—as we are most of us developed—through mistakes and failures. In preparing my last novel (the eighteenth I have written) for the press, I altered the original title, "Norman Colvill's Blunders" to "A Modern Quixote." I thought that the touch of kindly satire which I meant to run through the story would be implied in the name "Quixote."

The A. B. C. of my art, of course, prevented me from discussing my character or writing my own opinions about him. But on the title-page I wrote Bacon's axiom, "Goodness admits of no excess, but error." And as it was necessary for me to write a short preface to apologise for the staleness of certain passages in a book, which was written in 1893, I took the opportunity to refer to "blundering and mistaken efforts," made with the best intentions. Certain chapters were even headed "Nemesis," "The Punishment Begins," &c., and towards the end of the third volume the Quixote, who has been compelled to carry out his theories to the bitter end, deplores his own failure, and acknowledges his own priggishness in the earlier Oxonian stage.

Imagine my amazement when critic after critic speaks of "Mrs. Spender's Hero," "Mrs. Spender's Polemics." Personally I hate polemics, but my opinions or my individuality should surely be kept as much as possible in that back-ground from which, leading a life of retirement, I can only express my surprise.

LILY SPENDER.

III.—Writers of Songs.

The time having come for the rights and interests of musical composers to receive a share of consideration, which holds out fair hope of redress, may I venture, as a lyric writer of at least twenty-five years' standing, to put in a plea for the writers of words for music?

A great many songs, with words written by me, have been sung, year after year, by noted singers, not only in London concert halls, but all over the English-speaking world. Yet, beyond the small fee paid for the words at the time of publication, I have never received one penny.

Many of the music publishers now send to the writers a form of receipt for the fee, to which a special clause is attached that "all rights in the words, whether for public performance or not, in all parts of the world, shall belong absolutely and for ever to the publisher." By signing this receipt the writer, of course, loses all further interest in his property.

Public singers receive large royalties on songs sung by them, such royalties being ostensibly paid by the publishers, but in which payment the composers must in many cases share by foregoing a part of their own very small profit.

I am ignorant of these matters, and should like to ask why the singer is so much more sufficiently paid than the writer or composer? He must manifestly sing something, and is amply paid by the public for doing so. Would it not seem a more just arrangement that writer, composer, and singer should each receive a share of the royalties paid by the publishers?

Might not some other form of receipt be adopted by music publishers, the terms of which would deal less hardly with the composers and writers of songs?

LYRIC.

IV.—Plagiarism or Memory.

Synonymous expressions of thought are common in literature, but clear instances of unconscious plagiarism are rare. The following lines are similar word for word:

And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

A young poet in the full fire of genius and passion for his ideal cannot be too careful in
passing his proofs, or he may easily appropriate unconsciously the lines of others.

I may mention that, prior to publishing my first volume—"Lord Harry and Leila, In Memory of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and other poems"—I carefully read through my ideals—Byron, Shelley, and Keats—ere I would allow it to pass the press. It was well I did so, as I found it necessary to expunge certain lines which had crept in through unconscious instances of memory, which would otherwise have gone forth as my own, and for which my critics would not probably have spared me.

H. GEORGE HELLON.

V.—STANDARD WORKS.

I have often thought that there is an injustice in the copyright falling practically largely into the heretofore publisher's hands after copyright ceases. Would it be possible to have some such clause as "all stereos to become the property of the author's heirs and assigns on expiration of copyright," and such stereos to be used for their benefit by the literary syndicate of authors or others? As it is now, the publishers gain any advantage by cessation of rights, while it is the public or the Society of Authors which ought so to gain. H. S.

VI.—KIND OR JUST?

The editor of an American periodical was robbed of his tin box, not full of bonds and cash, as the wicked thief imagined, but of MSS. and sketches. Bear the loss who should? I fancy many editors of English magazines would say "The authors, of course; we are not responsible if foolish people send us their MSS."

Not so my American editor. The periodical in question is not rich, but it will bear the loss and compensate the authors. This is not only kind, but courteous—and just. S. B.

VII.—HOSPITALS AND PROOFS.

Apropos of a suggestion in one of your recent numbers that authors would do a good deed by sending their proof sheets when useless to hospitals, I should be glad of the medium of your correspondence column to make a similar suggestion.

Books sent to magazines and newspapers for review should never be sold, and it is clearly the duty of everyone who values a fair field to authors to protest against such a custom.

There is an excellent statement in the editorial notices of The Unknown World to this effect: "The editor of The Unknown World, as himself a writer of books, and the publishers, as personally interested in sustaining the commercial value of new books, resent the prevailing custom of selling review copies immediately after publication, and too often without notice at all. All books sent to this magazine for review will remain in the custody of the proprietors, and will not be parted with under any circumstances."

This has suggested to me two propositions, which are, as far as I know, original. The first is that all review copies should be bound in paper as French novels are published. The second, that the editors of magazines and newspapers could make a good use of these copies if they sent them to such libraries as the Peoples' Palace library, or the Working Men's Club libraries of the Federation of Working Men's Social Clubs, or of clubs connected with Toynbee Hall, or school and college missions. Besides these, hospitals and free libraries would greatly benefit by such a system. JOHN WYATT.

VIII.—EDITORIAL AMENITIES.

Case 1. Recently I submitted a lengthy MS. for approval to the editor of a well-known, high-class paper. In a week it was returned with the usual note of non-acceptance; torn, inked, and dirtied, every page of it. The result: The MS. (which was type-written) would have to be retyped at the cost of 8s. or 9s. before it could be offered elsewhere. It was perfectly clean and new when sent to the editor in question, in an envelope. I wrote a note of remonstrance. Answer: "The editor much regrets if the MS. should have become slightly soiled (good this; it was simply filthy), but thinks Mr. Z. must have been mistaken as to its condition when sent to the office of the — magazine. He is unable to offer Mr. Z. any compensation."

Case 2. A few weeks ago I forwarded by request a MS. for the consideration of another well-known magazine, inclosing ample stamps for its return, if unsuitable, under cover. Result: MS. returned coverless, the two last pages having been turned back and glued so as to form an impromptu wrapper, a half-penny stamp being attached in place of the two penny ones sent by me to cover postage. A pouring wet day resulting in the MS., thus insufficiently protected, being soaked through and through, necessitating almost entire re-copying.

Case 3. Two years ago an old established paper accepted a MS. of mine upon an archaeological subject. At the expiry of nearly two years from date of acceptance I wrote to inquire why the contribution had not been used. Answer: The editor could not make use of it as it was "full of inaccuracies." I naturally asked for
somewhat fuller information upon the subject of my alleged inaccuracies. After some time had elapsed the MS. was returned with the detailed information for which I had asked. Upon going through the list, and consulting the best known authorities on the subject, I found that every one of the editor's statements, contravening mine in the article, was incorrect. I wrote to point this out, but have not yet received any reply, though several weeks have elapsed. I presume that I am powerless to insist on publication, and have lost the chance of the article appearing elsewhere. It has been paid for (a cheque was sent me three or four months after acceptance) but publication would have proved more valuable to me in more ways than one.

Surely these are somewhat "hard" cases, though by no means isolated ones. C. H.

IX.—THE LAUREATESHIP.

I think your correspondent "A Prose Writer" has done a good deed in again calling attention to the prolonged vacancy of the office of Poet Laureate, though I can hardly agree with him that the whole fraternity of authors is being slighted.

In some well-known books of reference, which purport to be "carefully corrected at the different offices," the Poet Laureate is shown to occupy a position, in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, immediately above the Barge Master and the Keeper of the Swans. The Barge Master may be able to say, in the words of "The Bard,"

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes.

And the Keeper of the Swans may be in the habit of hearing exquisite notes when one of his charges dies; but does close association with them confer any special honour on a poet? Has not the time come either for abolishing the office or for setting it in a more dignified position?

The duties of the post are very uncertain. The poet may have to celebrate many events in one year, or he may have no events to celebrate during many years. In either case the spectacle is not very edifying. Genius writing to order one year, and waiting for orders the next. Pegasus sometimes at grass, sometimes kicking in his unaccustomed harness. Why not disestablish the Laureateship, and let volunteers rise to the occasion when occasion arises?

Palmam qui meruit ferat.

Give the laurel wreath, and the honour, and, if necessary, the cheque, to the best man after the celebration of each event. The decision should be by universal suffrage and the ballot, because no poet could be worthy unless understood of the people.—Your obedient servant,

J. M. LELY.

XI.—CONTINUATION BY ANOTHER HAND.

The following correspondence sent to us by Messrs. Harper and Brothers is published with the permission of Mr. Justin McCarthy:

I.

Harper and Brothers, Publishers,
Franklin-square, New York.

Nov. 27, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—We have read with interest the remarks in The Author, issued the first of this month, upon the subject "Continuation by Another Hand," elicited by the publication by a firm in this city of a new edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "A History of Our Own Times," to which supplementary chapters have been added by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, bringing the work down to 1894.

Inasmuch as we are the publishers of the American authorised edition of this work, and as the sale of our edition will be injuriously affected by this unauthorised reprint, we felt it our duty to call Mr. McCarthy's attention to the matter several weeks ago.

Our edition of the work was published before the International Copyright Law was passed, and was therefore without protection against unauthorised reprints; nevertheless, the sale has been considerable. Mr. McCarthy on account of royalties representing a sale of many thousand sets.

Mr. McCarthy appreciated the interest which we took in the matter, and replied in a most cordial and characteristic letter. We inclose herewith copies of our letter to Mr. McCarthy, and his reply. Yours very truly,

HARPER AND BROTHERS.
II. Oct. 11, 1894.

Dear Sir,—In the London letter to the New York Times, published on the 7th inst., the inclosed paragraph appeared:—"We fully sympathise with you in the sense of injury raised in your mind by the publication by the United States Book Company of Mr. G. Mercer Adam's edition of your 'History of Our Own Times.' That edition is an injury to us as well as to you, for it will naturally affect the sale of our edition. We inclose herewith the advertisement of the book from the New York Evening Post, and we shall send you a copy through our London office."

The wording of the paragraph in the Times was very unfortunate. The statement that it was "sad enough to get next to nothing for the original work when it appeared" is misleading, for it might be understood as reflecting upon us, who were the original and authorised publishers of the work in this country. We assume, of course, that the unfortunate paragraph was not the result of any statement of yours, but was simply the reflection of the correspondent himself, who was ignorant of the fact that we had paid you royalty upon the sale of our edition of your book from the time of publication. The total payments of royalty represent, we find, the sale of many thousand sets. To this should be added the sum paid for the authorisation of the Franklin-square Library edition of the work. Under the circumstances this is a very substantial "next to nothing," as the Times correspondent would promptly concede. We have no doubt that he would be only too glad to correct any false impression which his letter may have created—or you may prefer to do this yourself.

By the way, the enterprising Mr. Adam is a Canadian, and was formerly a publisher in Toronto.

Would it be advisable, in view of Mr. Adam's action, for you to prepare a third volume, bringing the book down to the present date?

While writing it occurs to us to inquire when you intend to complete your "History of the Four Georges," two volumes of which we have published. It is now several years since the second volume was issued, and inquiries are constantly made for the final two volumes. If this is delayed too long it is possible that some "literary philanthropist" may undertake to complete the work for you, or enter upon the same field.

We are, dear sir, yours very truly,

Harper and Brothers.

Justin McCarthy, Esq., M.P.

III. Oct. 26, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—I have to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of your letter of the 11th of this month. You are quite right in assuming that I knew nothing of the paragraph in the London letter to the New York Times. I never saw it or heard of it until I received your letter. I should think that what the writer meant was that, owing to the state of the law as regards copyright then, I did not receive from the United States anything like the amount which I might have received under other conditions. But, so far as your firm is concerned, I can only say that you have always dealt with me in the fairest, most honourable, and even most generous manner. I was surprised at the time, and am still surprised, that you were able to pay me so much for the history, seeing that numbers of publishers of a different order were issuing all manner of cheaper editions. When first you and I began to have dealings together, there was an honourable understanding among American publishers that if a foreign author selected or succeeded in obtaining some particular American firm as his publishers, the other publishers would accept the arrangement and not interfere. This was really a copyright by good feeling and common understanding. But before my history came to be published there were new firms in the field, and copyright of that sort was brought to an end. It was therefore, as I have said, a wonder to me that you were able to pay me as much for a "History of Our Own Times" as you actually did. Our business relations extend back over a quarter of a century. . . . I have nothing to speak but praise in regard to the firm of Harper and Brothers.

I certainly mean to bring the "History of Our Own Times" up to date—whenever I get a chance—and to finish the "Four Georges" too. I hope that Messrs. Harper and Brothers may be the publishers of both. Lately I have been absorbed in politics and unable to do much literary work, but I hope for quieter times.

Of course, you are free to make any use of this letter that seems to you desirable.

With kindest regards, very truly yours,

Justin McCarthy.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

THE Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drawing the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice
THE AUTHOR.

sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society’s solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel’s opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel’s opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher’s agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

THE AUTHORS’ SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors’ Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors’ Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days’ notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors’ Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a “Transfer Department” for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a “Register of Wants and Wanted” is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors’ Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker’s order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the “Cost of Production” are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of “doing sums,” the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer’s, or a binder’s, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.
THE AUTHOR.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practice this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—THE HICKS COPYRIGHT BILL.

The Hicks Copyright Bill, against which Mr. William Agnew has written to the Times, has no chance of passing through the House. Protests have been filed against it by the American Copyright League of Authors and Publishers, the American Artists' Society, the Fine Arts Society, the New York Etching Club, and others. The chairman of the House Committee on Patents, which has charge of the Bill, considers that it will be abandoned.—Times, Jan. 21.

II.—NET PRICES.

In response to the circular about net prices, the secretary has received a great many replies, but not so many as might have been expected on a subject which touches our members in a twofold manner. That is to say it affects them as buyers of books as well as makers of books. In the former capacity they should ask whether they will lose or gain by the proposed change. Of course the answer is obvious. They will no longer get the discount and they will not be able to buy so many books. A rise in price from 4s. 6d. to 6s. is a rise of 33\% per cent. "Oh! but we are not going to charge so much. Trade competition will come in." Perhaps. But trade competition has done very little so far to cheapen books. The book-buying public is small: it must remain small, because people cannot think of buying books whose incomes are under £200 a-year. The interest of trade competition is to keep up the price of books. Book buyers will infallibly lose by the change. "But the author will have more." Will he? Suppose 3000 copies of a 6s. book to be sold at 4s. 6d. That means an expenditure of £675 by the public. If that book is sold net at 6s., the same expenditure would only buy 2250. "But the royalties would be adjusted to meet the difference." Would they? The preponderance of opinion was in favour of the net price, and generally on the ground that one would know how much had to be paid.

Another objection is that the buyer would still demand and still obtain his discount; not openly, as at present, but secretly, which would be worse, and so the later position of the bookseller would be worse than the former.

What it comes to is that something must be done for the booksellers if they are to continue. They have more than one association. They are surely united enough to agree upon what they want, and strong enough to demand it. Publishers cannot do without booksellers. Authors could do without publishers, but they cannot do without booksellers. The question rests entirely with the booksellers. Let them agree, and find an answer.

The net system, it is believed, will not be discussed much longer. There are already a good many net books, and there will be more, especially of the class whose circulation is bound to be limited, and whose price is too high for the bookseller to take thirteen as twelve. A good many of the leading publishers have refused to take the proposed action submitted to them, and it is not likely that those who advocate the change will be able to set up a six-shilling book at net, against a six-shilling book at 4s. 6d.

III.—ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.—MR. WILLIAM AGNEW.

In the issue of the Times of Jan. 16 there is a long letter from Mr. William Agnew with regard to the artistic copyright in engravings and etchings. He states that a Bill has been introduced by a certain member of the Congress in the United States to bring etchings and engravings under the manufacturing clause, and complains, and rightly so, that this is seriously detrimental to artistic copyright.

It is no doubt of the utmost importance to keep artistic copyright apart from the manufacturing clause, and the same remark applies in a lesser degree to literary works. For all the civilised nations of Europe at the Berne Convention recognised that copyright property should not be trammeled with trade burdens. The retrogressive policy of the Americans in having established a manufacturing clause to the literary copyright is the real cause of the present disturbance now being made in Canada with regard to Canadian copyright; and this disturbance may perhaps prejudice the whole system of copyright as it at present exists in England. It may be worth while, therefore, if steps are going to be taken to oppose the manufacturing clause with regard to artistic copyright, that authors should raise their voices in opposition to the present manufacturing
clause bearing on the reproduction of books. This clause is no doubt opposed to the whole idea of copyright property as at present existing.

IV.—A CANADIAN PAPER ON CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

I.

As every intelligent person knows, copyright is the method by which law guards the right of property which authors, artists, musicians, and designers have in their intellectual productions. It is for the defence of authors and for their defence alone. It is to secure their right to the profit of the reproduction and multiplication of their own works. A copyright law pure and simple would secure to the author the right to say who and who alone should publish his work and on what terms, leaving him free to make the best terms possible for himself. This, in effect, is what free trade Great Britain does, and what even protectionist France, Germany, Austria, and most of the great countries do where intellectual production is respected. But this is not what protectionist countries like the United States do. There the manufacturers, who are ever clamouring for the privilege of enriching themselves at the expense of the rest of the people, compelled Congress to turn the copyright law intended for the defence of authors against pirates into a protective law for themselves, requiring the book copyrighted to be printed or reprinted in the United States. There must be, in the words of the Tammany corruptionists, "something in it for them" to be got at the expense of the author and of his American readers. The United States Government gave British authors this privilege on the pledge obtained from Great Britain that United States copyright should be good all over the British empire as well as in Great Britain, and as British copyright holds everywhere throughout the empire that was granted, and as a result authors, British or American, can dispose of their right to United States publishers for the United States and Canada, and the books cannot be reprinted here.

Canada, which follows the United States in most of its international legislation, good and bad, reciprocated by following the United States in its course in turning a copyright Act for the defence of authors into a protection Act for the protection of manufacturers in Canada. The effect of this Act would be to compel authors to have their works reprinted in Canada, to the probable loss and injury of themselves and of their Canadian readers; the only people who would profit by it would be a few Canadian publishing and printing firms. The present inter-
patriotism, to tax both authors and readers for their own benefit, we are not anxious to play into their hands. The United States has undoubtedly got an unrighteous advantage, but she has been given it because her market is of the first importance to the authors, who have the first claim to consideration, and her advantage works no injury either to Canadian authors or Canadian readers, who probably get better made and cheaper books under it than they would under the protective conditions demanded by the manufacturers.—Montreal Weekly Witness, Dec. 11, 1894.

II.

The following manifesto on this subject was issued from the London Chamber of Commerce, after combined action with the Society of Authors and the Copyright Association:

Copyright is now uniform throughout the whole of the British Dominions, including, of course, Canada.

It is based on the following principles:

1. That a work shall be first or simultaneously published therein.
2. That copyright shall be independent of the place of printing, and of every other condition as to place and manner of manufacture.
3. That the use of it as property shall, whilst it is copyright, be within the author’s control.

Canada now seeks to alter these principles, and has asked the British Government to sanction arrangements to take away copyright in Canada from all British authors but Canadians.

If such an imperial sanction be obtained, Canada offers to legislate so as to give British authors copyright in the Dominion there for twenty-eight years, if they reprint and republish the work in Canada within one month of its original publication.

But if an author does not reprint and republish his work there within a month, the Canadian Government may grant to any applicant a licence to print an edition without the author’s consent, on his agreeing to pay to the Canadian Government, for the author, ten per cent. of the retail price of such edition. The retail price of every such edition is to be fixed by the publisher without consulting the author.

The proposed Bill is silent as to whether the royalty is to be paid on copies sold or copies printed. The Canadian Government is not to be responsible for the collection or payment of any royalties.

The following reasons show some of the injuries the proposed legislation would inflict on British authors:

It undermines the general recognition of the rights of copyright property, which has now become almost universal.

It interferes with the law of vendor and purchaser which prevails throughout the British Empire in respect to copyright, equally with all other personal property.

It requires registration in Canada, a condition of copyright abandoned by the leading nations of Europe at the Berne Convention.

It takes from the author the control of his own property, and hence hinders his improving or correcting or enlarging his own writings.

It injures his reputation by allowing the continued circulation of unimproved editions, even after the author has enlarged his work.

It would enable Canada to reprint, without permission, articles and stories from reviews, magazines, and encyclopaedias, and thus seriously to injure the sale of the publications in which they appeared.

It injures the value of his British edition, because the Canadian edition could be imported into the United Kingdom and the other colonies, and compete with it.

It forcibly deprives him of the benefit now belonging to him in Canada under the Imperial Copyright Acts.

It sanctions the appropriation of his property by others without his, the legal owner’s, consent.

It weakens his title to his own property.

It substitutes for trade contracts, on agreed terms, an inadequate royalty not guaranteed.

It clogs his property with the condition of local manufacture.

It was not recommended by the Royal Commission for cases where readers were adequately supplied.

It is at variance with the free trade principles of the United Kingdom.

Any such dealing with copyright property in Canada will affect future arrangements with the Australian and all other English-speaking colonies and possessions.

It would almost certainly destroy our present means of securing copyright in the United States of America.

It diminishes the copyright interests of all who have given their adherence to the terms of the Berne Convention. Two million Canadians are French.

To this manifesto it may be added that the Society will immediately issue an Appeal to the people of Canada upon the whole subject.
NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

[The first part of these notes should have appeared in the last number, but we had to go to press early on account of the Christmas holidays.]

New York, Dec. 15, 1894.

In the December number of the Bookman appear two paragraphs declaring that Mr. Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" had met with "extraordinary success in America," and that "among the other markedly successful recent books in America" were Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman" and Mr. Stanley Weyman's "My Lady Rotha." And to these statements was appended this comment: "In fact it seems as if English fiction were almost entirely supplanting American. Nearly all the great American successes in the last year or two have been English books." Any one who really knew the facts of the case could not but smile at these statements and at this comment. The great success of last winter has been a British book, Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby"; but the great success of last winter was an American book, Mr. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," which, although published when times were harder than now and English books almost entirely supplanted American, has met with "extraordinary success in America," and that "among the other markedly successful recent books in America" were Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman" and Mr. Stanley Weyman's "My Lady Rotha." And to these statements was appended this comment: "In fact it seems as if English fiction were almost entirely supplanting American. Nearly all the great American successes in the last year or two have been English books." Any one who really knew the facts of the case could not but smile at these statements and at this comment. The great success of last winter has been a British book, Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby"; but the great success of last winter was an American book, Mr. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," which, although published when times were harder than now and sold at a higher price, reached a larger sale than "Trilby" and in a shorter time.

Mr. Meredith's "Lord Ormont" has been well received in America, but the Bookman grossly exaggerates the number of copies sold; and the Bookman conveys an entirely erroneous impression of the condition of the book-market in America. Mr. Weyman's "My Lady Rotha" has done well in the United States, but not so well as his "Gentleman of France." In fact, the really successful works of fiction in the year 1894 in the United States have been Mr. Crawford's "Katherine Lauderdale" and Miss Wilkins' "Pembroke,"—both of American authorship,—and Mr. Weyman's "Gentleman of France," Mr. Caine's "Manxman," Mr. Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," Mrs. Ward's "Marcella," and Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby." Probably every one of them had a sale varying between twenty and fifty thousand copies (excepting "Trilby" of course, the sale of which already exceeds one hundred and ten thousand). Three books of American authorship were published too late in the winter to enter fairly into the comparison, but both Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Piccino," and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Golden House" began with editions of ten thousand each, while Mrs. Deland's "Philip and his Wife" got into a fourth edition before the end of its first month.

I have spoken here of copyrighted books only, because each one of these is in the hands of a single publisher; and it is possible, therefore, to ascertain precisely the number of copies sold. But during the past year or so three British works of fiction were not copyrighted—Miss Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night," Mr. Benson's "Dodo," and Mrs. Caffyn's "Yellow Aster." All three of these were seized by the pirates immediately, and reprinted right and left in cut-throat competition until they are now to be had for fourpence each. And, no doubt, the sale of these three British books has been enormous, owing partly to their own merits and partly to the furious energy of competing pirates. But the sale of these non-copyrighted stories of British authorship has been greatly surpassed, I think (of course, exact figures for comparison are not available) by the sale of certain stories of American authorship which have just come out of copyright. Our term of copyright here is twenty-eight years with one renewal of fourteen, making forty-two years in all; it is the shortest term of any of the leading countries of the world. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was published in 1850, his "House of Seven Gables" in 1851, and his "Blithedale Romance" in 1852; and also in 1852 was published Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On these four stories the re-printers rushed as usual, and with unusual success. I have been told that one house alone has sold more than a hundred thousand copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And this is in the lifetime of the author, for Mrs. Stowe is still alive, although she is no longer interested in the life about her; probably she will never know that her story has had a second youth on its attaining its majority twice over. Perhaps it is well to recall here that she received little or nothing from any of the British publishers who have sold countless thousands of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" during the last two score years. American pirates have more sins to answer for than the British pirates but the British pirate was never slow in helping himself to every American book he thought worth stealing.

At the very time when the editor of the Author has been holding the American magazine editor up as an example to his British brother, an American humorist was preparing to make fun of the American magazine, and of its editors and of its principles. Mr. James L. Ford, who may be known to some English readers as the author of a volume of broadly comic sketches, called "Hypnotic Tales," and who was one of the earliest contributors to Puck, the oldest and strongest of our comic papers, has now just put forth a volume called "The Literary Shop," in which he considers the successful periodicals of the United States from the point of view of a young writer who has "copy" for sale. The
attack he makes on the magazines has been made before both in Great Britain and in the United States. The sum and substance of it is that the American magazines being intended for family reading, the editors very wisely reject anything which could “offend the taste of the most fastidious.” Mr. Ford praises the “business sense” of the editors who have applied this theory so adroitly as to give the Century and Harper’s a circulation of 200,000 copies a month; but he declares that American literature is being strangled by this restriction of it to themes suitable for the contemplation of the Young Person. He affirms that only an emasculated literature is possible under these conditions; and he directs special attention to the fact that the great city of New York is teeming with subjects for fiction, and that these subjects are not getting the treatment they deserve because the magazine editors are “down on low life.” Mr. Ford makes his points very sharply and with a sub-acid humour which is pleasing, except, no doubt, to those who are pierced by his shafts; but he has wilfully taken a false view. At the very time he was saying that no American magazine would publish stories of low life in New York, Harper’s had just concluded a series of sketches of New York scenes, up town and down town, high life and low life; and it has since begun another series of sketches of New York characters, frankly low-life, all of them.

Nevertheless, there is a great deal of truth in Mr. Ford’s little book, and an abundance of humour, shown most abundantly, perhaps, in the satiric sketches which fill the final pages of the volume. Of these “The Poet’s Strike,” depicting a sad occurrence at Harper and Bros, and “The Society Reporter’s Christmas,” are the most comical.

Of the three British authors we have had here this winter lecturing and reading from their own works, one, Dr. Conan Doyle, returned to England last week laden with dollars. Dean Hole continues in the field and so does Mr. Christie Murray. At the meeting of the “Uncut Leaves” to-night Mr. Murray is to be one of the readers. I understand that the practice of the “Uncut Leaves” of reading from their own unpublished words has been introduced into your Authors’ Club in London. It is not a custom in the Authors’ Club here. The “Uncut Leaves” is a private enterprise of Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln, who engages various authors to appear before his subscribers. Those who attend the meetings Mr. Lincoln conducts pay for the privilege; and there are sometimes eight and nine hundred present. Those who read Mr. Lincoln pays, and pays liberally. So successful has this scheme been, that Mr. Lincoln conducts series of “Uncut Leaves,” every winter, not only in New York, but also in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and in Washington.

The Authors’ Club here, which has been homeless for nearly a year, is to be housed at last in quarters specially prepared for it in the recent addition to the sumptuous Carnegie Music Hall. It expects to get into these new rooms early next month. In the meantime its fortnightly meetings have been held this fall in the ample halls of the Architectural League in the noble building of the Fine Arts Society.

By a purchase of plates and stock from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, the New York branch of Longmans, Green, and Co., has become the American publishers of all of Mr. Rider Haggard’s novels. They have recently published here his “People of the Mist,” and they will have another tale ready in January. They are also steadily enlarging their list of American authors, as, of course, any British house must do if it wishes to have close relations with American bookbuyers. In one week, as it happened, Longmans, Green, and Co. issued in New York four different books of American origin. By a purchase of plates and stock, they have also become the publishers of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose “Young Folks’ History of the United States” has now nearly attained a circulation of two hundred thousand copies.

To St. Nicholas during the coming year Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will contribute a series of “Hero Tales of American History.” He is engaged on what may be called a continuation of Parkman’s great history; it is an account of the “Winning of the West,” the slow expansion of the English-speaking people from the Atlantic coast, over the Alleghanies and across the plains. The third volume has just appeared, and a fourth will follow in about eighteen months.

Mr. H. C. Bunner, the poet who wrote “Airs from Arcady,” is also the editor of Puck, and he has just reprinted from that popular weekly a second series of the ingenious and delightful comic tales he calls “Short Sixes.” Later in the winter he will have ready a volume of “Urban and Suburban Sketches,” reprinted from Scribner’s Monthly.

In February, Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. begin to publish an American edition of the Bookman, to be conducted by Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College. The American edition will be wholly independent of the British, which it will not even resemble in shape.

Another Columbia man, Professor Cattell, is to be the editor-in-chief of a new series of Science.
(which may be described as an American emulator of the British Nature). Professor Cattell is already one of the editors of the Psychological Review; he has called about him a staff of extraordinary strength, representing nearly every department of science and almost every institution of learning in America.

New York, Jan. 12, 1895.

The death of Robert Louis Stevenson has occasioned real grief in America, and to express this in a slight degree a memorial meeting was held in this city on Jan. 4, under the auspices of the Uncut Leaves Club. It was a most notable crowd that gathered together to listen to the homage paid the great romancer by the speakers; and it was thoroughly representative of the literary and artistic circles of the city. (See p. 248.)

Perhaps a short account of the organisation of one of our greatest magazines may prove of interest to the readers of the Author. In 1865 a primitive "family magazine," called Hours at Home, was started, and this soon led Charles Scribner, founder of the publishing house of that name, to consider the possibilities which lay in issuing a periodical that would appeal to a wider audience and be on a much larger scale. With this idea in view Dr. Holland, author of the famous "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," was consulted as to taking the editorship of the new venture. Thus in 1870 the firm of Charles Scribner announced from the office of Hours at Home that they had organised the Magazine Department into a separate company, with Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell C. Smith as part owners, under the name of Scribner and Co., and that the periodical should be known as Scribner's Monthly. From the start it set a new standard for the popular magazine. It introduced many fresh writers, who had great influence in American literature, and on the artistic side it gave impetus to wood engraving.

When the death of Mr. Scribner occurred the magazine continued to increase in prosperity, but in 1881 a disagreement arose between the partners, which finally resulted in the sale of the monthly to a new corporation, headed by Dr. Holland and Mr. Smith. This transfer was effected under the stipulation that the Scribners should abstain from publishing a magazine which they might be processed; and wood engravings found to be too large have been processed down to half size. Also it is well to
note that the superiority of the American magazine is due to a great extent to the care taken with its printing. Infinite thought is taken by De Vinne, the artist printer, to keep the presswork of the Century up to the level of its text and illustrations.

The Century Company also issue a juvenile monthly called St. Nicholas. This, again, has its own staff. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is editor-in-chief, and Mr. W. F. Clarke is assistant editor. There are also two editorial assistants, Messrs. Tudor Jenks and Chapin, and besides these several clerks. With this magazine, as with the Century, every manuscript received is carefully read and examined. The printing is of the same high standard, and the illustrations proceed from the same art department.

In addition to the staffs of the two magazines, there is a third entirely separate staff, having charge of the Century Dictionary. At the head of this is Mr. Benjamin E. Smith. Since the first page of that stupendous undertaking was cast the work has never stopped, for it is constantly undergoing revision, and a supplement will eventually be inevitable. Mr. Smith has recently brought out a seventh volume, the Century Cyclopedia of Names.

A large part of the success of the Century is due to its publishers. They have pushed the sales judiciously, and have shown such enterprise in the advertising department, that the magazine often contains a hundred pages of advertisements. The business sense which has characterised the management of the Century is a heritage from Roswell Smith, the first president of the company, whose position is now adequately filled by Mr. Frank H. Scott, Mr. Charles F. Chichester having succeeded the latter as treasurer. In its early years the Century found many advantages in the fact that it was not connected with a publishing house, as it was never obliged to receive any author on account of his relations with the house. But of late, as book material accumulated, it was found expedient not to allow it all to leave the Century office, and hence the Century company has been for several years now a publisher of books also.

The Century pays for all manuscripts on acceptance. Indeed, this is the custom of all reputable magazines here, and the editor of Harper's has been heard to remark "that it was immoral to accept an article without paying for it at once." This naturally leads to the accumulation of material, and the Century has always several thousand pounds worth on hand; in fact, during the past year it has been largely drawing on that stock. Thus articles on "Book-bindings," by Brander Matthews, which were accepted and paid for some four or five years ago, are only now appearing. "Folk-speech in America," by Mr. Edward Eggleston, had been lying by eight or ten years; and Mrs. Oliphant's papers on the period of Queen Anne waited ten or twelve years for publication; while Mr. Marion Crawford's article on "The Gods of India," which was printed only early last winter, had been accepted and paid for before he wrote his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs."

The Century occupies several floors of a fine large building overlooking Union-square. Its rooms are most luxuriously and beautifully fitted up. The walls are decorated with the original drawings of its illustrations, and to the outsider it would seem almost like a picture gallery were it not for its home-like appearance.

The organisation of other American magazines is not unlike that of the Century. Besides their enormous book-publishing business, Harper and Brothers issue also four periodicals—the magazine and three weeklies. Mr. Henry M. Alden, author of "God in His World," is editor-in-chief of Harper's Magazine. Mr. John D. Adams is his assistant; and at the head of the art department is Mr. Horace Bradley. The other periodicals are Harper's Young People, edited by Mr. J. H. Sears; Harper's Weekly, edited by Mr. Henry L. Nelson, with Mr. Henry Gallup Paine as managing editor; and Harper's Bazaar, a weekly, principally intended to appeal to a feminine audience, but really containing so much of general interest as not to be restricted to one sex, and edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

In 1887, Charles Scribner's Sons started a magazine of their own, and placed it under the editorship of Mr. Edward L. Burlingame. It was a new publication in every sense, and in no way a revival of any tradition of the past. Mr. Robert Bridges is associate editor, and the art department is in the hands of Mr. A. F. Jaccacci.

The magazine (with the rest of the publishing business of Charles Scribner and Sons) has recently been moved to a new building on Fifth-avenue, near Madison-square, which is one of the best built and best equipped edifices ever erected for exclusive use of a publishing firm.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is spending the winter just outside of Florence in Landor's Villa, as the guest of Professor Willard Fiske.

Mr. A. M. Palmer has made arrangements with Mr. Du Maurier to have Mr. Paul Potter dramatise "Trilby," and it will shortly be produced at Mr. Palmer's own theatre. This dramatisation shows how, in one respect, American copyright is more favourable to foreign authors than the British law. In the United States the novelist has reserved to him the right to dramatise, whereas...
in Great Britain he has to give an absurd registering performance of his dramatisation before the novel appears. Thus a British author having a novel successful in America can reap the profit of the play taken therefrom; but an American author having a novel successful in England would stand little chance of making anything from the dramatisation; and, as a fact, Mrs. Stowe never received a penny from England for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a play.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, than whom no American has more friends in Great Britain, and whose father and mother were Scotch, refused to act as treasurer of the American committee for the purchase of Carlyle's house in Chelsea, seeing no reason why any American should help to make a monument for a contemporary British author like Carlyle, who certainly never showed any goodwill towards the United States. In one of his Literary Notes in Harper's for January—notes unfortunately not included in the London edition of the magazine—Mr. Hutton gives vent to his feelings as follows: "There seems to exist in the mother country a curious notion that while we have shaken off all personal and national allegiance to the British Crown, we are still rank Tories and Royalists in our loyalty and devotion to British literature; that while we are politically a free and independent people, we are still an intellectual province of Great Britain; and that we must still pay taxes to the great and royal British mind! They would laugh to scorn any effort on our part to raise money, in England, for the Curtis memorial in New York, or for the preservation of Poe's home at Fordham, even if we were willing to ask others to help us, in a pecuniary way, to honour our own dead; and they do mock our generosity in contributing to the building of a memorial theatre to Shakespeare at Stratford, to the buying of a bust for Pepys in St. Olave's, or to the raising of stained glass windows to the memory of Raleigh and Izaak Walton in St. Margaret's and St. Dunstan's. Shakespeare and Pepys and Walton and Raleigh are ours, as well as theirs; and it is our right, as well as our privilege, to show our respect and affection for our own; but we ought to throw the tea into Boston Harbour once more, before we consent to pay tribute to a class of post-revolutionary British heroes who paid no tribute to us; or before we offer to help the Britons to glorify their own land by erecting monuments—in their land—to poets and scholars who in their lifetime never cared to glorify anything, or anybody, but Great Britain or themselves."

It may be suspected that Mr. Hutton thus voices a feeling not uncommon among American men of letters. 

HALLETT ROBINSON.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

I NEVER felt more confirmed in my preference for an artistic life as contrasted to the pursuit of politics, never did I so cordially agree with what Daudet has written about his detestation of politics, than as I sat at breakfast on Thursday last in the grand hall of the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles, just before the opening of the Congress for the election of a new President. The room was full of senators, deputies, political journalists, and all the vague camp followers of all great political events. And what a crowd it was, a mass of strangely dressed, noisy, red-faced individuals, with greedy twinkling eyes and fevered gestures, and the strangest manners at table. When one looked at them and thought of the man of letters, of the poet, of the painter, or the musician, and the ambitions of these as compared with the longings of those, one might well say—and be no Pharisee at that—that one thanked God not to be as these.

I am asked to announce that Monsieur Léon Daudet will very shortly commence the publication of a series or "cycle" of three novels, which will be as "The Battle of Dorking of the Social Revolution," and an attempt to give, in anticipation, pictures of that great event, whose coming is so eagerly expected, and so fondly hoped for by not a few. The first of these novels will be called "Le Precurseur," and will describe a kind of Tolstoi apostle, visiting the faubourgs, helping the poor, and preaching the gospel of Revolt. The second will be called "Les Porteurs du Feu," and the action of this book will take place in London, Amsterdam, and Paris. The third novel will be called "The City of Bread and of Fire," Monsieur Léon Daudet is at present arranging for their appearance in serial form in England and America, previous to their publication in book-form in France.

Monsieur Jules Massenet is at present engaged on an opera to be called "Griselidis," the libretto of which has been drawn by Armand Silvestre from the romantic play of the same name which was performed with so much success at the Comédie Française, of which Monsieur Armand Silvestre was co-author.

Speaking about composers, it may be of interest to note that in France authors' royalties in an opera are divided equally between the composer of the music and the writer of the libretto. Nor does this rule apply only in the matter of grand operas, but even in songs, a system which for the benefit of our minor poets might profitably be introduced into England. Only the very best writers of words for songs in England can hope for as much as four, or at the outside, five guineas.
for their words, whilst the average price paid to
the poet is, I believe, 5s. In France the poet
takes half the royalties, and the author of the
music the other half. The royalties on musical
works are, of course, not so large as on literary
productions. Thus the royalties paid to the
authors on a grand opera never exceed 6 per cent.
of the receipts. Of this the composer takes half,
or 3 per cent., and the librettist the other half.
With a successful opera both musician and
librettist may count on an average receipt of
£18 per performance.

Speaking of theatrical matters, it was amusing
to learn from what transpired the other day in
one of the Paris Police-courts that a person who
recently contributed the dramatic criticisms to
La Cocarde used to pay £16 a month to the pro-
pri tors of this paper for doing so. It is fair to
add that this was before M. Maurice Barré took
over the management and proprietorship of this
paper. I have heard of similar things in
England.

A certain London publishing firm has inaugu-
rated a system of paying for contributions to its
various periodicals with cheques, on the back of
which is printed a statement that the payee
acknowledges receipt of amount on the other side
for contributions and copyright of same. His
signature forms the indorsement to the cheque,
and, of course, if he will not indorse the cheque
it cannot be cashed. I am not clear about the
legality of such a contract, but I understand that
the matter is going to be looked into by the
Institute of Journalists. For my part, I never
will sign away copyright.

The other day I met a gentleman who holds a
high official position in Turkey, and we had a
long talk together about life in Constantinople.
I was much interested to hear that the favourite
book in the harem was—what would you say?—
Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" in translation.

To-morrow, Jan. 25, is the fortieth anniversary
of the suicide of poor Gerard de Nerval, in the
Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, a street which, thanks
to Baron Haussmann, has long since disappeared
from the face of Paris. It was a horrible and a
sinister street this Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, a
street about which a French writer, wise in Paris
street lore, has written as follows: "Ah! this
street above all was most sinister amongst the
most sinister, most hideous amongst the most
hideous. In the thirteenth century it was called
Scorching-street, later on, Washing-street, and
in the nineteenth as in the thirteenth century
it more resembled a sewer than a public way. As
a matter of fact little traffic passed through it,
its inhabitants being reputed the most dangerous
malefactors. The ground, unceasingly drenched
by rain and the overflow of the gutter, formed a
thick black mud, which oozed up under-foot
between the cobble stones that paved this leprous
street. At one end, towards Rue de la Tuerie
(Killing-street), it had a broken-down flight of
steps, which led up from darkness into light, from
filth to what is clean. Up and down this flight of
steps all day long there hopped gravely and with
dignity a black crow. At the foot of the steps
an iron grating rather more than of man's stature
in height rose, and opposite was a stable which
was the nightly refuge of nameless vagabonds.
while a few paces lower down was a police sus-
pected furnished hotel, or common lodging-house.
Further, nothing save houses wrapped in silence,
ominous and gloomy, and dead walls sweating
forth misery and abjection."

It was here on the morning of Jan. 25, 1855,
that there hanged himself on that iron grating
the exquisite poet, whose name was Gerard
de Nerval. He was not dead when he was
discovered by one of the "workmen" who issued
forth at an early hour from the common lodging-
house, and might have been saved but for the
fear of the mob which gathered round him, as he
hung choking and wriggling, lest murder might
be charged against them. So he was allowed to
continue his hideous and convulsive dance of
death. His feet were but two inches from the
muddy soil.

The onlookers recognised from the man's head
and hands and face that this was a gentleman in
spite of the fact that his dress was ragged and
sordid beyond the raggedness of the extremest
and most sordid poverty. Papers of manuscript
peeped out from his torn pockets, and these, con-
sidered together with certain stains of ink on the
dirty blouse and the fingers, revealed in the
victim a man of letters. It is reported that once
or twice the struggling man raised his hand to
his neck in feeble mute appeal, as though to
point out to them, miserable dullards, what was
his neck in feeble mute appeal, as though to
response was made. It was a crowd of men wary
and hands and face that this was a gentleman in
spite of the fact that his dress was ragged and
sordid beyond the raggedness of the extremest
and most sordid poverty. Papers of manuscript
peeped out from his torn pockets, and these, con-
sidered together with certain stains of ink on the
dirty blouse and the fingers, revealed in the
victim a man of letters. It is reported that once
or twice the struggling man raised his hand to
his neck in feeble mute appeal, as though to
point out to them, miserable dullards, what was
torturing him, what was the life of him. But no
response was made. It was a crowd of men wary
and cautious of habit. I think that in its public
shame, this death, with all its surroundings of
all that is vile in man and in the works of
man, was a hundred times more sad than
even the arsenic convulsions of that starving
boy in his paper-littered garret in the Holborn
bye-way; aye, a hundred times more sad than
even the final fall in the weakness of hunger and
in the fever of alcohol of Edgar Allan Poe. In
this case as in that there was no help possible.
There was no hand near to stay or help, nor any
land in sight. But from de Nerval's hideous
pillory, his so accessible gallows, what easy rescue
might have been made. When at last the police
THE AUTHOR.

arrived, and the man was cut down, life was extinct. In his pockets were found various manuscripts, notably part of a serial story which Gerard de Nerval was then writing. But no papers allowing of his identification. So the body was sent to the Morgue, there to lie on a dripping slab, with a vagabond, killed in a brawl, on the one side of him, and a self-drowned woman of the town on the other. Poor Gerard de Nerval. Poor poets.

I hear that Mr. Rowland Strong, the able correspondent in Paris of the Morning Post, is occupying such leisure as journalism leaves him in writing a novel on Parisian life, with which he is very well acquainted indeed. The novel ought to be a very good one, for Mr. Strong is master of a most excellent style, as the readers of the Paris correspondence of the Morning Post have long observed, and, moreover, a man of wide reading, caustic wit, and great powers of observation. One is always glad to chronicle the endeavor on the part of the journalist to produce purely original work, in spite of the fact that many critics in London will not admit that a man who has written for the press is capable of literary production. It is a strange theory, for in France at least every successful writer began his career, with the exception, perhaps, of Alphonse Daudet, by writing for the press.

I hear that the proprietor of a leading and successful American magazine has just left Paris for London to arrange for the writing of a new "Life of Christ" for publication in his magazine.

Mr. Zangwill is in Paris studying life amongst the art students in the Montparnasse quarter, in preparation for a novel on this subject. He may be seen daily dining—not without heroism—in a miserable little crèmerie near the Rue de Rennes, where the rapin and his woman kind take their scanty meals. His note-book is filling apace, but I fear, in my knowledge of the kind of fare provided at the Parisian crèmeries, that at times he must regret the fleshpots of Israel. Mark Twain is also in Paris.

Madame Juliette Adam is writing her Memoirs. They will be invaluable to the student of the political and literary histories of France under the Third Republic.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.


BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1894.

The Publishers' Circular gives its customary analytical table of the new books of 1894:

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<td>93</td>
<td>97</td>
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<tr>
<td>Belles-lettres, essays, monographs, &amp;c.</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>115</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous, including pamphlets, not sermons</td>
<td>1102</td>
<td>767</td>
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The number of books published in the year 1894 reaches an amazing total of 6485. If, however, we examine the list a little we shall find crumbs of comfort. For instance, 981 of them are "miscellaneous, including pamphlets." Strike them out; we will not read them. Technical, scientific, professional, and trade books—all three which belong to the business of life—numbered 596. Strike them out. Those will read them who must. Religious books, 856. I think we may strike them out in considering literature. The medicine of the soul is as "scientific" as the medicine of the body. Educational books number 742. Strike them out, because they are the tools and instruments necessary for the conduct and business of life. Year-books and serials are surely not literature. Strike out 330. Boys' and girls' books. 297. Strike them out. There remain novels, voyages and travels, history and biography, poetry, and belles lettres. Of novels there were 1315 new books and 337 new editions. Now, every novel
worth anything goes into a new edition. These figures mean, therefore, 1000 failures in novel writing; they also mean a great many books paid for by the foolish writers after their work has been declined. Further, they mean that in this period of depression and "tightness" there are thousands who try whether they, too, cannot join the company of the successful. They cannot, but they will always try. These figures also mean that, seeing the enormous success of certain novels and the impossibility of discovering why some of them have succeeded, a few publishers are "plunging" in hope of securing a "boom." On the whole, we need not be alarmed by the figures. Again, the ephemeral nature of many apparently solid books, as those of travel and of history, is shown by the fact that there are 538 new books of the kind and only 126 new editions. Of poetry there is a sad falling off. Only 160 new books of verse against 190 of last year. Only 21 new editions against 37 of last year.

The most remarkable increase is under the head of "belles lettres, essays, monographs, &c." In 1893 there were 96 new books under this head and 11 reprints. In 1894 there were 370 new books and 115 reprints! What does this mean? First, we should like to see a list of these new books and reprints. Probably we should have to strike out a good many as irrelevant. I take two columns of book advertisements from the Times. In one I find two such books; in the other, three. What are they—these 370 books of belles lettres? Here is a theory which I advance with hesitation, but it may account for some. The production of a book of essays or of criticism is an excellent method by which a young man ambitions of literary work may introduce himself. If his book attracts notice either for style or for scholarship, he is a man to be noted and remembered by editors. And the number of such young men is increasing every day. The congestion of the professions; the apparent ease and pleasantness and freedom of the work; the large incomes made by successful journalists and critics—these, with many other reasons, attract the young men of Oxford and Cambridge. I imagine that this theory would account for some of the 370 volumes. But what about the rest? I do not know.

On further consideration of these figures, it occurred to me to compare them with those obtained from the lists issued day by day in the leading journals. For instance, there is published every day in the Times a list of the day's publications. In this list we may certainly assume that every book of the least importance or pretensions is announced. The following are the numbers of publications, month by month. Since the first two columns are difficult to keep apart, let us add them together. It will be seen that the numbers are about half those given in the Circular. We have, that is to say, 770 novels and children's story books announced in the Times against 1594 reported in the Circular:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>New.</th>
<th>Children's</th>
<th>Reprint.</th>
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<tr>
<td>January</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>17</td>
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<td>February</td>
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<td>March</td>
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<td>April</td>
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<td>May</td>
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<td>June</td>
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<td>November</td>
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<td>December</td>
<td>123</td>
<td>63</td>
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<td>634</td>
<td>136</td>
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We need not in the least attack the correctness of the figures in the Circular. We may, however, understand that a good half of the books making up that portentous total were quite unimportant and trivial works.

Further examination proves that out of the 634 novels there were at least 200 or even 250 also quite trivial and unimportant. This class is made up chiefly of those novels published at the author's own expense. There are paltry houses—call them rather hovels which do nothing except produce trash at the author's expense. "Our reader reports so favourably of the work that we are prepared to offer you the following exceptionally favourable terms, &c.," according to the formula. These deductions made, we are left with a very fair number of novels—by no means too many for the reading of the English-speaking world—written by about 250 known novelists and about 150 aspirants.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**

We have lost in Sir John Seeley one of the greatest writers of our time—if by "great" we mean one who is powerful enough to mould and influence his time. The man who so far influenced the Anglican Church as to sweep away old shibboleths and to clothe the old doctrines with fresh meanings; the man who revived in his country the Imperial idea, making of Great Britain not only the Mother of Empire, but the Mistress and Empress; the man who taught the world how the New Germany was
created and by whom; that man, surely, deserves the name of great.

My own acquaintance with Seeley took place towards the close of the fifties. He was some three years my senior, so that my earliest knowledge of him is that of a young Bachelor of Arts, Senior Classic. He was as a young man habitually grave, yet by no means without humour; no one who knew him then would speak of him as dry. Serious he certainly was; his mind was then, as ever since, filled with the great and lofty themes of which he afterwards treated. To talk with him was, to a lad of twenty, an education; he filled one with new thoughts; he gave one suggestions; he made one thirsty and hungry for more knowledge; he made one careful of speech on account of a certain Socratic method by which he convinced the foolish speaker of his folly—yet gently and never with any joy over the humiliation of the other man. He took little interest in the things so much beloved by the average undergraduate; he seldom asked, I am sure, where the college boat was; he was not present at boat suppers; perhaps he never witnessed the University boat race; and he never showed up at Lord's. A modest and sober walk of four or five miles gave him all the exercise he wanted, and the rest of his time was chiefly spent in his own rooms.

It is pleasing to remember that one of his closest friends and greatest admirers was a man wholly unlike him in every particular—Charles Stuart Calverley. I have heard Calverley discourse on the virtues and qualities of Seeley most generously (for they were sometimes thought to be rivals) and eloquently.

Seeley was the son of a man of deep religious feeling, which he himself inherited. The inevitable revolt of the son against the father's narrow Calvinism, which generally takes the form of aggressive agnosticism, in his place became a Christianity on broader foundations with new meanings and more Catholic enclosures. He was always religious in his thoughts and religious in his daily life.

I have never heard him lecture or speak. I can readily believe that as in his books so in his lectures, the personal element was entirely repressed. Perhaps he was dry. Yet he taught. He was born to teach, and he was full of things to teach. He made the most of himself too. Quite early in life he realised that for such work as his, German was necessary. He went to Dresden for three months and came back a master of the German language. Later on it became necessary for him to know Italian and to study Rome. He went to Rome for the summer months, staying there three months, and returning a master of Italian and of Roman topography.

He is a standing example that the strongest and best faculties—intellect of the rarest—memory—scholarship—linguistic gift—power of expression—are worth nothing without industry.

I well remember a certain letter which came to me across the sea, one day a long time ago, when I was abroad. It was from a man who knew Seeley better than was my good fortune; who saw a great deal more of him. This man sent me a copy of "Ecce Homo," just then published. "Read the book," he said. "It is Seeley's, though the world does not yet know it. Read the book. He stands out already, as I always said he would—ἀνέκ ἀνδρῶν—a king of men"—And so he did.

That Seeley joined our Society at the outset; that he gave us his name as a Vice-President first, and a member of Council afterwards; that he strongly approved of our work and our aims—this has always been to me, at times when it seemed as if all our efforts for self-protection were likely to be in vain, a great encouragement and support.

At the first meeting of the committee held in the year, on Monday, Jan. 14, it was Resolved, that the best thanks of the committee be conveyed to Sir Frederick Pollock, for his services to the society as chairman of the Committee of Management during the year 1893 and 1894.

I hear of complaints among members that their books are not mentioned in "Book Talk" of the month. Will every one make a note that we very much desire to hear of every new work produced by our members; that we cannot promise to hunt among the advertisements and the announcements for these new books; that if members will inform us of their new books they may depend upon the notice being inserted; and that, as regards a short review or expression of opinion upon the book, it must be left to the writer of the columns called "Book Talk." It is, of course, impossible for the editor to promise, or for the members to claim, even a short review in these pages.

The question of Canadian Copyright is suspended for the time, owing to the death of Sir John Thompson. Meanwhile we have reprinted in another column (p. 228) an article on the subject, from the Montreal Weekly Witness, which shows that public opinion is not all on one side.

In another place (p. 248) will be found a report of Mr. Stedman's address on the occasion of the
Among the letters of the month will be found a proposal by Mr. Thomas Macquoid that a memorial to Louis Stevenson should be established. The letter does not propose any form of memorial. Not a statue, says the writer, but perhaps the founding of some institution connected with literature. I willingly give admission to Mr. Macquoid's letter and proposal, and if the suggestion commends itself to members, I shall be very glad to receive their opinions on the subject, and to forward them to the secretary for the consideration of the committee. There are two points for consideration: (1) Whether it is desirable that such a memorial shall be instituted; (2) if so, what form it should take.

Now, as to the first point. I have no doubt whatever that some of Stevenson's work will live and form part of the glorious Corpus of English Literature. In the general chorus of praise and lamentation following on the death of this writer, it seems ungenerous to hint that any part of his work may die. At the same time, we must remember that posterity will be principally occupied with its own writers, and that it is a selection only—a very small selection—of dead men's work, that is allowed to remain and to be read. It is the next generation that pronounces the verdict upon a man, and from that verdict there is no appeal. Perhaps, therefore, it would be safer to let a dead man remain without honour for twenty-five years. In that time his greatness will be established or will be extinguished. However, if it be thought best to form some memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, why should it not be a statue? The only statues to men of letters in London are those of Shakespeare in Leicester-square, and Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's. There are also certain busts in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere. Yet nothing more honours a man than a statue. It is public; it is always present; it is enduring; every passer by recalls the man and his works; it stands as an outward and visible sign of a nation's recognition. Poets have their corner in the Abbey; only a corner; most of the space is given up to the Great Obscure or the Obscure Great. Let us make a beginning: let us teach the people that it is time to honour our great writers as we honour our statesmen; in the same open way. Only when we uncover the statue to Louis Stevenson, in Trafalgar-square, let it be done in the presence of the people, by invitation; the people on the omnibuses; the passengers engaged in their daily calling; the great common public who read his "Treasure Island."

I have seen an advanced copy of the report of the Society for the year 1894. There is one point which I venture to anticipate. There are over 1200 members at this time of writing. Now, out of the 1200 one-half, or 600, had occasion it seems, during the year, to consult the Secretary on some point of difficulty or doubt in the conduct of their business affairs. Now, consider what would have happened with these difficulties had the Society not been in existence. The author would have gone to his lawyer, who certainly knew nothing about the subject; and he would have incurred legal expenses for no good purpose; or he would have allowed his publisher to put his own interpretation on the matter. Now the Secretary, who does know the subject, gives his advice or information for nothing. In cases where money has to be recovered, the author has only to put the papers into the Secretary's hands, when action is taken immediately, and for nothing. The knowledge of this fact generally causes payment to be made immediately. And—again—remark the proportion of authors who do find it necessary to seek advice in the year—50 per cent.!
agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. They will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The committee now offer

1. To read and advise upon agreements and publishers.
2. To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them.
3. To keep agreements.
4. To enforce payments due according to agreements.

Once there was a member—a lady—who could not get in her accounts or the money due to her. She came to the Secretary, who promptly procured the account and the cheque, of course at no expense to her. There was no suspicion of a fraudulent return of books sold. Contrary, however, to reasonable expectation, the lady received the cheque with considerable temper. She said that she had looked for a much larger sale; and if this was all the Society could do for her, she should withdraw. And she did. What can be done for people who look to the Society to find them a public?

Another very unreasonable and selfish person is the man or woman who stands aloof from us, or even joins in the diffusion of the usual unveracities which that kind of publisher who desires darkness loves to spread around, until the time of trouble, when he makes haste to bring his papers and to become a member in order to get his case settled for him. An extreme form of this kind was illustrated by a certain man who brought a case and became a member. His case cost the Society £15, but it was successfully conducted. The grateful member thanked the Secretary for what he had done, and said that he should not resign. So we were gainers of one guinea, his year's subscription, and losers by £15 in costs in the case. We did not even get 60s, because he was rather ashamed of his own simplicity and did not talk about it.

Mr. Laurence Hutton's remarks on the American respect for English literature (see the New York Letter, p. 234) seem to me exaggerated. We have not asked the Americans to subscribe for the preservation of Carlyle's house; the committee have only signified their willingness to accept American contributions if any are offered. We should most certainly not "laugh to scorn" any proposal that Englishmen should join in honouring Poe; nor do we—so far as I know—"mock the generosity" of Americans in building a theatre at Stratford. The ancient literature of this country belongs to America as much as to ourselves. As regards a modern writer, when the Americans adopt him, so to speak; when they receive him into their libraries; welcome him; learn from him; delight in him; he becomes an American as well as an English writer. The question about Carlyle, is simply whether he is, in this sense, an American writer. Have they adopted him? Do they learn from him? Let us remember that there is a small modern current literature belonging to and common to all English speaking countries. For instance, we place Tennyson and Browning in this our common literature, together with Lowell and Longfellow. There is also a current local or national literature in every English speaking country consisting of minor poets, minor novelists, minor essayists, who do not cross the frontiers of their own country. The influence of Carlyle in this country has been enormous. It would appear from Mr. Laurence Hutton's remarks, that it has not been great in America. Perhaps, then, Carlyle does not belong to the current common literature.

The following is from the Westminster Gazette:

In our last number there appeared a letter calling attention to the strange appearance of two lines by Miss Procter in Mr. John Davidson's new volume of poems. The editor of this paper ought to be severely castigated for admitting a charge of plagiarism without verifying it, especially when it could be tested so easily and so readily. His only excuse is that the case was adduced as a remarkable instance of unconscious plagiarism, a thing more common than is generally believed. It did not occur to the editor that Mr. Davidson could be accused of a thing so monstrous and at the same time so inconceivably foolish as to "lift" two whole lines from Miss Procter. May the curtain of the "Fifth Act" be a curtain of oblivion:

An absurd comedy of errors has been acted in the columns of the Spectator and in our own. Mr. John Davidson has been accused of a trick of "sub-conscious memory," for including in his "Ballad of a Nun" the lines—

And yet,
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vain regret.

But neither the lines, nor any like them, are in Mr. Davidson's poem at all! The following is the development of the comedy:

Act I. The Spectator, reviewing Mr. Davidson's poem, said it was a new version of "A Legend of Provence," and quoted Miss Procter's lines as above.

Act II. A correspondent of the Spectator, misunderstanding, and thinking the quotation was made from Mr. Davidson, writes and says, "Why, but Mr. Davidson has been unconsciously reproducing Tennyson's"

Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret."
Act III. We quote this correspondent’s remarks in our columns: whereupon another correspondent writes and says, "Why, this man has not only echoed Tennyson, but actually lifted into his poem two lines solidly from Miss Procter." Several other correspondents write to like effect.

Act IV. At last it occurs to somebody to consult Mr. Davidson’s poem itself, and to look up the references generally—with the result shown in the outset of this note.

Act V. Curtain, please!

WALTER BESENT.

FEUILLETON.

A LITERARY BUBBLE.

In journalism all roads lead to London. A carefully worded advertisement in the Times, offering a sub-editorship to a lady or gentleman of education in return for a premium of sixty guineas, drew me, a young and untried member of the profession, into the metropolitan whirlpool in the summer of 1893.

The preliminaries duly arranged, though not without some natural misgivings on the part of more cautious relatives and friends, I left to make the acquaintance of the editor-proprietor of the "high class weekly journal" with whose fortunes (and misfortunes) I was shortly to become identified. My first interview with this gentleman took place in the editorial sanctum one sunny afternoon in May. He was courteous and affable, and expressed surprise at my diminutive stature and virgin countenance, my handwriting having led him to expect a bearded Hercules. From his grin of satisfaction, however, I gathered that he was not altogether displeased to find his ideal tuition to shine as a planet in the literary firmament. His attention knew no bounds. He must find me lodgings, take me to the Derby (this fell through!), and make me thoroughly at home in my new quarters. Meanwhile, would I take some books with me for review? Thus we parted on excellent terms with each other, and with our own particular selves.

I had arrived on a Friday, and the high class weekly was due to appear on the Saturday. It did not reach the office until late on Monday afternoon, and, tyro as I was, my heart sank as I gazed at the insignificant pile of papers which then lay carefully stacked upon the counter. If there were 500 copies, the maximum was surely reached. Just then the proprietor bustled in.

My reviews were glanced at, approved, and the great man, with almost paternal solicitude, pressed upon my acceptance a cheque for a pound, a half week’s salary. I ought here to explain that my contract provided for remuneration at the rate of £2 per week, and the repayment of a proportionate amount of the premium if the engagement were closed within twelve months from the signing of the agreement. The cheque was crossed, and, having no bank account in London, I attempted to cash it through a friend in the provinces. It was returned marked “refer to drawer,” and I immediately called the attention of my Gamaliel to the matter. He hemmed and hawed, consulted his cheque-book, and finally paid me in gold, being unable to account for the "mistake.”

For the next two or three weeks my two sovereigns came in with commendable regularity; then thirty shillings appeared as the price of my labour, my employer coolly explaining that he had spent the odd ten shillings on a Turkish bath. The arrears were not forthcoming till the following week, when a cheque (open, at my request) for £2 accompanied the lagging half-sovereign. On inquiry at the bank, I discovered that the cheque would not be honoured. My literary tutor was not in the least abashed when I returned with this intelligence. He smiled, and said he detected some dissimilarity between the indorsement and the name in the body of the cheque. That, he felt sure, accounted for my rebuff. Still, he pocketed the erring paper, and the arrears began to accumulate in an alarming fashion, while any actual payment was very grudgingly tendered.

Meanwhile, the paper had been going from bad to worse, and the struggle to make both ends meet resulted in acts of glaring dishonesty. On one occasion, the funds having run short, and the stony heart of the printer being unmoved by promises of future payment, a week passed without publication. To hoodwink the advertisers, the contents of the previous week’s issue were inclosed in covers bearing the current date, and forwarded to advertisers only. Whether or not this fraud was exposed I never learned. Another ingenious device was the “puffing” of minor celebrities, who, in return for an eulogistic description of their virtues, and a correspondingly convenient omission of their vices, purchased a few hundred copies of the paper from the enterprising publisher. In the case of one “eminent,” when his order of 500 copies was found to have exhausted the available supply, a hundred or more back numbers were inserted at the bottom of the pile to complete the amount.

But I should fill many columns of the Author if I attempted to describe all the tricks and
subterfuges employed by this scoundrel to stave off his creditors, and to figure in the eyes of the world as a man of unblemished and unimpeachable character. He practised as a barrister, and was extremely anxious that I should, under his auspices, embrace the legal as well as the journalistic professions. Had I been so weak as to yield to his wishes, he would undoubtedly have pocketed a considerable share of the fees. But I had gauged his character by this time, and forbore.

I had not been long in his office before I discovered that I was by no means the only "pupil" connected with the establishment. There were two or three besides myself, and I soon heard grievous complaints of growing arrears and dishonoured cheques. My own salary, from putting in an appearance in driblets, ceased altogether, and neither by persuasion or threats did I succeed in extracting another penny from my employer, who was, in effect, a bankrupt.

The paper died in due course, and we then discovered that the pseudo-proprietor had long since assigned the property to others. Nor could we obtain any redress. I had unfortunately neglected to have my agreement stamped, but had this been otherwise, an action at law would only have resulted in throwing good money after bad. I returned to the provinces a sadder if a wiser man; and, having lately been elected an associate of the Society of Authors, have good reason to hope that I shall henceforth be free from the predatory attacks of such wolves in sheep's clothing as the pretended proprietor of a certain "high-class London weekly." If the publication of my own experience should succeed in placing others upon their guard, I shall at least have derived some consolation for my own unfortunate commencement.

G. F. O.

RUSTIC READING.

Despite all our vaunted spread of education, it cannot yet be said that Hodge has developed much literary taste, or has taken keenly to the study of fiction, except, indeed, as a personal accomplishment. In our large towns, to judge from the statistics issued by the free libraries, the working classes devour novels in enormous quantities, nor are they altogether bad judges of quality, for the authors most in request with them are also among the favourites of those who subscribe to Mudie's. And the urban labourer has come to regard the Sunday paper as no less a necessary of existence than his pipe. But in the country matters are very different. Partly from want of taste, partly from lack of opportunity, nine out of every ten farm-hands never open a book at all, and confine their reading to the single beer-stained copy of the local paper that goes from hand to hand in the bar of the public-house.

This is partly due, as we have said, to lack of taste. It is almost startling to find how many there are among our village-folk who cannot read at all. A few of them have never learned to do so, the greater number acquired the art painfully and by dint of many thwacks at school, promptly to forget it when, at the age of fifteen or so, they left school for good, and began to work in the fields. Let anyone who has almost entirely forgotten his Greek endeavour to imagine what pleasure it would give him to read Thucydides in the original, by way of beguiling his leisure hours after a hard day's work, and he will cease to wonder at Hodge's apathetic attitude towards literature. Again, those who can read easily enough do not find much to interest them in the newspapers, while books hardly ever come into their hands. They do not—we are speaking of entirely rural districts—take the faintest interest in politics, nor do they care about trade unions, strikes, agitations, or reforms, all of which are so dear to the mind of the London artisan. You may put it down to sluggishness and stupidity if you will, and it is quite true that your rustic is not easily aroused in the direction of any reform, desirable or otherwise. But yet there is a good deal of shrewd wisdom underlying this apparent indifference, and it proceeds not a little from the fact that in the calm, peaceful atmosphere of country life it becomes easier to see these agitations in just perspective, to realise more accurately their importance, to be less readily swept away by each fresh enthusiasm, than it is for the fevered town-dweller, overpowered by the blatant noises of rival fad-mongers, and not allowed a moment of quiet in which to think for himself. Of course there are exceptions: in every village there is the Radical workman, regarded with humorous and good-natured indifference by the rest, who spends all his spare time in what he conceives to be the study of politics, and who is always prepared to tell you how the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary ought to act. He is great at Socialistic prophecies, and his confidence in foretelling the future is only equalled by his ignorance concerning the present and the past. But he is the exception, not the rule; the typical rustic is a perfect Gallio as regards politics.

It is interesting to notice a use which Hodge makes of the copy of the local paper which he
enjoys with his pipe and beer sitting outside the Spotted Dog on a summer's evening. First, he reads carefully the title and the date, to guard against wasting his intellect on ancient history. Then, in most cases, he will turn to the cricket news. It is astonishing how keen is the interest taken in county cricket by the agricultural classes in our southern districts; many a man who has never handled a bat in his life can tell you nearly all the first-class averages for the last five years. In the north, even more attention is doubtless given in winter to the football news, but cricket is by far the greater favourite in the south. Having read out the scores, with eloquent comments, to his companions, he glances through the rest of the paper for any attractive headlines speaking of murders, fires, or inquests. Having found one of these charming accounts, he absorbs it slowly and reverently, running a finger along the print lest he lose the thread of sanguinary narrative. After this he scorns to read of the doings of Parliament or the news from foreign countries; with a sigh of satisfied contentment he hands on the paper to his next neighbour, whose study of it is conducted on precisely similar lines. And this performance, repeated once a week, represents the whole of the attention given to literature by the majority of our agricultural labourers.

Mrs. Hodge's reading is a little more extensive. The good soul studies her Bible, and wonderful indeed are her interpretations of its more difficult passages. In about half the cottages, too, by the side of the Bible you will find a well-thumbed copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with alarming illustrations used to terrify the children into the paths of virtue. The pictures in Fox's "Book of Martyrs" are also employed for this purpose, and are found even more effectual (nor does Mrs. Hodge ever realise the cruelty and gross folly of this system of intimidation. The rest of the literature of the cottage will perhaps be made up of an ancient number of the Graphic (the illustrations from which are pinned about the walls), a cookery book, and the current number of the parish magazine. If the family includes a Miss Hodge of sixteen or so, that young lady is nearly sure to possess a little work on fortune-telling and another on dreams. And such is the range of the cottage library.

But this almost total neglect of literature amongst the country people is due, as we said at the outset, not only, or even chiefly, to want of taste, but also to lack of opportunity. Give a country labourer a good book of adventure by a popular author, and if you can once prevail upon him to begin reading it, he will continue it and enjoy it hugely. And Mrs. Hodge, in default of better things, reads with great eagerness the mawkish and sentimental stuff found in most of our parish magazines. So that there really are symptoms of a taste for literature, were the opportunity for cultivating it only to be supplied. But the cheap editions, so accessible to the Londoner, are never seen here, never a book of any kind is on sale in the village shop. Amongst the bacon and the cheese lie copies of a dress-making journal and the local newspaper, and that is all. Surely something could and should be done to promote the sale of good and cheap literature in the country.

Of course, village lending libraries have been established in many places. Sometimes they have succeeded, more often they have failed, because the books have not been wisely selected, and are of the aggressively "improving" order. Hodge has a healthy hatred of "goody-goody" literature, and it is this feeling that makes him fight shy of the lending library. But once convince him that you are not offering him a tract in disguise, and he will be willing enough to read, while to encourage and foster such a taste is a work that may safely be commended to those who are desirous of doing something towards bettering the condition and brightening the monotonous lives of our agricultural labourers.

BOOK TALK.

The month of January, 1895, will ever be memorable in bookish circles for the revival of the issue of books by metropolitan daily newspapers. Many years ago the Weekly Dispatch issued an atlas in parts to its readers; and of a series of illustrations of picturesque parts of the world, a number of newspapers of the second rank in England and on the continent have recently distributed no fewer than eight million copies. But the great London dailies have hitherto declined all such offers. The Daily Chronicle, however, has now taken the lead by announcing an encyclopaedic dictionary, in forty-two parts, at 6d. each. This, in its turn, is also

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a publication of Messrs. Cassell's. It is the German-produced atlas, offered first at 31s. 6d. net, and afterwards at two guineas with the customary discount. We understand it is owned by a syndicate of persons, of whom Mr. Arnold Forster is the chief. The Times, by the way, is also about to publish a serial work of fiction in its weekly edition. It remains to be seen what the publishers will say to this journalistic rivalry. When one newspaper publishes a dictionary, another an atlas, another a history of England, another a history of English literature, and so on, a series of severe blows will have been dealt at publishing firms all round.

The book of the month, if it should be reached in February, will no doubt be Lord Roberts's "Reminiscences of India." No man living knows certain aspects of India and the Indian people so well as Lord Roberts, and the British public has good reason to feel the deepest interest in everything that he says. He fought through the entire Mutiny, and he has either shared in or directed every military movement or reform in India during the last thirty-five years. On some problems now pressing for solution his word should close the controversy. It goes without saying that the greatest success awaits his book if it presents any adequate picture of himself and his career.

The present Tsar made a tour through the Far East in 1891, in the course of which, as will be remembered, he was only saved by the timely assistance of Prince George of Greece from assassination at the hands of a fanatic Japanese policeman. He had of course remarkable opportunities for seeing Eastern festivals and sights not commonly shown, and unless the record of his travels is too severely edited, it should form an entertaining picture. He did not, however, visit China, as the Emperor of China could not be induced to receive him with proper honours, and he would not go to Peking under other circumstances. The illustrated account of his travels will be published by Messrs. Arch. Constable and Co. within a few weeks.

A book of travels and studies, to be published early in February is Mr. Henry Norman's long-awaited work on the Far East. It will be called "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East," and will contain a series of chapters on each territorial or ethnological division of that part of the world—the British Empire, France, Russia, Spain, and Portugal in the Far East; and China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. In all these places Mr. Norman spent a considerable time, and one part of the Far East which he explored has not been visited by any white man either before or since his journey. The book will contain sixty illustrations, chiefly from his own photographs, and four maps, and will be published in one large volume, probably at a guinea, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster, a very young firm of publishers, have hit upon a useful idea in their series to be called "Public Men of To-day." The following are already in preparation:—Li Hung Chang, by Professor Robert K. Douglas; the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, by Edward Dicey, C.B.; the Ameer, by S. E. Wheeler; the German Emperor, by Charles Lowe; Senor Castelar, by David Hannay. Later on we shall have President Cleveland, Signor Crispi, Lord Cromer, and M. Stambuloff.

The past month has been an eventful one for Theosophists, so far as the world of publishing is concerned. Not only have the Westminster Gazette and the Daily Chronicle treated the subject, but Dr. Walter Leaf has published, through Messrs. Longmans, an abridged translation, on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research, of M. Solovyoff's book, "A Modern Priestess of Isis." This, it need hardly be said, is an exposure of Mme. Blavatsky; while Mr. Arthur Lillie's "Mme. Blavatsky and her Theosophy," published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., is another stout volume devoted to "the most successful creed-maker of the last three hundred years."

University men, both of this country and the United States, should read Dr. George Birkbeck Hill's "Harvard College, by an Oxonian." It is an admirable account of the great American University, and, considering that it is the work of a visitor, it is a marvel of research and insight. The American Press has praised it highly, and we are astonished to see it dismissed by the Athenæum in one line.

A special word is due to the completion of Professor Skeat's Oxford edition of Chaucer. It is dangerous to prophesy finality for any work, but it hardly seems likely that any edition of Chaucer in English can supersede this ideal one. The last volume is the sixth, but there is still to be a supplementary volume containing "The Testament of Love," and other works which have been generally attributed to Chaucer.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's volume on Canada will appear during February. It is not a discussion of the political questions or economic prospects in Canada, but a picturesque description of Canada as a part of the imperial route round the world. That is, it will deal chiefly, we understand, with the Canada of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden are the publishers, and the book will be lavishly illustrated.

Two modern novels to appear during the coming month will be looked for with interest. One of them is "The Woman Who Did," by Mr. Grant Allen, to be published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Allen has hitherto consulted, in writing his fiction, what he has believed to be the taste of the public; in this book he is understood to have consulted his own. He has been chaffed a good deal for having said that under present conditions of book-producing, a novelist was prevented from writing a work of art. In this book he has, we believe, defied the conventions sufficiently at all events to show his idea of a work of art in fiction. The curious title, by the way, is suggested by a conversation which occurs in the narrative, one man remarking that no woman would do such a thing, and the other retorting that he knew a woman who did.

The second novel, called "Gallia," by Miss Mémé Muriel Dowie, is the first book she has written since "A Girl in the Karpathians." Gallia, the heroine, is the daughter of a Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the novel is a study of the character of one type of modern woman under such circumstances as those in which the life of his daughter would necessarily be spent. It is a one-volume novel, and will be published by Messrs. Methuen at 6s.

The Queen has been pleased to accept the second volume of the new Sussex magazine, called Southward Ho! with a presentation poem by Mr. Charles William Dalmon.

Our readers will be interested to hear of some results of publishing one’s own book that have just come to our knowledge. We are not at liberty at present to give the name of the book or the author, but we may say that it is a large volume, printed admirable and almost lavish style, and sold by one of the first firms of London publishers for the author, on commission. The price is 18s., and the first edition, consisting of 1500 copies, has now practically been sold. The cost of production was, roughly, £300, and the net profit to the author, who has given away an extravagant number of copies, will be £300 also. In fact, his balance-sheet will be better than this, for the cost of production is rather less than we have stated, while the returns will eventually be rather more. Ten per cent. on 1500 copies at 18s. would be £135. Verbum sap.

A new style of literary advertisement has made its appearance this month. Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued a booklet, costing a shilling, called "Good Reading: About Many Books, mostly by their Authors." It is, indeed, more than a booklet, for it contains 252 pages and upwards of forty portraits. The publisher has requested the authors of the principal books he has issued this season to send him an account of how, when, and why their book, &c., and they have responded liberally. Their contributions and photographs form the little volume. Among the contributors are John Oliver Hobbes, S. R. Crockett, Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy, Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, Dr. Jessopp, Swift MacNeill, M.P., W. M. Conway, Henry Norman, Grant Allen, J. J. Jusserand, Alfred Perceval Graves, Louis Becke, Richard Watson Gilder, and George R. Sims. The book is, of course, intended to advertise the wares of the firm, but many of his authors have paid their publishers the compliment of sending him long and interesting reminiscences. It is addressed "To the Booksellers," to remind them how important it is that merely "cheap reading" should not oust "good reading" from the home shelves.

Good Words begins in its present issue a series of papers by Mr. John Murray, called "Some Authors I have known." It is needless to remind our readers how many of the greatest modern authors Mr. John Murray has known, either as his own friends or his father's. Some day, perhaps, an author will write on "Some Publishers I have known."

Mr. John Lane announces "The Story of Venus and Tannhäuser," by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, with twenty full-page illustrations. The subject obviously lends itself to both the merits and the gross defects of Mr. Beardsley's style, and we can only hope that for this occasion at least he will have chosen to fling away the worser half of his talent.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have in preparation a volume by Mr. Wilfred Ward on "Cardinal Wiseman's Life and Times," to which Mr. Gladstone, Lord Acton, and Cardinal Vaughan will contribute. Mr. Ward's volumes on cognate personalities have been among the most interesting volumes of their class that have been published for many years.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a new series of "Illustrated Standard Novels," attractively printed, and priced at 3s. 6d. Every novel will have a prefatory notice by a critic of distinction, and will contain some forty illustrations. Among the first announcements are: "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee," by Maria Edgeworth, with introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; "Japhet, in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat, introduction by David Hannay; "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, introduction by

The month of February may possibly see the illustrated "Life and Correspondence" of the late Dante G. Rossetti. Messrs. Ellis and Elvey will publish the correspondence, which extends practically over Rossetti's entire lifetime.

"A Year of Sport and Natural History," edited by Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at a guinea, will appear in February. It is to be a sort of Badminton Library in one volume, and will treat of shooting, hunting, fishing, coursing, &c., classified according to the months of the year in which these sports are pursued.

Mr. Sonnenschein's "Supplement" to his well-known and indeed invaluable work on "The Best Reading" is now due. It is unnecessary to speak of the importance of this work. Everybody who is engaged in research of any kind has constant recourse to it.

Mr. Frankfort Moore, author of "A Grey Eye or So" and "I forbid the Banns," is about to change the subject of his fiction. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co, announce for immediate publication a novel by him called "The Secret of the Court," dealing with life in the East.

The daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Miss Margaret Benson, has written a small volume, illustrated by herself, of sketches and studies of animals in their domestic relations. It is entitled "Subject to Vanity," and Messrs. Methuen are the publishers. The daughter of Lord Salisbury, by the way, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, is now stated to be the author of the ghost story, "The Closed Cabinet," in last month's Blackwood.

Everybody who writes for the press should procure a copy of the tiny pamphlet called "Rules for Compositors and Readers," compiled by Mr. Horace Hart, printer to the University of Oxford, and giving definite and technical instructions regarding spelling, punctuation, and type-setting of disputed and doubtful words and expressions, founded upon the "New English Dictionary." Mr. Hart offers to send a copy to any printer's reader who applies for one, but no doubt other people could secure copies by a very small payment. It is in the highest degree desirable that such authoritative uniformity should be introduced into our books and newspapers.

Mr. John Lane has issued privately a very charming reprint, by Messrs. T. and A. Constable, of Edinburgh, of the "Life of Sir Thomas Bodley, written by Himself," after whom Mr. Lane has named his publishing house. In a preface he gives an account of the founding of his business with Mr. Mathews, and its development into its present form.

M. Pierre Loti has just issued in Paris another of his dreamy descriptions of the East, under the title of "Le Désert." Although it is not yet issued to the public, it bears upon its title-page the legend, "twenty-eighth edition."

The third volume of the complete "Edinburgh Stevenson" has just appeared. It is the second volume of the sub-division "Travels and Excursions."

Mr. E. F. Knight, well known for his admirable book on the Pamirs, called "Where Three Empires Meet," has published through Messrs. Longmans, at 2s. 6d., an interesting description of the condition and prospects of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, under the title "Rhodesia of To-Day." In it he promises a history of the Chartered Company.

The principal books of the past month are:—

"The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere," by Mr. John Martineau (2 vols.: Murray); the late Mr. Walter Pater's "Greek Studies: a Series of Essays" (Macmillan); Mr. G. A. Sala's "Reminiscences" (2 vols.: Cassell); Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Memoirs of an Author" (2 vols.: Bentley); Mr. Gosse's new edition of Smith's "Nollekens and His Times," with an essay on Georgian Sculpture by the editor (Bentley); "Fifty Years at the Post-office," by Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B. (2 vols.: Bentley); Mr. Horatio F. Brown's "John Addington Symonds" (2 vols.: Nimmo); volume II. of the "State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," edited by Professor Laughton for the Navy Records Society; "The Hillyards and the Burtons," the second volume in the reprint of Henry Kingsley, edited by Mr. Clement Shorter (Ward, Lock, and Co.); and Mr. George Saintsbury's "Corrected Impressions: Essays on Victorian Writers" (Heinemann).

Mr. Edward Clodd, the President of the Folklore Society and of the Omar Khayyam Club, whose two little books on "The Childhood of the World" and "The Childhood of Religions" have been almost classics for years, will be represented among the authors of February by two new works of a similar size and character. The first, "A Primer of Evolution," will be published by Messrs. Longmans; and the second, "The Story
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of Man," will form one of a series in preparation for George Newnes Limited. The first of these affords an illustration of the practical working of the American Copyright Act, as it is being manufactured in America for the British market.

"A Blameless Woman" is the title of John Strange Winter's next novel, to be published, in one volume, at 6s., by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. early in February. It is by far the longest story that the author of "Bootle's Baby" has yet written, being her first novel of three-volume length. The story is mainly a study in marriage.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited, will publish immediately a new volume by Mr. George Meredith, entitled "The Tale of Chloe; and other Stories." It will consist of the famous "Lost Stories" of Mr. Meredith, without which, Mr. J. M. Barrie has said, no edition of his works can pretend to be complete. The publishers will also issue an édition de luxe of the same volume, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, and artistically bound, half-parchment. Price 25s. net. A unique feature of this large-paper edition is that it will contain as a frontispiece a recently privately taken portrait of Mr. Meredith, reproduced by the photogravure process by Messrs. Walker and Boutall; also a photogravure of the Chalet at Box Hill, where Mr. Meredith does the great part of his literary work. The edition will consist of 250 numbered copies only for England and America.

The author who writes under the name of "Hilarion" has in the press a new book entitled "Greece: Her Hopes and Troubles." A short story, entitled "Teddy," by the same writer, appeared in the December number of "The Monthly Packet," and his novel, "A Jersey Witch," has been translated into Swedish, and is now running as a serial in Norra Skane one of the chief newspapers of Sweden, in which "Gräfin Kinsky," also by "Hilarion," appeared some time ago.

The author of "A Forgotten Great Englishman," Mr. James Baker, is about to contribute a series of articles upon Egypt to some important journals, and has just left England for that country. He sailed on the 12th ult. from Plymouth by the ss. Austral.

Sir William Charley, Q.C., D.C.L., has just published (Sampson Low, Marston, and Company) a historical vindication of the House of Lords, which should be read by everybody interested in the subject—by those who defend the House of Lords, and by those who wish to pull it down; the former will find arguments, the latter will learn to moderate their statements. It is, indeed, astonishing how loose and ignorant is the common kind of talk about the House of Lords.

What is claimed to be the most complete history of modern art which has ever been attempted, will shortly be published by Messrs. Henry and Co. It is from the pen of Dr. Richard Muther, keeper of the Royal collection of prints and engravings at Munich, and will be a work of considerably over two thousand pages. The title will be "The History of Modern Painting." The story opens with the English art of the eighteenth century, and treats at length of the English painters and illustrators of the present century. France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, and Spain occupy a share of the author's space; America and American painters living abroad come in for due notice; and even the influence of Japan on European art has not been overlooked. The work will be profusely illustrated. It will be issued both in parts and volumes.

"The Old Pastures" is the pleasant and attractive title given by Mrs. Leith Adams to her new serial story, which will begin in Household Words on Jan. 26.

In the sonnet by the Rev. John Lascelles, quoted in our last number, there is an error. In the last line, "and stooped and kissed the dust" should be "and stooped and kissed my dust."

Mr. Headon Hill, the author of "The Rajah's Second Wife, &c., is correcting the proofs of a new volume of short stories shortly to be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden Limited. The same author has also just completed and delivered a serial novel, written to the order of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of Pearson's Weekly, which will commence in August, and run through twenty issues of that journal.

The "Confessions of a Poet" (Hutchinson and Co.), by Prof. Harald Williams, is a volume of verse, the third volume which this poet has produced. Most modern poets appear with a little dainty volume of tiny poems. Prof. Williams comes with a volume of closely printed lines, 500 pages in length. We cannot in these pages review it as it deserves, but those of our readers who buy and read new books of verse we recommend to make a note of this, and not to be deterred by its length.

Mr. Percival H. Almy will produce immediately a volume of verse called "Scintilla Carminis." The publisher is Mr. Elliot Stock. The price of the work will be 3s. 6d.
AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO STEVENSON.

(From the New York Daily Tribune, Jan. 5.)

THE Robert Louis Stevenson memorial meeting at Music Hall last night proved to be a worthily appropriate expression of the grief that the death of the great romancer has caused among his numerous readers and friends in this city.

On the stage were the president of the evening, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and most of the vice-presidents, among whom were included: William Dean Howells, Frank R. Stockton, Laurence Hutton, Professor George Woodberry, Moncure D. Conway, David Christie Murray, Joseph B. Gilder, Brandreth Matthews, Professor William M. Sloane, Richard Watson Gilder, H. C. Brunner, Charles A. Dana, Professor T. R. Lounsbury, William Winter, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Henry Stoddard, George W. Cable, E. L. Godkin, Henry Marquand, Professor Francis H. Stoddard, George Parsons Lathrop, Edward Eggleston, Walter H. Page, and many others.

Mr. Stedman’s address was as follows: “Such an assemblage—in the chief city in the Western World—is impressive from the fact that we have not come together for any civic, or political, or academic purpose. I have been thinking of its significance in view of considerations quite apart from the sorrowful cause of our gathering. But of these this is not the time to speak. On its face, this demonstration is a rare avowal of the worth of literary invention. It shows a profound regard for the career of a writer who delighted us, a sense of loss instantaneously awakened by the news of his death. For the moment we realise how thoroughly art and song and letters have become for us an essential part of life—a common ground whereupon we join our human love and laughter and tears, and at times forego all else to strew laurel and myrtle for one who has moved us to these lives and fame are, indeed, a special glory of the country that bore him, and a vantage to his native tongue. But by just so much as his gift is absolute, and therefore universal, he belongs in the end to the world at large. Above all, it is the recounter—and the Greeks were clear-headed in deeming him a maker, whether his story be cast in prose or verse—who becomes the darling of mankind. This has been so whether among the Grecian isles, or around the desert camp fires, or in the gardens of Italy; and is so when he brings us his romance, as in our modern day, from our Pacific Eldorado, or from Indian barracks and jungle, or from the land of the Stuarts, or, like Stevenson and our own Melville before him, from palm-fringed beaches of the Southern seas.

Judged by the sum of his interrupted work, Stevenson had his limitations. But the work was adjusted to the scale of a possibly long career. As it was, the good fairies brought all gifts, save that of health, to his cradle, and the gift-spoiler wrapped them in a shroud. Thinking of what his art seemed leading to—for things that would be the crowning efforts of other men seemed prentice-work in his case—it was not safe to bound his limitations. And now it is as if Sir Walter, for example, had died at forty-four, with the Waverley novels just begun! In originality, in the conception of action and situation, which, however fantastic, are seemingly within reason, once we breathe the air of his Fancyland; in the
union of bracing and heroic character and adventure; in all that belongs to tale-writing pure and simple, his gift was exhaustless. No other such charmer, in this wise, has appeared in this generation. We thought the stories, the fairy tales, had all been told, but "Once upon a time" meant for him our own time, and the grave and gay magic of Prince Florizel in dingy London or sunny France. All this is but one of his provinces, however distinctive. Besides, how he buttressed his romance with apparent truth! Since Defoe, none had a better right to say: "There was one thing I determined to do when I began this long story, and that was to tell out everything as it befell."

One or two points are made clear as we look at the shining calendar of Stevenson's productive years. It strengthens one in the faith that work of the first order cannot remain obscure. If put forth unheralded it will be found out and will make its way. In respect of dramatic force, exuberant fancy and ceaselessly varying imagination, on the one hand, and on the other of a style wrought in the purest, most virile and most direct temper of English narrative prose, there has been no latter-day writing more effective than that of Stevenson's longer fictions—"Kidnapped," with its sequel, "David Balfour;" "The Master of Ballantrae," and that most poetic of absolute romances, "Prince Otto." But each of his shorter tales as well, and of his essays—charged with individuality—has a quality, an air of distinction, which, even though the thing appeared without signature, differentiated it from other people's best, set us to discovering its authorship, and made us quick to recognise that master-hand elsewhere.

Thus I remember delighting in two fascinating stories of Paris in the time of Francois Villon, anonymously reprinted by a New York paper from a London magazine. They had all the quality, all the distinction, of which I speak. Shortly afterward I met Mr. Stevenson, then in his twenty-ninth year, at a London club, where we chanced to be the only loungers in an upper room. To my surprise he opened a conversation—you know there could be nothing more unexpected than that in London—and thereby I guessed that he was as much, if not as far, away from home as I was. He asked many questions concerning "the States;" in fact, this was but a few months before he took his steerage passage for our shores. I was drawn to the young Scotsman at once. He seemed more like a New Englander of Holmes's Brahmin caste, who might have come from Harvard or Yale. But as he grew animated I thought, as others have thought, and as one would suspect from his name, that he must have Scandinavian blood in his veins—that he was of the heroic, restless, strong and tender Viking strain, and certainly from that day his works and wanderings have not belied the surprise. He told me that he was the author of that charming book of gipsying in the Cevennes, which just then had gained for him some attentions from the literary set. But if I had known that he had written those two stories of sixteenth century Paris—as I learned afterwards when they reappeared in the "New Arabian Nights"—I would not have bidden him goodbye as to an "unfledged comrade," but would have wished indeed to "grapple him to my soul with hooks of steel."

Another point is made clear as crystal by his life itself. He had the instinct, and he had the courage, to make it the servant, and not the master, of the faculty within him. I say he had the courage, but so potent was his birth-spell that doubtless he could not otherwise. Nothing commonplace sufficed him. A regulation stay-at-home life would have been fatal to his art. The ancient mandate, "Follow thy Genius," was well obeyed. Unshackled freedom of person and habit was a pre-requisite; as an imaginary artist he felt—Nature keeps her poets and story-tellers children to the last—he felt, if he ever reasoned it out, that he must gang his own gait, whether it seemed promising, or the reverse, to kith, kin, or alien. So his wanderings were not only in the most natural but in the wisest consonance with his creative dreams. Wherever he went, he found something essential for his use, breathed upon it, and returned it fourfold in beauty and worth. The longing of the Norseman for the tropic, of the pine for the palm, took him to the South Seas. There, too, strange secrets were at once revealed to him, and every island became an "Isle of Voices." Yes, an additional proof of Stevenson's artistic mission lay in his careless, careful, liberty of life; in that he was an artist no less than in his work. He trusted to the impulse which possessed him—that which so many of us have conscientiously disobeyed, and too late have found themselves in reputable bondage to circumstances.

But those whom you are waiting to hear will speak more fully of all this—some of them with the interest of their personal remembrance—with the strength of their affection for the man beloved by young and old. In the strange and sudden intimacy with an author's record which death makes sure, we realise how notable is the list of Stevenson's works produced since 1878; more than a score of books—not fiction alone, but also essays, criticism, biography, drama, even history, and, as I need not remind you, that spontaneous
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poetry which comes only from a true poet. None can have failed to observe that, having recreated the story of adventure, he seemed in his later fiction to interfuse a subtler purpose—the search for character, the analysis of mind and soul. Just here his summons came. Between the sunrise of one day and the sunset of the next he exchanged the forest study for the mountain grave. There, as he had sung his own wish, he lies "under the wide and starry sky." If there was something of his own romance, so exquisitely capricious, in the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, so, also, the poetic conditions are satisfied in his death, and in the choice of his burial-place upon the top of Pala. As for the splendour of that maturity upon which we counted, now never to be fulfilled on sea or land, I say—as once before, when the great New England romancer passed in the stillness of the night:

What though his work unfinished lies?
Half bent
The rainbow's arch fades out in upper air;
The shining cataract half-way down the height
Breaks into mist; the haunting strain, that fell
On listeners unaware,
Ends incomplete, but through the starry night
The ear still waits for what it did not tell.

II.—A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I wish to call your attention to the following letter, which appeared in the Westminster Gazette of the 17th ult., in reference to a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson.

As "a rider" to the letter, may I suggest that a committee be at once formed, say, of half a dozen or more, of the best living names in literature, to discuss and carry out the scheme, which I think must commend itself to the followers of literature and to the public.

Will you, Sir, set the ball still further rolling?

THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

The Edge, Tooting Common.

Robert Louis Stevenson's inimitable work will keep his memory green; but his countless readers owe him for this work a large debt of gratitude, which they are bound to pay to his memory.

This tribute, I think, should be paid not in the form of a statue or of any work of art, but rather by the founding of some institution connected with literature—which has been made so much richer by this master's work. Will not some of our leading authors and others form a committee to carry out this idea, and when a sufficient sum is collected to determine on the nature of the memorial?

It seems to me a large sum would soon be raised, even by small contributions, from Stevenson's admirers.

THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

The Edge, Tooting Common, Jan. 15.

III.—A WHOLE ARTICLE QUOTED.

Some years ago, my friend, the editor of the North China Daily News at Shanghai, requested me to write for him an account of a visit paid by me to Lord Tennyson at Farringford House, Freshwater. The article was published in due course, and the editor sent me a few reprints of it in proof form, which I have kept by me ever since.

One evening last December I happened to take up a copy of Galignani's Messenger. Conceive my astonishment at finding in it my own article headed "Reminiscences of Tennyson," and introduced by a statement that "A correspondent sends us the following interesting account of a
visit," &c. I immediately wrote to the editor claiming the article as my own, enclosing slips of the original reprint from the North China Daily News, signed B., together with my card, and requesting the insertion of my protest. No notice whatever was taken. After waiting more than a week I wrote again, with precisely the same result.

Now, if the editor of Galignani's Messenger had been duped by his "correspondent," he would surely have lost no time in exposing the fact, and doing justice to the real author. As he did not do so, am I unreasonable in attributing his discourtesy to the very possible fact that my article was simply "conveyed" to the columns of the Messenger in his own office, and that his obliging "Correspondent," is a myth?

Frederic H. Balfour.

Villa Carlandrea, San Remo,
Jan. 1895.

Since the above was written, the following paragraph has appeared in Galignani:

We are requested to state that Mr. Frederic H. Balfour, formerly of Shanghai, was the author of the interesting article entitled "Reminiscences of Tennyson," published in our columns on the 26th ult.

This explanation explains nothing. It does not acknowledge the fact that the paper was taken from the North China Daily News, and it makes it appear as if Mr. Balfour had sent the article to the Messenger.

IV.—American Reprints.

The other day a friend, who has occasion to see some of the American papers, saw in one of them the announcement of a New York publisher offering several recent successful English novels at 20 cents a copy. He wrote for four—"The Yellow Aster," "Dodo," "Esther Waters," and another. I told him he had thrown his money away, but, much to my astonishment, he has just received the books. They have come through the post in an ordinary wrapper. One would like to know (1) whether this sort of thing is done to any extent; (2) whether there is any way of stopping it.

H. J. A.

V.—Early Editions of Byron.

May I ask through the columns of the Author if first or early editions of Byron's works are scarce or of any value? I have what appears to be a first edition of "The Prisoner of Chillon," in a brown paper cover, and published in 1816. It contains an advertisement "Published this day, in 8vo., 5s. 6d., a Third Canto of 'Childe Harold.'" With "The Prisoner of Chillon" are published a "Sonnet," "Stanzas to———", "Darkness," "Churchill's Grave," "The Dream," "The Incantation," and "Prometheus." I have also editions of "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Giaour," the former a second edition, the latter a fifth, published in 1813.

In my edition of "Mazeppa," which appears with "The Ode to Venice," there is appended a weird story in prose called "A Fragment," and dated June 17, 1816. It deals with a strange and mysterious incident, which would seem to have happened to Lord Byron himself, as it is told in his own person. I should like to know if this "Fragment" is generally bound up with Lord Byron's poems? It is not to be found in a complete edition which I have. I do not remember seeing it anywhere else than at the end of this poem of "Mazeppa," printed in 1819.

It may be that some readers of the Author may be able and willing to give the information I seek.

Charles D. Bell.

The Rectory, Cheltenham,
Jan. 11, 1895.

VI.—Literary Pensions.

Would it be going outside the province of the Author, or may I say the Society of Authors, if they strive to bring before Parliament the question of literary pensions, both as regards the inadequacy of the amount at present distributed and the way it is apportioned?

This matter has been forcibly brought to my mind through the call at my office some time back of a technical writer asking for a donation owing to his destitute circumstances. This gentleman some years ago wrote several important engineering books, which were accepted as standard works, and I have no hesitation in saying that they have been of absolute money value, not only to this country but to the world at large. Owing to the necessarily limited circulation of purely technical works it is impossible for the writers thereof to make much money directly from them, and if they have no other vocation they may, if lucky, develop into a technical publisher's literary hack—if not, starve.

In a wealthy country like England the amount set apart for literary pensions, and for helping such cases as I have described, appears to me to be absolutely beggarly, and a standing disgrace when we bear in mind the vast sums that are annually lavished in other ways. Is there no way of altering this, or at any rate trying to?

M. Powis Bale.
VII.—REVIEWING.

I trust you will not consider it an impertinence on my part in writing to you upon a subject which, after all, has some importance with respect to the vast reading community of England. I mean the art of criticism, and more particularly that section of it which has to do with modern fiction. It is a custom in these days, in lieu of careful and legitimate criticism, to provide a mere summary of a book, to lay bare the plot and motive of the story—the very soul and nervous system. To illustrate my point I will refer only to “The Manxman,” the thorough appreciation of which has been quite spoilt for me owing to the fact that I have already gathered from certain newspaper reviews of the story, a concise précis thereof, and in this case one’s chagrin and disappointment is especially keen, because “The Manxman” is unquestionably one of the noblest efforts in fiction of the present generation. Now this certainly seems to me utterly unfair, both to the author and his readers, for it must, to some extent at all events, detract from the popularity and kudos that would otherwise accrue to the former, as it very certainly lessens the ardour and interest of the latter, who is forewarned of every turn of event, and consequently misses one half of the interest in the development of character and plot as the story progresses.

Surely, it is not beyond the wit of man to estimate a novel, to decide upon its quality and claims for popular favour, and so forth, without undraping and laying bare its very skeleton.

R. G.

THE LATE JOHN O'NEILL.

We have to record the death of a member of the Society who took the deepest interest in its work, and has from time to time communicated papers of great interest to these columns. Only a few days before his death he offered the editor a collection of notes on literary matters. The following notice of his life and work is from the Times of Jan. 21:

Mr. John O'Neill, who died a few days ago at Selling, in Kent, was a man of rare and recondite erudition. He began his career in the War Office, where his ability caused him to be often selected for difficult work lying outside the routine of the department. After retiring on his pension he was selected by the Foreign Office as Accountant-General to the newly appointed British Government of Cyprus. He solved to the complete satisfaction of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the first Governor, the difficult problem of evolving order out of the complicated fiscal difficulties left by the Ottoman administration of the island. Eleven different currencies had to be dealt with and reduced to a common denomination, without injury to the revenues, to commerce, or private interests, and this task Mr. O'Neill most successfully achieved. Endowed with an exceptional faculty for mastering languages, he made a special study of Japanese, and the grammar he compiled in that difficult tongue was adopted by the Government of the Mikado when the work of reconstituting the educational system of Japan was resolved upon. For many years Mr. O'Neill was a constant contributor to philological and literary journals in London and Paris; he was a recognised authority on Provençal literature and the Provençal language, as well as on the medieval literature of France. Recently he published, through Mr. Quaritch, the first volume of “The Night of the Gods,” a work in which he embodied the results of his lifelong study of the origins of religions, not only among the Aryan and Semitic races, but among the Chinese, Japanese, and Mexicans. The second and concluding volume of this work is in the press, and will shortly be published.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

I have just heard from Smith and Elder about the publication of my two volumes on the Catholic Revival. They offer me £150. In respect to “Renaissance in Italy,” I have already received £950. When, then, I have brought out these two volumes, I shall have had in all £1100 for this long bit of work. Allowing for periods in which I was unfit to work, periods in which I sought a change of work, I find that I have spent eleven years upon this task, and pretty hard years of daily labour. The education which enabled me to attempt it was a very costly one, and the abilities which qualified me for it, though not first-rate, were at least unusual in their combination of many-sided intelligence with acquired knowledge and literary style. I have then been paid at the rate of £100 per annum; but I must deduct at least £50 per annum from my gains for books and travel, quite indispensable to the production. This I reckon as really far below the just allowance. Say, then, I have received £50 a year during the eleven best years of life for the execution of a laborious work, which implied an expensive education and unusual cast of intellect. The pay is about equal to the wages of a third-class merchant’s clerk or a second class butler, the latter being also found in food and lodging.—From the “Life of John Addington Symons.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSATION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:
4. Portugal Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice
sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble
of “doing sums,” the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer’s, or a binder’s, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the “Cost of Production” for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher’s own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.

The General Meeting of the Society of Authors was held on Monday, Feb. 25, at 4.30 p.m., in the rooms of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, at 20, Hanover-square. Mr. W. Martin Conway took the chair, and amongst those of the committee and council to support him were Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Mr. J. M. Lely, and Mr. E. Clodd.

Mr. Conway stated that as the report had been circulated to all the members of the Society he would take it as read, but would be glad to hear if any of the members present had any suggestions to make, or anything to say on the matter. He further stated that the work done by the Society had been very satisfactory. They had settled virtually 100 cases during the past year, and had elected 233 new members.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie proposed that there should be a more detailed statement of account in the next year’s report, and Mr. Conway replied that he would gladly put the matter before the Committee at their next meeting.

The report was then unanimously approved by the meeting.

Mr. Hall Caine was then called upon to propose the following resolution:—That the executive of the Society be now instructed to take more vigorous action in ascertaining, defending, and enlarging the rights of authors; and that a special committee be appointed to report to the Society with reference to such more vigorous action.” He referred as one of his reasons to his own case which had been before the committee during the past year. He stated, however, that he did not mean to bring the motion forward as a vote of censure on the committee.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie then rose to bring forward the following resolution:—That the executive of the Society be now instructed to take more vigorous action in ascertaining, defending, and enlarging the rights of authors; and that a special committee be appointed to report to the Society with reference to such more vigorous action.” He referred as one of his reasons to his own case which had been before the committee during the past year. He stated, however, that he did not mean to bring the motion forward as a vote of censure on the committee.

Mr. Bigelow seconded the motion on Mr. Glennie’s behalf.

As the Chairman (Mr. Conway) considered that the action of the Committee of the Society had been called into question, he asked the solicitors of the Society to make a short statement in defence of the action of the committee.

Mr. Emery, the Society’s solicitor, pointed out how it had been impossible to take up Mr. Glennie’s case; that the Society had on two separate occasions taken legal advice on the subject, and finally put the issues at stake from a statement of facts prepared by Mr. Glennie’s and the Society solicitors before counsel; that counsel had given it as his opinion that Mr. Glennie could not succeed. Under the circumstances, therefore, the action of the committee had been thoroughly
justified, and there was no cause for blaming the committee.

Mr. Rider Haggard then moved the rejection of the motion on the grounds of the facts stated by the solicitors, and he further pointed out that Mr. Glennie's motion virtually amounted to a vote of censure on the committee.

Mr. Haggard's amendment was seconded by Mr. Douglas Sladen.

There were various other speakers, who all seemed to coincide with the opinion of Mr. Haggard that Mr. Glennie's motion amounted to a vote of censure on the committee.

Mr. Bigelow rose and stated that he had no idea in seconding the motion that a vote of censure had been intended.

Mr. Haggard's amendment rejecting the resolution was then put, and was carried with but one dissentient.

The proceedings then terminated.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Musical Publishing.

THE musical composer, like the dramatist, but unlike the author, has two rights in his work, the copyright and the performing right. He ought, therefore, if his work were properly managed, to have two sources of income, but this is not the case.

The musical composer, like the author in the past, seems to be absolutely ignorant of his rights, and is still in shackles, bound hand and foot. The perusal of many of the musical publishers' agreements in all their varieties clearly shows this. And the case is more disastrous, as the performing right and the copyright might be of great value, both being good properties, whereas for the dramatic writer the performing right is virtually his only property, and for the author of literary wares his copyright.

As a matter of fact, the musical composer recklessly assigns away both his rights to the publisher in absolute ignorance of their value. What does he get in return? For the performing right nothing, and even the publisher very seldom uses what might be a good property.

This abandonment of valuable property has been going on for so long that it has almost become a recognised custom. It is not, however, too late to change the procedure, but the difficulty is for the composer to bring about this alteration.

If he endeavours to do so, he is met by alternative answers from the publisher:

(1) A willingness to publish on certain terms, the composer retaining the performing right;

(2) A refusal to publish without the assignment of this right.

Under case (1) the terms are generally so stringent that the composer cannot possibly accept them. If, however, he should make an agreement the question is how to utilise this right. An intending performer calls on the publisher and states what he wants. He receives the answer at once that the performing right is held by Mr. ——, who will probably make a charge, whereas if he purchases from them some other composer's work they will let him have the right of performing for nothing.

It is obvious that handicapped to this extent it is impossible for the composer alone to make the alteration. There ought, therefore, to be a combination between composers and publishers. For the latter, although originally mere agents, have become through the stringency of their agreements and the carelessness of composers holders of valuable property. Such a combination would be easy, as the music publishers are few, and it would not be difficult to arrange so that the outside public would be forced to pay for other people's property which they now receive gratis. The publishers would at once feel the benefit, as they are the greatest holders of performing rights. The composers would, it is hoped, feel the benefit in the near future, when they have come to recognise the value of their own property.

The argument that the publishers—who do not care about wandering from their old and well worn track—would at once bring forward is, of course, that the public would not pay for performing rights. This argument may, however, easily be repudiated, as is shown in the case of dramatic works. The English musical public is constantly on the increase, and is as eager for some new thing as the theatrical world.

These remarks on the performing rights of composers refer chiefly to the longer compositions, such as cantatas, oratorios, operas. They only refer in a minor degree to songs. For the difficulty in the way of enforcing a claim in the latter case is obvious, and the charge would be small. If, however, some simple method of collection could be devised, the right is still a valuable one.

The next question to be considered is what the composer receives for his copyright. In many cases the pleasure of seeing his work produced is considered sufficient reward. If it should chance
that terms are proposed, he is offered four different kinds of agreements. These agreements may be termed:

(1) The commission agreement.
(2) The purchase outright.
(3) The royalty agreement.
(4) The half-profit agreement.

But they differ from the ordinary book publisher's agreements of these names in that the music publisher appropriates all the performing rights and copyrights, and is otherwise more stringent in his terms, and in many cases threatens the composer with non-publication unless these rights are transferred.

(1) is perhaps the most unsatisfactory system for the composer, for, although the publisher undertakes to publish the work, he in reality does little more than produce it. He makes no attempt to place it before singers, does not advertise it, does not send it round with his travelling agents (or, if he does, does so in a half-hearted way), but lets it lie in a neat brown paper parcel on one of the shelves of his warehouse. If the song is to have a success, it must come from the result of the composer's unaided efforts; but success does not attend this method of publishing except through some extraordinary chance. In addition, the composer pays for the cost of production, and this is generally put at £2 or £3 more than the real cost. The total result therefore is a considerable loss to the composer and a slight gain to the publisher. If, however, through the untiring energy of the composer, the song is placed before the public, the publisher reaps a fair commission, a commission for which he has not worked. In fact, it pays the publisher to let the song lie idle. He cannot lose, he may make a fair amount; and perhaps, if the composer subsequently becomes famous, a great amount.

(2) When a publisher purchases a work outright he generally does so with the idea of making it a success. He employs all the means in his power to bring it to notice. He sends out copies to singers; he advertises it in the papers; he gets up concerts for its performance; he pays singers to sing it, or parts of it; he sees that the concerts are well reported. The consequence is very often a great success, and the composer sees the publisher making hundreds of pounds where he has only made tens, and where he cannot hope to make any more. It must be remembered that the cost of production of a cantata or a song compared with its selling price is much less than the cost of a book, so this is much sooner covered by the sales, and the profits are consequently greater. There is only one advantage to the composer in this method of publication, and this is a deferred advantage in case he desires to place another song or other musical composition before the public.

(3) The royalty system is the only one in which under the present methods it appears that the author can reap any proportionate profit. The ordinary royalty is a variable quantity, varying sometimes, but not always, with the prices of the work if it chances that the price is mentioned in the agreement, an omission which frequently occurs. In any case the royalty is always smaller than with the author when the two costs of production are compared, and especially when in the payment of these royalties seven copies count as six. In the booksellers' trade thirteen copies count as twelve, or twenty-five as twenty-four, but the iniquity of seven as six is only reached in the publication of music.

There are various other arrangements in which a royalty is paid: sometimes after the sale of a certain number of copies, sometimes after the cost of production has been covered. It is, however, impossible to exhaustively discuss the different forms of agreement or to show in what proportion the royalties should be raised in arrangements where the publisher is virtually protected from loss before the composer receives any remuneration. One point, however, it is necessary to mention before leaving royalty agreements, that is, on what form of production a royalty is paid. In the case of songs and small pieces of instrumental music it is paid on the vocal part with the piano score, or on the piano score; and this is fair, for this is the only form that has a sale. The sale and hire of band parts must be small, and would hardly cover the cost of production, possibly might never do so. In the case of cantatas, oratorios, glees, and part songs, it is paid on the vocal part with the piano score, but there is this difference between the two instances: in the latter the publisher produces the vocal parts—treble, alto, tenor, bass—separately, and sells them or hires them in this form to choral societies. As on the separate parts no royalty is paid, he, to a great extent, nullifies his own agreement with the composer, and certainly puts his interest as agent and that of the composer as principal at variance. The curious part of this transaction is that the publisher, in a half-profit agreement, credits and debits the accounts with the moneys expended and received on this item, but in a royalty agreement does not recognise the sale. The composer should always take care that the publishers' interest and his own are parallel.

(4) The objections to an half-profit agreement are most serious, yet can only be mentioned in this short paper and not discussed:

(1) The complication of accounts.
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THE AUTHOR.

(2) The control of all expenditure, including advertisements, lying with the publisher.

(3) The ignorance of the author of the cost of production.

(4) The ignorance of the author of the methods and necessities of publication.

In short, it must be stated that this form of agreement which sounds so fair is in reality the worst for the composer.

Finally, it should be pointed out that there are certain elements in the cost of musical production that do not enter into the production of literary wares. The actual paper, &c., is no doubt much cheaper compared with the selling price, but in the first instance the writer of the words has to be paid. His claim is generally settled by a sum paid down. In case (1) it is paid by the author; in cases (2) and (3) by the publisher; and sometimes in case (3), and always in case (4), it is brought into account before royalty or profit is paid. Then the music of songs and smaller pieces is sent out gratis broadcast. Fifty or sixty copies of a book may be sent out for review. Five or six hundred copies of songs are sent out to musical people, singers, &c. Lastly, the singer has to be paid to sing the song in public; for this he is paid by a sum down or by a royalty. All these items tend to reduce the profit in songs and pieces to which they specially apply.

On the other hand, it must be taken into consideration that some of the musical publishers also run concerts, which are very lucrative investments, for the special purpose of airing their own wares.

From the business point of view, however, to sum up the whole situation, musical composers are in a shocking position, and the sooner they band together either to run a new publisher or to refuse to publish except on equitable terms the better it will be for them. The old stories are still cropping up of terms settled at the publisher's dinner table, the unbusiness like propen-sities of composers, and the absolute impossibility of getting them to sign agreements.

Surely it would be an easy thing for the publisher, who is a man of business, to insist on business-like arrangements. The only deduction that can be made is that it pays him better not to do so.

II.—ANGLO-AUSTRIAN COPYRIGHT.

Vienna, Wednesday.—The official Gazette today announces that the operation of the Anglo-Austrian copyright treaty has been extended to India, Newfoundland, Natal, Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia, and New Zealand.—Reuter.

III.—EDUCATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

Of all kinds of literary profits those in educational and scientific works are hardest to estimate before actual publication. There is, however, the undoubted fact that the educational branch of literary property is by far the most valuable and the most profitable. If a work dealing with some educational or scientific subject gets once an established position as a standard book for school use in England or America, the returns are constant and most substantial. There would seem, however, to be no midway between a good and substantial return and virtually no return at all. Under these circumstances it is of great importance to educational and scientific writers never to sell outright a work which may be a mine of gold, and never, under any circumstances whatever, to part with the copyright of such a work. It has been stated by some publishers that they will refuse to deal in any educational or scientific work unless the author will assign the copyright to them, on the ground that it is necessary, should the work prove a success, that they should be able to benefit by that success as well as the author. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it is of the most vital importance that the author should not lose, but should retain, the command—which he can only do by retaining the copyright—of his work.

The following are among the reasons why an author should retain his copyright:

1. An educational or a scientific book must be altered from time to time in order to be brought up to date. New scientific discoveries may make the best book antiquated. New methods may be introduced; new theories may be advanced. The only way for the author to meet these changes is by making corresponding changes in his book.

2. But the publisher is interested in these changes. He may be. He may not be. He may have a younger man to advance, thinking that he will be more popular.

3. He may sell his business, or go into bankruptcy, or buy another man's business. In either case an author's book goes with his other copyrights, perhaps to find himself on the same shelf with his most important rival.

It is, of course, always possible to insert clauses in the agreement by which the publisher shall have the option of producing second, third, and subsequent editions on reasonable terms.

Should the publisher refuse to deal except on the condition of getting the copyright, the author should go elsewhere.

One case, however, has come before the Society in which a publisher fully recognised the importance of giving the author a free hand with regard
to alterations in a scientific work, and although the author had inadvertently assigned the copyright to the publisher, the latter consented to reassign it on consideration that he should have the option of publishing subsequent editions. It is necessary that this warning should be constantly before educational and scientific authors, “that they should on no account whatever assign their copyright.” They may, if they so desire, give the publisher every help and assistance with regard to the right to publish future editions, but they must make no assignment. If they do not know how to draw the necessary agreement, the Society will advise them in the matter.

IV.—An Important Case.


(Circuit Court of the United States, District of New Jersey.)

Brief of Respondents on demurrer to the Bill of Complaint.

STATEMENT.—The principal ground of demurrer urged by the defendant is the third: “That said bill fails to show that due and lawful notice of said pretended copyright and copyrights was inserted as required by section 4962 of the Revised Statutes of the United States in the several copies of every edition published in manner and form in said section aforesaid specifically set forth.” The clauses of the bill thus attacked are as follows: “Fourth.—And your orators further show that the aforesaid editions of their said copyright book, entitled ‘Nada the Lily,’ were printed from plates made within and type set within the limits of the United States, as required by law. That due notice of said copyrights and entries, and that said copyrights had been completed, was given by the Secretary of the Treasury by publication in his official catalogues of the title entries of books and other articles in the weekly lists of the title of all books wherein the copyright has been completed, all of which said catalogues are ready to be produced in court. That the notice required by section 4962 of the Revised Statutes of the United States has been duly and lawfully given in the several copies of said editions so published as aforesaid.” Section 4962 of the Revised Statutes is as follows: “Section 4962. No person shall maintain an action for the infringement of his copyright unless he shall give notice thereof by inserting in the several copies of every edition published, on the title page, or the page immediately following, if it be a book, or if a map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, engraving, photograph, paiting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected and completed as a work of the fine arts, by inscribing upon some visible portion thereof, or of the substance on which the same shall be mounted, the following words, viz.: ‘Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year ’ by A. B., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington,’ or at his option, the word ‘copyright,’ together with the year the copyright was entered, and the name of the party by whom it was taken out, thus: ‘Copyright, 18 , by A. B.’” The demurrer claims that the bill is bad because it does not in its terms declare that the copyright notice has been inserted “in the several copies of every edition published;” the actual averment being that the notice required was “duly and lawfully given in the several copies” of the editions published as set forth in the complaint, being all the editions mentioned therein, except defendant’s alleged piratical edition. Subordinate grounds of demurrer are that the book in question was not composed by a citizen or resident of the United States—which attacks the constitutionality of the International Copyright Law—and that the complainants by asking, in their prayer, for damages and the delivery for destruction of the unsold copies of the piratical edition demand more than a court of equity can grant. A further ground of demurrer is alleged indefiniteness in the charge of infringement. These points will be considered in the foregoing order, which is the order of importance as urged by demurrant.

First.—1. The requirements of the statute which are conditions precedent to the perfection of copyright are—1. Deposit before publication of printed copy of the title. 2. Deposit after publication of two copies of the book. 3. Printing of the prescribed notice in the copies published: (Wheaton v. Peters, 8 Peters, 591; Merrell v. Tice, 104 U. S. 557; Thompson v. Hubbard, 131 U. S. 123.) It has been held that as matter of fact the requirement of notice means that the prescribed words shall be inserted in the several copies of every edition which the proprietor of the copyright, as controlling the publication, publishes: (Thompson v. Hubbard, 131 U. S. 123; Supreme Court of the United States, May 13, 1889.) Since the last-named decision the International Copyright Act has been passed (March 3, 1891), which greatly widens the field of application of copyright law. Is it still true that, to maintain an action on his copyright for infringement, a person must literally and exactly give the United States copyright notice “in the several copies of every edition published” by him? The section in question (section 4962)
was not altered by the Act of 1891, but was in force previously. Doubtless the possible effects of not changing this section escaped the attention of the legislators. For, if there be no limitation in construction put upon the words “every edition published,” an English author, for example, publishing his book not only in the United States, but also in Great Britain, or in Australia, or in South Africa, or in China, loses his United States copyright unless notice of the latter be inserted in every copy published anywhere in the world. And this will be the case, notwithstanding he complies fully with the English copyright laws. We submit that this is not the legal intention of the Act. That such is not the intention is evidenced by the provisions of section 4956 of the Copyright Act, to the effect that in order to complete copyright the two copies of the book required to be deposited with the Librarian of Congress must be “printed from type set within the limits of the United States or from plates printed therefrom.” And during the existence of the copyright the importation into the United States of any book so copyrighted, or any edition or editions thereof, or any plates not made from type set within the United States, is prohibited. That is to say, in order to avail himself of the protection of the copyright law of the United States, the author, foreign or otherwise, must print and publish within the United States, and the importation of any edition printed from type not set or plates not made within the United States is forbidden. It matters not, then, how many foreign manufactured editions are published outside. The United States law does not protect them, nor does it allow them to interfere with books manufactured and copyrighted here. They are excluded from the consideration of the Copyright Act. Hence it would be absurd to hold that the notice required by section 4962 means, literally, “every edition published” by the person copyrighting. It means every edition published, printed from type set or plates made within the United States—that is, every edition manufactured in the United States. This must be so, because no other editions can be made the subject of copyright law at all.

II. It is fundamental that in the construction of statutes the whole and every part must be considered. “The intention of the law-maker will prevail over the literal sense of the terms; and its reason and intention will prevail over the strict letter:” (Kent’s Com., 461; Sutherland on Statutory Construction (1891), p. 320.) “The mere literal construction ought not to prevail if it is opposed to the intention of the Legislature apparent from the statute; and if the words are sufficiently flexible to admit of some other construction by which that intention can be better effected, the law requires that intention to be adopted:” (Sutherland on Stat. Construction, p. 321, and cases there cited.) These well-established doctrines have received application in regard to the international copyright law in the United States Circuit Court, District of Massachusetts, in the case of Werkmeister v. Pierce and Bushnell Mfg. Co., decided Aug. 7, 1894, Putnam, J. This was the case of a painting sought to be copyrighted by a German subject, on the original of which no notice of United States copyright, as required by section 4962, was ever inscribed, although the other conditions of copyright were complied with, and the copyright notice was inscribed on the published photographs of the painting. In this case the court departs from the literal reading of the statute, and holds that the intent of the law must govern, and that under construction according to the intent, it is not necessary to place the copyright notice upon the original, though the statute expressly says, that if the article be a painting, the notice shall be inscribed, “upon some visible portion thereof, or of the substance on which the same shall be mounted.” If, for the purpose of sustaining the intent of the legislators, so bold a departure from the literal sense, as in this case, may be taken in construing section 4962, how much more, in the case at bar, is a construction warranted, which alone can make the Act harmonious in its parts, and without which the whole law would become a nullity. Its purpose in securing international copyright otherwise would be entirely defeated. As a matter of fact it is not the custom to put the United States copyright notice on English editions of a work copyrighted in America. Much more unlikely would such notice be thought important in editions published in more remote countries. The result would be to make the copyright protection evidently intended to be given to works manufactured in the United States practically null and void, and to destroy the International Copyright Law.

III. Thus much premised, are the allegations in the bill sufficient? They set up the publication of the editions described, “printed from plates made within and type set within the limits of the United States, as required by law. That the notice required by section 4962 of the Revised Statutes of the United States has been duly and lawfully given in the several copies of said editions so published as aforesaid.” The only question here would seem to be will the court presume, outside the record, that there are other editions of the work than those set forth in the complaint? If it should be the fact that the
editions pleaded constitute "every edition published," there is, of course, a sufficient cause of action. Will the court presume otherwise upon demurrer? Reasonable presumptions are admitted by demurrer as well as the matters expressly alleged: (Foster's Federal Practice, vol. 1, p. 209; Amory v. Lawrence, 3 Clifford, 523, 526.) But, says the court in Warfield v. Fisk (1883; 136 Mass., p. 219), "We cannot draw inferences of fact upon demurrer." If it appear that the required notice was given in the several copies of every edition in which the court can take any cognisance, it is a "reasonable presumption" that the law has been complied with. It would be a violent presumption to assume outside the record, that there are other editions in which no notice, or defective notice, was given. The bill would be sufficient on the hearing if the facts alleged were proved. It would not be necessary even to prove literally the insertion of the notice in every copy. Production of one copy with the notice and general testimony as to the issue of the edition would be sufficient: (Falk v. Gast Lith. and Eng. Co. Ltd., 40 Fed. Rep. 168.) The contention of the defendant would make his pleading a "speaking demurrer" where by argument or inference a material fact is suggested that is not alleged in the bill. Such a demurrer will be overruled: (Beach, Modern Equity Practice, vol. 1, p. 265, and cases there cited.) Moreover, the copyright is perfected by taking the three steps required by statute before and coincident with publication. *Primâ facie* then, the copyright being perfect, the complainants are entitled to maintain their action. A copy of the record in the office of the Librarian of Congress, with the books showing the notice, make out a *primâ facie* case against an infringer. If there has been any omission in subsequent or other editions than those pleaded, it is for the defendant to plead and prove that the complainant has by his omissions lost the copyright he once had and which presumptively he still has. The notice is not a condition to the obtaining a copyright, but to the maintaining an action for infringement. If the facts allow it, the defendant, in case of lack of universality of the notice, must *plead in abatement.* He has no standing on demurrer. It may be added that the practice books giving forms of bills of complaint in copyright cases, give a pleading setting out generally that the complainants are the owners of a copyright taken out "previous to the publication of the book in question, and secured according to law." No other detail of fact is given in order to make out a *primâ facie* case: (Beach, Modern Equity Pleading, vol. 2, p. 1281.) In Thompson v. Hubbard (131 U. S. 123), on which the demurrant seems to rely, the decision was rendered *after the facts appeared on the trial* and not on demurrer.

Second.—Inasmuch as the demurrant in his brief does not insist upon the ground of demurrer questioning the constitutionality of the International Copyright Act, the complainants will not discuss that topic at this time.

Third.—There is no merit in demurrant's contention respecting failure to waive penalties and forfeitures. At the most the prayer of the complainants in this respect is surplusage. A bill to obtain relief against an infringement of a copyright need not contain a waiver of the complainant's statutory right to a forfeiture of the piratical plates: (Foster's Federal Practice (2nd ed.), vol. 1, p. 175; Farmer v. Calvert Lith. Co., 1 Flippin, 228.) If any part of the relief is proper, the demurrer on this point will be overruled. This is the latest doctrine in these cases: (Chicago, M. & St. P. Ry. Co. v. Hartshorn, Treas, &c., 30 Fed. Rep., 541 (1887; Shiras, J.); Town of Strawberry Hill v. C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co. et al, 41 Fed. Rep. 568 (1890.).)

Fourth.—Nor is there room for argument that the charge of infringement is indefinite. The defendant is charged with having published, without authorisation, the book copyrighted. What has been copyrighted has been set forth in the bill. This is sufficient to put the defendant upon his answer.

Fifth.—The questions involved before the court at this present time are purely questions of law. The defendant in his brief, has seen fit to talk "to the galleries," and to claim that this action was brought in bad faith, "solely for the purpose of intimidating the trade." This authorises the complainants to say that there is no doubt whatever that the complainant, H. Rider Haggard (an author of no mean repute) is the author of the work "Nada the Lily;" that Longmans, Green, and Co. (the oldest firm of publishers in the world, and of undoubted respectability and standing) are the authorised publishers of the work; that the defendant, the Waverly Company, has published, without authority, a piratical edition of this book, with the idea that through some technical lapse, the copyright due to the complainants, and which they have believed they possess, has been vitiating; and the said defendant is now trying to defeat complainants in the enforcement of these supposed rights upon which they have always in good faith relied. The complainants are prosecuting this action, not alone to secure their own rights, but also in behalf of the trade to ascertain, for the benefit of all, what the meaning of the International Copyright Law is, by its proper judicial
onstruction. Too important interests are involved for the case to be determined upon technicalities; and though the complainants are advised and firmly believe the demurrer should be overruled, they ask, in case the court should take a different view, that they may have leave to amend on the usual terms; whereupon they will so amend by setting forth fully the exact facts in the case, and all collateral facts, that a full adjudication may be obtained upon demurrer before the highest tribunal, as to the meaning of the new law. Resting upon such an adjudication the entire book and publishing trade may intelligently shape its course. The main question involved is as to the meaning of section 4962, the complainants' contention respecting which has been hereinbefore urged. Upon this point, especially, the complainants pray for an authoritative expression of judicial opinion. And they asked that the demurrer in all respects be overruled, with costs.

(Argued Oct. 6, 1894, before Hon. Marcus W. Acheson, at Philadelphia.)

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V.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

The following letter appeared in the Times of the 26th Feb.:

"Sr.,—Attention has already been called in your columns to the fact that the Canadian Copyright Bill, now awaiting the Royal assent, seriously menaces the interests of English authors and copyright owners. It is understood that a decision will shortly be arrived at on the question at issue between the Canadian and Imperial authorities. The danger being therefore imminent, those whose interests are threatened must now enter their protest against the Bill.

By it any Canadian publisher will be permitted to produce, in any form and at any price he pleases, the work of any British author which has not, within one month of its first publication in this country, been reprinted and published in Canada, on the sole condition of paying a royalty of 10 per cent. on the published price of the book. The officers of the Department of Inland Revenue are charged with the duty of collecting and paying these royalties, but they are specially exempted from any obligation to 'account for any such royalty not actually collected.'

"The objections to these proposals are weighty and obvious; it will suffice to indicate one or two.

"The limit of one month is ridiculously insufficient, and the provision suffices to deprive English authors, with the possible exception of a few writers of popular fiction, of any real copyright in Canada.

"The absurd machinery which makes the Inland Revenue officials at once responsible and irresponsible for the collection of royalties is not new, and is of proved inefficiency. English authors and publishers can only look back with grim amusement on the futile attempt on the part of Canada to collect similar royalties on American pirated reprints with similar machinery. Moreover, in the absence of accounts, how is an English author to seek a remedy when he has reason to believe that a particular publisher has failed to make due payment? The needful evidence would not in practice be obtainable.

It is true that the Canadian market is not large, nor, in the absence of a leisured and cultured class, is it likely to prove expansive. If Canada only were in question, English authors would probably submit to the injury likely to be caused by piracy of their works in a small literary area. But Canada does not stand alone. If this Bill becomes law, Canadian reprints will inevitably flood, as they are intended to flood, the market of the United States, and the rights which English owners of literary property now enjoy there will be seriously endangered. If, in consequence of the action of Canada, the United States were to repeal their International Copyright Act, English authors would suffer great and irreparable loss.

"In order to give united expression to the objections felt by persons whose interests are threatened by the proposed legislation, a petition to the Colonial Secretary has been prepared, which it is hoped will be largely signed during the next three weeks by authors, publishers, artists, and owners of copyrights generally. Copies of this petition may be obtained from the secretary of the Society of Authors, and signatures should be forwarded to him at the Society's offices, 4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"W. M. CONWAY, Chairman of Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors."
NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

A RATHER curious survival of the old colonial attitude towards England is demonstrated by the fact that any important series issued in the mother country is sure to be published over here; while, on the other hand, when an American series is brought out, only those volumes having more than a local interest appear in England. Thus, of the Great Commanders Series, which contains biographies of "Admiral Farragut," by Captain A. T. Mahan, of "General Taylor" by General O. O. Howard, U.S.A., of "General Jackson" by James Parton, of "General Greene" by Captain Francis V. Greene, U.S.A., of "General J. E. Johnston" by Robert M. Hughes, of "General Thomas" by Henry Copee, LL.D., of "General Scott" by General Marcus J. Wright, of "General Washington" by General Bradley T. Johnson, of "General Lee" by General Fitzhugh Lee, and of "General Hancock" by General Francis A. Walker, only one volume has so far been reproduced in England, and that was the first, which was doubtless due to Captain Mahan's own reputation. It was evident that the subject of the biography was not well known, since in the Times it was announced as "a new book by Captain Mahan, a life of the great Confederate Admiral, Farragut." To another of our important series, that on American Men of Letters, there has just been added the biography of "George William Curtis," by Mr. Edward Cary. This series is edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who contributed the first volume, the life of "Irving." The other volumes are "Noah Webster," by Horace E. Scudder; "Thoreau," by Frank B. Sanborn; "George Ribley," by O. B. Frothingham; "Cooper," by T. R. Lounsbury; "Margaret Fuller Ossoli," by T. W. Higginson; "Emerson," by Dr. Holmes; "Poe," by George E. Woodberry; "N. P. Willis," by Henry A. Beers; "Benjamin Franklin," by John B. McMaster; "Bryant," by John Bigelow; and "William Gilmor Simms," by William P. Trent. Of all these, the volumes on Cooper and on Emerson are the only two published in England. Two books of the series are model biographies—the "Cooper" by Professor Lounsbury, and the "Poe" by Professor Woodberry. In each case the authors took an immense amount of trouble to amass material, and then wrote a clear, concise, and comprehensive biography, which protruded no trace of the work behind it. There are soon to be added to this series the lives of "Lowell," by Professor Woodberry, of Columbia College; "Whittier," by Professor George R. Carpenter, of Columbia; "Motley," by Professor Jameson; and "Parkman," by Mr. John Fiske. This series is modelled on Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters," only that the American volumes always contain a steel engraved portrait and a careful index—adjuncts lacking in the British books.

An instance of failure to give "every man his due," which would never have occurred in America, is to be found in the case of the "Great Educators Series." This series was thought out, planned, brought out, and edited by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler. It is an international series having volumes by American, French, and British authors. It is printed in America and published here by Scribner's. Certain of the volumes have been exported to England and issued by Heinemann, and it is there known as Heinemann's "Great Educators Series," no mention whatsoever being made about Professor Butler's share in its production, or of its American origin.

Macmillan and Co. are continuing their two-volume experiment at a dollar a volume, or 8s. for the work. This experiment was begun with "Marcella," and then continued with "Katherine Lauterdale," and now with "The Ralstons." Mr. Crawford is the most popular of American novelists, and every new book of his sells at the rate of from 50,000 to 60,000 copies, while its immediate predecessor has a renewed sale of about 10,000. Although an American, Mr. Crawford does not know his New York as he does his Italy, and it is pleasing to note that in "Casa Braccia"—now running in the Century—he has returned to his old fields of operation, and is telling a new melodramatic tale of cosmopolitan life.

Four seasons ago Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln founded a literary club, called "The Uncut Leaves." The club began very modestly with only a few members, who met once a month either at each other's houses or in a small hall hired for the occasion, where they listened to authors of various nationalities read from their unpublished manuscripts. The success of this venture has been so great that the club now has several hundred members enrolled on its lists, and a suite of rooms is engaged for its monthly meetings at one of the best known halls in New York. Six readings are given during a season, and prominent men of letters are most happy to read or talk before such a sympathetic audience as is found gathered together on these occasions. Strangers are heartily welcomed, and Mr. Christie Murray has twice been present at the meetings, and each time succeeded in amusing the members. Mark Twain, Brander Matthews, Edward Eggleston, Mrs. Wiggin, and Mr. H. C. Bunner have all either
read or spoken before the club this winter or last. There are no committees, nor is there even a president to run the club, Mr. Lincoln undertaking all the work, such as getting the speakers, fixing dates, hiring the hall, seeing to the announcements, and even constituting himself treasurer and presiding officer for the introduction of the readers.

An experiment has recently been tried by Mr. Alexander Black, who is both an amateur photographer and a journalist. It is a form of entertainment which he calls a "picture play." Mr. Black has written a story entitled "Miss Jerry," which he reads to his audience, giving each character its own individuality by a slight change in his voice. At the same time numerous photographs, which illustrate the many situations, are thrown by a magic lantern slide on a large sheet. The plot of the story is a mere thread on which is strung many incidents that introduce well-known people. Miss Jerry is a bright, vigorous girl, who takes up the business of reporter as a congenial means of livelihood, and her adventures in that capacity form the basis of the plot, around which is woven a slight love story. Mr. Black has been to much pains to make his photographs as realistic and natural as possible, and thus we see Miss Jerry boarding an elevated train, interviewing Chauncey Depew in his office, visiting the slums, and taking part in a brilliant ball. These are only a few of the many sides of New York that Mr. Black has written about and depicted. Whether this venture will prove a lasting success it is impossible to say, but that it is a most enjoyable form of entertainment, and has many as yet undeveloped possibilities in it, is very evident.

The travelled American has often stated that he wondered why no American periodical had as large a circulation as the Strand Magazine. As a matter of fact, two of our periodicals have over three-quarters of a million circulation, yet neither of them is published in New York, the centre of the publishing trade. The papers referred to are the Ladies' Home Journal, issued in Philadelphia, and the Youth's Companion, issued in Boston. It was on the former of these that the English Woman at Home was modelled. The Ladies' Home Journal is a monthly of thirty or forty pages of the size of the Illustrated London News, and its sale is principally outside this metropolis, for it aims to appeal to a more provincial audience. From its title it would be judged exclusively a woman's paper, but this is not the case. There are always running through the year some articles especially applicable to men, such as the series called "When He is Sixteen," articles written by four prominent women on all that concerns a boy at that age—his studies, amusements, choice of professions, &c. Now a new series has begun entitled one month "The Woman Who Has Most Influenced Me," and the next "The Man Who Has Most Influenced Me;" these naturally are written alternate months by men and women. The monthly always contains at least one serial story, and it was in this paper that Mr. Howell's "Coast of Bohemia" appeared, and also Mr. Stockton's "Pomona's Travels;" and there is, besides, generally a short story or two. A most delightful series of articles are now being written for it by Mr. Howells on "My Literary Passions." The editorials are always timely, and on some broad subject. Besides this there are articles of general interest, comic or otherwise, and a poem or two. Another feature of this paper is the separation of the departments for answering correspondents, divided under the heads of "Floral Helps and Hints," "Side-Talks with Girls," "Hints on Home Dressmaking," "Suggestions for Mothers," "Art Help for Art Workers," "Literary Queries," and, lastly, "The Open Congress;" these departments are all under the direction of what might be called specialists. The illustrations and printing are both of a high order, and it would be hard to cite a periodical that has more widespread influence—an influence which is elevating both morally and intellectually.

The Youth's Companion is a paper of an entirely different stamp, and with a different mission to fulfil. It is a wholesome weekly of good literary style, designed for readers of both sexes from fourteen to twenty-four years. Amongst its announcements for 1895 appear the following: A paper on "Nursing," by Princess Helena of Schleswig Holstein, and an account of a sculptor's work, called "The Story of a Statue," by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne); an article on the "Recollections of My Physician," by Mr. Gladstone; a reminiscent account by Mr. J. M. Barrie, entitled "A School Revisited;" an article by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "The Bold "Prentice;" a speculative paper, "If Telescopes were Bigger," by Camille Flammarion; an article on "How to Tell a Story," by Mark Twain, and one on "An Editor's Relations with Young Authors," by Mr. Howells; also "Bits of Scottish Character," by the late Robert Louis Stevenson. From this array of names it is easy to see that the taste of the American youth is as much considered as that of his seniors. Indeed, we are singularly lucky in the type of our juvenile periodicals, for Harper's Young People and St. Nicholas have enormous circulations and much influence, and both have very high standards of literary and artistic merit. Thus
the young American mind is not only catered to, but elevated.

A circular has recently been sent around to the various members of the writing craft that a table of statistics concerning newspaper reviews had been made, and that the New York Times "led all the rest" in regard to the number of books criticised in its columns, and in regard also to the space it devoted to literature. On looking through the table, it is surprising to find that of the 419 American and British works appearing during the period of Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1894, the Times has actually reviewed 277, and that these reviews have occupied 117 columns. The promptness with which these reviews appeared after the publication of the books is also much to be commended—out of the 277, at least 240 were reviewed within a month. The statistical pamphlet is arranged in alphabetical order as regards the publishers, and thus, as an example, out of the fifteen books issued by Longmans, Green, and Co., the Times reviewed eleven, and devoted fifty and one-half columns to them, whereas the Tribune reviewed five of them, the Post four, and the Sun only two. But, on the other hand, the Post has far more book advertisements than the Times; sometimes it has as many as three pages. It is a great convenience to authors and publishers to know where books are most likely to receive prompt attention, and so this table of statistics is welcome.

Ibsen's latest play "Little Eyolf" has just been published by Stone and Kimball, of Chicago, in the Green Tree Library. The volume is a dainty specimen of bookmaking, being tastefully and well bound, of a convenient size, and printed with care and thought. It has been most warmly received. It is interesting to note how curiously alike it is in subject to Mrs. Margaret Deland's fifth edition. It is astonishing how the "Trilby" boom keeps up, and even seems on the increase. Word has come from Harper and Brothers that so far in printing the book 100 tons of paper have been used. It is a great pleasure to mention the fairness with which Harpers have dealt with Mr. Du Maurier. Upon accepting "Trilby," the publishers, believing in the book, offered Mr. Du Maurier a very handsome royalty; but the author preferred a lump sum in proportion to their belief in the book, which was very great. Now, seeing the enormous success of the story, Harper and Brothers have notified Mr. Du Maurier that from Jan. 1 of this year he will receive a royalty, and not only a royalty on "Trilby," but also on "Peter Ibbetson," for which they had also paid a large sum down, but which has been lately carried along by the success of its author's more recent book. A parody has just appeared, entitled "Biltry," and the dramatization of "Trilby" by Mr. Paul Potter is quite completed, and Mr. A. M. Palmer expects to produce it on March 4 in Boston. A "Trilby" afternoon has been arranged in aid of the New York Kindergarten Association. There are to be tableaux, taken from the illustrations, and all the songs mentioned in the story will be sung—thus it will be seen that "Trilby" has taken New York hearts by storm. One of the latest jokes current at present is the answer which supposedly appeared in a paper to an anxious inquirer—"No, Napoleon did not write 'Trilby;' you have confused the magazines."

Hallett Robinson.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

I AM writing this in the melancholy of the loss of our dear Auguste Vacquerie, a friend of twelve years' standing, a very kindly man, who, for his way of life, was one to be looked up to in this career of ours. He was in every sense of the word a gentleman of letters, and these are few in France.

The first time that I met Auguste Vacquerie was twelve years ago, at the house of Victor Hugo, whose inseparable companion he was. Of the two poets, the disciple—for Vacquerie always proclaimed himself but the disciple of Victor Hugo—had decidedly the superior distinction, and, to confess the truth, I listened with far more interest to the things that he said that night than to Victor Hugo's remarks. I frequently met him afterwards at the same house, and was on one occasion invited to call and see him at his own home, a fine mansion in the Rue Durmont d'Urville. I called there one morning and found Vacquerie in bed, for, as he told me, he never rose till noon. "I wake at seven," he said, "and immediately read all the morning papers"—the floor of the bedroom and the counterpane of the bed were strewn with gazettes—and when I have read all the news, I write my daily article for the Rappel." By the bedside stood a little table, with writing materials on it, and a bowl of bouillon, in draughts of which the editor sought inspiration. His process was different from that of Victor Hugo, and indeed he remarked on
this, for Hugo always wrote standing, imitating Voltaire in this respect. "But," said Vacquerie, "I am only a disciple." I think that it was a pity that he contented himself with his position of disciple and imitator of Hugo, for he had decided originality and a particular sweetness of style, which would have sufficed to give him an excellent standing of his own in French literature. I shall never forget the kindness of his reception of me on that occasion, miserable little journalistic hack that I was at the time. He insisted on keeping me to breakfast, and after breakfast showed me over his art collection. I remember with what glee he pointed to a Delacroix, a picture of the good Samaritan, which he had bought for 50 francs, "a picture worth a hundred times that sum to-day." He pressed me to return and see him, and I did so once or twice, but it is now a long time since I saw him last. I contented myself with being his contemporary, and liked to think that there was a kindly Auguste Vacquerie, who was well disposed towards me, living in Paris. One has many friends like that. And now he is dead and buried, and I shall never see him again! Paris seems different to me to-day!

I noticed that several papers commented on the divorce between Jeanne Hugo and Léon Daudet with comments which were unjustifiable. Thanks to the excellent French law in this matter, no particulars of divorce cases may be published in the French papers—a law that might well be introduced, in despite of the penny and half-penny editors, into England—and, as in consequence nobody except the friends of the family knew anything about the case, nobody was in a position to comment upon it. It was a mere case of incompatibility of temper, and, though separated, the two ex-spouses have remained excellent friends. This is a good thing for the sake of the little boy, Victor Hugo's great-grandson.

I had expected to be able to give a description in this letter of the banquet which was to be given on Friday last to Edmund de Goncourt by his friends and admirers. In consequence, however, of the sudden and regretted death of Auguste Vacquerie, M. de Goncourt wrote to the organisers of the banquet to ask them to postpone it till the following week. This being so, I fail to understand why certain French journalists have pointed to this postponement as another proof of the persistent bad luck which has pursued the de Goncourts through life. It is true that their first book was killed by the fact that it was published on the very day on which the coup d'état was carried out in Paris, and consequently passed unnoticed; but since then fortune has, in my opinion at least, made ample reparation to the surviving brother. He holds a unique place in French literature, and will remain standing after many of the apparently more fortunate ones have been swallowed up in obscurity. Certainly his books have not sold by the hundred thousand, but that is a circumstance on which so perfect an artist may rather congratulate himself.

I am greatly interested at present in the writings of the German philosopher Nietzsche, which are being greatly read in Paris. The writer, I am sorry to say, will be silent hereafter, for his brain has given way, and he is confined in some German madhouse. Possibly this may be a subject for congratulation, for it is evident, from the direly pessimistic tone of his enunciations, that he was a very unhappy man—a Schopenhauer without Schopenhauer's obvious insincerity—a Leopardi without the consolation of the poet's art; and where ignorance is bliss—you know the rest!

The following is one of Nietzsche's sayings about bad books: "Das Buch soll nach Feder, Tinte und Schreibtisch verlangen: aber gewöhnlich verlangen Feder, Tinte und Schreibtisch nach dem Buche. Deshalb ist es jetzt so wenig mit Büchern."

The study of pessimism is an excellent one for young people. Pessimism is a disease, which, like measles, attacks everybody at least once in a lifetime. It is well to inoculate oneself with it early in life, so as to be protected against it at a time when it might less easily be borne. Ten years ago I was the gloomiest of melancholy Jacques. To-day the world seems a charming place to live in.

Amongst my papers I find the following autograph letter from William Wordsworth. It has never been printed before, and so I give it. Things have not greatly changed in the matter of poetry since the day on which it was written:

MY DEAR SIR,

Very pressing engagements have prevented me looking over the MSS. you sent me till this evening. Having done so, and remembering your conversation with me upon the subject, it seems unnecessary that I should say more than that the verses in some respects do much credit to their author, and show an easy command of language and are not deficient in harmony; and the story of the tale, though not having much novelty in it, is agreeable.

I mention to you what is apparent enough, that poetry is not much in favour with the public at present, and therefore if I thought these specimens of merit much superior to what, candidly speaking, I reckon them to be, I could not feel confident that their publication would be profitable to the writer.

I must add, however, on the other side, that, as tastes and...
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fancies are so various, it is impossible to foresee what would or would not succeed.

I remain, my dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,
Jan. 28, 1841.

Wordsworth used to be overwhelmed with MSS. from all parts of the world—an experience common to most writers whose names are known to the public. A whole room in Rydal Mount was set aside for the storage of these manuscripts, but, in spite of every precaution, many used to get lost. I remember my mother telling me that when she was quite a little girl, and was staying at Rydal Mount, she was one morning greatly upset by a pathetic letter from some poet in the South of England, who wrote saying that he had sent a long epic to Wordsworth some months previously, and that, though he had applied for its return several times, he had never received any answer. He added that all his hopes in this world were based on that epic, and implored for its return. She spent all that day, and the next day too, in looking for this manuscript, but was unable to find it. In the end she selected from a pile of poems, which for some reason or other could not be returned to their writers, one which was also an epic, and of about the same length as the missing one, and sent it to the poet, saying that she hoped that this one would as well. She inclosed in the letter the sum of half-a-crown, the whole contents of her savings-box, and asked the poet to accept this as a solatium. He was apparently satisfied, for he never wrote again.

Speaking of the old days reminds me that a day or two ago I was looking over a book of accounts, which was kept in the house of an English nobleman, in the years 1622-23-24. It is most methodically kept, and includes every penny that was spent in that family during that period. The items vary from "Almesmonie," as, for instance, "Item given to the prisoners in the Fleet," or "Item given to my sister Anna Walker to help me buy a wedinge gown," to "Chardges in Travell," &c. I have read all the items through without finding that during those three years there was spent in that nobleman's family a single penny on literature in any shape or form, and this in spite of the fact that periodical visits were paid by his lordship and family to town. Thugs have certainly improved in England since those days, and fortunate it is for us who write that this is so.

Is it not a pity that the very best portrait of our gentle Stevenson should be in America, and that there is little chance of its ever being seen in England again? This is the portrait painted by Mr. Alexander, of Paris, whom many consider, with Whistler and Sargent, the finest portrait painter in the world. More than this, it is, next to his remarkable portrait of Walt Whitman, the painter's best work. What good portraits of Stevenson are there in England for our great-grandchildren to look at?

Any publisher or editor who wants a cheap advertisement need only follow the example of various American editors and publishers in offering fantastic sums to Count Tolstoi for the right of publishing his new works. Tolstoi always refuses any dealings with his books and so no risk is run and Messrs. Puff, Quack, Réclame, and Co., of Paternoster-row, can safely offer him 2 dollars a letter for his work, as the American publisher did the other day. Nay, they might offer £10 a word, provided that they let the fact be known, and the paragraphists would do the rest.

Are we not all very glad of the great success of Mr. Sala's last book—the most entertaining set of memoirs which has appeared for some years? It is a book that every literary aspirant should read for his encouragement—the story of a brave life in a hard career of persistent heroism. One is proud to be the confère of such a man.

Daudet's new book, "La Petite Paroisse," is a very clever study of jealousy—a passion much à la mode for literary treatment in Paris just now. Lemaitre expounds it after his fashion in "Le Pardon" at the Comédie. In the copy which Daudet sent me he wrote that he hoped I had been jealous, so that I might tell him if his book were true. I was glad to be able to tell him that, since childish jealousies in the matter of tops or tarts, I had never experienced that feeling which is said to be the only mental suffering which is a physical suffering at the same time. I understand that jealousy produces a very painful feeling below the breastbone, as when one has eaten too many blackberries. These are not sensations that I run after. Daudet's book suffers badly, but is very brave through it all, and here again Daudet has shown that, in spite of all, he will look on the bright side of life, and on what is good in human nature. This is what is so excellent in his work.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of John O'Neill, announced in last month's Author. I had never met him, but just before I last left London I received a very kind and encouraging letter from him, which came at a time when I was extremely despondent. Letters like that are a blessing to struggling authors. I had hoped to thank John O'Neill for writing to me in person, and now that can never be.

Marcel Schwob's translation of "Moll Flanders" is the book of the season in Paris, next to Daudet's latest. Schwob has an excellent know-
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ledge of English literature, and is the personal friend of many of our leading writers. We English owe him a debt of gratitude for his championship of English literature in a country where people are singularly ignorant of its beauties. ROBERT H. SHERARD.

123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We need merely chronicle here the elections of Mr. W. Martin Conway as chairman of the committee of management, and of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins as a member of the council and of the committee of management.

A brief report of the general meeting of the Society, which was held in the room of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, on the afternoon of the 25th ult., will be found in another column. We wish to call the attention of members to the resolution moved by Mr. Hall Caine and seconded by Mr. Rider Haggard, relating to Canadian Copyright. In another column will be found the Chairman's invitation to members to sign the petition which has been drawn up, and is lying for signature at the offices. It should be borne in mind that the threatened legislation would destroy the homogeneity of British copyright, and would jeopardise the whole of the benefits resulting from American copyright. The danger is real and urgent, and members are invited to send in their names forthwith.

A communication addressed by Mr. R. Underwood Johnson, the secretary of the American Copyright League, to the (New York) Evening Post is disquieting. From this it appears that a Copyright Bill has been introduced and reported by the Committee on Patents with a proviso which limits the total sum to be recovered under the statute (sect. 4965, ch. 3, title 60) to double the value of the "thing infringed upon," &c. Mr. Johnson enters a protest against this reform on many grounds, and points out that the proviso extends so as to cover literary as well as artistic work, so that, while this legislation is ostensibly intended to protect innocent infringers of photographic copyright from blackmailing proceedings, it promises to enable any pirate to copy any periodical matter, whether literary or artistic, with comparative impunity.

Though belated, for reasons which need not be explained, we lay a wreath upon the grave of Christina Rossetti. The words found in another column are written by one who knew her. These are the occasions on which the mere critic, even the admiring or the reverential critic, must stand aside to let those speak who had the privilege of knowing the dead poet.

THE LOSSES IN LITERATURE, 1894.

The losses in literature, which have been both numerous and severe, include Professor James Anthony Froude, LL.D.; Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; Mr. Walter Pater; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; Professor William Robertson Smith, D.D., LL.D.; Professor Henry Morley, LL.D.; Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.; Sir James F. Stephen, the legal writer and essayist; Sir Austen H. Layard, of Nineveh fame; Miss Christina Georgina Rossetti; Professor John Nichol, biographer and poet, late Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University; Dr. John Veitch, Professor of Logic and Literature in Glasgow University; M. Leconte de Lisle, the distinguished French poet; the Comtesse Agenor de Gasparin; Professor William Dwight Whitney, the philological and Orientalist author; Mr. Edmund Yates; the Hon. Roden Noel; Mr. Charles H. Peirce, LL.D., the constitutional writer; Mrs. Augusta Webster; Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the popular story writer; M. Maxime du Camp, the French author and academician; Professor James Darmesteter; Dr. George Bulben, formerly keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum; Mr. William T. M'Cullagh, Torrens; Miss Alice King, the blind novelist; Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, the hymnologist; Mr. George Ticknor Curtis; Rev. Alexander J. D. D'Orsey; Rev. Edmund S. Ffoulkes; Dr. Brian Houghton Hodson, the Orientalist writer; F. W. Weber, the Prussian poet; Dr. Francis Henry Underwood; Señor Oliveira Martins, the eminent Portuguese historian; Mr. John Francis Waller, LL.D.; Miss Elizabeth Peabody; Dr. H. W. Dulcken; Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson; Dr. Terrienne de Lacquerie, the Orientalist writer and scholar; Dr. John Lord, LL.D., the historian; M. Armand Page's, the French novelist; Dr. James M'Cosh, the philosophical writer; Captain Lovett Cameron; Mrs. Pitt-Byrne; Mrs. Jane Austin, the American authoress; Miss Sophia Dobson Collett, writer on Theism and Atheism; Miss E. Owens Blackburne, the Irish novelist; the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, historical writer; Miss Patton-Bethune, writer of sporting novels; M. Dugast-Matifeux, an eminent French antiquary; Rev. J. Hamilton Thom; Rev.
John Nassau-Simpkinson; Ludwig Pfau, the German poet and art critic; Mrs. Augusta Theodosia Drane, a well-known Roman Catholic writer; M. Victor Fournel, the literary critic; Mr. Andreas Edward Cokayne, antiquarian writer; Professor Karl Dillmann the eminent Ethioptic writer; Mr. Thomas George Stevenson, an Edinburgh author and publisher; M. Foucaux, Professor of Sanskrit at the Collège de France; M. Astié, Professor of Philosophy at Lausanne; the Rev. Naphthali Levy, Jewish writer; Mr. Walter H. Tregellas, a Cornish author; Mr. Thomas Farrall, a popular Cumberland writer; Mr. Henry Vizetelly, author of "Lives back through Seventy Years," &c.; Mr. J. J. Shean, of Hull, a county historian; Mr. John Chessell Buckler, antiquarian writer; Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, writer on Abyssinia; Herr J. ter Gouw, author of the "History of Amsterdam"; Mr. Brackstone Baker, writer on Canadian and railway subjects; Herr Max Moltke, the German poet, philosopher, and translator; Mr. John Patrick Prendergast, author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland"; M. Dussieux, author of works on the reign of Louis XIV.; Professor J. Von Dümchen, the eminent writer on Egyptology; Dr. J. Bradshaw, editor of "Grey" and "Milton," and of "The Chesterfield Letters"; Voislav Ilic, the "Servian Heine"; Helgi Hálfdánarson, the Icelandic poet; Mr. Henry Manners Chichester, writer on British military history; Dr. William F. Poole, compiler of the "Index to Periodical Literature"; Dr. Frankl, Austrian poet and prose writer; Professor Wilhelm Roscher, the eminent political economist; Mr. Edward Capern, the postman poet of Bideford; Mr. Cecil Robertson; Rev. Josiah Wright, classical writer; M. Louis Roumieux, the French "Provincial Ovid"; Mr. W. O'Neill Daunt, Irish historical writer; Mme. Betty Paoli (Barbara Glück), the Austrian poetess; Mr. Herbert Tuttle, historical writer; Mr. J. Dobie, Professor of Hebrew in Edinburgh University; Nikolai Michailowitsch Astreyev, the Russian author; Mrs. Celia Thaxter; M. Jean Fleury; Mr. Eugene Lawrence, American historical writer; Dr. Siegfried Szamatolski, a promising German writer; Miss Augusta de Grasse Stevens; Mr. W. Douglas Hamilton, historical writer; Mr. John Russell, assistant editor of "Chambers's Journal"; Dr. H. N. Van der Tunk, the greatest Malayan scholar of the century; Mr. Francis Romano Oliphant; Mr. John Askham, the Northamptonshire poet; M. M. Léon Palustre, a learned writer on the French Renaissance; Professor Dr. Henrich Rudolf Hildebrand, the linguist and lexicographer; Mr. J. Bedford Leno, the Buckinghamshire poet; Mr. George H. Jennings; M. François de Caussade, librarian of the Mazarine Collection; M. Claudio Jannet, Professor of Political Economy in the Catholic University of Paris; M. Victor Duruy, the historian; Rev. Caesar Malan, the Oriental scholar; Dr. John Chapman, proprietor and editor of the Westminster Review; Mr. Alexander Ireland; Dr. Heinrich Hoffman, author of the famous "Struwwelpeter"; and the Rev. William John Blew, hymnologist, &c.—The Times, Jan. 1.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The editor of this periodical has courteously requested me to say something about Christina Rossetti in the March number of the Author, and I comply with his request, though with diffidence.

Words are only the means whereby we strive to express our conceptions or to convey our impressions. And never does a writer feel so keenly how inadequate words are at the best as when he strives to show to others in some measure the sweetness, the irresistible fascination of an almost unique personality. For the influence of personal qualities, such as those possessed by Christina Rossetti in so remarkable a degree, is well-nigh untranslatable into words.

Time, skill in word-painting, and above all much preparatory thought, are needed before any success, however small, can be attained in such an undertaking. But if a volume is ever written, revealing the inner aspects of her character, as far as these could be revealed with a due sense of delicacy and proportion, the volume will be a permanent and priceless addition to English literature. And, despite the difficulty of his task, I envy him who shall write the volume; the contemplation of such a character as that of Christina Rossetti will alone recompense him for his labour.

The critic of the far future, of whom we hear so much and think so little, will accord a high place among the great poets of the century to the poet to whom we owe "Amor Mundi," "An Apple Gathering," "Maude Clare," "The Convent Threshold," and "Maiden-Song." He will single out as among the finest love songs in our language such a flawless lyric as "When I am dead, my dearest"—a lyric so full of atmosphere, so perfect in its tenderness and portrayal of unchanged and unchangeable affection. Nor must we forget that Christina Rossetti—whether we look to the quality or quantity of her devotional poetry—was pre-eminent among the illustrious English poets who have enriched
Christian literature by their genius. As long as Christianity remains the most vital force in the lives of millions of English-speaking people the memory of that poet of their faith who gave them such a poem as "Passing away, saith the world, passing away," or "Paradise," with its exquisite last stanza, the very quintessence of Christian expectation — who gave them that beautiful hymn, part of which, beginning "The Porter watches at the gate," was sung so fittingly at her funeral service — who gave them the perfect lines, beginning "Thy lovely saints do bring Thee love," will be cherished and honoured.

Personally, Christina Rossetti had the quiet simplicity of real greatness, and this simplicity was doubtless in itself an evidence of genius. In intercourse with her one lost consciousness of being in the presence of a distinguished poet, because one became conscious of being in the presence of a woman distinguished in the more noble womanly qualities. Nature evidently had endowed her not only with the gifts proper to a poet, and these in a lavish degree, but also with choicest gifts of the heart and soul. But if this was so, it was equally true that Christina Rossetti had herself matured and perfected her natural gifts by that sublimest education of all—the education of the soul.

She was a recluse, but she never talked to me as such, and even amid weakness and suffering she was constantly cheerful. The very tones of her voice, in their slow and distinct intonation, were pleasant to hear. She was quite willing to talk about her favourite authors, and I remember the amusement she betokened on learning that a French translation of "David Copperfield," which I had picked up secondhand on the Quai during a recent visit to Paris, was entitled "Le Neveu de Ma Tante."

Deeply religious, she never obtruded her piety, yet I felt instinctively that I was in the company of a holy woman. In a copy of her "Verses," given to me, she wrote in her own clear handwriting—handwriting firm as long as she could continue to write at all—"Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white," and to her the things and persons of the future life were realities. Probably this was the reason of her wonderful—her heroic endurance of pain. Despite her profound humility, and her vivid sense of human shortcomings, she was sustained by the conviction that God's angel Death would soon release her, and she no more doubted the existence of a state of coming blessedness than the traveller doubts the existence of the place for which he is bound, when setting out on a journey. I shall always feel proud and glad that I knew personally one of the most lovable women who ever lived.

MACKENZIE BELL.

MRS. CARLYLE.

WILL a voice ever be raised in defence of Carlyle? Much has been written touching Mrs. Carlyle's married unhappiness, which everyone lays at the door of this long-suffering philosopher.

In a recently published article, by the late Mrs. Alexander Ireland, she describes a visit she paid to Froude, in order to gain his permission to write Mrs. Carlyle's life. She gained Froude's permission because their view of Mrs. Carlyle's character was identical, for she says that Froude "deeply compassionated Mrs. Carlyle."

Perhaps it hovers closely on superfluousness and temerity to argue so difficult a question, or to seek to readjust the balance between these two vexed and irreconcilable immortals; yet, in justice to Carlyle's memory, I would affirm that there was no lack of love, or even tenderness, on his part towards his wife.

I have often heard one speak, who, in a quiet unobtrusive way, held intimate intercourse with the Carlyles, having experience of them in one of their gloomiest periods, for it was in the ten years during which Carlyle, under the shadow of his "Frederick the Great," wrestled with the writing of his history. It was also the time when the unconscious philosopher paid his much resented visits to Lord and Lady Ashburton—at least, the period when Mrs. Carlyle most resented his so doing.

But the impression this lady received, when she saw them together, which she did often, was of Carlyle's deep and abiding love for his wife, and of the high value he set upon her literary judgment, always reading to her his MS. and altering passages at her advice; how he strove with these emendations the following little touch by Mrs. Carlyle, related té-té-té-té, best shows:

"The first day Mr. Carlyle came down very cross, in the evening, saying that he had done nothing all day, hang it! had spent all the afternoon trying to alter that paragraph of hers, and he could not. The second day uneasy; the third day more so; the fourth, sent J. in post haste to recall the proofs, that he might strike out our melancholy friend's remarks. Mrs. Carlyle sorry to find fault, and not to seemed pleased, as he is always dispirited himself at first, and wants encouraging."
One questions if from the mocking satirical spirit of Mrs. Carlyle there ever flowed much encouragement, prone as she was to discourse of him to friends and acquaintances in a carping, unkindly spirit. On the other hand, I have heard this lady before quoted assert that in his bearing to his wife there was a chivalrous, reverent strain, difficult to describe; said she always in conclusion, “his manner to Mrs. Carlyle was beautiful.” As tending to the cause of some unhappiness between them, much stress has been laid upon her superior position socially, and of the luxury and comfort she relinquished on her marriage; but between a Scotch country doctor’s daughter, at the beginning of this century, and a farmer’s son, was there such a yawning gulf fixed? Might not genius and love have bridged it over? at least if Mrs. Carlyle had been dowered with but a little more of the latter golden elixir—then perhaps she would not have deemed it such an unmitigated misfortune to have made a pudding, or baked a loaf of bread; though her biographers have dealt as darkly upon her days of domestic activity at Craigenputtock as did Charles Dickens, with more reason, upon his days of degradation in the blacking factory.

Mrs. Carlyle, or rather wayward Miss Jane Welsh, desired before all things to marry a man of genius. It was the survival of an early girlish ambition, and, unlike the general course of girlish ambition, it was fulfilled, for fate, a trifle maliciously, as the sequel proved, chose to fasten it upon her by producing the man. It failed to make her happy, because she was unable, partly by health and temperament, to face all the discomforts and disenchanting details which fall to the lot of the wife of a struggling, ill-paid man of genius; and “the plain living and high thinking,” coupled with the absolute silence and solitude necessary to the “high thinking,” grew irksome to her. These were the conditions of her early married life; then, when success came, with social homage to herself, it found her a disappointed, embittered woman, bereft of any but the most fitful power of enjoyment, seeing all things clad in her own feverish distaste for them. In a letter written to her from her intended husband not long before their marriage, he strenuously insists upon that which eventually proved to be the essential need of her whole life, for he writes:

“You have a deep, earnest, and vehement spirit, and no earnest task has ever been assigned to it. You despise and ridicule the meanness of the things about you. To the things you honour you can only pay a fervent adoration, which issues in no practical effect.” Was not this the root of the restless misery in her life? Destitute of any earnest purpose, her brilliant gifts found no outlet; instead her mocking spirit played round men and things, and her keen satire, like sheet lightning, lit up the words and the deeds of the men and women round her with the cold light of destructive irony, which recoiling at the last upon her heart, warped it from all invigorating effort. But she was a shrewd and kindly friend to those she loved. Far be it from me to dwell upon her character, or life, in a censorious spirit. Novalis has it, character is destiny; and her perpetual malady of unhappiness was in a measure due to lack of health, but still more to that which she herself described, in humorous despair, as an absence of “the faculty of being happy.” At times one is almost tempted to think she wore her grief as a fantastic garment, for in the dolorous liturgy of her diary there is something theatrical and unreal. When all literary and fashionable London rolled up to her door, still she railed at fate, because it failed to amuse her.

There must be a great many “mute, inglorious” Mrs. Carlyles in the world who cannot give voice to their disillusions with life as wittily as did she, who yet make a very cheerful fight of it, having successfully learnt the gentle art of being happy; therefore is not the world a little harsh in its judgment when it ascribes all Mrs. Carlyle’s lamentations due to the temper of the melancholy creator of “Sartor Resartus?”

Grace Gilchrist.

An Author’s Best Work.

It is important to an author to know the circumstances under which he ordinarily does his best work. The experience of the majority of writers shows that the hour at which a man works, the place, and not a few other attendant circumstances of his labours—circumstances in themselves apparently unimportant—exercise a great effect upon his ordinary capacity for literary production. The phenomenon is not quite universal. Anthony Trollope trained himself into writing at any time, and in almost any place. Charles Dickens, when he was young, would write his newspaper reports on the palm of his hand, by the light of a dim lamp, in a post-chaise. But these were exceptional cases. Later Dickens’ letters mention predilections for quiet spots in which to write, and yearnings for strolls in the streets of London to inspire him; and probably nineteen authors out of twenty will echo the sentiments of a dramatist of some...
note who has said that all his happiest ideas present themselves to him in his own library.

Nevertheless, many authors seem to give no serious attention to the lessons that might be derived from their experience of the difference both in quantity and quality of copy produced under more or less favourable circumstances. That is a mistake. The time of an author who is at all successful soon becomes very valuable, and its loss by mismanagement—and more time is lost by mismanagement than in any other way—is a real misfortune. The greater too a man's success, the greater his reason for doing everything in his power to maintain his work at its highest level. It would be, in consequence, mere common prudence for an author to watch himself, and to take to heart as many lessons about his own strength and weakness, and about the circumstances under which he does his best work, as his experience will afford him. Such lessons are sometimes valuable results of failures, things that "one learns by making mistakes"—to quote Metastasio.

It is true that some writers fall into an opposite error. Quite recently, amongst an author's papers, was found a journal, not of hours only but of minutes, covering months and years, in which the employment of every moment had been chronicled with scrupulous accuracy with a view to ascertaining what time had been most profitably employed. Such finicking attention to infinitesimal details is a temptation to minds of a certain mould. It leads, of course, to waste, and not to economy of energy.

Without, however, falling into this mistake, those who will "know themselves" may learn from a little self-observation a great deal that is well worth remembering. Personal experience will immediately suggest in every case to what the individual should turn his more particular attention, and to enumerate all that an author might with advantage try to observe would far exceed the limits of the present article. The following seem to be leading points which might suggest others.

Where does a man find his finest stimulants of thought and invention? Dickens found them in the crowded streets of London. More men have found them in the completest solitude. Few realise to how great a degree all that seems most spontaneous is really recollection. In consequence many men never adequately work the mine of their own memories. Instead they go about seeking—honestly, painfully, and often with many disappointments—what they all the time carry within themselves. M. Dumas, Fils, observes that "books teach nothing." Those who, like Molière, take men rather than books for their study, will immediately understand the statement. Still Molière's favourite author was Lucretius, and Lucretius was never yet a favourite with any man who was not a close and careful reader. M. Dumas' dictum has also been flatly contradicted, and the assertion made that "books teach everything." That may be an exaggeration or an epigram, two things much alike; yet De Balzac observes, with truth, "the mission of art is not to copy nature, but to express nature," which means, for the novelist, that the literary habit of thought is indispensable. But how wide a question is here opened for every author who would know what amount of inspiration he draws from the world, and how much from his reading.

What assistance does an author get from his common-place books? Some years have passed since Mr. James Payn recommended the memorandum-book to every one who desired to write. And it is needless to say how many authors have availed themselves of the help of note-books. But may not every author with advantage ask himself how much aid his note-books, have given him, or how little? And, if so, why little? One phenomenon connected with note-books must be familiar to all who have used them, their tiresome suggestiveness of what is not wanted, and some suggestion of what is not wanted, and the temptation, never to be allowed an instant's influence over the judgment, to use something, because it is in the note-book, and because it looks telling, when it is evidently not quite in place. An author, who has made his memoranda, has still something of importance to learn in discovering the best way of using them.

What time and what labour an author saves who has found out what is, in his own case, the best method of perfecting a plot, and of resolving upon the lines of each successive chapter after the plot has been constructed? Mr. William Black has said that many of his tales have been planned in the open air. M. Zola confesses his absolute inability to think out anything unless he has a pen in his hand. "My ideas only come in writing. . . . I could never evolve any idea by sitting in my arm-chair and thinking." An English authoress has said the exact contrary. "I never attempt to write anything until I have sat still for a long time thinking." Here are three different ways of proceeding. And there are no doubt many others. Only it must be most important for an author to know which way is most helpful to himself. A man, who has not yet discovered that, might be in the position of Zola in an easy chair. On the other hand, here is a passage from a letter of Dickens: "I didn't stir out yesterday, but sat and thought all day; not writing a line, not so much as the cross of a
"t" or the dot of an "i" I imagined forth a good deal of Barnaby by keeping my mind steadily upon him; and am happy to say I have gone to work this morning in good twig, strong hope, and cheerful spirits."

Another complete contrast between Dickens and Zola suggests how great a difference there may be in the degree of elaboration which different authors find it worth their while to give a scenario. Zola's scenario is longer than his book. Dickens, when he made a scenario, wrote only a few suggestive lines for each chapter. One author may waste his energies and tie his own hands by preparing a scenario that affords no scope for the development which the tale will take under his hands; and another lose time by constructing a scenario inadequate for his needs, so that he is compelled to recommence inventing his tale when he wants to be writing it. A writer ought to know exactly what form of scenario is most helpful to himself. A little attention to his own experiences would always show him how to construct it.

That naturally next suggests the question of rapidity of composition. Rapid work is generally successful work. Hurried work is never rapid work. Any attempt to hurry invariably results in the composition dragging and everything going wrong. On the contrary, composition that flows out rapidly of itself is ordinarily a man's best work. "The works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity. . . . the parts in which I have come off feebly were by much the more labour'd," says Sir Walter Scott. "Slowness of production," wrote Eugène Delacroix, "is a blot upon the talent of the artist. It leaves a stamp of fatigue." Now, no phenomenon of literary work is so remarkable as the astonishing speed at which literary work can be done, at which some of the most remarkable literary work in the world has been done. Does it not follow that a man, who discovers something perpetually standing in the way of his getting on with his work, is probably pursuing a mistaken method, one perhaps congenial to another man, but fatal to himself. He has not yet discovered the circumstances under which he does his best work. Many writers, for instance, never find a rapid flow of composition possible until after they have been writing for an hour or two. Dickens mentions this peculiarity. "I worked pretty well last night, but I have four slips to write to complete the chapter; and, as I foolishly left them till this morning, have the steam to get up afresh." Suppose that a man who had thus "to get up steam" thought that he could write easily and without fatigue by "doing a little every day," then he would never reach the point where, in his case, the real flow of spirits and invention commenced.

Connected with this difficulty of "getting up the steam" may be the indisposition some men feel to set to work. Others start with a real zest. Perhaps these do not have to get up steam. But many can certainly echo De Balzac's Je m'y mets avec désespoir. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the reluctance such men feel to beginning. When this is the case an author should certainly discover what is, in his case, the best method of dealing with this dislike to going to work.

Another question there is of a very different kind. An ancient adage runs, "Tailors and writers must follow the fashion." The highest work will always lead the fashion rather than follow it; but failures are occasioned by insufficient attention to what people desire to read, and it is possible for an author, annoyed by ill-success, to turn his attention to writing rather what is popular than what his own feelings prompt him to write. It would be most valuable to him to observe the results of his experiment. More is involved than at first sight appears in a consequent success or failure. He may find that it was a mistake to quit a speciality that suited him. He may discover that he has a much greater versatility than he suspected himself of possessing. He may even desire a path leading to successes never previously obtained because the direction in which they lay had escaped his observation.

This is touching up on a few salient points alone. Only in the cases mentioned would it be possible to overrate the value to the author of knowing the circumstances in which he could reckon upon doing his best work.

HENRY CRESSWELL.

THE VALUE OF A NOVEL.

THE following case is reported, as follows, in the Daily Chronicle for Feb. 17:

Yesterday, in the Westminster County Court, the case of Johnson v. Dickens came before his Honour Judge Lumley Smith, Q.C., and was a claim in formâ pauperis for £50, as damages for the loss of MS. The plaintiff said that in 1888 he was at the house of Mr. John Dickens, at Streatham, and he asked him to write a story, which he sent to the defendant's place of business in the Strand, and was told a cheque would be forwarded, but he was afterwards informed that the story had been destroyed. He therefore claimed £50 for the damage. He had published many books, "Fairy Tales" in 1869, and others. Plaintiff said this was a large volume novel, and he was a well-known author. His Honour: But "Paradise Lost" was sold for £15, was it not? Plaintiff: But Black gets £1000 for a
short novel, and reserves to himself the copyright. I have had £10 a week for thirteen weeks from the London Journal. Defendant said he never saw the story, and was not a member of the firm now. His Honour: I think £2 will pay you well. Defendant: But I am not liable. His Honour: £2 will not hurt you. (Laughter.) Judgment for the plaintiff for £2.

If this case is accurately reported, and there is no reason for believing the contrary, it is a most extraordinary and wonderful case. The author sues in formâ pauperis (thus keeping up the glorious traditions of the literary profession) for the sum of £50 as damages for the loss of a MS.

Very good. He said that he was at the house of Mr. John Dicks in 1888, and was by him invited to write a story for him, i.e., one supposes for one of his papers. Here come one or two questions: (1) Was he asked to write a story without specification of length or subject? (2) Was his story to be sent in on approval, or was the author’s reputation taken as a guarantee of good work? (3) What price was proposed by the publisher? (4) What price did the author’s stories usually command, i.e., what was he accustomed to receive? (5) Would the author name some of his stories, and mention what prices he received for them? (6) Was Mr. John Dicks authorised to invite novelists in the name of the firm or company?

These questions, observe, are not hostile to either party; they are only necessary to get at the truth. The plaintiff then said that he was promised when he delivered the story that a cheque should be sent. What was the amount he was to get by that cheque? It does not appear. He was then told that the MS. had been destroyed. How? By fire! If so it would be arguable whether the firm was liable. Also it might be arguable whether the firm was liable. Accidently? Also it might be arguable whether the firm was liable. He assessed his own damages at £50, and said it was a “large volume novel.” What is a “large volume novel”? Is it a three-volume novel, or one of the average length of a three-volume novel, which is about 180,000 words?

The defendant said that he had never seen the story; that he was not a member of the firm; and that he was not liable. If a man is allowed to leave a firm in which he has been a partner, is he still liable to that firm’s engagements? Then the judge, after some irrelevance about “Paradise Lost,” ordered the defendant to pay £2! Now, either the defendant was liable or he was not. If he was not, why should he pay anything? If he was, he ought to have paid the value of the work, calculate the value of other works by the same author. As it is, the author appears to have been insulted, and the publisher appears to have been fined. One more question ought to have been asked, Why did the author wait for seven years before bringing his claim?

ON SELLING A BOOK OUTRIGHT.

THIS is a method which has one or two obvious advantages. It gives the author what he very likely wants, a sum of money down; and it relieves him of any anxiety about the commercial success of his book. On the other hand, it sometimes makes him part with a very valuable copyright for a song; and it tempts him to spend at once what should be spread over a term of years, viz., the whole life of his book. Most of the miseries of authors have been due to their regarding as income the lump sum obtained by selling the work of years. When, however, an author wishes to sell his book outright, or a publisher wishes to buy it, there are certain obvious considerations. To capitalise an author’s interest in his book should be conducted, as in every piece of business, with due regard to the probable, or the certain, results of the book. For instance, to buy a book of an author for a sum of money not one-tenth of what it will produce, as the purchasers know, but the author does not know, is very commonly done.

The following figures will show some of the points to be considered: We take our old friend the 6s. volume. It costs, we will say, 1s. a copy to produce. It is sold to the trade at 3s. 7½d.; the author on a 20 per cent. royalty would receive about 1s. 2½d. a copy; the publisher about 1s. 5d.

If an author sells his book for a certain sum, what amount of sales would that cover?

Say he takes £50, that would cover royalties representing a sale of 825 copies.
Say he takes £100, that would cover royalties representing a sale of 1650 copies.
Say he takes £400, that would cover royalties representing a sale of 3400 copies.

If, on the other hand, there is a certainty that the book will sell so many copies as a minimum, and a probability that it will sell so many more, the sum to be paid must represent that minimum first and the probability next; and, of course, in such a transaction there is always the element of chance on both sides, so that one may give too much—of which we seldom hear—and the other may get too little, of which we often hear.
THE AUTHOR.

In making any such calculation or bargain as the above one must remember that the old-fashioned half-profit system still lingers as a rough-and-ready recognised method of apportioning the returns. Without accepting it formally, one may take it as a basis.

The purchase of a book for a small sum, either knowing that it is going to prove a certain property or in the well-founded hope that it will do so, is a very important secret in the art of getting rich by the labour and brains of other people. Readers of the Author will remember how the venerable and religious Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was proved to be in possession of this important secret, and how its righteous committee used the secret in a manner truly Christian by purchasing for £12, £20, £25, books which ran into thousands upon thousands.

Let us take another case—a book sold for 3s. 6d. costing, in quantities, about 8d. a copy. As a rule it would be less.

The author receives, say, £20, £25, or £30. The book is sold for 2s., which leaves a profit of 18.4d. For the price of £20 means a royalty of 7d. for a sale of ................................. 700 copies.

£25 means a royalty of 7d. for a sale of 850 copies.

£30 means a royalty of 7d. for a sale of ........................................... 1100 copies.

After which the publisher has the whole future proceeds of the book for himself.

BOOK TALK.

Susceptible authors will doubtless appreciate the following extract from Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography: " "I do not very highly respect reviews, nor like to write them; for the simple reason that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the author understands his subject better than the reviewer. It can hardly be otherwise while the author treats one subject, to his study of which his book itself is a strong testimony; whereas the reviewer is expected to pass from topic to topic to any extent, pronouncing, out of his brief survey, on the results of deep and protracted study. Of all the many reviews of my books on America and Egypt there was not, as far as I know, one which did not betray ignorance of the respective countries. And, on the other hand, there is no book, except a very few which have appeared on my own particular subjects, that I could venture to pronounce on; as, in every other case, I feel myself compelled to approach a book as a learner, and not as a judge. This is the same thing as saying that reviewing, in the wholesale way in which it is done in our time, is a radically vicious practise; and such is indeed my opinion. I am glad to see scientific men, and men of erudition, and true connoisseurs in Art, examining what has been done in their respective departments; and everybody is glad of good essays, whether they appear in books called Reviews, or elsewhere. But of the reviews of our day, properly so-called, the vast majority must be worthless, because the reviewer knows less than the author of the matter in hand."

The sixth volume of the fifth edition of "Chitty's Statutes of Practical Utility," which is being published in about twelve volumes by Sweet and Maxwell Limited and Stevens and Sons Limited, under the editorship of Mr. J. M. Lely, has just appeared. The arrangement of the statutes is in alphabetical and chronological order, under about 200 titles, such as "Act of Parliament," "Adulteration," "Copyright," "Death Duties," "Intoxicating Liquors," "Local Government," "Poor," "Water," and the like. Each title is prefaced by a separate table of contents, and so are many of the particular Acts. The foot-notes give the effect of or reference to decided cases and statutory rules. The final volume will contain a chronological table of the statutes printed in the work, an alphabetical table of short and popular titles of statutes, and a "general index," in the compilation of which Mr. Ormsby will assist. Assistance in the annotation has been given by Mr. Craies as to the Metropolitan Acts, the Local Government Act 1894, and other subjects; by Mr. Mundahl as to the Extradition Acts; by Mr. W. A. Peck as to the Conveyancing Acts, the Settled Lands Acts, and the Trustee Acts; by Mr. Pulling as to the Merchant Shipping Act; and Mr. Simey as to the Factors Act and Highway Acts. The price of the whole work to subscribers was six guineas, but the price is now one guinea per volume.

"A Mountain Path" is the title of a book by Mr. John A. Hamilton (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. Price 3s. 6d.). It is a collection of parables, fables, and talks about natural things which have already appeared in periodicals. The author states that the only aim in writing this book was to foster natural piety in children.

"Walter Inglisfield" is publishing through Messrs. Sonnenschein a new volume of verse.

Miss F. F. Monterson has produced (Hutchinson and Co.) her new work, "Into the Highways and Hedges."
THE AUTHOR.

Mrs. Cliffe’s translation of Longuardi’s poems is about to appear in a second edition.

Byrne’s story called “A Fragment,” together with his Parliamentary speeches, is published in the fifth volume of the Tauchnitz edition of his complete works.

In recognition of his numerous historical articles that have appeared in the magazines and reviews, but perhaps more especially for his important contribution to fourteenth and fifteenth century history, the volume entitled “A Forgotten Great Englishman,” Mr. James Baker, the author, has just been elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. He is at present travelling in Egypt, from whence he is writing a series of articles on that country.

Miss Margaret Cross has completed a new novel, which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish next month. It is called “Newly Fashioned,” and it will have on its title-page the suggestive motto,

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Into a fairer form.

Mr. William Tirebuck’s new story, “Miss Grace of All Souls,” will be published by Heinemann and Co. in the spring. It is dedicated to the author’s brother, the Rev. Thomas Tirebuck, of Birmingham. The arrangements were concluded by the Authors’ Syndicate.

Mr. Basil Thomson’s “Diversions of a Prime Minister” (Blackwood and Sons). The Prime Minister is Mr. Thomson himself, and the realm which he administered was the island of Tonga.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish this month a novel in one volume called “The Grasshopper.” It is by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, who under the name of Mrs. Andrew Dean has contributed several stories to the Pseudonym Library.

“His Egyptian Wife,” a novel by Hilton Hill, will be issued in March by Digby, Long and Co. The book will be published simultaneously in New York and London.

“Consience makes the Martyr,” by S. M. Crawley Boevey is published by Mr. Arrowsmith, and has been kindly criticised by the Literary World, The Academy, and other papers.

The Authors’ Syndicate has arranged for the publication of Mr. John Lloyd Warden Page’s new book, “The Coasts of Devon and Lundy Island,” through Mr. Horace Cox. The volume will be profusely illustrated.

M. Dim. Vikelas, the eminent novelist, is the president of the International Committee of the Olympic games to be held at Athens from April 5th to 15th, 1896. The official programme of the games is now in type.

Mr. Gladstone, the inexhaustible, is ready with another volume—his edition of the Psalter, to be published in Europe and America immediately. He contributes a concordance and a condensed commentary.

Mr. Balfour’s book on “The Foundations of Belief” has undoubtedly been the book of the past month. As usual, someone has turned up to accuse the writer of having stolen his ideas. This time it is Dr. Beattie Crozier, who publishes his plaint in the Chronicle.

Sir Benjamin Richardson has confided to a contemporary not only that he possesses a number of sketches and jottings made by Cruikshank for his own biography, but that he also hopes some day to write this hitherto neglected book, and embody his valuable material.

It is hard reading for authors whose manuscripts are returned to read that there are quite a number in the habit of declining publisher’s invitations. A contemporary says that Mrs. J. R. Green, for instance, is unable to do any literary work for at least four years; while Dr. Jessop is said to have mortgaged the next six years. Mr. Stanley Weyman, we believe, has gone for a year’s holiday, during which he refuses to work; while Mr. S. R. Crockett has contracts signed, sealed, and delivered for all the work that he can possibly produce during the present century.

The Westminster Gazette wishes to know what has become of the Life of Adam Smith, by Mr. Leonard Courtney, and that of Bishop Berkeley, by professor Huxley. To these might be added a number of bookly promises not performed. For instance, first and foremost, where is Mr. John Morley’s Life of John Stuart Mill? Second, where is the long expected and greatly desired Life of John Delane of the Times? Third, where is Lord Rowton’s Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield?

Professor Rhys Davids, upon whose pension from the Civil List such a bitter attack was made in Parliament, has been delivering a course of lectures called “The Literature and Religion of India,” at Harvard and John Hopkins Universities, in the United States, and Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish them simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic under the above title.

Messrs. Osgood will begin the publication of the collected works of Mr. Thomas Hardy in a few weeks with “Tess.” The volumes will be monthly, and the second will be “Far from the Madding Crowd.”
THE AUTHOR.

The following interesting series of impromptu dedications written by Stevenson in a set of his works given to his American physician, Dr. Trudeau have appeared in the New York Book-buyer.

"A Child's Garden of Verses."
To win your lady (if, alas! it may be)
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

"Treasure Island."
I could not choose a patron for each one:
But this perhaps is chiefly for your son.

"Kidnapped."
—Here is the one sound page of all my writing,
The one I'm proud of, and that I delight in.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
Trudeau was all the winter at my side:
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

"Underwoods."
Some day or other ('tis a general curse)
The wisest author stumbles into verse.

"The Dynamiter."
As both my wife and I composed the thing,
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

"Memories and Portraits."
Greeting to all your household, small and big,
In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!

"The Merry Men."
If just to read the tale you should be able,
I would not bother to make out the fable.

"Travels with a Donkey."
It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered—
Which was the Donkey? I have often wondered!

"Prince Otto."
This is my only love tale, this Prince Otto,
Which some folks like to read, and others not to.

"Memoir of Fleming Jenkin."
The preface mighty happy to get back
To its inclement birthplace, Saranac!

"Familiar Studies of Men and Books."
My other works are of a slighter kind;
Here is the party to improve your Mind!

VIRGINIUS FURRIQUE.
I have no art to please a lady's mind.
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot.
If you'd just try this volume, 'twould be kind!

Mr. Le Gallienne's name is prominent among the announcements of new books. His "Book-Bills of Narcissus," the first and, perhaps, the most charming book he has written, has just been published in an enlarged edition, and a new edition of his "English Poems" is to be issued immediately. Besides these a new volume of verses called "Robert Louis Stevenson: an Elegy; and Other Poems, Mainly Personal," and a collection of odds and ends of literary criticism entitled "Retrospective Reviews: a Literary Log," are announced. Mr. Lane is, of course, the publisher.

The next volume in Arrowsmith's Bristol Library will be "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts: by Railroad and River," told by himself and chronicled by Mr. Richard Morton. It is to be an anecdotal biography of the famous burlesque actor.

The forthcoming season promises to be specially rich in biographies. For instance, Mr. John Rae's "Life of Adam Smith," a "Biography of Sir John Drummond Hay," for forty years our Representative in Morocco," by his daughters; a "Life of George Borrow," by Professor Knapp, of Chicago; a "Biography of Dr. Holmes," by Mr. John T. Morse, jun.; "Reminiscences of Richard Cobden," by Mrs. Schwabe, with a preface by Lord Farrer; the "Life of Sir Samuel Baker;" and Mr. Leslie Stephen's Memoirs of his brother, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen.

Mudie's Library is said to have refused Mr. Arthur Machen's book, "The Great God Pan."

Mr. Fisher Unwin, who publishes already half-a-dozen "libraries" or series of books, announces yet another, with the comparatively commonplace title of "The Half-Crown Series." Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Diana's Hunting" will be the first, and Mrs. Rita L. Humphreys—who is best known by her Christian name—the second, called "A Gender in Satin."

It seems strange that Mr. Stanley should have waited so long before giving the world an account of "My Early Travels and Adventures." Much of this book has never been reprinted from the newspapers to which it was originally contributed, and part of it is entirely new. It will be concerned with Indian warfare in America and the tragic end of General Custer, who was outmanoeuvred and killed by Sitting Bull; the early history of the Suez Canal; and the exploration of Palestine, Persia, the Caucasus, and Armenia. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. will issue the book about Easter.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have hit upon an idea for an important series of books, to be entitled the "Century Science" series, of which Sir Henry Roscoe is the editor. The first, to be published immediately, will be by the editor himself, and called "John Dalton and the Rise of Modern Chemistry." It will be followed by "The Rise of English Geography," by Mr. Clements R. Markham, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Two new reprints of standard authors are just making their appearance. The first is Messrs. J. M. Dent's complete edition of Defoe, in sixteen volumes, with editorial notes and illustrations,
produced in the delightful style to which this
firm has accustomed us. The series costs 2s. 6d.
a volume, net, and will be completed by October.
The second reprint is the new edition of George
Eliot's works, which Messrs. Blackwood will issue.
It is to be known as the "Standard" edition, and
to consist of twenty-one volumes, also at 2s. 6d.
"Adam Bede" is to appear at once in two
volumes, and "The Mill on the Floss" will
follow.

The star of Ouida does not shine so brightly as
it once did. Perhaps her forthcoming book,
which Messrs. Methuen announce, will win her
back something of the public approval which
seems rather unjustly to have left her. The titles
of some of its articles—such as "The Failure of
Christianity," "The Sins of Society," "Some
Fallacies of Science," "The State as an Immoral
Factor," and "The Penalties of a Well-known
Name"—promise, however, more polemics than
entertainment.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has been a devoted
contributor to the magazines, and lecturer before
playgoing societies, on theatrical topics. No
doubt his forthcoming book, "The Renascence
of the English Drama," to be published immediately
by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., is a reprint of these.
Mr. Jones's plays are of varying interest, but his opinions, whether expressed on
the stage, the page, or the platform, are always
original and interesting—as Matthew Arnold
found when he was captivated by "Saints and
Sinners."

Three new monthly magazines have to be
chronicled as the month's contribution to the
flowing tide of periodical literature. First,
London Home, an obvious competitor to the
Strand Magazine, at half the price, edited by
Mr. Ralph Caine, and published by Horace Cox.
Second, On Watch, edited by Mr. Herbert
Russell, the son of Mr. Clark Russell, and pub-
lished by Sampson Low at 6d., is to be entirely
given up to naval subjects and news. Third,
Messrs. Chapman and Hall are about to join the
ranks of publishers who have magazines of their
own, and announce, for publication in May,
Chapman's Magazine, a 6d. monthly, to be
edited by Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, the chairman of
Chapman and Hall Limited. Besides these, the
indefatigable Mr. Shorter has issued during the
past month the Album, a 6d. weekly collection of
photographs; and he is about to launch still
another illustrated weekly, devoted entirely to
sport.

A new series called "The Northern Library" is
announced by Mr. Nutt. Among the early
volumes to appear will be "The Saga of King
Olaf Tryggwason," translated by the Rev. John
Sephton; "The Ambales Saga," edited and
translated by Mr. Israel Gollancz; and "The
Faereyinga Saga," translated by Mr. F. York
Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at
Oxford.

Two books by Colonel Reginald Hart, Director
of Military Education in India, entitled "Refl-
lections on the Art of War," and "Sanitation and
Health," have just been published by Messrs.
W. Clowes and Sons Limited. They have both
been very well reviewed.

Messrs. Dent and Co. will shortly issue a
revised and illustrated edition of Mrs. Alford
Baldwin's "Story of a Marriage."

"A Year of Sport and Natural History," edited
by Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., has just been
published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is
composed of a series of natural history articles
that were issued in Black and White. The work
is beautifully illustrated, and is in every way
first class.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—"Editions."

The announcement in the last number of the
Author that Pierre Loti's new book bears on
the title page the legend of its being the
"twenty-eighth edition," though, in fact, the work
is not yet issued to the public, raises the old ques-
tion of what is an "edition;" whether it is worth
the publisher's while to continue such literary
fictions as "second edition," "third edition"—or
even "twenty-eighth edition?" An "edition"
may mean any number of copies from 50 to
50,000. At one time it meant that the volume
had been reprinted a specified number of times,
and was therefore some guarantee that the book
was not only in good demand, but had received
the author's latest corrections; in fact, what is
now termed a "new edition." In a day of
universal printing from stereos, this is no longer
the case, even with technical treatises. In short,
this numbering of "edition," is little better than
a transparent fraud on the less sophisticated part
of the publishers' public. By a sort of vague
understanding, never reduced to any protocol,
and therefore never acted upon, an "edition"
was supposed to be 1000 copies, though why sales
need have been counted in this rather cumbersome
fashion it is rather difficult to understand. If it
is allowable to estimate the merits of a book by its
sale, would it not be more in accordance with reason,
not to say common honesty, to intimate that the
booksellers have taken 500, 800, 1500, to 5000, or whatever may be the numerical expression of their confidence in the selling value of the author's name? But even then this does not quite meet the merits of the case. There are, as poor authors sometimes learn on settling up accounts with the modern Sosius, such things as "sale or return," which enable them to discount the inflated announcements about the number of copies ordered "by the trade" or which have been subscribed for in the advertising enthusiasm of Mr. So and So's annual dinner. Pierre Loti's twenty-eighth-edition-in-anticipation is no doubt perfectly justified by experience. But what is to be said of the minor novelist who prints at least three "editions" at the same time, though actually the total number of copies may be counted by hundreds? On the other hand, it would not be difficult to point to popular books which sell by the thousand, without the publishers thinking it necessary to stimulate the flagging zeal of the public by announcements which, at best, are meaningless, and at worst might be characterised by a word not to be whispered where the dealings of such honourable men as the purveyors of literature are concerned.

II.—A Defence of Rustic Reading.

I think your contributor who speaks of village reading is dealing with what was the case thirty or forty years ago, rather than at the present time. I have had the means of knowing a good deal of what is the course of literature in an average south country parish, in great part agricultural, but not far from a large railway station.

A man who acts as agent for a local weekly paper, and is also clerk to the parish council, and secretary to the village club and reading room, tells me that there are not above a dozen houses where a newspaper of some sort is not taken in, either Lloyd's or a local one; and I have certainly found even the elder children at the schools aware of public events.

There is a centre in the county which lends out books to village reading rooms, and for the last six or eight years this has kept up a constant exchange of biography, travels, good novels, and tales of adventure. Marryatt, Kingston, Mayne Reid, Harrison Ainsworth are favourites with the younger men and lads, and they read eagerly any tale of seafaring life.

There are besides, two lending libraries, chiefly for the women and children, but that the men also read the books is shown by the inquiries for print large enough for father. I know from the reports of a society for which I am the literary associate, that most parishes have likewise good libraries, generally well resorted to. The women also are apt to obtain books of the penny dreadful order, of course on their own account.

"Fox's Book of Martyrs" is often to be met with, generally an inheritance; and the two books that all have heard of and wish to read are the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," but I cannot think that the writer of "Rustic Reading" can really know John Bunyan's great classic if he thinks it likely to terrify children into the way of virtue. It generally contains only one illustration at all alarming.

I doubt, too, whether he can be familiar with parish magazines. The two most popular ones, The Banner of Faith and the Church Monthly, certainly contain tales and papers that do not deserve the term mawkish. Perhaps I may also observe that the nickname Hodge is one that greatly displeases both the peasant and all that are interested in him.

C. M. Y.

III.—Literature in Russia.

The new young Tsar, Nicholas II., apparently holds men of letters in high esteem, and is capable of estimating the true worth of their efforts for the dissemination of knowledge among the classes through the medium of the press and other channels, he having granted a sum of £50,000 (500,000 roubles) to be paid out of the exchequer for the formation of a special fund to relieve journalists, authors, and others engaged in literature, in distress, and to permanently provide for their widows and orphans at death. A grand and general burst of joy and jubilation went forth from the United Russian Press at the reception of the glad news, as ever industrious pressmen is now sure that, when the breadwinner is removed, his wife and family will not be left to starve. The Russian Emperor has truly set a noble example, which might with advantage be emulated by our Government.

Count Leo Tolstoi has completed a new work entitled "Master and Servant." It will make its appearance in the columns of the Northern Gazette in the course of a month or so. A few details of the everyday life of this veteran writer may be of interest to the readers of the Author. When I visited him at Yasauja Poliana, on his own estate, I was very hospitably entertained by him and his family, and shall never forget the kindness shown me. Count Tolstoi is a teetotaler, a strict vegetarian, and a non-smoker. He invariably rises at 8 a.m., and, after partaking of a cup of coffee, adjourns to his study, a sparsely furnished room, which he tidies up and dusts.
himself, as no abigail is allowed to enter its sacred precincts, where he writes until ten. He then takes his constitutional, returning for lunch about twelve. The bill of fare during my stay was boiled millet, cabbage sprouts, cauliflower, and stewed apples and plums. Lunch ended, he enjoys a snooze. An hour later he is hard at work again in his sanctum. At six he dines of much the same fare as at lunch. His family are not all vegetarians and teetotlers; in fact, the countess, his wife, strongly disapproves of his ascetic habits, and takes no trouble to conceal her dislike of them. The count sometimes mows the grass, but he has given up tilling the ground, as his medical advisers have forbidden over exertion as dangerous in the weak state and poor action of his heart. Coffee has also been proscribed, and he is gradually weaning himself from its use. The count is still hale and hearty, and when he can take “Shank’s pony” to Moscow and back without feeling any evil effects from his pedestrian feat, one is inclined to prophesy a good lease of life yet for the great novelist. He has crossed the span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist, and now stands on the threshold of the outside limit, which can only be attained by reason of strength.

Odessa, 27 Feb. 8. W. ADDISON.

IV.—A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

I notice in the report of the Committee of Management for the year ending in January, a statement to the effect that writers have joined the Society when in difficulty, and upon being released from their difficulty, at possibly both trouble and expense to the Society, they have then resigned their membership. An instance is also cited in the Author for the current month of a writer, who, under such circumstances, became a member, his obligation to the Society being £15 at the time of his resignation against a set-off of one guinea entrance fee. I, for one, most strongly protest against such an abuse being permissible a second time, and consider that in justice to the Society we should protect ourselves against such vampires, who would only cripple its interests and usefulness. Cannot a resolution be passed rendering any member abusing an advantage of the Society ineligible for re-election? ANNIE Bradshaw.

Feb. 16.

VI.—AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

I have read with interest the letter from the Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors in the issue of the Athenaeum of 23rd Feb. It is evident from the statement of facts that it would have been impossible for the Society to support such a case. I have no doubt its decision will strengthen the Society’s hands. The judicial manner in which you have acted throughout will, I am sure, very much strengthen the feeling of confidence which members of the Society have in your judgment and discretion. I think that you have been largely instrumental in preventing the Society from drifting into aimless and inutile litigation. A WELL-WISHER.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

THE Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWMG THE AGREEMENT. — It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS. — In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS. — Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the committee the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT. — Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS. — Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION. — Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS. — 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.

8. FUTURE WORK. — Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK. — Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS. — Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS. — Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSIO OF COPYRIGHT. — Never sign any agreement in which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS. — Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4. PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice...
sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and generally relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding for a term of years. Let them ask themselves if they were honest 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble
of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

THE COMMITTEE.

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, the author of "Real Japan," "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" (just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin), and other books, and the literary editor of the Daily Chronicle, has been appointed to the committee and council of the Society. By Mr. Norman's election the last vacancy on the committee for the current year is filled.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

The Dominion Government have ceased the collection through the Customs of the 12½ per cent. royalty on reprints of British copyright works brought into Canada, which has been collected hitherto for the benefit of the authors. The Tariff Act passed last season provided for the discontinuance of the collection of the royalty from March 27 of this year, in order to emphasise Canada's claim to exclusive jurisdiction in the Dominion regarding copyright.—Standard, April 2.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Your issue of Feb. 26, containing the letter of Mr. W. M. Conway on Canadian copyright, has just been received here, and I must ask the favour of a reply thereto.

Mr. Conway overlooks several important points which entirely destroys the force of his arguments.

First, the geographical position of Canada, side by side as it is with the United States.

Second, that, should the English author fail to publish in the United States before or simultaneously with publication elsewhere, he loses copyright there, and any United States publisher can reprint the book without payment of any royalty whatever, and send the book into Canada unless it is copyrighted here. Under the Canadian Act, on the other hand, the author has thirty days after publication elsewhere in which to publish in Canada, and thereby secure exclusive copyright.

Third, to secure copyright in the United States the author must actually have the type set up within the United States, The Canadian law, on the other hand, specially permits the importation of plates into Canada free of duty.

If the English author refuses or neglects to secure copyright in the United States, he loses all rights there. But not so in Canada, for the Canadian Act provides that any publisher here wishing to reprint any such book must first give security for the payment of a royalty of 10 per cent. for the benefit of the author.

It will be seen, then, that the Canadian Act grants valuable concessions to the English author which concessions are denied him in the United States.

Mr. Conway repeats the statement that if the Canadian Bill becomes law Canadian reprints will inevitably flood the United States market. I think I can show Mr. Conway, and those who think as he does, that this statement has no foundation in fact. Section 4956 of the United States Copyright Act reads:—"During the existence of such copyright (in the United States) the importation into the United States of any book, chromo, or photograph, so copyrighted, or any edition or editions thereof . . . shall be and it is hereby prohibited." Section 4965 of the same Act provides the penalty for the infringement of the foregoing provision. The United States copyright owners are therefore fully protected, and in the face of these provisions of the United States Act it will be worse than folly to continue to assert that Canadian reprints would or could flood the United States market.

Mr. Walter Besant's new book, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," furnishes an apt illustration in point. Mr. Besant's book is issued in London at 6s. It is copyrighted in the United States, and is issued there at 1 dol. 50 cents. The British copyright owners have, however, issued a special cheap edition for the Canadian market, and Mr. Besant may rest assured that this special Canadian edition (which was printed in London and is now selling in Canada for 75 cents a copy) will not flood the United States market, for the very excel-
lent reason that the United States copyright owner is fully protected, as the United States copyright law prohibits the importation and sale of unauthorised editions in the United States. So with "The Ralstons," Mr. Marion Crawford's recent novel, which is published in London at 12s. It is copyrighted in the United States, and sells there for 2 dols. The British copyright owner has printed in London a special cheap edition, which is sold in Canada for 75 cents a copy; yet the United States market is not being flooded with this cheap edition, although it is published at less than one-half the price of the United States edition, as the United States law prevents any such action. Did space permit, scores of similar cases could be given, and it can readily be seen that the fear that Canadian editions will flood the United States market is utterly unfounded.

In conclusion, I suggest that our English friends be perfectly fair in statements they make through the Press. Thus, when Mr. Conway says, as he does in his letter, that "Canadian reprints will flood, as they are intended to flood, the United States market," and calls for signatures to a petition asking for disallowance of the Canadian Act on this account as one of the chief grievances, it is an open question whether every signature so secured has not been secured under false pretences, as Canadian reprints cannot flood, nor, above all, was it ever intended that they should flood, the United States market. Canadians resent and protest at such a misleading statement, as it places their case in a false light before the British public.

Richard T. Lancefield, Hon. Secretary
Canadian Copyright Association.
Public Library, Hamilton, March 9.
Times, March 22, 1895.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. R. T. Lancefield, hon. secretary of the Canadian Copyright Association, does not call for a lengthy reply. He contends that I overlook "the geographical position of Canada, side by side as it is with the United States." The fact is that the situation of Canada is the chief cause of our anxiety. If Canada were a country isolated in the midst of others not English speaking, we should regret her action, but it would not be powerfully injurious, for the Canadian market for books is small, and the loss of it, though regrettable, would be no great matter. But if Canada obtains the right to issue cheap unauthorised reprints of the works of English writers, these reprints will be imported into the United States, all laws and customs houses notwithstanding, for Canada's long land frontier cannot be blocked. Tauchnitz reprints find their way through English customs houses in great numbers; how much more must Canadian reprints invade the United States if ever the threatened system were inaugurated.

Mr. Lancefield's further contention that the Canadian proposals would put an English author in a better position in Canada than he is now placed in the United States is specious; but the fact is not material, for the magnitude of the United States market is a compensation which Canada cannot offer. The question is one of cost. It pays to undergo considerable expense to secure the United States market; it would not pay to undergo a much smaller expense to secure the Canadian market. Few books will ever be taken for Canada under the conditions of the new Act. The rest will be robbed of anything worth the name of copyright.

From an author's point of view the situation threatens to become intolerable. Having written his book and secured an English publisher, he already has to hunt up an American publisher also. This takes time. It is proposed that he shall further have to find a Canadian publisher. If all the other parts of the British Empire follow suit, obviously an author's work in arranging with publishers all over the earth and seeing his book through the press in a dozen simultaneous editions will be much greater than his work in writing it.

The only just and sound arrangement is for universal copyright to follow single publication anywhere, and this greatly desired consummation seemed till recently to be coming within the bounds of possibility. Canada's proposed retrograde and particularist action threatens to postpone it indefinitely. Even Mr. Lancefield does not pretend that the Canadian Act is fashioned in the interests of literature, still less in the interests of the authors who make literature, or of the readers that profit by it. The injury is to be wrought solely for the sake of a small body of printers whose profits will be infinitesimal compared with the far-reaching damage they will effect.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. M. Conway, Chairman of Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors.
4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Times, March 24, 1895.

One or two points may be added to those in Mr. Conway's letter.

1. As to the Canadian proposal to retire from the position of civilised states in order to practise piracy openly, he says nothing.
2. As to the flooding of the United States with cheap reprints, he quotes the Act, but neglects to point out how with the enormous undefended frontier it is to be enforced. He then mentions one or two books lately reprinted in Canada which have not been largely exported to the States. Why? Simply because they are published at 75 cents, or 3s. a copy. There is not likely to be any successful piracy at that price.

3. He is still bold enough to parade the old pretence of a royalty. First, it is to be a 10 per cent. royalty—a miserable, iniquitous, and sweating royalty, long since exploded in this country and the States. But, even if it were a fair royalty, what security is there for its collection? None. The Canadian "royalty" has been with us for many years. Once Charles Reade got eighteenpence by it. Mr. W. H. Lecky, the other day, said that he had once obtained over a pound by it. I have never received a farthing from it. In the face of the absence of any machinery for enforcing the payment of the royalty, and for auditing the accounts; and in face of the miserable nature of the royalty offered; to talk of "concessions" to the British author demands, indeed, a brazen front.

Also from the Times of the same date:—

Mr. Lancefield's argument appears to be that because the United States, a foreign power, chooses to impose conditions as to remanufacture of books in America before granting copyright protection to British authors, Canada, which is a part of the British Empire, is justified in attempting to do likewise. He does not pretend that any necessity for this arises from the difficulty of procuring English books in Canada at moderate prices, for he carefully explains that under the present law the works of English authors are offered for sale in the Dominion at lower prices than in Great Britain or the United States. The only apparent reason for seeking to secure the Royal assent to this precious Bill is that it may possibly put a little money into the pockets of a few needy Canadian printers, while it would certainly injure English authors and would probably not benefit Canadian buyers. The logical outcome of such a concession to Canada would be similar legislation in each of the self-governing colonies, with the result that, although fully protected in nearly all foreign countries by the Treaty of Berne, an English author would, if he wished to remain proprietor of his own book, be obliged to provide for the printing of ten or a dozen separate editions. The economic waste of such a monstrous system is positively appalling.

F. M.

March 24.
II.—AN AGREEMENT ON THE COVERT COPYRIGHT BILL.

(Sent to Congress, Feb. 27.)

At a conference comprising representatives of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the American Publishers' Copyright League, and the American (Authors') Copyright League, held in New York, Feb. 21, 1895, the following substitute for the proviso of the Covert Bill was unanimously agreed upon:

"Provided, however, that in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a photograph made from any object not a work of the fine arts, the sum to be recovered in any action brought under the provisions of this section shall be not less than 100 dollars, nor more than 5000 dollars; and provided, further, that in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a painting, drawing, statue, engraving, etching, print, or model or design for a work of the fine arts, or in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a work of the fine arts, the sum to be recovered in any such action shall be not less than 250 dollars, and not more than 10,000 dollars."

This substitute is acceptable also to leading art publishers and photographers. It will relieve the newspapers of excessive penalties without endangering the security of copyright property. In behalf of the three above-mentioned national organisations, we respectfully request your support to the effort to pass the Bill, as thus amended, at the present session by unanimous consent.

W. C. BRYANT,
Secretary, A.N.P.A.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM,
Secretary, A.P.C.L.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Secretary, A.C.L.

III.—ON SELLING A BOOK OUTRIGHT.

A "Publisher," writing to the Athenaeum, calls upon the writer of the article with the above title to "state publicly" in the Athenaeum "what sort of book" he refers to as a 6s. book which can be produced at 1s. a copy, or a 3s. 6d. book which can be produced at 8½d. I would point out to this "Publisher" that it is not customary to call upon the writer of an article in one paper to explain himself in another, and that a statement made in the Author is as "publicly" made as in the Athenaeum. As he reads the Author, however, I will answer him here. If he will refer to the "Cost of Production," a copy of which he doubtless possesses, he will find estimates showing exactly the kind of book meant. It is so clearly described as to leave no doubt possible. (Note that on p. 28 and on p. 34 there is a misprint of 5s. for 6s.) Since this pamphlet was printed, binding has gone up about 15 per cent., and composition has slightly advanced, but paper has gone down. From these estimates it is evident that a 6s. book printed in quantities may cost a good deal less than 1s. a copy. As regards a 3s. 6d. book, the average book of that price was in the writer's mind, viz., such a story book for boys and girls, as printed in large editions, certainly does not cost more than 8½d. a volume. But in the "Cost of Production," p. 34, it is shown that actually a long novel issued in a large edition would cost no more than four-fifths of a shilling per copy.

The "Publisher" wants to include advertising in the "cost of production." Certainly not; for the simple reason that by including it the cost may be made anything. By charging whatever the publisher pleases for advertising as often as he pleases in his own organ, which costs him nothing; for advertising by exchange, which costs him nothing; by suppressing large discounts received from certain papers; he can load the actual cost of the book indefinitely. Let us not forget the case quoted some time since in the Author, where a demand was made for £30 odd for advertisements; and where the author's adviser offered to pay only whatever money had been actually expended. The amount proved to be under £4! A very little book was thus alleged to have cost £26 more than it actually did by thus swelling the advertisements! The amount actually spent for advertising—not, of course, counting a successful novel—is in general very little, except in the rare case of a book which will "bear" it. An ordinary book, calculated to obtain at the best a circulation sufficient to pay its expenses, and a modest something over, cannot possibly, as the smallest knowledge of the figures will show, have a very large sum
spent upon announcing it. The reason may well be understood when it is known that the expenditure of £20—which seems little—in advertising an edition of 1000 copies actually means the addition of nearly 5d. a copy on the cost of production. We will add the advertising to the cost of production as soon as we know that the actual money honestly spent, and no more, is to be charged. To these considerations may be added the fact that publishing firms differ from each other in no respect more than in the money they spend on advertising and in the organs in which they spend it.

THE WRITER ON THE ARTICLE.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

THE annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund was held yesterday afternoon at 7, Adelphi-terrace. The chair was taken by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, one of the vice-presidents, and there were present Mr. F. W. Gibbs, C.B., Q.C., Mr. C. Knight Watson, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. Fraser Rae, Mr. William Stebbing, Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., Mr. F. D. Mocatta, Mr. George Dalziel, Mr. J. H. Grain, Dr. Macaulay, Mr. Thornton Sharp, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Richard Bentley, Mr. F. C. Danvers, Sir William Farrer, Sir B. W. Richardson, and others.

The minutes of the last annual meeting, held last April, having been read and confirmed, Mr. W. J. Courthope read the registrars’ report, which classified the grants awarded in 1894 as follows:—Class I., history and biography, nine grants, £455; class II., science and art, two grants, £40; class III., classical literature and education, seven grants, £485; class IV., archaeology, topography, and travels, six grants, £415; class V., novels and tales, ten grants, £400; class VI., periodical literature, three grants, £120; class VII., miscellaneous, eight grants, £190. The grants varied in amount from £150 to £10. Of the forty-five persons relieved twenty-seven were men to the extent of £1,130, and eighteen women, £975. The total sum invested as appearing in the treasurer’s report amounted to £49,212 16s. 8d., producing an income of £1667 8s. The annual amounts of the grants had varied from ten guineas in 1790, the date of the foundation of the fund, to £3335 in 1883, which was the highest reached. £200 had been invested in Consols, and on Dec. 31 there was a balance in hand of £199.—Times, March 14, 1895.

THE AMERICAN GUILD OF AUTHORS.

THERE lies before us a copy of the tract issued by the American Guild of Authors. It is called “Methods of Publishing.” Four methods are enumerated:

1. The royalty system.
2. That in which the author assumes a share of the cost and receives in return a larger royalty.
3. That in which the author bears the expense and pays the publisher a commission.
4. That in which the publisher buys out the author.

On the first it is simply remarked that it is the fairest plan provided the publisher makes an honest return of the books sold. But nothing is said as to the amount of royalty. What is it to be? Why is it adopted as fair? What does it give the publisher and what the author? We recommend these questions very earnestly to our American friends.

It is afterwards stated that popular authors are now asking for a “graded” royalty—10 per cent. for the first 3000, 15 per cent. up to 15,000 or 20,000, and after that 20 per cent.

Let us see how this kind of “graded” royalty would suit authors on this side. We may take our old friend the six shilling volume, 20 sheets, small pica type, about 258 words to a page. The cost of the first edition of 3000 copies is about £1 each — call it a shilling, that of the following copies is about 10d. a copy. The trade price may be taken as generally 3s. 7½d. The following result would be pretty close to the truth:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Royalty per Cent.</th>
<th>Author receives</th>
<th>Publisher makes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First 3000</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>£90</td>
<td>£303</td>
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<tr>
<td>3000—20,000</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>£160</td>
<td>£1608</td>
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The publisher has to pay for the advertising, say £80.

We are willing to believe that the risk of production is perhaps greater in the States than here, but we are unwilling to believe that the American Guild of Authors desires the publisher to have three times the share of the author.

On the second plan it is customary, it is said, for the author to pay the cost of composition and plates, and for the publisher to pay for printing, binding, and advertising, giving the author a 20 per cent. royalty. But it is complained that the publisher charges more than the real cost.

Then follow two pages devoted to “tricks.” We are unfortunately familiar with them.

The following figures are given as fair prices for printing, &c.:
1. Composition and electro-plate, 12mo. small pica, about 420 words to a page; per page, 1 dol.
2. Paper and presswork, per 1000 copies, 257.56 dols.
3. Binding, at 22 1/2 cents. per volume, 225 dols.
Total cost, 882.56 dols.

The cost per volume would be 882 dols., or 3s. 6d. each. This is enormous compared with the English cost of production. One cannot understand how the business of publishing can be carried on at all against such high figures as these.

A form of agreement, said to be customary, is included in the tract. We refrain from comment upon it in order to avoid a charge of interfering in what is not our business.

The tract contains at the end a list of "Reputable Publishers." We are happy to observe that there are a great many in various parts of America. Suppose, however, that it were discovered that one of them was not quite so reputable as had been believed; a new edition of the tract would have to be struck off with the offender's name removed. Would it not be better that the Society should vouch for no one, leaving, as we do, every house to make its own reputation?

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

Monsieur Marcel Prevost has written an indignant letter to the Paris edition of the New York Herald. He begins by saying: "This is what I read in the New York Recorder of Feb. 21. 'Marcel Prevost's much-discussed novel, 'Les Demi-Virgins,' which will be produced shortly as a play at one of the Paris theatres, has been translated into English by Arthur Hornblow, and will be issued this week by the Holland Publishing Company. I am told that there is plenty of dramatic material in the book for a good play. Here is a golden opportunity for an aspiring dramatist.'

Thus in the first place my 'Les Demi-Vierges' is translated without my authorisation, without any compensation to me for the harm which the translated edition is likely to have on the sale of the original edition; and secondly, young dramatic authors are cynically invited to make their fortunes by dramatising my story. I am sure, dear sir, that you consider such conduct unworthy of a great nation such as the one to which Mr. Hornblow belongs, and that you will assist me in defending my rights, or at least in protesting against this pillage of my work." M. Prevost concludes by saying that he is aware that there is no literary convention between France and America, but neither is there one between France and Russia, or between France and Denmark, yet the publishers both in Denmark and Russia paid him fees for the authorisation to publish translations of "Les Demi-Vierges."

The Herald devotes a leader to the subject of M. Prevost's letter, but I am afraid the indignant author will derive but small comfort from its remarks, which are summed up in the words concluding the article: "Unfortunately, however, there exists no treaty to protect author's rights of this nature, and so long as this defect in our international treaties remains there is no legal remedy. The appeal to public opinion, which M. Marcel Prevost to-day makes through the Herald's columns, is the only step that can be made towards obtaining an adequate redress."

I think this is the first time that a French author has protested in public against the American pirate, and it is to be regretted that the occasion of this first protest should be a book such as Marcel Prevost's "Les Demi-Vierges"—a vile book if ever one was written; and the only interest, to speak frankly, that I take in M. Prevost's case, is in the information it affords as to the best way of creating for oneself with one's pen a success not only national but universal. It is a great pity that these things should be so, but so they are, and the writer of such books can reap rewards which are refused to men of letters who have a respect for their calling and the feeling of the dignity of their pen. "Les Demi-Vierges" went into over 100 editions in France, and has been translated into every European language. It now, according to Monsieur Prevost, is appearing in America, though I do not think that any publisher will care to undertake its publication in England. The moral seems to be that this is the stuff in which the reading public is most widely interested, and Du Maurier's clever cartoon in this week's Punch, depicting a conversation between a lady pornographer and a pornographic publisher is as true to life as are all the scenes depicted by this admirable artist. It is a great pity that these things should be so, for it seems to show that civilisation is not advancing, and it shows further that the sense of human dignity is fading away throughout the world. I may be called a prude, but I declare very frankly that I have no manner of consideration for the writer who speculates on the hoggishness of the majority of readers, and that he is never, in my estimation, a brother author.

I was speaking the other night with a Spanish journalist who has literary ambitions, and I asked him why he never wrote books, for I knew him as
a very clever man, with a wide knowledge of life and a great experience. He said that he could not afford to work for nothing, and then went on to explain that a Spanish author gets no money from a publisher, that consequently there are no Spanish authors, as you and I can well understand. I said, “What, not a peseta?” and he said “Not a peseta.” This is worse than in Russia or Poland, where, I believe, a successful seriously ill, and will be unable to speak at

not afford to work for nothing, and went on to explain that a Spanish author gets no money from a publisher, that consequently there are no Spanish authors, as you and I can well understand. I said, “What, not a peseta?” and he said “Not a peseta.” This is worse than in Russia or Poland, where, I believe, a successful author may look for ten roubles, or even twenty, per sheet of printed matter, that is to say, about £2 for sixteen pages of printed text. We English authors and you French authors are very fortunate men.

Alphonse Daudet has somewhat changed his mind about his intentions in England. He told me that he would accept certain invitations which had been made to him. “But,” he added, “they will have to be content with a bust. A bust is all that I can offer them.” He meant that he cannot appear otherwise than sitting down. It was sitting that our dear master made his memorable speech on the occasion of the De Goncourt banquet.

Monsieur José de Herédia was to have been received into the company of the French Academy next month. This, however, has now been put off, and Monsieur Herédia’s reception will not take place for some months. The reason of this is that Monsieur François Coppée has been seriously ill, and will be unable to speak at Herédia’s reception, as had been arranged.

The reference above to Polish and Russian authors makes me think, and not without a heaviness at heart, of a very sad experience of mine of a few days ago. Some years past I knew in Paris a Russian author. He had been in the Russian army, and was an exile under sentence of death. A very clever man, very well read, and always reading. He starved at ten roubles the sheet, but though he did not often have a dinner, he always could buy books, and the garret in which he lived—the identical garret occupied by Racine in the rue Visconti—was full of them. He used to come and see me, and I loved his conversation. But he had strange habits of in temperance, and in the end I was forced to ask him not to come to see me any more, for riotousness at that time appalled me. A year ago I received, when down in the South, a letter from a sister of charity to say that my old friend was ill and very tired, and could not come to see me, but that my visit would “give him immense pleasure.” I could not go to see him on Thursday, but I went on Friday. The street in which he lived was in a very remote quarter of Paris, and it took an hour in a cab to get there. The door was opened by a beautiful sister of charity in blue. I said, “You have a Monsieur here?” She said, “Yes,” and then added, quite simply, “He died one hour ago.” Then she pressed me to come and see him. “He looks quite nice,” she said, and she spoke of death, as it should be spoken of, as the great desideratum of life. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and followed her to the poor little room in this Polish house of refuge, and there I saw my old friend, with a table by the bedside, and on the table a crucifix and two burning candles. He had been a big, riotous man in the old days, and there he was, so pinched and peaked that his form hardly raised the covers of the bed. It was a terrible meeting, and though the sister wanted me to stay and kneel down I ran from the room. I have thought of nothing since, and I do not think that anything I have ever seen in life more deeply affected me. His poor fingers were stained with ink, and there was an unfinished manuscript on the chest of drawers. No doubt, the sister of charity was right. No doubt, Death was a comforter here. But why had I not arrived two hours earlier? “He was looking forward to your visit,” said sister Angéle. “Your letter made him quite joyous.” Death, whether it come as a comforter or no, is the one terrible thing.

I met M. Aurélien Scholl, President of the Société des Gens de Lettres, a night or two ago, and he spoke to me for some time about the affairs of the society. Amongst other things which he told me was that certain friends and admirers of Paul de Kock had decided to erect a little statue or memorial to him in the garden of the house in which he lived for many years before his death. “I intend to interest the Society in this matter,” said the President, and he went on to speak of his high admiration for Paul de Kock. I think there never was an author more unfairly treated by fame. One knows what the average reader expects when with twinkling eyes he picks up a de Kock. It is quite unfair. Paul de Kock had wit and verve, and an admirable power of story-telling. He had no desire to attract readers by what has been alluded to above. People think that his speciality. I do not know if his Memoirs have ever been translated into English. They ought to be. I picked up a copy of them at a bookseller’s some days ago. It was
a most interesting book, full of anecdotes about people of notoriety under the Revolution and the Empire. He knew Fouquier-Tinville as a bland young man. He had a famous interview with Emperor Napoleon. The book shows the man as he was, and it is strange that it should be out of print in France.

Mr. Grant Allen is in Paris at the time of writing, and, I am sorry to say, is ill. At least when I last heard news of him he was lying in bed with porous plasters wrapped about him. Mr. F. C. Philips is in Paris also, busy as usual, and full of work and schemes for future work. He is one of the English authors who are best known and most appreciated in France, where everybody seems to have read "As in a Looking-glass." I understand that he is at work on a long novel sans prejudice of any number of short stories and plays. This is a man of very wonderful activity.

In reading over "Moll Flanders" in Marcel Schwob's masterly translation, I came across a passage which makes me think less of "Jane Eyre" as a work of art than I have thought till now. You may remember that just after Jane Eyre has been pressed by the frigid St. John to marry him, she rushes out into the garden and there suddenly hears a cry of "Jane, Jane, Jane," from the distant Rochester. When Charlotte Brontë was asked how she came to think of so striking a scene—those were the days when telepathy was unknown—she used to drape herself in some mystery—I have this from a person who so interrogated her—and reply: "I wrote it because it is true," leaving one to imagine that this was a thing of her own experience. . . . It was an effective scene, but Defoe had imagined it some years previously, and so we have a sorrowful scholion to enter into our copies of "Jane Eyre." . . . I have no English Defoe by me, but the scene to which I refer is where Moll Flanders calls for the departed Jemmy, in the inn at Chester, and Jemmy hears her very voice, though then fifteen leagues distant, and so returns to her.

And alas and alack! into our copies of "The Cenci," a similar sorrowful scholion must be entered, and indeed against those particularly beautiful lines which conclude the play:

Here, mother tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; aye, that does well.
And yours, I see, is coming down.

You know the lines and, like us all, you have admired, with enthusiastic admiration, this conception which shows us a woman on the very brink of the precipice thinking about pretty, trivial womanly things. Well, I happened on Webster the other day, and, in turning over the leaves of "La Duchesse d'Amalfi" in Ernest Lafond's translation, I read a passage where the Duchess just about to be strangled by the executioner gives trivial womanly orders. Her little boy is to have the syrup for his cough, nor is her little girl to be allowed to go to bed until she has said her prayers. It is the finer conception of the two, and, such as it is, it deprives Shelley of all the glory of his lines. I am very sorry, for I think that there was nothing in Shelley that I liked better than this—this picture of femininity under the very shadow of death. But so our idols one after the other get broken and cast down.

How true it is—as further exemplified by the preceding remarks—that "les beaux esprits se rencontrent." Let me point out that Tennyson's line in "Locksley Hall"—it is line 38—

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips—

reads like an almost literal translation of Schiller's lines in "Amalia":

Seine Küsse—paradiesisch Fühlen!
Wie zwei Flammen sich ergreifen, wie
Harfentöne in einander spielen
Zu der himmelvollen Harmonie—
Stürzen, fliegen, schmolzen Geist und Geist zusammen
Lippen, Wangen, brannten, zitterten
Sehe rann in Seele.

And, again, as to that beautiful line about the "burden of an honour to which she was not born," is not memory carried back to line 99 of the sixth Satire of the First Book by Horace:

Nollem onus haud unquam solitus portare molestam.

The bitterest thing that was ever said about our poor friend Boulanger was Jules Ferry's remark that he was a "Saint-Arnaud de Café-Concert." Boulanger called Ferry out for this epigram, and Ferry would not go. I have no comment to make on Ferry's conduct, for he is dead and Boulanger is with him, and those are things not to be talked of now. But I was reminded of this to-day on receiving from Tresse and Stock a copy of Dr. Cabrol's interesting Memoirs, edited and prefaced by Paul de Régla, which deals exclusively—as the title of the volume indicates—with Marshal Saint-Arnaud in the Crimea. This is a very interesting book, giving a full account, almost day by day, of the last six months of the life of the Marshal, down to the hour when—well, I hardly like to repeat the Doctor's version of how the gallant Marshal met his death, for I have many friends in the Bonapartist camp. In the same packet I received from these publishers a book entitled "Le Roman d'une Fée," by M. Henri Belliot, an ardent littérature, who writes to me to say that, as an Englishman, I shall appreciate a fairy-story better than his compatriots. I hope to be able to do so when I have found time to
THE AUTHOR.

read the book. In the meanwhile I mention its existence and wish it very well.

A curious offer was made to me the other day. It came by telegraph from the proprietor of a New York daily paper. This person, it appears, has written a historical work—or, rather, has had a historical work written for him by some literary hack—in French. He desired to publish a translation of the work in English, and asked me to do the translation for him. A condition was that my name should not appear in connection with the book. He was to figure on the title-page as the writer. He proposed a remuneration of 6s. a thousand words. What amusing people there are in this world to be sure!

ROBERT H. SHERARD.
123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

New York, March 16.

THE most important literary news of the month is the announcement that New York is at last to have a public library worthy of the chief city of a great nation. At the present time this immense town of ours, with a population of perhaps four millions contained within a radius of twenty-five miles from the city hall, is less well provided with books accessible to all citizens than Boston is or Chicago, to make no comparison with London, or Paris, or Berlin. Hitherto the chief public library of New York has been that founded fifty years ago by John Jacob Astor, a German immigrant who had made a fortune in New York, and wished to do something for the city of his choice. He began by giving about £100,000, and his son and grandson in turn gave similar sums.

The Astor Library was very fortunate in its first librarian, Cogswell, and its earlier books were admirably selected. But its endowment was inadequate, and it has grown but little of late years. It has not quite 300,000 volumes, and its buildings, books, and funds are valued at perhaps £400,000.

A quarter of a century ago Mr. James Lenox—an interesting account of whose book collecting was written by the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont—established by will the Lenox Library, endowing it handsomely, and bequeathing to it all his own rare books, including the finest collection of Bibles in the world. This library is housed in a sumptuous building overlooking Central Park, and it has adjacent land, allowing for great expansion. Its assets are said to amount to more than £500,000.

A third library was made possible by the will of Samuel J. Tilden, once a candidate for the presidency of the United States; but there was a long litigation over the will, and, after a final compromise, the trustees have now about £400,000—a wholly insufficient sum with which to buy the land, erect a building, stock it with books, and meet the future expenses of a public library. A proposal was made by Columbia College to grant a site on the new grounds where the college is about to build, but this was not favourably received by the Tilden trustees.

Now, however a union has been brought about, and all these institutions are to be merged in one, starting with perhaps 400,000 volumes, and having assets of at least a million and a half sterling. The details of the consolidation are not yet determined upon, but the union itself is an assured fact. The site has not been selected; but probably the buildings of the Astor will be sold, and the new edifice will be erected on the ample grounds belonging to the Lenox. The style and title of the new corporation will be “The Public Library of the City of New York, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.” This name will invite further benefactors, who might have thought it an impertinence to contribute to the library of the Astor family or to that bearing the names of the late Mr. Lenox or the later Mr. Tilden. The suggestion has been made that the new corporation should also take over the excellent and useful Free Circulating Library, which has half a dozen branches in the most thickly populated portions of the city. The announcement has been made that the new library will be managed in the most progressive manner; it will be open on Sundays, and in the evening; it will allow books to be withdrawn for home reading; it will provide special privileges for students; it will endeavour to meet every reasonable public demand. Upon the new board of trustees are some of the ablest and most public spirited men in New York. Of course, it will be several years before the full benefit of the consolidation will be apparent; but the news has been received with the greatest satisfaction.

The giving of prizes for stories, and plays, and poems has never greatly benefited literature, although it has always been an excellent advertisement for the giver. It is sixty years since Poe won a prize of £20 offered by a Baltimore weekly paper for the best short story, but he did not write the tale especially for the contest; he withdrew the “MS. found in a Bottle” from the paper to which he had sold it for £6, and offered it for the prize, and thus made an extra profit of £14. Three different sets of prizes are now offered for competition among the American
THE AUTHOR.

writers of fiction to-day. The most important of those is that which the New York Herald is prepared to give. Perhaps the conditions of the contest cannot be better set forth than in the actual words of the advertisement:

THE HERALD'S PRIZE OFFER.
SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE AWARDED TO AMERICAN NOVELISTS AND POETS.

The New York Herald will award a prize of 10,000 dollars for the best serial story of between 50,000 and 75,000 words by an American writer, whether professional or amateur. The conditions of this contest are as follows:

The manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, and must bear only the initials of their authors or other private identification marks, so that the identity of the writer will not be known to the committee of three examiners, who will select the three stories of the greatest merit. The stories, so selected, will be printed in the Herald, daily and Sunday, as occasion requires, beginning early in October, 1895.

The readers of the Herald will be asked to decide by ballot which story they like best, and the prize of 10,000 dollars will be awarded accordingly.

The manuscripts, other than the three selected by the examiners, will be returned to the writers, upon their identification by means of their initials or private marks. The writers will be at liberty to publish these returned manuscripts elsewhere, and no reference will be made by the Herald that they have been rejected.

All manuscripts for this competition must be submitted before July 1, 1895.

THREE OTHER PRIZES.

The Herald also offers three other prizes—the first of 3000 dollars for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; the second, a price of 2000 dollars for the best short story of between 6000 and 10,000 words; and the third, a prize of 1000 dollars for the best epic poem, based on some event of American history that has occurred since the beginning of the War of the Revolution.

The stories so selected will be printed in the Herald, daily and Sunday, as occasion requires, beginning early in October, 1895.

The manuscripts will be at liberty to publish these returned manuscripts elsewhere, and no reference will be made by the Herald that they have been rejected.

All manuscripts for these latter competitions must be submitted to the Herald before Sept. 1, 1895.

The obvious comment to be made upon this is that the actual winner of any one of these prizes will be well paid, but that the unfortunate writers of the second best and third best novels, short stories, and epics will receive no payment at all. Far more equitable is the arrangement proposed by a syndicate of important papers headed by the Hartford Courant (of which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is the editor in chief). Their advertisement reads as follows:

A TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.

A NUMBER OF WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPERS ANNOUNCE THE LARGEST CAPITAL PRIZE EVER OFFERED.

We will pay a first prize of Two Thousand Dollars for the best detective story from 6000 to 12,000 words in length, for publication in our daily issues in instalments of about 2000 words per day.

We will pay a second prize of Five Hundred Dollars for the second best detective story submitted.

All manuscripts intended for this competition must be submitted to Prize Editor, Bacheller, Johnson, and Bacheller, Nos. 112 to 117, Tribune-buildings, New York City, on or before May 1, 1895. Every manuscript must be typewritten and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of its author. It will not be opened until a decision is reached. For identification said envelope should bear some phrase which appears above the title of the story submitted. All good stories will be published at a satisfactory price. Other details of the contest and arrangements for an equitable decision will be in charge of Mr. Irving Bacheller, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

The third set of prizes is offered by the Youth's Companion of Boston, one of the most widely circulated weekly papers in the country, and one which has always exhibited remarkable enterprise in securing contributions from writers of prominence. In a former competition of the Youth's Companion a prize of £100 was carried off by Mr. Frank R. Stockton's tale "An Unhistoric Page." The stories to be rewarded must not contain less than 2200 words, or more than 3000; they must be original; they must not be love stories or fairy tales, nor can they deal with religion or politics; their moral tone must be unexceptionable, and the list of prizes is as follows:

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<th>Prize Title</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>For the best original story sent us</td>
<td>500</td>
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<tr>
<td>For the next in literary and general merit</td>
<td>500</td>
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<tr>
<td>For the third in merit</td>
<td>250</td>
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<td>For the fourth in merit</td>
<td>250</td>
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<td>For the fifth in merit</td>
<td>250</td>
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<td>For the sixth in merit</td>
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<td>For the seventh in merit</td>
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<td>For the eighth in merit</td>
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<td>For the ninth in merit</td>
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<td>For the tenth in merit</td>
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<td>For the eleventh in merit</td>
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To two recent issues of the New York Tribune, Professor T. R. Lounsbury, the author of the masterly "Studies in Chaucer," contributes an eight column review of Professor Skeat's new edition of the author of the "Canterbury Tales." The review is written with all the learning and with all the humour which unite to make Professor Lounsbury a very dangerous opponent. It will probably be reprinted as a pamphlet, in which case it will reach the Chaucer students of Germany and England. Professor Lounsbury declares that Professor Skeat's new edition will be absolutely essential to all who devote themselves to the special study of Chaucer, and "as such it ought to be welcomed cordially by every lover of literature." But he accuses Professor Skeat of having made frequent and abundant use of his (Professor Lounsbury's) labours, without giving him any credit in the first three volumes.
The Authors' Club of New York, now in its thirteenth year, is at last permanently settled in quarters of its own, of which it has a long lease. Its new apartments are a handsome and commodious suite of four rooms on one of the upper floors of the extension of the magnificent music hall erected by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. As a member of the club, Mr. Carnegie saw that these rooms were specially reserved, and the terms upon which they were secured were exceptionally favourable. "Liber Scriptorum," the book of the Authors' Club (of which an account has already been printed in your pages), has been so profitable that it was possible to vote a sum of £600 for the decoration and furnishing of the new apartments; and, in gratitude to Mr. Carnegie for his services in securing them, the original MSS. of the "Liber Scriptorum," sumptuously bound in two immense folio volumes, were presented to him. The fortnightly Thursday evening meetings of the Authors' Club continue to be among the pleasantest affairs of the kind. The prosperity of the club endures, and its membership increases steadily.

Chicago, which has now three richly endowed public libraries, is getting to be a literary centre. Its Twentieth Century Club is a worthy rival of the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, in emulation of which it was founded. Its young and lusty university has not succeeded in attracting the best instructors from the older institutions of the East, but it has a tower of strength in Professor Von Holst, who has recently published a learned and acute study of the French Revolution. It has in the Dial one of the most scholarly critical journals in America—a critical journal so excellent indeed that its two faults may well be forgiven it. These faults are an undue jealousy of New York (but this is a common failing in Chicago) and an undue deference to the opinion of London, even on American authors (but this is a common feeling even elsewhere than in Chicago). Chicago is also the home of one of the most vigorous of American novelists, Mr. Henry B. Fuller, the author of that curiously dilletante book, "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani," and also of that robust specimen of realism, "The Cliff Dwellers." He is now about to publish a second study of Chicago society, bearing the very up-to-date title, "With the Procession." This will be published in New York by Harper and Brothers, but three other works of fiction by Chicago authors are announced by the new and enterprising Chicago house of Stone and Kimball. These are, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," by Miss Lillian Bell; "A Sawdust Doll," by Mrs. Reginald De Koven (the wife of the composer of "Maid Marian"); and "Two Women and a Fool," by Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

The sale of "Tribsy" is said to be slackening a little now, but it has already reached 150,000 copies, at seven shillings, and it is likely to be stimulated again by the success of the ingenious dramatisation just brought out at a Boston theatre by Mr. A. M. Palmer, and to be performed in New York next season.

Hallett Robinson.
able to live. In this country there are thousands who do live by literature, not popular novelists alone, but writers in every branch, not leaders only, but writers of the rank and file. There never was a better rank and file—better drilled, better equipped, braver, and more full of zeal—than our own. Let us see how these our people live. First of all, many of them are students in the history of literature; many of them are good scholars; many have studied some foreign literature, and are authorities in French, German, Italian, Spanish, or some other literature; many are students in history, ancient and modern, English or foreign; many are students in science; some have mastered out of the way branches; some have made a special study of sport, games, art, music, the drama, &c. Most, in fact, have some special knowledge which may at any time be wanted. In the next place, there are, in this country, a dozen magazines open to a scholar—perhaps a well-known writer may contribute six or seven articles in the year to these magazines; there is next the better class of weekly—the Saturday Review, the Spectator, the Athenæum, the Speaker, the National Observer, the Realm, and others—a good writer ought to find no difficulty in getting on one of these papers; there are the two Quarterly Reviews, but they can find room for very few writers; there are the weekly magazines, such as Chambers’, Cassells’, &c., to which few writers would disdain to contribute. Again, there is the literary department of the great daily papers; that of the evening papers; there is dramatic criticism; art criticism; musical criticism. Or, again, there are the leading articles of the dailies. It will thus be understood that to the man who knows something, and can write pleasantly, there are abundant opportunities of work. Then a man’s special knowledge, sooner or later, whatever it is, naturally and inevitably assumes book form.

Another branch of literary work is that of editing and preparing books for publishers. We are apt to forget, in our concern about modern literature, that publishers have the whole of the past to deal with as they please. They are constantly bringing out new editions of past authors. These must have an introduction, notes, appendices, and index, all to be done by some man of letters. Again, which one would fain ignore but cannot, there is the reading for publishers. It is not work that many like to do, but it must be done by somebody.

These are some of the conditions of the literary life in this country. It would seem, however, as if in America things were different. The American magazines, with one or two exceptions, are not in the least like our scholarly Nineteenth Century, Contemporary, and Fortnightly. Such weekly reviews as the Spectator or the Saturday simply do not exist in America; they have no Quarterly Reviews; they have no papers corresponding to Chambers’ and the Cassells’ productions; their newspapers do not seem to include a considerable literary element—one may be wrong, but this is how it seems to us. Then the American publisher is not, apparently, always bringing out new editions of dead writers; and, in short, one would like some of our American friends to tell us how an American man of letters (not being a popular novelist) does manage to live at all.

In the narrow churchyard south of St. Mary Overies (now called St. Saviour’s), Southwark—somewhere, it is not known where—there lie in one grave the remains of Philip Massinger and of Fletcher his friend. The name of the latter is always associated with that of Beaumont, but Massinger undoubtedly did a good deal of work with and for him. The name of Massinger is entered in the burial register as a “stranger,” which means, of course, nothing more than a person belonging by birth to some other parish. It is now proposed to put up a stained glass window in the new nave of the church, in memory of Massinger. I do not think that this is a cause which needs pleading with the readers of this paper and the members of this Society. Will those who love to see honour paid to literature send their offerings to this object to the Rev. W. Thompson, D.D., St. Saviour’s Church, Southwark? The church now rebuilt still retains its Reformation name. Perhaps it may be permitted to hope that it may soon return to its historic name of St. Mary Overies.

The following letter has reached me:

In Halifax, last week, I happened to pick up a book of yours, “The Revolt of Man,” issued by the Halifax Corporation Library. I thought it might be an interesting fact to you to know that this august body does you the honour of circulating your work in its Tauchnitz Edition!

Some time since a remonstrance was published in the Author against the importation and circulation of Tauchnitz books. An attempt was made to minimise the importance of the damage done to authors by the free circulation of their books. Here we have an illustration of what may happen. The number of libraries in the country is rapidly increasing; many of these have several branches. Of popular books in the country is rapidly increasing; many of these have several branches. Of popular books they take many copies. Suppose they all take Tauchnitz copies! Why not? No attempt is made to stop them. Library committees will speedily forget that to buy these editions is against the law; they will only
remember that the Tauchnitz Edition is cheaper. Thus will be lost to author and publisher many thousands of every popular book.

What is the law on the subject?

It has thus been given to me by a lawyer:

“I do not think there is any offence in owning or in circulating a copy of a Tauchnitz edition of an English book. The offender must not sell it or hire it, in which case it would be an infringement of copyright, and he would be liable to be proceeded against under the 17th section of 1842 Act, and 42nd and 152nd section of the Customs Act, 1876.

“The joint effect of these sections appears to be that anyone importing, selling, or hiring any foreign printed copy of a copyright book knowingly, or having in his possession any copy for sale or hire, shall, on conviction before two justices of the peace, forfeit £10 and double the value of every copy: £5 to go to the officer of Excise, and the remainder to the proprietor of the copyright; such book to be seized and destroyed.

“Does the Halifax Free Library hold the copy for sale or hire? Under the Customs Act of 1876 the Customs can seize and destroy any books on the copyright list; but notice of copyright in writing to the Commissioners of Customs is a condition precedent.”

A complete translation of Balzac’s novels, published at a low price, edited by a well-known scholar, is a literary experiment of very considerable interest. All who read French at all read the Comédie Humaine; but will those who cannot read French buy the translation? The writer, to begin with, is Parisian through and through, with that note of the past inseparable from work fifty years old. Again, does Balzac possess the sensational qualities which now seem necessary to success? And, when we have agreed to let our own past masters stand forgotten on the shelves, shall we be eager to take up the French masters? For instance, Dickens seems fast losing his hold—only for a time, but still—for the present. Thackeray is only read by “the better sort”; as for Charles Lever and Anthony Trollope, apparently they are gone; and as for Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, they are read only in two or three books. Each generation, in fact, will have its own novelists belonging to itself; it grudges not classics belonging to the dead, but they must be few, one to this old novelist, one to that; it will refuse to read the whole of the dead man’s work. Will the present generation so far depart from established custom as to admit en bloc the whole of the Comédie Humaine? We shall see, and, as I said above, it is a literary experiment of very considerable interest. With Messrs. Dent and Co., who understand dainty books, for publishers; with Mr. George Saintsbury, who understands his Balzac, for an editor, and with Messrs. Constable to print the work, the series should have every chance.

Some three or four years ago—perhaps more—there appeared a new translation of “Don Quixote,” by Mr. H. E. Watts. It was not reviewed by many papers, and by still fewer was it adequately reviewed. One or two critics, however, had the intelligence to perceive that this was the finest translation as yet offered to the public, and the work of a fine Spanish scholar who possessed other qualities for the translation of Cervantes besides scholarship—naturally, knowledge of the time and the social conditions of the time; humour and the quick perception of the humorous; and, among other things, the common sense which keeps a translator and an annotator from being carried away by his subject, and the various theories, fads, and crotchets which gather round such a subject as the Knight. The book was published in three big quarto volumes at a price prohibitory. The purse of the ordinary book buyer—narrow but well meaning—could not attain to that price. So the matter rested, and it seemed as if, but for a few libraries, the work was closed to the public. Well: a new edition has now been undertaken (Messrs. A. and C. Black) at a reasonable and possible price; and we shall be able to possess at least the immortal work of Cervantes in a translation worthy and adequate.

Is there room for another novel on the gentleman highwayman? The field one would think was entirely occupied by Ainsworth and Lytton. Nevertheless, Mr. C. T. C. James—no novice in the art of story telling—boldly pushes in with a new story on the old theme. The fact is that no field in fiction is occupied. He would be a bold man who would treat of Tunbridge Wells in 1750, with Thackeray as a rival; but the rivalry is not an impossible thing. Again, he would be a bold man who would face Scott in the 1745 business, but such audacity is not impossible. Mr. James, however, does not in reality present himself as a rival of the two elder novelists. He confines himself to a single tavern in a London suburb and to its adventures with a single highwayman. He presents a vivid and interesting picture of life a hundred and fifty years ago. The book carries one along breathless from beginning to end. There is only one fault to find with it—a fault...
that is not discovered till the book is done with and cold criticism begins. The highwayman is pardoned. Why? Because his mistress once gave a cup of purl to the king? Not sufficient reason. The man is a thief and a robber. There is no escape from that; and, as such, he would assuredly have been hanged, purl or no purl.

In January last, a communication entitled "Editorial Amenities," signed "C. H.," appeared in the Author. There were three cases of complaint. As regards the last, the editor of the magazine in question has sent copies of the correspondence to this paper. It appears from the letters (1) that the article was accepted and paid for; (2) that the editor, on revising his accepted articles, found errors which, in his judgment, made the paper useless to him; (3) that he accordingly declined to print the paper, still exercising his judgment as editor; (4) that, as the paper was anonymous, the refusal did no harm to the author's reputation; (5) that the author, although he had been paid for the paper, was quite free to send it elsewhere; (6) that it is impossible for an editor to carry on a controversy with any contributor as to the reasons of his decision; (7) that the editor has found no reason to change his opinion as to certain inaccuracies in the contribution; and (8) that the author is quite free to retain his own opinion, and to believe that the paper is accurate.

It is always a mortifying thing to have a MS. returned. But an editor is absolute; he must, in the nature of the case, be absolute; and an editor cannot possibly be expected to carry on explanations and reasons for his decisions.

Two months ago, in a notice on the death of Sir John Robert Seeley, I mentioned that he had been a member of the council of the Society. A good many correspondents pointed out that his name was not on the list. In short, I was wrong, because Seeley never was upon our council at all. His connection with the Society was that of Vice-President, an office which still exists, but has been allowed to drop out of prominence, most of the V.P.'s having long since joined the council. In the first year of the Society's existence, when it was absolutely necessary that it should receive the nominal support and approval of as many leaders as possible, with this view, the committee invited certain writers and scholars to signify their approval of the objects of the Society by becoming Vice-Presidents. In the month of April, 1885, I find in the minute-book of the committee the following acceptances of this invitation. It was a goodly list.

Matthew Arnold
Philip James Bailey
Lord Brabourne
Frank Cowley Burnand
J. Anthony Froude
Bishop of Chichester
Prof. Huxley, F.R.S.
The Librarian of Windsor Castle
Sir Henry Maine, K.C.S.I.

Some of the Vice-Presidents afterwards, as stated above, became members of the council; others remained, and are still, vice-presidents, though their names are no longer advertised.

It is pleasing to record that Seeley did more than remain simply an honorary vice-president. In the year 1888, when the Society gave a dinner to American men and women of letters, Seeley lent the weight of his name as a steward. He regularly received, and, there is reason to believe, read the documents of the Society and spoke.

The Royal Literary Fund last year relieved the necessities of forty-five applicants—twenty-seven being men and eighteen women. By the rules of the Fund, applicants must prove that they are authors by putting in their published works. How many men and women are there in this country who could thus prove themselves to be authors? There are about 1350 members of the Society, all of whom have produced books. Now this number includes very few writers of educational books, very few writers of technical books, and not many writers of theological books. Let us suppose that there are twice that number outside the Society: this gives us a total of, say, 4000 authors. The total applicants for relief during the last year was forty-five—that is to say, 1.125 per cent. This is a very satisfactory percentage. Authorship is certainly improving on its material side. The grants to the men average about £42 apiece; those to the women £54 apiece.

If "Weary" will send me her name and address, I will endeavour to answer her letter. The subject is hardly suitable for these columns.

At the moment of going to press we learn that Canada has ceased to collect the royalties according to the old agreement. It would be interesting to learn how much was collected last year, and who has received any share of it.

WALTER BESANT.
DECADENCE OF LITERATURE.

DARWIN'S theory is eminently true of literature. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. The weak may flourish for a time and choke the environs like the lianes in a tropical forest, but they perish with their season, and the stalwart trees survive and make themselves evident in later generations.

For the present there is an enormous growth of these ephemeral productions, and may I be forgiven for suggesting that editors and publishers of magazines are a good deal to blame, not only for their growth but for the deterioration of what might have been a forest tree, or at best a worthy shrub? No sooner has a writer made "a hit" than he or she is besieged with solicitations to contribute to this or that periodical, and it requires considerable self-control, maybe, or indolence, or superiority to pelf to resist and refuse till the production is ripe, or not to try to gratify more than one at the same time. To take an illustration from art, pot-boilers, instead of pictures, are the consequence.

Nothing is more true than what Mr. Cresswell says in the last number, though rapid work is good, hurried work is never good, and the publisher who displays an attractive catalogue of authors announced at the beginning of the year, almost compels some at least to hurried work. Also the distinctive characteristics of the periodicals are lost by thus obtaining the services of the authors who are willing to write for all and each. I believe some of the American magazines bind a writer to write for nothing else; and it is really a wise arrangement, since the old sense that it was honourable to work for one firm alone has died away. Another modern fashion ruinous to good literature is the laying contributions on the bed of Procrustes. Readers are supposed to object to a tale passing the limits of a volume. They like to have it finished off, and be free to begin a fresh serial, and thus the story always shows symptoms of winding up in November, and we are sure the hero and heroine will be married or defunct in December. Well if they are allowed to finish their career with proper honours! How many stories have I read where the beginning was full of pleasant details, but the latter end was evidently squeezed together and cut down, so as to lose all proportion and become a spoilt performance.

This is a new fashion. Take up an old Blackwood, see "Ten Thousand a Year" runs on number after number; or an old Cornhill, where "Phineas Finn," "The Knight of Gwynne," and the admirable "Lettice Lisle," have a never
THE AUTHOR.

skimmed over and despatched in a few lines. This is not criticism. It is mere advertisement. No guide to the author hardly, except in the higher stamp of literary journals—a guide to the reader in the selection from the circulating library. Are these simply the murmurs of an old author, laudator temporis acti, or is there any means of raising the tone and aspirations of writers?

C. M. YONGE.

A SHEAF OF POETS.

They have accumulated during two months until now there is quite a little pile. Is it not a sign or proof of a reviving taste in poetry that there should be so many "bids" for poetic fame? We may take it, without meaning to give any offence, that the poets all pay for the production of their work. Would they tell us how many copies they sell? For instance, thirty years ago a certain friend of mine published at his own expense a thin volume of verse. Exactly three copies were sold. How many have been sold of the volumes before me?

The best course for the Author to adopt is to let each scribe speak for himself without favour. The order in which they speak means nothing:

I. The "In Memoriam" of Italy. A Century of Sonnets from the Poems of Victoria Colonna, Marchesa de Pescara. Translator anonymous. (London: Henry Gray, Leicester-square.)

AMOR, TU SAL.

Thou knowest, Love! I never turned my feet From thy dear prison; that I ne'er untied Thy light yoke from my neck, nor ne'er denied Thy service which at first my soul found meet; Time shall ne'er change my faith, of old complete; Thy bond, as once I bound it, still shall bide; Nor, for the bitter fruit thy tree doth hide, Doth my heart find the seed less pure or sweet.

Now hast thou seen how in a faithful heart Thy sharpest arrow hath no skill to wound, That Death against it hath no force or power; O let at last the tie which bound it part, (Tho' sweeter aye it was than freedom found) Yet lags and lingers yet my joyful hour.


TENNYSON.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

All glorious with the mystery sublime Thy eyes shall fathom soon, Night's bosom pillows thee, O son of Time! In splendours of the moon. Cometh thy daybreak—there shall be no night In that far heaven,—untrod By course of quenching suns or stars, whose light Shall be the face of God.

True seer, from thy heart the lamp of faith Glowed clear through storm and shine, And clothed the fearful majesty of Death In robes of grace divine.

And thine the hand of might, the tender touch That makes our pulse thine own By love's enchantments, for thou hast loved much, And grief's excess has known.

Sweet singer, by thy voice of human love And sorrow, pure and strong, Teach us to find our God, while thou, above, Art singing a new song.

III. "Thoughts in a Garden." By A. C. Stevenson. (London: Elliot Stock.)

AUTUMN SONG.

All day the fiercest winds have blown, The leaves upon the grass are strown, Save a few stragglers, sad and lone, That fringe the boughs; The fir-tree groans, as, on the height, He feels the tempest's frenzied flight, Yet from the earth his grasp of might No wrench allows.

The flowerets, erst so bright and brave, Now in the dust have found a grave; No loving hand their life could save From rain drear; Only the blossoms named of gold, Defiant of the rain and cold, Still form a funeral-wreath to fold O'er Nature's bier.

There is an end to Summer's pride, To autumn with his garners wide; Now winter comes, with rapid stride, His throne to take; Long will his fetters bind the earth, He robs the year of half its worth, While scent of flowers and woodland mirth, Our lives forsake.

IV. "Vignettes." By Aubrey St. John Mildmay. (London: Elliot Stock.)

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

(Reprinted by permission from the "Spectator," January 13th, 1894.)

I should like to have your dimples, Your wonderment, your nonsense, Your grave hands, and your tripping feet, Your carelessness, your conscience; I should like to know the secrets You are talking with your brother Between the mazes of the dance, As your eyes meet one another.

Little maid, all eyes, and such eyes Half-lightning and half-laughter, Sugar-things I should like to eat, And never hunger, after: Tell me, little maid, do you believe That if you looked and looked, And turned into a tipsy-cake, The best that could be cooked, Do you think that if I swallowed you And incontinently died, That the judge would call it murder Or only suicide?
THE AUTHOR.

BARMERI. Because I've drunk your beauty in;—
But you don't know what that means
Any more than beans, which pony loves,
Can know that they are beans.

Good-night, dear, dainty tipsy-cake,
I'm but a selfish jade,

Just whining to himself about
The dinner he has made.

And I may not, may not keep you
For my sweet-meat to enjoy,

God has planned you for a help-meet
For some happy, happy boy.

V. "Pipings." By John Arthur Coupland.
(London: John Ferries.)

DREAMS.
A ghost-like vapour wraps the wood,
And frozen is the stream,
The birds upon bare branches brood,
And nothing breaks their dream.

They dream of Spring, of Summer sweet,
Of green and leafy bowers.
I also dream; in winding-sheet
Behold the murdered hours.

VI. "In Leisure Time." By William S. Mavor.
(London: Elliot Stock.)

TO TERPSICHORE.
If Chorephyus leads the dancing choir
With steps of stately ceremonial;
Or leaping Faun and Bacchanal
Around thine altar cannot tire
Their nimble feet;
If Pyrrhic dances yield
Their martial music as the crashing shield
And falchion meet;
Or, if we pleasure us
As eye beholds
Nymphs, robed in draperies diaphanous,
Whose fleecy veils their sensuous limbs surround
In serpent folds,
Whose lissom feet but kiss the ground;
If such affect Thee, gladly we
Thus pay our festal vows, Terpsichore!

VII. "Scintillae Carinis." By Percival W. H. Almy.
(London: Elliot Stock.)

KATE: A PASTORAL.
And the bells, the bells, the tumbling bells
Shall reel and peal through the livelong day;
And they'll deck the church with blooming birch,
And the cherry bloom and the may, the may;
'So kiss me, Kate, and we'll be married o' Sunday.'

And you shall have rings and golden things,
And satin shoes as white as milk,
And coloured bows and high clock hose,
And a glittering gown of silk, of silk;
'So kiss me, Kate, and we'll be married o' Sunday.'

And servants shall wait on my Lady Kate,
Like a maiden queen of a high degree;
And garlands rare shall bind your hair,
Dragged from the mouth of the bee, the bee;
'So kiss me, Kate, and we'll be married o' Sunday.'

VIII. The "Mummer." By Harry Gaelyn.
(London: Elliott Stock.)

IN A CITY.

Dim grimy way
In the dull drear City,
Where never a ray
Of God's sun, through the livelong day
Pierces the pall of the murky sky,
To tell of pity
And hope, to those who live and die
Day by day,
In that grimy way.
Yet there,
By you crazy stair,
Long years ago, Love stayed his flight.
There,
In the dusky light
Love shook his wings and all was bright
For two true souls—and they
Until this day
Have found that grimy way
A pathway of delight.

IX. "The Prophecy of Westminster."”
Harriet E. H. King. (London: W. B. Whittingham.)

This volume of verse is in honour of Cardinal Manning.

THE COMFORTER COMFORTED
O Thou whose throne was set in Westminster,
Among the many god-like names whereby
We hold thee in our hearts, this one doth lie
Nearest each thought of thee—the Comforter.
What bitter pains, what manifold disgrace
Hiding itself from every other face,
What broken hearts, what wounds of penitents,
What secret cruelties, what ghastly rents,
Open have lain beneath thy pitying eye,
Fled to thy bosom as to sanctuary,
And felt thy holy tenderness outpoured
Upon the quivering life, to hope restored!

X. "Religio Clerici and other Poems." By Alfred Starkey.
(London: Elliot Stock.)

The principal poem in this collection is purely religious. It is difficult to quote any passage which, detached, would fully represent the powers of the poet. Here, however, are the opening lines:

Last year, what time the bells of summer months
Had rung their sweetest chimes, I took my way
Up through the long sea-valleys, dark and stern
In bouldered turf and reappearing rock
Shrunk through the shallow soil, like hoary bones
Of some vast buried age. In the slant light
I saw the bramble dews gleam changeful sparks
Of pearl and ruby; and oft I stayed to watch
The autumn spiders spin their floating threads,
And launch their airy voyages; or paused
While on some red-leaved bough the robin, left
Sole chorister of all the tuneful quire
Which filled in spring, the chancel of the year
With soft and grateful song, now piped a faint
And faltering dirge o'er bright days dead or dying,
Mingling its matin notes with vesper falls
Of melancholy minors, like a sigh
From Nature's sabbath heart.
XI. The “Divine Surrender.” By William Wullan. (London: Elliot Stock.)

This is a “Mystery Play” treating of the Crucifixion. It is impossible to quote anything unless one were to take several pages.

BOOK TALK.

Some time ago Mr. John Hollingshead issued a booklet of an autobiographical nature, and now he announces a complete autobiography in two volumes for the coming publishing season. His acquaintance with literary and theatrical celebrities has been, of course, very large.

A very curious and significant fact is announced from America, that the library of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes has been valued at only £160.

A new connection between the Press and the publishers is to be inaugurated this spring by the appearance of the “Pall Mall Magazine Library,” which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. will issue. “The Decline and Fall of Napoleon,” by Lord Wolseley; and “The Rise of Wellington,” by Lord Roberts, will be the first two volumes. The editors of the Magazine will contribute an introduction. The price of the series is to be 3s. 6d.

The work upon which the late Sir John Seeley was engaged when he died was “The Growth of British Policy,” and it is being edited by Professor Prothero for the Cambridge University Press, in two volumes. It seems a pity that this could not have been included in the uniform edition of Sir John Seeley’s works, of which Messrs. Macmillan will issue “The Expansion of England” on May 3, and “Ecce Homo,” “Natural Religion,” and “Lectures and Essays” at monthly intervals.

Mr. George Allen, who began as a publisher of Ruskin, is extending his list in many directions, and “Ruskin House” is more of a compliment than a description. His edition of Spenser’s “Faerie Queen,” edited by Mr. Wise, and illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, has reached its fifth part, and he announces “The Gurneys of Earlham,” in three volumes, by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, profusely illustrated. The work is the memoirs and correspondence of the eleven children of John and Catherine Gurney, 1775-1875.

The most important work of travel in the autumn season will probably be Captain Young-husband’s account of his famous journeys in India and the far East. The title has not yet been finally settled, as it is difficult to get one which describes the whole field, but it will probably be “The Heart of a Continent; being the Narrative of Travel from 1886-1894 in Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, the Pamirs, and the Hindu-Kush.” Mr. McCormick, who illustrated Mr. Conway’s “Himalayas,” will also be the illustrator of this work. Mr. Murray is the publisher.

A short time before his death Professor Blackie collected together materials for his biography, and this will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood and Co. It is written by Miss Stoddart.

In Messrs. Putnam’s Sons’ “Heroes of the Nations” series, Mrs. Oliphant will write on “Joan of Arc”; Mr. Oman, of All Souls, Oxford, on “Marlborough and England as a Military Power”; and Professor Burr, of Cornell, on “Charlemagne as the Reorganiser of Europe.”

Mr. Leslie Stephen’s “Ethical Discourses” will shortly be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein who also announce twelve interesting volumes of their new “Social England” series. Mr. Baldwin Brown will write on “The History of the Fine Arts in England”; Mr. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, on “Chivalry”; Professor Vinogradoff on “The English Manor”; Mr. Henry Balfour on “The Evolution of Household Implements”; Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., on “The King’s Peace, a Historical Sketch of the English Law Courts”; Mr. S. O. Addy, on “The Evolution of the English House”; Professor Cunningham on “The Influence of Alien Immigration on Social Life”; Alice Law on “Guilds, and the Rise of the Merchant Class”; and Mr. G. C. Chisholm, on “The Influence of Geography and Travel on Social Life.”

The Westminster Gazette has published, on the authority of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the interesting fact that, since 1872, of the People’s Edition of Carlyle’s “Sartor Resartus” 89,000 copies have been sold, and of “Heroes and Hero Worship,” 105,000.

All who have read and delighted in Mr. Nisbet Bain’s translations of “Hans Andersen’s Fairy Stories”—and who has not both read them and delighted in them?—will look forward greatly to his Life of Andersen, which will be published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in the spring.

The Ealing Free Library has transferred “The Manxman” to the reference department, where only adults can procure it; the chairman of the committee, the Rev. J. S. Hilliard, describing it as “a most indecent book.”

No announcement has yet been made on the subject, but it may be taken for granted that in
the autumn we shall have a striking account from the pen of Slatin Pasha on his eleven years' captivity in the Mahdi's camp. It will be remembered that Father Ohrwalder, who was rescued in a similar manner through the instrumentality of Major Wingate, R.A., in 1892, published in that year a very interesting book.

Mr. Blackmore has written a series of tales in verse, to be published under the title of "Fringalla," by Mr. Elkin Matthews in the spring. The same publisher announces Professor Corbin's Harvard prize essay on "The Elizabethan Hamlet," with a prefatory note by Professor York Powell. The idea of the essay is that nowadays we have lost sight of a comic element in "Hamlet" which was present to Elizabethan audiences.

A book awaited with eagerness by soldiers and historians is General Sir Daniel Lyson's "The Crimean War from First to Last." It is said to be full of facts and stories that have never been published before, and the author is credited with being one of the few officers who never left the camp of the First Division for a single day from the outbreak of hostilities to their conclusion. Sir Daniel is now eighty-one.

A book by Baron Rothschild on his trip to Cape Town and on South Africa generally is nearly ready. No doubt it will appear in an appropriately gorgeous form. The publishers are Messrs. Longmans. The tenth edition of Erichsen's magnum opus "The Science and Art of Surgery," in two volumes, with a thousand engravings, is also announced by the same publishers.

The Figaro has published a series of very interesting extracts from M. Clemenceau's book entitled "Le Mêlée Sociale." This appears to be a very pessimistic view of human activities. No doubt an English translation will soon be announced. Perhaps the indefatigable Mr. Sherard already has it in hand.

The preliminary announcements of Mr. Henry Dyer's volume on "The Evolution of Industry," promise a very opportune and needed work. He regards his subject from both social and political standpoints, and discusses such timely topics as the position of women, Municipal control, State control, and, of course, industrial training. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

The new editor of the Daily Chronicle, in succession to Mr. A. E. Fletcher resigned, is Mr. H. W. Massingham, who has for a considerable period acted as assistant-editor and political director, as well as writing the brilliant daily sketch of House and Lobby. The new editor of the Morning Post, in succession to Mr. A. K. Moore, deceased, is Mr. Locker, son of Mr. Arthur Locker, for many years editor of the Graphic, and nephew of Frederick Locker-Lampson, the poet.

The first edition of 1000 copies of Mr. Henry Norman's book on "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" was sold out, the publisher announces, within the first week of publication, and a second edition is now ready. During the month Mr. Norman has been appointed assistant-editor of the Daily Chronicle, of which paper he has for some time had charge of the literary department.

"The Cyclopædia of Names," published by the Century Magazine, and by Mr. Fisher Unwin in this country—certainly one of the most useful books of reference that has ever seen the light—is to be issued in monthly half-guinea parts.

Journalists, and people who have occasion to make researches, have for several years past greatly valued the "Index to Periodicals," which has been issued yearly from the Review of Reviews office. Mr. Stead has now commenced the issue of his "Index to Periodicals" monthly, at 1d. The index shows the contents of the magazines and of the Review of Reviews for the coming month, and all the books issued during the previous month, including Parliamentary publications.

A week or two will see a most important and interesting work, in the shape of the biography of the late Professor Freeman, by Dr. Stephens, the Dean of Winchester. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish it in two volumes. It is said that "the letters will be found to contain a more striking testimony to the range and variety of their author's studies than is afforded by any of his printed works."

Every month now brings at least one new magazine, that of March being a sixpenny monthly called The Englishwoman, edited by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, and published by F. V. White and Co.

A new sixpenny illustrated weekly, The Hour, has also made its appearance under the editorship of Mr. A. N. Williamson.

"The World's Own Book; or, the Treasury of à Kempis," by Percy Fitzgerald, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work incidentally gives an account of the chief editions of the imitation, with an analysis of its methods, and is illustrated by several facsimiles of pages from MSS. and early printed editions.

The publication of Miss Elizabeth Hodges's book, "Some Ancient English Homes and their Associations: Personal, Archaeological, and Historic," T. Fisher Unwin, which was arranged for the first of the month, is, owing to the
ravages of influenza among the printers, postponed until after Easter. The book, which is well illustrated, gives descriptive histories of some interesting but little known Warwickshire and Gloucestershire “Homes” and their various inmates, from Saxon times onward.

Mr. Egerton Castle’s new novel, called “The Light of Scarthey,” will appear serially in the Times (weekly edition) before coming out in one vol. form. It will begin on the 19th of April, and will run about six months. It will then be published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

“To-Day’s Christ: A Study in Re-Incarnation,” by Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, is now ready. The publishers are James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street, W.

Mr. Reynolds Ball has been appointed travel editor of the Road, and will take charge of the new “Travel and Tour Department,” which begins in this month’s number. One of the most interesting features will be an exhaustive review of a recent popular travel work under the heading “The Book of Travel of the Month.” Mr. Douglas Sladen’s “On the Cars and Off” will be the subject of the April review.

We are sorry to record the death of the lady who wrote under the nom de plume of “E. Chilton.” She wrote, in truth, very little, and probably many of our readers never heard of her. But she possessed a singularly pure and clear style, and a certain amount of humour, which made her work attractive. Perhaps she would have done very much better had she been spared. There seems to be no harm in mentioning that her real name was Mrs. Chilton Brock.

A scholarly and instructive little book, called “Books Fatal to their Authors” (Elliott Stock), has been sent to me. In style and in matter the book reminds one of Disraeli’s books about literature and authors. Book lovers will make a note about it. The editor of this paper has nowhere said that publishers now “incur no financial risk.” He has never said anything so foolish. What he has said, over and over again, is a very different thing: That in these days few publishers take risk, in the old sense of the word. They have found out the safer plan, viz., where there is risk to make the author take that risk. The richer houses sometimes publish books where returns are doubtful—there are often special reasons why even a certain loss is advisable; they sometimes start magazines; they sometimes lock up money in costly ventures; but the great majority, the smaller houses, seldom, if they can help it, run any risk at all in the publication of books.

“Meditations in Motley,” by Walter Blackburne Harte, is a collection of essays by an American writer, published by the “Arena Company, Boston.” It is a handy little volume, and contains many good things. Among others there is a revelation of the conditions of criticism in America, which ought to reconcile us to our own country.

“The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney” (London: Elliot Stock,) is a selection from the works in verse and prose of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. The selection is made by Alexander B. Grosart. A most curious and interesting little volume.

The “Divine Problem of Man,” by Mariquita, Viscountess de Panama (London: The Roxburghe Press) is a religious book which may be commended to those who read works of religious speculation.

“Silvia Craven” (London: Elliot Stock), by M. Gordon Holmes, is a six-shilling novel. It is rather long for these days of quick reading. The tone of the book is maintained throughout at a high level.

“Some of our English Poets.” By the Rev. Canon Bell, D.D. (London: Elliot Stock.) The poets treated are Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth. There is always something new to say about a great writer. Canon Bell has found enough to make a charming volume of pleasant criticism.

“Cardinal Manning,” a character sketch, by Harriet Clemence Hamilton King. (London: Whittingham and Co.) This little work is written in uncritical admiration of the late Cardinal. It consists largely of extracts from his sermons.

Mr. Arthur Dillon, with Mr. William Page, is forming a syndicate in order to revive Shakespeare’s comedy of “Twelfth Night, or ‘What You Will,” to be played after the 16th, or early 17th manner. Mr. Dillon says, “Our principle is that every playwright shows to fairest advantage in that form of stage for which he designed his plays. This is especially true of Shakespeare, who wrote with such technical knowledge of the stage of his day.”

“The Silent Room,” by Mrs. Harcourt Roe, has been published by Messrs. Skeffington and Co. in 1s. form.

Annabel Gray has transferred her works, “The Ghosts of the Guard-room” and “A Spanish Singer,” to Messrs. C. Turner and Co., 30 and 32, Ludgate-hill, who will continue the series.

“Llanako: a Welsh Idyll,” is the title of a new novel just issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird. The author is Mrs. Fred Reynolds.
Mr. Frank Barrett’s new story, “A Set of Rogues,” will appear serially this summer in a number of provincial weeklies. The arrangements are in the hands of the Authors’ Syndicate.

Mr. Richard Pryce’s new story, “The Burden of a Woman,” will be published almost immediately by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. The arrangements have been concluded by the Authors’ Syndicate.

Mrs. Paul King, author of “Cousin Cinderella,” is about to produce a novel in three volumes, called “Lord Goltho, an Apostle of Whiteness.” The publishers are Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Many of our older members will be pleased to hear that Mr. James Stanley Little was on the 23rd ult. married to Miss F. Maud Thérèse Lablache.

There is always a certain diffidence in speaking of Pierre Plowman and other writings of that age. One ought to be able to read English of that period; it is English, only a little more archaic than Spenser. Yet, as a matter of fact, the reading is so troublesome, reference to notes or a glossary is so frequent, that, except in one’s student days, Langland is practically never read at all. It is time to sweep away the convention that we all understand fourteenth-century English; and this, it is to be hoped, will be assisted by Miss Kate Warren’s “Translation of Langland’s Vision” (Fisher Unwin, 1895). The Translation is close and literal, yet preserves the spirit of the original. A few notes are added; there is an appendix, and there is an introduction. Such a little book does more to make us understand the fourteenth century than half a dozen learned volumes with annotations and glossaries. We must have the learned volumes; but for them we could not become students in Old or Middle English. We hope that Miss Warren will continue her task of making things plain and popular.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—“RUSTIC READING” : A REPLY.

Let me assure my critic “C. M. Y.” that my article on this subject did not deal “with what was the case thirty or forty years ago,” an epoch with which I had no personal acquaintance. Every word of it was the result of my own observation and experience as a country clergyman, nor have I any reason to suppose that the condition of this parish in matters literary is in any way exceptional.

“The writer,” says his critic, cannot really know John Bunyan’s great classic if he thinks it likely to terrify children into the way of virtue.” But it was to the alarming illustrations of certain editions, and not to the text, that I took exception, John Bunyan is not to be held responsible for the vagaries of his illustrators.

Then I am told that I am not familiar with parish magazines. Alas! this is far from being the case, and I can only repeat that hardly any of them contain writing worthy the name of literature. The one exception that I know is Mr. J. G. Adderley’s Goodwill, but in this, unfortunately, there is a strong tinge of socialism.

Lastly, “The nickname Hodge is one that greatly displease both the peasant and all that are interested in him.” Dear me, what could I have been thinking of to use it in this gloriously democratic age! I hope that Thomas Hodge, Esquire, Parish Councillor, will forgive my forgetfulness.

II.—EDITORS’ RULES.

“R. L. T.” has mistaken my suggestion, and I fear if we authors combined to frame a set of rules, regulating the terms for the reception of our MSS, the only result would be a swift and speedy return of our productions by the indignant editors. My idea was that they should draw up a new act of uniformity, out of the kindness of their hearts, in order that the weary writers should know how long to wait for rejection or acceptance, and cheques. The vulgar tradesman does not give unlimited credit; why then should the distinguished, or insignificant, author?

S. B.

III.—Words for Songs.

In Mr. R. H. Sherard’s February “Letter from Paris,” he says: “Only the very best writers of words for songs in England can hope for as much as four, or at the outside five, guineas for their words, whilst the average price paid to the poet is, I believe, 5s.”

Speaking from my own experience, the average price is two guineas for words worth setting, and I have never once been offered words at anything like as low as 5s., nor for the words of my songs have my publishers, who have uniformly and courteously given the price asked.

The poet then, unlike composer and publisher, has no further risk.

Touching upon the half royalty system in France; if a poet took half the royalties of a song in England, it would hardly be an equal division?

The writer of the music has only that one form of publishing to profit by, whereas the poet only
sells the musical copyright of his poem, and can publish it in book form without restriction.

In cases where musical copyright is not wished to be disposed of, the poet frequently grants his very kind permission to set the same words many times, thereby popularising his work, or he can request special terms.

With all appreciation of Mr. Sherard's suggestions and with every respect for the unspeakable help of poetry, the labours and risks of music are so great that the benefit of the minor poet seems to me best insured in the position he occupies at present. MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

IV.—Musical Publishing.

In reading the valuable remarks upon this subject in the Author for March, I so thoroughly agree that "the iniquity of seven copies as six" should be challenged.

Why should not thirteen copies count as twelve, as in the booksellers' trade? If musical works are properly stored, this should amply allow for loss to publishers in soiled or spoilt copies.

Regarding charges for the performing rights of composers in oratorios, cantatas, and operas, the remarks are just, but I would refer the writer to 45 & 46 Vict. c. 40, ss. 1 and 2, which is quoted on page 62 of that admirable little handbook, "The Law of Musical and Dramatic Copyright," by Ed. Cutler, T. E. Smith, and F. E. Weatherley.

In the case of songs it would seem impolitic if not impossible to charge.

It must always be remembered how small a public music has compared with that which literature and the drama possess.

In some songs, such as "The Lost Chord" and "The Better Land," it would appear important to have mentioned in royalty agreement if the publisher "shall be entitled to arrange and use the melody in any separate musical composition" with or without any further payment?

It is for the greatest composers to begin to insist upon more equitable terms.

Lesser writers would only have their work refused for that of others. M. S.

V.—The General Meeting.

I was unfortunately unable to attend the general meeting on the 25th, otherwise, though only a very humble member, I should have felt it my duty to protest against Mr. Stuart-Glennie's strictures.

I have belonged to the Society for nearly ten years, and whenever I have had occasion to resort to its services, have been invariably impressed by the admirable manner in which the business has been conducted. In fact, so far as my experience is concerned, its attributes may be summed up in these three words, "Capability, Celerity, Courtesy," and there are, I am sure, very few members who would not render a similar testimony. WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

VI.—Parallelism.

On Nov. 16, 1892, I awoke from sleep with the idea of the following sonnet, and with the final line shaped almost exactly as it stands, present in my mind—whether as carried out of a dream or as forged in some mental process exactly synchronous with the recovery of consciousness I am quite unable to determine. The idea took possession of me, though at first I recoiled from the grotesquerie of the gnat, feeling that in the retention, at all events, of the word, the solemnity of the whole conception would be risked. That same morning I composed the sonnet (the first I ever wrote) in one draft, altering the last line to "The cry of a hurt bird doth reach me here"; but in a third copy restoring the ant, in the deliberate conviction that the grotesquerie was only skin-deep, and that the thoughtful reader would justify my decision. Besides, I felt a sort of scrupulosity in tampering with the gift of a dream.

Two or three days ago I saw an advertisement of a new book or pamphlet by my friend Mr. Coulson Kernahan. The title is as follows: "God and the Ant: A Dream of the Last Day." On the face of it, the motif of that, one would say, is almost identical with the motif of my Plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, is out of the question.

I fancy that the parallelism is remarkable enough to deserve record. Besides having seemingly been first in ink, I should like to be first in print.

"Ἀποκατάστασις Πάντων.
Lo, the great day that sees God's purpose wrought!
Time in His lap doth lie, a woven skin,
Sin is His awful aureole, and pain
On His forefinger shines, a pearl sun-caught.
Yea, the great day, the end of all God's thought:
The stars roll anthems, all the slyr main
Washes bright rapture, mingled with the strain
Of human cycles to the vintage brought.
Creation praises. Lo, God lifts His hand,
Spreading mild lightning on from sphere to sphere
The tide of triumphs stops; the planets stand;
Yea, the worlds hearken, as high God speaks clear:
"Broken is all the harmony I plann'd:—
There is a gnat whose voice I do not hear."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.
WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society’s Offices:
4, Portugal Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice...
sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Committee will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of every important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers, (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them, (3) To keep agreements, (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble
of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

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**LITERARY PROPERTY.**

I.—**Canadian Copyright.**

Ottawa, April 14.

The collection by Customs officials of the 12½ per cent. author's royalty on reprints of British copyright works brought into Canada will not cease until the present Parliament is dissolved. The view is now held by departmental experts that, until England consents to a Canadian copyright law, the royalty must be collected, as an Imperial statute cannot be overridden by a mere Canadian enactment.—*Times*, April 15, 1895.

In the House of Commons at Ottawa yesterday, the Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance, announced that at the request of the Imperial Government a Canadian representative would be sent to England to discuss the copyright question personally with the Imperial authorities for the purpose of coming to an understanding. In the meantime the proclamation of the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 would be withheld.—*Times*, April 23, 1895.

II.—**The Canadian Case.**

"Certain erroneous statements," it is stated, "having been circulated with regard to the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889, it has been deemed advisable by the Copyright Association of Canada to issue the following statement:"

The Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 was unanimously passed by the Parliament of Canada, and assented to by the Governor-General.

The Act was to come into operation on proclamation of the Governor-General.

The Governor-General has not yet proclaimed the Act.

The Canadian Government contend that they have the right to legislate fully on copyright, it being one of the classes of subjects intrusted to the Parliament of Canada by the B.N.A. Act of 1867.

The following are among the reasons why the Act should be proclaimed:

**A Copyright analogous to a Patent.**

A copyright is analogous to a patent. The Canadian Copyright Act is analogous to the Canadian Patent Act. The Patent Act requires manufacture in Canada. The Imperial Government did not disallow the Patent Act. The Imperial Government would not propose that a United States patentee, on securing the British patent, should thereby secure the Canadian patent. Why should the Imperial Government assure the United States author, that on securing copyright in Great Britain, he thereby secures copyright in Canada? Canada exclusively legislates as to the terms on which patents may be secured in Canada. Canada should be permitted to exercise the same powers as to the terms on which copyrights may be secured in Canada.

**Canadian Market must not be sold.**

The United States publisher when buying from a British author the copyright for the United States, stipulates that Canada shall be included. Canadians resent this sale of their market, and persist in their claim to adopt such legislation as will put a stop thereto.

**Canadian Reprints cannot flood other Markets.**

The fear that Canadian publishers would flood the British and United States markets with cheap editions, is utterly unfounded, as the Copyright Acts of those countries prohibit the importation and sale of unauthorised editions, and impose a heavy penalty for violation of the law. Canadian publishers, therefore, could not flood either market with cheap editions.

It has happened that orders for books sent to London have been returned with "cannot supply" marked thereon, thus forcing Canadians to buy those books from the United States publishers.

On the other hand, the British publisher prints a cheap edition of a work by a United States author. This cheap edition is exported to Canada. An illustration on this point is furnished in the case of F. Marion Crawford's book, "The Ralstons." This book was published in the United States at 2 dollars. It was published simultaneously in Great Britain at 12s. But the British publishers printed a cheap Colonial edition which sold in Canada for 75 cents. This cheap
edition was on sale in Canada within a day or two after the publication of the United States 2 dollar edition. Here, then, is a British publisher issuing a cheap paper edition for sale in Canada—when one of the main objections of the opponents of the Canadian Act, which is made to do duty on every occasion, is that the Canadian publisher will issue cheap paper editions which will flood the United States market in competition with the more expensive United States editions! It must be distinctly understood, however, that this cheap paper edition, which is sold in Canada, does not flood the United States market, for the very excellent reason, already stated, that the United States Copyright Act prohibits its importation or sale in the United States.

Imports allowed from Britain.
The Canadian Act permits the importation of British editions of works, whether copyrighted here or published under the royalty clause of the Act; but excludes foreign editions.

No Piracy in Canadian Act.
Should the author (be he British or American) neglect to secure copyright in Great Britain, any publisher may reprint the work there without paying the author.
Should the author neglect to secure copyright in the United States, any publisher may reprint the work there without paying the author.
Should the author neglect to secure copyright in Canada, no Canadian publisher could reprint the work in Canada without paying the author 10 per cent. royalty.

It is therefore clearly seen that while the British and United States Acts permit the piracy of authors’ works, the Canadian Act does not.

The Royalty Clause.
The introduction of the royalty clause in the Canadian Act was not original with the promoters thereof. The idea was suggested by the Foreign Reprints Act, passed by the Imperial Parliament, which allows a United States publisher, or other foreign publisher, who has printed a copyright book without permission, to supply the Canadian market on payment of a royalty of 12½ per cent. collected on the wholesale price of the book, which royalty goes to the British copyright owner. It was but natural for the Canadian to desire to be placed on an equal footing with the foreign publisher so far as his own market was concerned. Therefore a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price of the book was suggested.

Furthermore, many difficulties have been encountered in collecting the royalty on imports, it being almost impossible to keep a complete and accurate list at every Custom House, and to check every invoice therefrom. The collection of the royalty on reprints, on the other hand, is provided for by the Canadian Law in a perfectly safe manner, as the Inland Revenue Department is to stamp the title page of each copy of every book issued, and before this is done the royalty must be paid to the Government to the credit of the author. As a matter of fact, then, the author will exchange his royalty of 12½ per cent. on imports, which is uncertain of collection, for a royalty on reprints of 10 per cent. on the retail price, which is certain of collection.

Geographical Position.
In considering this question, the geographical position of Canada, side by side with the United States, ought not to be overlooked. This fact makes Canada’s position very different indeed from that of any other British colony.

Advantages given to Authors.
Compare the United States Copyright Act, now in operation, with the Canadian Copyright Act, and it will be seen that many advantages are given to authors by the latter.
To secure copyright in the United States, the British author must print his book there from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made from type set within the limits of the United States. The Canadian Act provides for no such restriction, but allows both British and United States authors to set the type in Canada, or print from plates, as they may think best. In anticipation of the Canadian Act coming into force, the Canadian Government passed a special enactment allowing plates for books to be imported into Canada free of duty. This concession was made, thinking that it would be appreciated, but those opposing the Act seem determined to ignore the concession. Yet the concession is there, and it proves that Canada grants British authors copyright in Canada, on far more liberal terms than they can secure copyright in the United States; and that Canada grants United States authors copyright in Canada on far easier terms than Canadians are granted copyright in the United States.

Injustice to important Canadian Interests.
Canada has not only lost the printing of works by foreign authors, but is fast losing the printing of works by Canadian authors, not because the books can be printed cheaper or better abroad, but because they have to be manufactured in the United States in order to secure copyright there. When that is done, there is no necessity for issuing a Canadian edition, as the Canadian market can be supplied by the United States edition.
**THE AUTHOR.**

*Reading Public inconvenienced.*

Under the present law, the Canadian reading public are ignored, and the works of both British and United States authors must be imported into Canada, and, moreover, these editions are, in many cases, published at such prices as to put them beyond the reach of the great majority of Canadian readers.

British authors are now able to secure copyright in the United States, and United States authors are now able to secure copyright in Great Britain (which covers Canada). Therefore the copyright owners now refuse to print in Canada. They supply this market with editions printed either in the United States or Great Britain. This is considered a great injury to the printing, paper, and allied industries in Canada. It is, moreover, a source of trouble and annoyance to the people of Canada, as the British market is so far away that, after the supply on hand of a book is exhausted, some weeks must elapse before a new supply can be procured.

*Objections refuted.*

A circular, containing objections to the Canadian Act, has been recently issued in England. These objections should not prevail. The circular states that Canada has asked the British Government to sanction arrangements to take copyright in Canada away from all British authors except such as are Canadians. Such is not the case. Canada does not propose to take away copyright in Canada from British authors. The British author and the United States author may, under the Canadian Act, secure copyright in Canada on exactly the same terms as the Canadian author.

It is objected that the Canadian Act will injure the value of the British edition, because the Canadian edition could be imported into the United Kingdom and the other colonies, and compete with it. But from the report of Lord Knutsford's Copyright Commission of 1892, it appears that, at the instance of the British copyright owners, the law of Great Britain was framed so that the importation of Canadian reprints of British works into Great Britain is prohibited.

It is objected that the Canadian Act is at variance with the Free Trade principles of the United Kingdom. That may be. The Canadian Tariff Act is also avowedly at variance with the Free Trade principles of the United Kingdom—yet the British Government would not propose to interfere with it.

It is objected that the Canadian Act will destroy the British author's present means of securing copyright in the United States of America. That is only an opinion. Are not the British publishers themselves alone responsible for the agitation against allowing British authors to hold copyright in the United States? The action of the British Music Publishers' Association in contesting what is known as the "manufacturing" clause in the United States Act, has done British authors incalculable harm in the United States; and if the British music publishers will not accept that manufacturing clause (as British book publishers have very wisely done), British authors may yet find themselves deprived of the benefit of copyright in the United States.

As to the Berne Convention, it should be understood that the Canadian Parliament never adopted or agreed to the Berne Convention. On the contrary, the Canadian Parliament has twice asked that notice be given of Canada's desire that the Convention be denounced.

Most of the other objections are based on the supposition that the author loses control over his work under the Canadian Act. Nothing could be further from the fact, since, by complying with the terms of the Act, authors and copyright owners retain entire control of their works and may suppress old editions, or issue new ones as desired.

*Canadians stand by the Act of 1867.*

Canadians insist on the full right of the Parliament of Canada to pass and enact legislation on copyright as desired from time to time; the same as they enjoy on the other subjects intrusted to that Parliament under the B.N.A. Act of 1867.

The right of the Parliament of Canada to enact and enforce its own copyright legislation has been indorsed by the unanimous vote of the Parliament and Senate of Canada; by the Newspaper Press of Canada; by the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto, and other cities; by the Employing Printers of Canada; by the Typographical Unions and Printing Pressmen's Unions; by the Trades and Labour Councils (comprising representatives from the various trades), by the Booksellers' and Paper Makers' Association, and by many others.

The above reasons, amongst others, for the enforcement of the Copyright Act of 1889, were laid before Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, the Minister of Justice, by an influential deputation of the Copyright Association of Canada, at Toronto, in February, 1895.

Signed on behalf of the Copyright Association of Canada,

J. Ross Robertson, President.
Dan. A. Rose, Vice-President.
Richard T. Lancefield, Hon. Secretary.
III.—The Other Side.

Hitherto we have had only expressions of opinion from publishers, and politicians in the hunt for votes, and the vital point at issue has been completely ignored.

It is not a question whether a wrong has been done to Canada by not allowing her to legislate as to copyright, nor whether United States publishers are to be allowed to flood the Canadian market with British authors' works printed in the United States, but the crucial question is whether the authors, engravers, printers, sculptors, and photographers of the country are to be deprived of the vast benefits of the Berne Convention at the bidding of a few clamorous publishers. When a cause is bad, false issues are always raised. It does not matter one iota to the public where the books are printed and bound, provided they are cheap and good, and it must be conceded that we can get a cheaper and better class of work from Europe and the United States.

Last year I had the privilege of paying Canadian publishers about 1100 dollars for a limited issue of a work on the Patent law of Canada, some of which have been sold in European countries as well as in the United States, and my attention has been drawn to copyright matters, both as a lawyer and in my daily practice as a solicitor of patents, and my firm is even now procuring Canadian and European copyrights for a client for a work of universal interest; so I claim to be better posted generally than the public, who are ignorant of the rights which are being thrown away to obtain this mongrel Act of 1889, by the passing of which our membership in the Berne Convention is severed, and our privileges destroyed. By simply obtaining a Canadian copyright, the protection of the courts, without further registration, is obtained throughout the United Kingdom and all its colonies and possessions, also in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Luxembourg, and other places. In the recent case of "Harfstaengel v. Baines and Co. (1895), I. A. C., p. 20, "The Empire Theatre Living Picture Case," the right of suit in British courts was conceded to a German copyrighter, although no registration had taken place under the British Copyright Act. The only condition precedent to obtaining copyright in the foregoing countries is that the formalities prescribed by law in the "country of origin" must be complied with. Ten years are allowed within which translation may be made, and authorised translations are protected the same as original works.

By the British Act of 1842, copyright was obtainable covering all the colonies, &c., provided the work was first (or simultaneously) published in the United Kingdom, and it was immaterial whether it was printed in the United Kingdom or whether it was written by a British subject or not. This has ever since been the policy of British statesmen, who aimed at the benefit of the masses and the encouragement of art and literature in the country; printers and publishers could not dictate the policy of the Government to suit themselves, as unfortunately has been the case both in the United States and Canada. Why should Canada at the bidding of publishers, printers, and a portion of a noisy press pursue a policy of isolation and make this country take a step backward of fifty years towards the Dark Ages to pander to a few who will never benefit much by the Act of 1889, if it ever should become law? There have been International Copyright Acts in the United Kingdom—1844, 1852, 1875—with the principal countries of Europe; the Berne Convention was merely an enlargement and consolidation of these Acts. No literary man or artist who understands the matter and the privileges which are being thrown away has asked to have the foolish Act of 1889 become law; indeed it would be folly to suppose so. Canada and the United States are both far behind Europe in art, science, and literature; reputation and progress among the nations of the world do not count when the almighty dollar steps in. The United States, however, have separate international treaties with all the foreign countries named of the Berne Convention (except Spain and Luxembourg), and also with Denmark and Portugal, which are not members, while poor Canada with suicidal folly will by the passing of the Act of 1889 be completely isolated, and will not retain even the reciprocal advantages granted us by the Imperial Act of 1886.

The Act of 1889 imposes impossible conditions on British authors, whose property is to be taken without their leave, and, besides that, is so badly drawn as to embody several glaring mistakes, so that lawyers will be able to drive the traditional coach and four through it in the usual manner. On a future occasion I may take this up.

The official returns from the ad valorem duty of 12½ per cent. on reprints of British works hitherto collected in the Canadian Customs since December, 1850, for British authors, and now happily ended, show what a farce the collection has been, and will arouse grave doubts whether much of the beggarly 10 per cent. royalty provided for in the Act of 1889 would find its way to the pockets of the British author.

Yours, &c.,

John G. Ridout.

Toronto, April 4.

Toronto Mail and Express, April 6.
IV.—The "Living Pictures" Litigation.

The following summary of this case was published (Friday, April 26th) by the Westminster Gazette:

"What happened was this: the Empire Theatre, starting what has since become a very popular form of "show," produced some living groups on the stage. These groups were arranged after some pictures by foreign artists, the copyright of which belonged to the fine art publisher, Herr Hanfstaengl. In due course of business, the Daily Graphic and the Westminster Budget published outline sketches, more or less rough, of the performances at the Empire. Herr Hanfstaengl thereupon proceeded at law for infringement:

1. Against the Empire, in respect of the living groups;
2. Against the Empire, in respect of the painted backgrounds to the groups;
3. Against the Daily Graphic, in respect of its sketches of the performances at the Empire;
4. Against the Westminster Budget, on the same ground.

The fate of these proceedings was as follows:
1. Carried to the Court of Appeal, and dismissed with costs;
2. Mr. Justice Stirling granted an injunction; the Court of Appeal overruled him, and were sustained by the House of Lords;
3. Mr. Justice Stirling, basing himself on the decision of the House of Lords, dismissed the case with costs;
4. This was the case decided on April 25th. Mr. Justice Stirling dismissed it so far as concerned most of the pictures, but decided that the backgrounds of two of them were an infringement of copyright.

We need not trouble our readers with any more law than this—namely, that what the Copyright Acts forbid, as piracy, is "copies or colourable imitations of the painting [or photograph] or the design thereof." What, therefore, the Courts have now decided in the group of cases in question is—(1) that living groups, posed after pictures, are not apart from any question of painted backgrounds—infringements of copyright; (2) nor are rough sketches of pictures such as are familiar to the public in the illustrated papers."

V.—The Retail Price.

The following letter appeared in the Athenæum of April 8:

Park-street, Bristol, April 1, 1895.

It is, possibly, typical of the inertness of book retailers that the statement quoted in the Athenæum, March 23, as to 6s. novels "sold to the trade at 3s. 7½d." is allowed to pass without comment. This is one of the misleading half-truths constantly appearing in the Author. Retailers would be glad to find someone who would supply them with the 6s. novels they want at 4s. There is evidently a good living going begging if the Author be correct.

W. GEORGE'S SONS.

As regards "misleading half-truths," it is remarkable that those who speak about them never venture to correct them. The Author would like, above all things, to be correct. Why do not these booksellers state plainly what they have to pay? How, then, was the sum of 3s. 7½d. arrived at as a fair average estimate of the general retail price of a 6s. book? In this way. The general retail price of a 6s. book is nominally 48. 2d. But 5 per cent. discount is allowed "for the account," and thirteen are allowed as twelve. That works out at 3s. 7½d. The fraction was reduced in favour of publishers from ⅛ to ⅜. It was thus intended to make some allowance for bad debts. The Society, in issuing these figures, was not considering the relations of booksellers to publishers, but of authors to publishers. Its first care, therefore, was not to overstate their own case. With this object it assumed that all books were bought at thirteen as twelve, which is very far from being the case, though, it must be remembered, in order to get at an average price, with some publishers the thirteen ordered are allowed to be of various books. If all the books were bought simply as single copies our royalty tables would have to be altered throughout, and authors' royalties very much increased. We have, so far, received no complaints from publishers as to the alleged understatement of the retail price.

THE DEFERRED ROYALTY.

The proportion of proceeds that the author should assign to the publisher can never be decided, once for all, on equitable principles, because no connection can be established between the author's work and the publisher's. The former conceives and executes the book, bringing to his work all his knowledge, learning, skill, and ability. This is one kind of work. The publisher performs the mechanical part: he sends the MS. to the printer, and he gives it the help of his own machinery in introducing the book to the world. This is another kind of work. The two kinds are incommensurable. Therefore some kind of recognised principle, adopted and agreed upon by all, is the nearest approach that we can expect to the settlement of the question. Thus, it has always been supposed, till lately, that a half profit system, in the case of any ordinary book, was as fair a method as could be devised. In the rare case of a very successful
work, in one certain to be in great and extraordinary demand, this plan would be manifestly unjust. But the half profit system has been discredited by those publishers who falsify their accounts; for £100 writing £110 or £120; and charging for advertisements for which they have not paid. "I like the half profit system," said Douglas Jerrold, "for there is certain to be no division with the publisher." Discredited as it has been, it still remains in practice, especially with those persons who continue—there are not many left—to falsify their accounts. There remains, however, in the minds of authors a feeling that more than one-half of the profits ought not to be taken by the publisher; and they fondly believe that any offer made to them is based upon that principle. Nor does the publisher ever openly demand more than one-half; in certain cases he asks for no more than one-third.

We have already seen in these columns what is meant by a royalty of 10, 15, 20, or 25 per cent. Our calculations were based upon a trade price which we assumed to be general, though it was really placed somewhat too low. We shall perhaps be able to revise this table of royalties. Meantime it must be observed that it is extremely difficult for an author to get a royalty which actually corresponds to a half profit return, a fact which would by itself suggest that in many cases the accounts were falsified, and the "half profits" returned were only a fourth, or even less.

We have now to consider a system which has come in of late years, and must be exposed. It is that of the deferred royalty. Under the old half profit system the publisher said, "I will stand in with you—my risk of money against your risk of time." Under the royalty system the publisher says, "If there is any risk I take it"—of course, in most cases, there is none, or, as a man of business, he would not take it—"and from the outset, which increases the risk, I load the book with so much royalty."

A deferred royalty at first sight seems perfectly fair. What could be fairer than that profits should be reckoned after the cost of production has been defrayed? As usual, however, the cost of production is very carefully withheld, and the mere mention of such a thing is violently resented. And, again, the publisher who flourishes his deferred royalty is extremely shy of stating what the proposal means to himself. When will authors have the courage to say: "Make me an offer showing in exact details what you propose for yourself out of my property, and what you will give me?" or, failing this, why do they not always bring their agreements to the Society for explanation before they sign them?

Here, for instance, are a few cases of actual proposals of a deferred royalty:

1. This was the case of a very distinguished man of letters. He was asked to write a book for a certain series. Terms: Royalty of so much per cent.—a very moderate percentage—to begin after two editions of a thousand copies each had been sold. In other words, the enterprising firm calmly proposed to take for themselves the whole proceeds of two editions before they gave the author anything!

2. This was the case of an educational book. The author was offered a little cheque down with a royalty of so much—not much—to begin after many thousands (!!) of copies had been sold. Making a very rough calculation, it looked as if the generous and noble-hearted firm was proposing to make a profit of about six or seven times what it gave the author, before the moderate royalty began.

This kind of business seems to be more common in educational books than in general literature. There is no reason why there should be any difference. Some educational books are costly to produce, but a book that is once established is a mine of gold. There is, doubtless, real risk attached to the publication of some educational books, though the name of the writers of books produced by reputable firms should be a guarantee of their value. In such cases, the old half profit system was designed to meet the difficulty. Let the author, when considering any proposed agreement, simply demand an estimate in writing of the cost of production and the comparative shares of profit. If he has any doubt about the document, let him refer it to the Society; of course, it must be a detailed estimate, showing the number of sheets, the size of the page, the character of the type, the style of binding, the price of stereos, and so forth. If the firm refuse that estimate let him go elsewhere.

The deferred royalty proposal has a much better chance of catching the ignorant and credulous author when a small cheque down is proposed than with nothing. The author thinks that he is certain to get something. This, with the fact that his book is going to appear, reconciles him. It was a publisher with a real knowledge of human nature who first invented the little cheque on account. The offer might be miserable and grasping, but there was at least something down, and the writer's vanity was flattered by the production of his book.

3. The next is the case of a three-volume novel. The author was to receive a royalty—quite a large and handsome royalty—after the sale of 350 copies. He was at first greatly uplifted with admiration of the princely firm.
which had made him this magnificent offer—an
admiration which suddenly vanished when he
found out that no more than 350 copies had been
printed and that the type had then been distrib-
uted. So that the generous publisher never
meant him to have anything at all out of his
books.

The royalty system, since the Society exposed
its early iniquities, has been greatly improved.
Royalties are given now which would have been
indignantly refused a few years ago, when
ignorance of the figures enabled grasping dealers
to deal with royalties as they pleased. But the
defered royalty still offers grand opportunities
for grasping and greed.

Now, it cannot be said that any of the cases
above quoted, or any cases similar to them, are,
strictly speaking, fraudulent, unless in the last
case, where an opening was left for falsifying the
accounts.

How, then, can these cases be described? If a
man places himself in the hands of another, whom
he believes to be honourable and upright; if
the former, further, believes that in the manage-
ment of his property he will receive a fair
proportion, say half the proceeds, and if that
man so trusted gets the other to sign an agree-
ment by which two-thirds, or three-fourths, or
five-sixths of the profits go secretly into his
own pocket; if he does this, knowing the other
to be ignorant of the figures, how shall we
describe that man? He is, at least, one who
trades on the ignorance of others, one who
systematically "bests" his partners.

If the royalty is to begin after the expenses
are defrayed, these expenses must be laid down
at the outset, and an audit of the books granted
as a matter of course. This would not absolutely
stop cheating, if that were attempted; but it
would make it more difficult, because it would
involve the assistance of accomplices. Then, as
soon as the actual expenses of a whole edition
are defrayed, the royalty should be 50 per cent.
on the actual trade price of the book until
that edition is exhausted. To repeat, it has
never been argued or held that a publisher should
for his share in the work be entitled to ask for
more than one-half. Yet see, by the cases given
above, what a monstrous share he may secretly
seize by such an agreement as any one of those
quoted above.

4. The last is a case quoted in "Methods of
Publishing," in which the royalty was to begin
"after the expenses are defrayed." Nothing at
all was said about any audit of accounts, and so
the author was expected to take the publisher's
word as to what the expenses were.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

O UR young friend George Hugo, the grand-
son of the poet, will in future be known
as Comte George Hugo. He succeeds to
the family title by the death of Comte Leopold
Hugo, who was the eldest son of Victor Hugo's
elder brother, Abel Hugo, the eldest son of the
gallant general, Joseph Hugo, of whom M. de
Ménival, Napoleon's private secretary, writes
that he was a young officer full of fire and
activity, who rendered yeoman's service to the
Emperor and King Joseph in Spain, and wrote
some most interesting memoirs on the war in
Spain, which were published with a preface by
his eldest son, Abel. Leopold Hugo cannot be
described as a literary man. He was rather a
savant, with a speciality for geography, and was
in high repute at the Academy of Sciences.
Just before he died he asked that his little cousin,
Charles Daudet, the son of Leon Daudet and
Jeanne Hugo, should be brought to him. He
will be much regretted by all who knew him.
George Hugo, or rather Comte George Hugo, and
his little son Jean are now the only
representatives of the male branch of this distinguished
family. George Hugo, by the way, is coming to
London on May 6, in the company of the
Daudets. Apropos of this visit, I may mention
that M. de Goncourt told me on Thursday
last that he did not intend to accompany his
friends to London. "I don't like ovations," he
said.

Speaking of de Goncourt, one is glad to hear
that next month Chapinentier will publish the
eighth volume of the "Journal des Goncourt," of
the strong interest of which to all those who are
interested in contemporary French life, literary,
social, and artistic, I have already spoken. I
hear that the author has submitted the proofs to
various persons of whom he has spoken in this
volume, so as to avoid any such complaints about
indiscretion as were made in reference to previous
volumes of the same diary.

Apropos of the "Journal des Goncourt," which
I may perhaps explain may be translated either
as the "Goncourt's Newspaper" or as the "Gon-
court's Diary," a barrister told me that once when
defending a prisoner down in the South of
France he made copious quotations from these
books, with visible effect on the jury. His client
was acquitted, and after the trial the foreman of
the jury came to see him and asked him in the
name of various members of the jury to inform
them where the "Goncourt's Newspaper" was
published, whether it was a daily or a weekly
paper, and what were the terms for subscription.
The name of the barrister who told me this is
THE AUTHOR.

Raymond Daly, himself a writer of no mean order. A volume of his short stories, to be entitled “The Gold and the Grey,” are being translated by Mr. Stewart Merrill, the American poet, and will be published in London next autumn.

Admirers of Gustave Flaubert have long desired to possess an adequate life of the greatest master of prose that France has seen in this century. One is therefore pleased to read that in a few days from now we shall possess such a book, written by M. Albert Collignon, a man well suited for the task. M. Albert Collignon was for many years editor of La Vie Littéraire, and is the author of numerous works of fiction and biography. Almost simultaneously with the Flaubert book he will publish a work on Diderot. But the Flaubert book will interest you and me the more, I think.

A new French slang dictionary is in preparation and will be welcomed by those who love to stray on the by-paths of philology. It is being put together by M. Dellesalle. It will be in two parts, French-Slang and Slang-French, just like any other dictionary of two languages. It should be useful to writers of realistic novels, and will save them the trouble of studying French slang in the unpleasant regions where it flourishes.

I have another little anecdote about William Wordsworth which may interest those who are interested in this poet. A lady tells me that when she was a little girl—it is the same little girl who sent the epic and the half-crown to the destitute poet—she used to stay at Rydal Mount, and that William Wordsworth used to make her read aloud to him, not for his diversion, indeed, but in order to train her voice. “He used to constantly interrupt me to correct my enunciation whenever I raised my voice unduly, either in reading or speaking, and would quote Shakespeare’s ‘sweet low voice, an excellent thing in woman’ till I conceived a strong dislike for Cordelia, which was only removed by Ellen Terry’s splendid acting of the part.” It was rather hard on a little girl, home for the holidays, to be exercised in this way—a way worthy rather of the Blimber establishment; but Wordsworth had particular views on many subjects. It is, however, quite certain that his views on hospitality were sadly traduced by Miss Martineau, who related that the poet had told her that he received so many visitors at Rydal Mount that he could not afford to entertain them all, and that he had instructed his wife to supply tea and bread and butter only to strangers, and to charge cost price for anything else in the way of refreshment. Why did Miss Martineau say this, I wonder? It was, of course, an utter falsehood.

According to M. Jules Huret, the victor in the Huret-Mendés duel, there is in preparation a “History of the Second French Empire,” with notes by the Empress Eugenie. This should be an interesting work. I often have regretted that Baron Haussmann never wrote a history of those Imperial days, and I remember suggesting to him that he should do so. But he said that his memoirs ought to suffice, and that he would not betray the confidence which his master had put in him, even after his death, by betraying State secrets of which, by his position and owing to his friendship with Napoleon III., he had become cognisant. No man knew better what had gone on behind the scenes during that lurid period of French history than Baron Haussmann.

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NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, April 18.

Perhaps the most important literary news of the past few weeks is the announcement just made that certain of the leading professors of history in the chief American Universities, in conjunction with other historical students, have determined to establish an American Historical Review. At present there is no periodical in the pages of which the historical investigator really feels at home, for the little monthly Magazine of American History tries to be “popular,” and is given over largely to the amateur and to the notes and queries collector. A meeting was held in New York last Saturday, attended by representatives of most of the colleges where history receives special attention, and an editorial board was elected consisting of Professor Adams (of Yale), Professor W. M. Sloane (the writer of the serial biography of Napoleon now appearing in the Century), Mr. J. B. McMaster (the author of the “History of the American People,” the fourth volume of which the Appletons have just published), Professor H. Morse Stephens (of Cornell), and Professor A. B. Hart (of Harvard). It is considered probable that Professor Hart will be the managing editor, and that Longmans, Green, and Co. will be the publishers of the new periodical. It will be a quarterly not unlike the English Historical Review, also published by Longmans, Green, and Co. The first number of this American Historical Review will not appear before the autumn, but thereafter its appearance is assured for at least three years, a substantial
guarantee fund having been raised to make this a certainty.

Probably few readers in England, except those who have had special occasion to consider the subject, have any conception of the very extraordinary work which the American Universities are now doing in history, and more particularly in the allied departments of political science, sociology, and economics. This is one of the points to which Mr. Bryce called attention in his speech introducing Lowell at the first dinner the Society of Authors gave. At Columbia College alone in the School of Political Science there are three full professors of political economy, besides a professor of sociology, a professor of administrative law, a professor of comparative jurisprudence, a professor of international law, a professor of constitutional law, and half a dozen professors and lecturers on history. At Harvard and at Yale, at Johns Hopkins and at Chicago, there are faculties inferior only in numbers to that at Columbia. And nearly all these institutions issue periodicals, generally quarterlies. By a thoughtful arrangement the Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics, the Columbia Political Science Quarterly, and the Yale Review are issued each a month later than the other, so that the three taken together appear every month in the year. All three of them give a certain amount of space to history, and will probably continue to do so.

The Suwanee Review, edited by Professor Trent, of the University of the South, is frankly devoted to literature and to history. Half a dozen years ago there was a New Princeton Review, edited by Professor Sloane, but dissensions arose among the owners, and it was finally absorbed by the Columbia Political Science Quarterly. In it Professor Sloane tried to combine the solid merits of the old-fashioned quarterly reviews with the more alluring vivacity of the brisker monthly reviews. The venerable North American Review, to which Bryant contributed "Thanatopsis," and which Lowell edited for years, was bought by a rich and foolish young man named Rice a dozen years ago. Under the advice of Mr. Laurence Olyphant, Rice made it a monthly, modelling it upon the Nineteenth Century of Mr. Knowles, but going much farther in search of sensationalism—so far, indeed, that the present North American Review has been characterised as "a monthly edition of the New York Herald." Its management is now in the hands of Mr. David Munro, a shrewd Scotchman, and of Mr. William H. Rideing, an Englishman with a very large acquaintance with the writers of England. Perhaps this is the reason why the North American Review gives up a large proportion of its space to articles by European writers on European topics.

Its chief rival, the Forum, also a monthly, is edited by Mr. Walter H. Page; it is more dignified, less sensational, and far more American in its list of contributors and in its choice of subjects. A third monthly review called the Arena, is published in Boston; it is edited by Mr. B. O. Flower; it is rather the organ of the faddists of all sorts, the cranks and the freaks, than a vehicle for serious discussion of serious topics. The scholarly Atlantic Monthly, now edited by Mr. H. E. Scudder, is still the periodical that most steadily maintains a lofty standard. The Atlantic is half a magazine and half a review. It admits fiction and poetry, and it discusses politics now and again; but it devotes a very large proportion of its space to literature. Its book reviewing is generally done by experts, but it is mostly anonymous, and therefore lacks authority. Perhaps the best book reviewing in America is to be found in the pages of periodicals like the Political Science Quarterly and like the Educational Review of Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, in which every book worth consideration is sent to an expert, who vouches for his opinion with his name and address. In the United States, as in Great Britain, there is a tendency of the unsigned book review to be wanting in the weight—to be more careless, not to say more flipant, than the article can afford to be which the writer guarantees with his own name.

The most exhilarating and stimulating criticism of belles lettres we have had here in America for several years was that contributed monthly to Harper's when Mr. Howells had charge of the "Editor's Study." Whether one agreed with Mr. Howells's opinions or not—in fact, more especially when one did not agree with them—they were unfailing stimulants to thought. They tended to make every reader examine again the foundations of his own opinions. Mr. Howells has been missed from the Editor's Study of Harper's Monthly for several years now; but he has just begun to contribute almost every week to Harper's Weekly a signed article on a new book, a group of new plays, or an exhibition of new pictures. His article this week is on the absurd "Degeneracy" of Dr. Nordan, in the course of which he not only exposes the pretensions of the German author, but he declared again what seem to him to be the real and abiding merits of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Zola. "Stops of Various Quills" is the title of the volume of poems by Mr. Howells which Harper and Brothers will publish shortly. A novelette of his, which has just been concluded in the Cosmopolitan, will also be published by the Harpers during the spring. And another
novel, "The Story of a Play," will begin in *Scribner's Magazine* later in the year, to run through half a dozen numbers. Mr. Howells has also recently edited the recollections of his father, whose early wanderings through Ohio are fresh and characteristic and interesting.

Mr. Stedman and Professor Woodberry continue to work steadily on their complete edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Four volumes containing the prose tales are now published, the first of which opened with a brief, compact, authoritative biography by Professor Woodberry, and followed by a critical introduction to the stories by Mr. Stedman; while to the last of the four Professor Woodberry appended various bibliographical and explanatory notes. For the first time in any edition of Poe his text is here adequately revised, and his slovenly quotations are amended and traced to their sources. There are portraits of Poe in every volume, one of which has never before been engraved. There are illustrations by Mr. Albert E. Sterner. The making of the book, the taste of the typography, the harmony of the page and of the type and of the paper, reflect great credit on the publishers, a young and enterprising Chicago firm, Messrs. Stone and Kimball. The fifth volume, containing "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" and the "Journal of Julius Rodman," will probably be ready next month. The other five volumes completing the edition are to be expected before the end of the year. Mr. Stedman has had an attack of the *grippe* which has delayed the appearance of his long-promised "Victorian Anthology," intended to accompany his discussion of the "Victorian Poets."

Mr. Bryce, at that first dinner of the Society of Authors, said that the two things he had recently noticed in American literature were, first, the great variety of political and economic writing; and, second, the abundance of short stories having a strong local flavour, redolent of the soil. This local short story continues to be very popular in our magazines, until now there is hardly any part of the United States which someone has not taken as a field for fiction. Among the recent volumes of these tales are Mrs. Margaret C. Graham's "Stories of the Foot Hills" of California and Miss Murfree's "Phantoms of the Footbridge," in which "Charles Egbert Craddock" sets up before us again the strange and uncouth mountaineers of Tennessee. Also to be noted are Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner's "Quaker Idyls"; Mr. William Henry Shelton's "Man with a Memory" (chiefly war stories); Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright's "A Truce" (chiefly New England tales); while Mr. Louis Pendleton's story of "The Sons of Ham" is a discussion of the duty of the nation toward the enfranchised negro clothed in the garb of fiction.

At the Publishers' Night of the Authors' Club—the first formal entertainment given by the club since it moved into its new and permanent home in Carnegie Hall—Mr. Charles J. Longman was among the guests. Mr. Longman has been in America for a month or more, having had a fortnight of sunshine in Florida, and having spent two or three days in Washington among the relics of ancient man in the Smithsonian Institute. The importance of the American branch of Longmans, Green, and Co. is increasing year by year. The number of books by American authors published by this oldest of London houses is also steadily growing. Indeed, as the Longmans and the Macmillans have both found, it is impossible for any British publishing house to hold a position of consequence in the United States without having on its list a great many books of American authorship. Mr. Longman expects to sail for England a week from to-day. Mr. John Lane was also among the guests of the Authors—and so was Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who returns home to-day.

A story told at this reception of the Authors' Club is said not to be new—but it is perhaps true. A very unfunny article was sent by an ambitious amateur to an American comic paper, and at the foot of it the aspiring author has written in pencil, "What will you give for this?" "Ten yards start" was what the unfeeling editor wrote underneath when he returned the MS.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**

The Canadian Copyright business still continues to trouble the world. We publish in another part of this paper the Canadian case drawn out by themselves. It amounts, apparently, to this: that while every civilised country in the world has acknowledged literary property to be as real and as worthy of being guarded as any other kind of property, Canada alone desires to secede from this honourable convention, and to appropriate and "convey" literary property to her own supposed advantage—that is, the advantage of a few printers for whose sake this great iniquity is to be perpetrated.

It has been found impossible to keep American books out of Canada, or Canadian books out of America. It is ridiculous to keep repeating that the laws forbid the importation of such books. **Who regards the law? Who enforces it?**
Canada used to be overrun by American cheap piracies. Distant colonies, such as Jamaica and the Cape, used to be overrun by American cheap piracies, notwithstanding the law. With a frontier unprotected, unguarded, thousands of miles long, there can be no protection for such a law. For all intents and purposes the books published in America might have been before the Copyright Act published in Canada. And so it will be again. As for the old royalty of 12½ per cent., from which the author never got anything, that is to be exchanged for one of 10 per cent., the receipts from which are equally dubious. We are told that no book is to be issued without a stamp. And who is to enforce this provision over the broad extent of Canada? Are we to expect the whole Canadian people individually to insist upon this stamp? Moreover, to offer a successful author 10 per cent. when he receives 15, 20, and sometimes 25 per cent. is impudent. As, however, no one will now get anything, it matters nothing what they offer. Only it would have looked better to make the illusory proposal a little more attractive.

The Canadians resent the sale of their market. What does this mean? It means that the American publishers buy of the author the Canadian rights; in the same way they buy the American rights. This gives them undisputed right to sell in Canada. Now, it is perfectly open to Canadian publishers, if there are any, to set up an office in New York. English authors will be quite as ready to deal with them as with American publishers. It will be but a question of fair dealing—not a 10 per cent. royalty—and enterprise. English publishers have done this. Longmans have a house in New York; there is a Cassell and Co. in New York. Why cannot the Canadians do the same?

On the proposed Canadian Copyright Act, a small collection of opinions from three authors and two publishers appeared in the Contemporary Review of April. The opinions are very clear, and very clearly put. The Act is a blow against the recognition of literary property which has been obtained from all civilised nations. It proposes practically to take the works of English and American authors; to reprint them as the Canadian booksellers—they have no publishers—please; to cut them up and mutilate them as they please. These facts are plainly and forcibly brought out, and the opinions ought to be put together in a pamphlet with the rest of the protests against this iniquitous proposal. That the Act is not defended by the better class of Canadians is shown by a protest of a Canadian lawyer here reproduced (see p. 310), which first appeared in a Toronto paper. The last has not been said on this subject, nor has the Act yet become law. Meantime it is shameful that a country like Canada should for a moment entertain a proposal to revert to the old time of international piracy.

Here is a noble chance for novelists, or aspirants, who can construct a story of mystery. The Chicago Record offers to authors the following prizes for novels of incident, dramatic situations, and mystery. Bear in mind these conditions, O ye candidates! Incident—always more incident—dramatic situations, surprises, and Tableaux, in every chapter: the mystery of a great and wonderful secret, to be discovered on the last page, to be kept up throughout. That is the first condition. The next is that the story must have been written by the candidate who sends it; sworn evidence of that must be sent with the story. Thirdly, the story must be, in length, from 140,000 to 160,000 words—viz., the average length of a serial to run six months in a weekly paper, viz., about 5000 or 6000 words for an instalment. Fourthly, the subjects must not be those of certain popular novels of the day. As to the prizes, they range from £2000 down to £100. And the Chicago Record reserves the right of using such stories as do not win a prize for its own columns at 5 dollars, or £1, per column. Unsuccessful stories will be returned. Very well, the whole thing may be bogus; but I do not think that it is bogus, because so much publicity has been given to such an offer. If I were a young novelist I would have a try. Think of a mystery—murder, money, jewels, a claimant, a forgery. Fix upon as strong a motif as you can—don't be afraid of making it too strong; and then go ahead. The MSS. have to reach Chicago before Oct. 1 of this year. You have therefore less than five months to spend over the work.

Chapman's "Magazine of Fiction," vol. 1, No. 1, is lying before me. A magazine entirely devoted to fiction would seem a perilous undertaking, especially at a time when in every other number of every other magazine there appears an article on the Decay of Fiction. At the same time, however, in every advertising column there is a long list of books in their fiftieth, their hundredth edition, showing that the small number of English families which can buy books are buying that class of book. The editor, Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, has probably gauged the demand before making the venture. Meantime
there is one new feature. The magazine is to contain dramatic dialogues; stories in dialogue; and even plays. We all know how much more pleasantly dialogue can be made in skilful hands to tell the story than long and tedious narrative. It is one of the later developments in the art of fiction that it is becoming more and more dramatic in form—not in set “tableaux,” after the old fashion, but in the substitution of dialogue for description. The new number contains eight papers—by Bret Harte, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, George Brett, James Payn, Frankfort Moore, Violet Hunt, and John Davidson.

A propos of Free Libraries and Tauchnitz books, the following suggestion seems worthy of consideration. Perhaps some Bradford citizen may take it up. I have to thank a correspondent, “F. N. W.,” for it.

In nearly every case the borrowers of books from Free Libraries are compelled to pay one penny per annum for the renewal of their tickets. Does not this constitute a hiring within the letter of the law? I have submitted the case to three legal gentlemen, and all admit that it is an exceedingly nice point. At any rate, it seems to me to be worthy of consideration.

I have before me the rules of the new Hampstead Public Libraries. I do not find in them anything about the payment of a penny. There are fines for the detention of books, but not for the renewal of a ticket. Perhaps there is no penny demanded at Bradford. Is not, however, the circulation of a Tauchnitz book by a public library the infringement of the law? Is it not the same thing as the open distribution of smuggled goods?

One is curious to watch the effect of the Free Libraries on the Circulating Libraries. For my own part, I do not expect any perceptible effect. The general shrinkage of incomes, if it goes on, will more and more diminish the number of subscribers, but not the Free Libraries, which will be used by the class below those who pay three guineas a year to Smith or Mudie. And since this class cannot possibly afford to buy books, not harm at all, but good, will be done by the extension of the Free Libraries. Surely it is a good thing for an author to feel that his book will have the chance at least of being read by millions instead of by thousands. Surely those who desire to reach and to influence these millions will rejoice in thinking that their books are now within reach of so vast an audience; and surely it will not be a bad thing in the immediate future for a publisher to feel that he can place the whole of one edition at once among the libraries of the country.

Authors are an irritable race, especially and proverbially those who write verse. The following note explains the repetition of this maxim:

My little volume I sent you, which was considered sufficient passport for enrolment in your honourable Society, has failed to be recognised in the Author in any way whatever, although all my friends (men of letters, too) have called some of the poems perfect cameos, unique, and so on. I see, therefore, that my merits as an author by authors do not warrant my burdening the Society with my name.

In other words, a member of the Society has withdrawn because he did not receive a notice of his book in these columns. The Author is not a review; it does not profess to publish criticisms on books. It does, however, announce and mention new books and new editions. Until lately it published a list of all the new books; for the sake of getting space this list has been now abandoned. With regard to young poets, it is found that the fairest way with these is to let them speak for themselves. And the little volume referred to has either not reached me—it is still, probably, on the shelves of the secretary’s office—or I have mislaid it, for which, as the author takes it so much to heart, I am sorry. If he had communicated with me I would have had a search made for the book, and should have given him the same chance as the others—viz., allowed him to speak for himself.

This restriction as to criticism does not prevent the writer of “Book Talk” from mentioning, selecting, or praising any book which he thinks may deserve it.

The following must be taken for what it is worth on some results of the proposed “Net” system:

Some remarks made to me yesterday by a country bookseller upon the “Net” system in the price of books appear to me to touch upon a probable source of injury to authors through the “Net” system which, so far as I have seen, has been unnoticed in the Author. He said: “I do not know to whom the extra profits go—certainly not to the booksellers; and, to prove that the profits do not go to us, I may tell you that for the future, unless we are paid ready money for books that are sold net, we are going to charge our customers twopence in the shilling upon the net price. We cannot afford to give credit unless we do this. Should our customers hesitate about paying twopence in the shilling upon the net price in the event of the book being put to their credit, we shall decline to order the book.”

I will try to obtain by the next number some results of the “Net” system as applied to royalties. So far as the figures have been furnished me, they are simply surprising. If the system prevails, which seems unlikely, if only for the reason that the British public, which grows poorer every year, is not going to pay 6s., or even 5s.,
instead of 4s. 6d., we shall have to revise the whole of our royalty tables.

A letter appears to-day (April 26) in the *Daily Chronicle* which looks like the commencement of an outpouring against literary agents. A certain kind of publisher is never tired of attacking the wickedness of the literary agent, who makes his former practices impossible. This writer, who signs himself “An Onlooker,” accuses the literary agents of “emasculating” literature by making contracts for authors in advance, and “half a decade” or five years in advance. He sees in imagination, or has been told to see, a miserable author, pen in hand, hurriedly grinding away day and night, throwing off his sheets, producing far too rapidly for his powers, “bribed” by his agent. There is really nothing in the world on which greater rubbish, more ignorant rubbish, more mischievous rubbish is constantly written and believed than the production of literature, especially fiction. To begin with, it is not the agent but the publisher who makes the contract; it is a very rare thing for a publisher to trust an author’s staying powers so long in advance as five years. It is the case that editors of good magazines secure the services of writers a year or two years in advance; it is also the case that publishers secure the book rights of the same works in advance. Then comes the question whether, by engaging himself beforehand, an author necessarily hurries himself? Of course he does not. He may be so foolish as to undertake too much; but most novelists bring out one novel only a year, and perhaps two or three short stories. Why should they not place these novels in advance? I should like to learn the names of any authors who have been “bribed” into hurried and incomplete work, or are under contracts beyond their powers to fulfill honourably. The agent does not — cannot — increase the production; he only relieves the writer of what is the most irksome, the most irritating, the most anxious part of his work—the commercial side of it.

WALTER BESANT.

**NATURE AS INTERPRETED IN THE POEMS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.**

If the lover of Wordsworth were to seek among later English poets for his successor as the High Priest of Nature, he would be not a little surprised to find that his most ardent disciple is, not the late Laureate; not Matthew Arnold, who was loudest in his praise; but Mr. George Meredith whose genius appears at first glance so unlike that of Wordsworth as to leave but few points of resemblance. Notwithstanding this diversity, even the most cursory reader of Mr. Meredith’s poetry must be struck by the fact that in it the lesson which Wordsworth made it his life’s highest aim to inculcate has found its simplest as well as fullest expression.

The familiar stanza in the second part of “Expostulation and Reply” in which Wordsworth declared that

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,

must surely have lingered in Mr. Meredith’s memory when he wrote the concluding lines of his poem on “South-West Wind in the Woodland” in which he tells us that he who hearkens to the voice of Nature and yields his spirit to her benignant influence with a complete trust in her powers and purposes will obtain

More knowledge of her secret, more
Delight in her beneficence,
Than hours of musing, or the lore
That lives with men could ever give.

That this was more than a mere passing phase of thought in Mr. Meredith’s mind no reader of his poems can doubt. The volume in which the lines quoted occur is the earliest collection of his poems; that published by Parker in 1851, and though the poet in it did not lay so much stress on the importance to man of a close communion with Nature, as he does in later volumes, there is nevertheless more than one significant reference to the love of Earth for her children, and her beneficent influence in restoring the moral as well as physical health of those who have forsaken her for a season.

In “London by Lamplight,” a later poem in the same book, the writer expresses his belief in the sanative forces of Nature and faith in her power to regenerate the dwellers in crowded cities could they but be restored to her arms. He who loves Nature will, he declares, never be forlorn; and a vision of her loveliness is more than a recompense for days of weariness and toil. In more than one poem he tells us that he who once gains Nature as his friend will never lose her; that the joys of her bestowal are never ending.

In “Modern Love, &c.,” a book published eleven years later, the poet dwells with even greater emphasis upon a theme which may truly be said to constitute the most important portion of his message to his fellowman. In this volume the “Ode to the Spirit of the Earth in the Autumn” is devoted to the proclamation of an evangel, which though it has found many
expositors has not, since preached by Wordsworth, been urged on man’s acceptance with a force and persistence equal to Mr. Meredith’s.

The truth and beauty of earth who is “our only visible friend,” her love and care for her offspring, who renounce and denounce her, her serenity, her sanity, her healthfulness, her freedom from sorrow, are dwelt on with an ecstasy of expression for which the only parallel is to be found in the utterances of the earlier poet. Even death, hitherto the great bugbear of humanity, ceases to be thus regarded by the lover of earth,

O, green bounteous earth!
Bacchante Mother! stern to those
Who live not in thy heart of mirth;
Death! Shall I shrink from loving thee?
Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?

No!
Earth knows no desolation,
She smells regeneration
In the moist breath of decay.
She knows not loss;
She feels her need,
Who the winged seed
With the leaf doth toss.

And to this serenity, this majestic calm, man may aspire if he truly loves and feels confidence in Mother Earth,

She can lead us, only she,
Unto God’s footstool, whither she reaches;
Loved, enjoyed, her gifts must be;
Reverenced the truths she teaches,
Ere a man may hope that he
Ever can attain the glee
Of things without a destiny!

The fervour and depth of Mr. Meredith’s utterances on this theme are plainly shown by the fact that after an interval of over twenty years, during which the poet was immersed in prose, he devoted a complete book to “Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth,” in which we find the same expressions of joyous confidence in Nature. Man, we are told, is a compact of blood, and brain, and spirit, and should he, in his folly, attempt to favour anyone of these at the expense of the others a dire result may be expected. The purely sensual nature is equally in danger with the purely intellectual or the rigidly ascetic. Earth from whom we derive the health which is the source of all lasting happiness demands that blood, and brain, and spirit maintain a happy union, and, for love of her, we unquestionably obey her behests with ultimate and certain good to ourselves.

From her we can learn every lesson if we but hearken to her, and bear with us a wise receptiveness. By thus doing we gain “a larger self,” and a sweeter fellowship with all animate things ensues.

In a poem entitled “Earth and Man” their relationship is even more clearly defined than in any earlier work from the same hand, and the folly of man’s attempt to read “the riddle of the painful earth,” instead of resignedly and calmly accepting a mother’s love, is shown in no mistakeable terms. The poem resembles, in treatment, a familiar passage in “Empedocles on Etna,” inasmuch as it shows that man, while he curses earth, is one with the power against which his curses are levelled, a power which labours for man’s good whether he curse or bless.

If he aloft for aid
Imploring storms, her essence is the spur,
His cry to Heaven is a cry to her
He would evade.

And her desires are those
For happiness, for lastingness, for light,”
’Tis she who kindles in his haunching night
The hoped dawn-rose.

As if the poet had, with this book, exhausted this fruitful theme, we have no hint of it in “Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life,” published in 1887, the contents of which deal with phases of human life and passion, but the subject was happily far from exhausted, and accordingly in the following year a volume entitled “A Reading of Earth” was published. This book, which is the last volume of poetry he has written, must for the present be considered to contain Mr. Meredith’s final expressions on “man and nature, and on human life.” In it he sets himself not so much to demonstrate man’s relationship to nature as to interpret her many moods, and to state the benefits accruing to man from a contemplation of each and all of them. In “Rough Weather” a comparison is drawn between a life of ignoble ease and warmth, and one of hardship and wresting with adverse forces, and the gifts of Nature are proved to be designed for him who has courage to endure.

Nature
Judged of shrinking nerves, appears
A mother whom no cry can melt;
But read her past desires and fears,
The letters on her breast are spelt.

Would we learn of earth her lesson? Then we must be prepared to accept symbols instead of words; yet we have but to ask to learn—

Harsh wisdom gives Earth, no more;
In one the spur and the curb;
An answer to thoughts or deeds;
To the Legends an alien look;
To the Questions a figure of Clay.
THE AUTHOR.

[Text continues as before]
of would-be authors, wherefore I had the glorious satisfaction of seeing some of them in print. After a number of failures and a little unrenumerated success, one lucky piece at last merited, or gained at any rate, the distinction of being paid for. The circumstances under which this first payment reached me make an almost tragic story, which there is no space to tell in this paper.

This brings me to about five years ago. The period between that date and the present is the time of my most important experiences. Finding that I was now able to write short sketches and verses which might merit the consideration of editors, I began to inclose stamped addressed envelopes with my MSS., a judicious practice not hitherto adopted. My handwriting was still that of an unpolished scribbler; the punctuation may have been fairly good, but the spelling—. This latter feature of my composition is even yet very imperfect; it is doubtful if I shall ever learn to spell correctly. The theory of grammar is one to which I could never give any continued attention.

A careful estimate of my work, done during leisure evenings these five years, gives the following result: About 450 pieces have been written, short stories, short articles, and verses, chiefly the latter. As near as I am able to compute, the work may be divided into 190 prose pieces and 260 of verse. Of the whole 450, the accepted pieces, all of which have been paid for, number 360; verses 250, stories and articles 110; thus leaving eighty prose pieces and ten of verse declined.

The verses average about four stanzas in length, and the payment has varied from 5s. to half-a-guinea. The length of the stories and articles varies from two to six pages of foolscap, and the payment from 1os. to two guineas.

The successful pieces have not all been accepted the first time they were submitted, not a few having been returned, rewritten, and sent again. Several contributions have come back after they had been cut up and given out to the printers. Only some four or five pieces have been entirely lost.

The rejected work has mostly been returned within a fortnight or three weeks, but occasionally pieces have stayed away longer, a few having come home after they had been away over a year. Most of the accepted work has been paid for about the date of publication, but I have found the most regularly paying publishers subject to slight variation, while others pay for work a week or two after it appears. Some publishers send a copy of the journal containing one's contribution, but others don't; wherefore, seeing that I have not been a regular subscriber to every paper written to, a number of stories have been accepted which I have never had the pleasure of seeing in print.

Besides the verses, articles, and short stories, I have to count two attempts at serial story writing, neither of which have been persevered with, both having been dropped before the tenth chapter was begun. From these a few chapters were accepted when offered as short stories. A third attempt promises to be more successful, as it is now about half written, and has something more than a mere chance of being accepted.

Verse writing has been a very pleasant recreation. My method is to write them on a slate, so that it is easy to erase a word or a line and substitute a better. I find it hard work to write prose, and am very slow at it, seldom producing more than three pages of foolscap in four hours.

During the last few years I have often been disheartened, but have quickly regained hope, and have persevered in the face of discouragement and difficulty; yet I am fully persuaded that the same time and energy given to any other kind of work might have made me a fortune.

It seems to me that in order to become a successful author one should have a great enthusiasm for literary work, a good education, exceptional experiences, unlimited patience, unceasing perseverance, a rare imagination, and a reliable bank account to fall back upon during the "declined with thanks" period. Of course, if one has been reared in the literary atmosphere, and editors are among one's friends, it is easier to get a start. My lot was not cast in this atmosphere, and I am afraid I do not possess anyone of these qualifications. So far I look upon myself as a failure, but have quickly regained hope, and have persevered in the face of discouragement and difficulty; yet I am fully persuaded that the same time and energy given to any other kind of work might have made me a fortune.

Seeing that I was over twenty-eight years of age when my first story was accepted, and am now only thirty-three, also taking into consideration the fact that I gave little or no study to literature until a few years ago, it is evident I am still a child in the literary school. Probably this paper will be regarded as unwarrantably egotistical, which doubtless it is, wherefore, although my experiences are not half told, I must bring it to a close.
THE AUTHORSHIP AND JOURNALISM IN RUSSIA.

The literary profession the wide world over is one long tale of disappointment, drudgery, deprivation, and destitution. The few exceptions to the rule only go to prove its generalness.

Authorship in the Tsar's realms is about at its lowest ebb. The daily feuilleton in the newspapers has almost completely done away with works of a lasting character. Instead of authors trying to elevate the reading public, they have descended to their level. They only seek to amuse them and pander to their tastes without any attempt at instruction. The details of the latest domestic scandal are woven into a dialogue, utterly devoid of plot or moral, and presented for the readers' delectation. The few compositions exhibiting any signs of originality in construction of plot or portrayal of character are invariably of foreign origin, and find their way into the Russian press in translation. In this latter branch of the art British authors are in great vogue, and several familiar names are to be met with in contemporary magazines. A short while ago the statistics of a provincial library showed that the authors, taken in their respective order of popularity, most in demand were Tolstoi, Lermontoff, Turgeniieff, Gogol, Peeswensky, Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Mayne Reid, Walter Scott, Dickens, and Lord Byron. I did not see a single contemporary English author, but this was not to be wondered at, as the translations of their works appear in magazines and newspapers, and seldom, if ever, come out in book form.

The literature of to-day, in more senses than one, is of the most ephemeral nature. The puerile, pernicious productions which at present find acceptance testify to the decline and gradual decay of the author's craft. Racy writers on topical subjects flourish abundantly, but masters of pure diction, finished style, aiming at instruction and elevation, will be sought for in vain.

The halo of mystery which encircles the harem, the bruitishness which distinguishes the Orient, the breath of scandal which taints a noble name—all these have their slaves. It is only the contemplation of the workings of the passions of the lowest possible order that stirs a ripple of interest on the placid surface of the great sea of surfeited pleasure which characterises the present generation. Some affirm that Tolstoi was little known before his realistic book "Kreutzer Sonata" turned the general public's attention to him. And who now of all living Russian writers can claim to rank among first-rate authors? They could be counted on the digits of one hand. The only one that enjoys a world-wide renown is Tolstoi. And he is as if he were no more. He came of that Russian strain which had Pushkin and Lermontoff for its representatives. They studied naturalism, and died in practising it. Both writers met their death in a duel, in consequence of an unholy love. In his youth Tolstoi was also not free of the divine passion, and out of his youthful experiences he evolved a tale which was true to the life, and for which the world thanked him. But now he is returning to the fallacies of a bygone age. He is vainly trying to revive the myths of a long-floated past; to rehabilitate the Garden of Eden; to hasten the Millennium—all equal impossibilities. The hoary head befits the philosophical mind, but his "Babellic" structure constructed to a fantastic Utopian design will never exist on its chimerical groundwork. The store of sound reason and clear judgment which he has rejected will yet become the cornerstone of a more substantial and enduring edifice erected on the principles of labour and progress. One trait in his character we cannot help admiring is his sincerity. He is sincere in everything he does, as long as his belief in its virtue lasts. But, then, belief is so very flexible. He may change it to-morrow. At the risk of being discursive, I will relate the following as illustrative of the commercial value of a name: When the Count was on the Caucasus serving in the army, he sent some of his first effusions to a Moscow editor, who replied that he would accept them, but could not pay for them. Now Tolstoi is offered fabulous prices for his works, but he replies that he accepts no pay. What would then have been treasured beyond all measure is now despised as mere worthless dross. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith Solomon — especially riches, for they take wings and fly away with the morn. "Two things have I required of Thee," saith Agur, the prophet, "deny me them not before I die. Remove me far from vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

The ordinary scribe has often to exist and nourish a wife and family on the poorest pittance —pay which a daily labourer would scorn. In proportion to the vast population, it is a surprisingly small percentage of the people that ever take a paper into their hands. The "Negramotnia," or those unable to read or write, are in an overwhelming majority in rural districts, and in the towns themselves the number is simply appalling. Sometimes the number of those in villages boasting only a rudimentary education descends to as low a figure as 1 per cent., and even lower, so it
is no matter for amazement, when we consider the ignorance of the populace, that the writer's labours in Russia are so little valued. True, his lot has been slightly bettered by the liberal grant of the Tsar, but it is only like a drop in the ocean, and can only prove of real benefit to the indigent writer if the Imperial example is followed by private subscriptions to the fund from wealthy patrons of the literary art.

Of course we must recollect that the teeming millions of the Russian empire are as yet in the elementary stages of civilisation, but the Government is using its best endeavours to educate the masses, and its efforts must eventually be crowned with success, and then a brighter day will dawn for those engaged in literature.

William Addison.

Odessa, 27 March 11.

BOOK TALK.

The Dover Chronicle says Mr. Joseph Hatton is sojourning at St. Margaret's Bay and making excursions about the coast between Deal and Dover with a view to certain incidents in a new novel that is to begin its serial career during the autumn in a London weekly. "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe" is Mr. Hatton's latest book, and he chose to adopt the method of three volumes in one, in which shape the novel is in active demand at the libraries and booksellers'. In May or June Mr. Hatton will publish a shilling novelette entitled "Tom Chester's Sweetheart" (Hutchinsons). It will be an extended treatment of the author's story entitled "The Editor" that appeared in the Ludgate Monthly. "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe" is published in America by Messrs. Lippincott.

The large edition of "The Money Lender Unmasked," by Mr. Thomas Farrow, was entirely exhausted within one month from the date of publication. A second edition has been prepared and is now ready. This work appears to be one of the successes of the season, and, in view of the attention of Parliament having been drawn to the subject, promises to be of much service as a standard work of reference should a Royal Commission be granted. In the new edition Mr. Farrow has still further strengthened the "Introductory" portion.


Mrs. Alec Tweedie's first book, "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," will be published in a third edition in May by Mr. Horace Cox. It will be brought out at 1s., but will be much revised, making it up to date. Several Icelandic stories will be added, and many new illustrations. Mrs. Tweedie's last book, "Wilton, Q.C., or Life in a Highland Shooting Box," is in a second edition, the first having sold out a month from publication.

"John Bickerdyke" will shortly issue a volume of reminiscences, short stories, and essays on the scientific side of angling. The volume will be entitled "Days of My Life on Waters Fresh and Salt, and Other Papers," and will be illustrated by an intaglio frontispiece and a number of full-page illustrations made from photographs taken by the author. The publishers are Longman and Co.

The same author also has in the press a volume on modern sea fishing. This book, which is expected about July, will form one of the Badminton Series (Longman and Co.). It is being illustrated by Mr. C. Napier Hemy and Mr. R. E. Pritchett, and will contain contributions on Antipodean and other foreign fish, tarpon, and whaling by Mr. William Senior ("Red Spinner"), Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, and Sir H. Gore Booth.

About the end of May Mr. E. Norrys Connell will issue a novel called "The House of the Strange Woman." Mr. Connell is already favourably known as the author of "In the Green Park." This book should have been out earlier, but the firm of printers who were originally charged with its production took exception to certain chapters on conscientious grounds. The volume is to be the pioneer of a new series of four-shilling novels which, at Mr. Connell's suggestion, Messrs. Henry and Co. propose issuing in an unique form.

The "Parnassos," the Philological Society of Athens, have elected—unanimously—as honorary member Mrs. Elizabeth M. Edmonds, author of "Amygdala" and of many works on modern Greece and modern Greeks.

Professor Watt's book for the "Dawn of European Literature" series (S.P.C.K.) on the Greek epic will appear next month.

Captain Lionel Trotter, author of "India under Victoria," "Warren Hastings," &c., is engaged upon a "Life of General John Nicholson," who, after a brilliant career in the Punjaub, fell in the prime of manhood while leading his storming
column along the ramparts of Delhi, in September, 1857. Several of Nicholson's old friends have promised their aid in this work.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press are about to issue Vol. XIII. of Professor Buchheim's "German Classics," consisting of Schiller's pathetic tragedy, "Maria Stuart." The text will be provided with a complete commentary, and preceded by an historical and a critical introduction. The distinguishing features of this edition will consist in the fact that the drama will be annotated strictly in accordance with the English, French, and Latin sources consulted by Schiller, and that several of his sources have been traced for the first time by the Editor.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard's new novel, "Jacob Niemand," will be published as a six-shilling volume in June by Messrs. Ward and Downey. Mr. Sherard has recently written, and disposed of for publication in serial form, a story entitled "The Mocking Bird." His authorised biography of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is not yet finished, and cannot be ready till the autumn.

"Greece and Her Hopes and Troubles," by "Hilarion" (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons), is a short and plain statement of what Greece is, what she has done, and what she hopes to accomplish. It contrasts the Greece of the present day with the time of bondage to the Turk. The object of the author is to set down the exact truths concerning the country and the people without exaggeration or suppression. The cession of the Ionian Islands, for instance, is regarded from the Hellenic point of view as one of the most generous acts ever recorded of any nation.

The Rev. James Bownes has just published a volume of verse (Sonnenschein) called "Randolph Lord De Vere, and other Poems." The following extract gives one of the shorter poems:

Ye merry breezes fresh that come and go,
And mark your course by songs from waving corn,
Ye cannot move a heart all worldly worn!
Thou sun that spreadest with thy radiant light,
The forest, vale, and heathered mountain side,
And causest them to look contented, bright,
Thou canst not soothe a heart that time has tried!
Ye stars that dwell within the sapphire sky,
And view with tender eyes the earth below,
Ye cannot cheer a heart bowed down with woe,
Ye cannot move a heart all worldly worn!
Then, breezes, airy spirits, roam around
Shine, sun, until thine everlasting gloom!
Gaze, stars, from out the blue expanse profound!
All will behold some day my silent tomb!

"The Two Dunmores: a Sporting Love Story of To-day," is apparently a first work by "Blake Lamond." It is published by Remington and Co. The author should avoid the habit of giving too much detail. In order to convey a vivid picture not all the background should be painted. The impression is best produced by selection and suggestion.

"Ernest England: a Drama for the Closet," is by J. A. Tucker, late editor of the Daily News, Calcutta (Leadenhall Press). The work is a mixture of prose and poetry. It is a perfectly serious work, of great length, and treats of many subjects. Why, alas! will men write such terribly long dramas? Three hundred and fifty pages! Who, even in a long review, could do justice to this lengthy prose-poem?

"Tales from the Western Moors," by Geoffrey Mortimer, a new name. The book contains nearly twenty tales, some of them more than about twelve pages long. The writer knows his country, and the dialect and manners of the people, well. The publishers are Gibbings and Co., Bloomsbury.

"French Gems" is quite a little book (Elliot Stock)—a booklet of eighty pages—containing on the left hand a sentence, a reflection, a text, a poem, in French; and on the right hand "Reflections," in English verse. The author of the "Reflections," "J. G.," hopes to assist the mission to French-speaking foreigners in Great Britain in connection with the French Reformed Church, Bayswater, under the care of the Rev. J. M. H. Du Pontet de la Harpe.

"A Future Roman Empire" is a pamphlet rather than a book, by Mr. George Edward Tanner (Elliot Stock). It is a sequel to a work by the same writer, called "Unpopular Politics." The writer contemplates the possibility of the revival of a second great Roman Empire, of which he gives a map. He is, apparently, determined that the second empire shall be exactly the same as the first. He includes all the countries round the Mediterranean to the British Isles, but excludes Germany and Russia, and Asia beyond the Euphrates. Most of us will probably emigrate when that empire arrives.

Mr. George Moore has finished the scheme of his new novel, and will now set to work upon it. It deals with the career of a prima donna who feels uneasy about the life she is leading, and at length submits herself to a priest for advice. His counsel is that she should go into a convent, and this agrees with her own inclinations. So she becomes a nun; and around the secrecy of life in a convent the story is woven. Mr. Moore anticipates that the writing of the book will occupy him for two years. His completed work, called "Celibates," will be issued within the next few days.
Mr. John Hollingshead’s Reminiscences will be published early this month by Messrs. Sampson Low, in two volumes. The title is “My Lifetime,” and a portrait of the author is given.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation a novel entitled “Elizabeth’s Pretenders,” by Mr. Hamilton Aide; also “Pages from the Day Book of Dethia Hardacre,” by Mrs. Fuller Maitland.

Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the president of the Alpine Club, has written a book on Mountaineering, which will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold. It will consist of a record of the exploration of Central Caucasus by members of the club throughout the last twenty-five years, and of the author’s own experiences particularly, he having spent two summers there lately. The book will be in two large volumes, illustrated, and with maps. Another new work of travel is “Three Months in the Forests of France,” by Miss Margaret Stokes, the author of “Six Months in the Apennines.” The book is a description of a pilgrimage in search of the Irish saints of France. Messrs. Bell and Sons are the publishers.

The series of letters written by Robert Louis Stevenson, during his life in Samoa, to his friend Mr. Sidney Colvin, are to be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen. These are said to be the most interesting of any of Stevenson’s correspondence during the period of his remote exile, and contain a record from month to month of his work and opinions. A portrait of the novelist will be the frontispiece to the book, which will appear simultaneously in America.

Mr. Lilley’s recent lectures at the Royal Institution are to appear in book form under the title “Four Humorists of the Nineteenth Century.” Dickens represents the democrat in humour, Thackeray the philosopher, George Eliot the poet, and Carlyle the prophet.

To his many other successes, Mr. Stead will attempt to add that of a novel writer. His first novel will be called “A Modern Maid in Modern Babylon,” and will relate the adventures of a young girl who came to London some years ago. It will be published some time this year.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a “Governor’s Guide to Windsor Castle,” which Messrs. Cassell have published. This will doubtless set a fashion in such things, and it is interesting reading, which can be appreciated either at the Castle or at home.

Mr. Justin McCarthy expects to have the last two volumes of his “History of the Georges,” ready at the beginning of next year. The latter part of Mr. J. H. McCarthy’s work on the French Revolution is to appear in the autumn.

Another series of fiction has made a start, namely “The Times Novels.” This, of course, consists of stories that have appeared in the weekly edition of the Times. The series, which is published by Messrs. Osgood, opens with “A Daughter of the Soil,” by Mrs. Francis. Mr. Egerton Castle’s “Light of Scarthey” will be the next to appear.

The next reprint in the beautiful Kelmscott Press series will be “Sir Percyvelle of Galles.” It appears shortly, but Mr. Morris has already sold the greater part of the issue, which consists of 350 paper copies, and eight on vellum.

A new work by Mr. Frank Vincent, in which he gives a survey of the entire continent of Africa from his recent journeyings there, will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann. It will be called “The Actual Africa; or, the Coming Continent,” and will have 100 full page illustrations.

Mr. Henry James will also at an early date issue “Terminus,” a new volume of stories (Heinemann.)

Messrs. Nichols are about to issue Victor Hugo’s works in English. There are from twenty to thirty volumes in the series, fully illustrated, and they will appear at intervals of a month. No English translation of Hugo exists so complete as this.

A series of handbooks on the Cathedrals of England is about to be commenced by Messrs. Dent. Everything of interest concerning the buildings, the traditions, and historical associations surrounding them, will be told by writers who are thoroughly conversant with the matter. “Canterbury,” by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon (a former Canon of Canterbury), will appear first. “Ely,” by Dean Stubbs; and “Tewkesbury,” by Dr. Spence, will follow.

Another book for children comes soon from Mrs. Molesworth, entitled “Sheila’s Mystery.” It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan. This writer has now produced about seventy books.

Mr. Clement Scott’s book on Irving First Nights, from “The Bells” to “King Arthur,” is expected to be ready by the end of the month.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, who will soon cease to be the London correspondent of the New York Tribune and becomes the New York correspondent of the Times, is bringing out a new book entitled “Studies of Men,” which Messrs. Macmillan will publish this month. It consists of a large number of Mr. Smalley’s character sketches of eminent men, which are mostly reprints in a revised form from
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the Tribune. Among the subjects are the German Emperor, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Cardinal Newman, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Balfour, Prince Bismark, Mr. Parnell, and about forty others. Before he leaves London the distinguished journalist is to be entertained at dinner by a select company of his American and English confrères.

The announcement of a "Ruskin Reader" from Mr. George Allen's press serves to remind us that this publishing house is named after Ruskin, a fact which might pardonably be forgotten, since Mr. Allen is extending his business so far beyond Ruskinian literature alone. The new reader is to be out in a few days. It has been compiled from "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice," and is intended for young students. From Ruskin House will also come "The History of Huon of Bordeaux," by Mr. Robert Steel, illustrated by Mr. Fred Mason; and "Biographical Essays"—of Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and others—by Mr. Augustus J. Hare, in addition to the latter's Life of the Gurney Family already announced.

Mr. E. Denison Ross has completed the translation of "The Tarik-i-Rashidi," a rare Persian work, which has hitherto existed only in manuscript, and the volume will be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low shortly. It forms a history of the Central Asian section of the Moghuls, who separated themselves early in the fourteenth century from the main stem of the Chaghatai dynasty. Their princes became masters of Moghulistan and of all Eastern Turkistan, and continued powerful for more than 250 years. The author of the work is Mirza Mohammad Haidar, cousin of the Emperor Baber of Hindustan, the grandfather of the famous Akbar. Mr. Ney Elias, H.M.'s Consul-General for Khovason, has superintended the translation and written an introduction and explanatory notes.

Mr. H. E. Watts's "Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," which will be uniform with his new edition of "Don Quixote," is to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black on July 1.

The book of the month has been the "Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," published by Mr. Heinemann. The letters are mostly new, and include those written to Mrs. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, John Murray, and Thomas Poole, giving much invaluable light upon the poet's career. They extend from 1785 to 1833, but are yet not a complete collection. The editor, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the poet, says that "a complete collection must await the 'coming of the milder day,' a renewed long suffering on the part of his old enemy the 'literary public.'"

Great eagerness was manifested in getting a translation of Tolstoy's new novel, "Master and Man" into sale. Six days after receiving the MS. Messrs. Chapman and Hall had a large edition in the market. Mr. Walter Scott follows more leisurely with a translation. What would have been the first to reach this country, however, was stopped and suppressed, for some reason, on the Russian frontier.

A "Life of the late Lord Randolph Churchill" will be published very shortly. Mr. T. H. S. Escott is the biographer, and he has been assisted in compiling the work by Lord Dufferin, Lord Reay, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Sir John Gorst. Messrs. Hutchinson are the publishers.

The City Treasurer of Birmingham, Mr. W. R. Hughes, who wrote "A Week's Trip in Dickens's Land," has placed his valuable collection of Dickens' editions and memorabilia at the service of Mr. Thomas Wright for the "Life of Dickens" which the latter is preparing. A good deal of new matter has, it is said, been established by Mr. Wright, chiefly concerning the novelist's childhood. The work will not be ready before the end of the year, at the earliest.

In Mr. David Nutt's "Tudor Translation" series the next issue will be North's "Plutarch," with an introduction by Mr. George Wyndham. It will appear in six volumes, between now and December. Forthcoming publications in the series include "Holland's Suetonius," "Fenton's Bandello," "Shelton's Don Quixote," and "Holand's Livy."

Messrs Bell have in course of preparation a new series of Royal Naval Handbooks, which will be edited by Commander C. U. Robinson, author of "The British Fleet." Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton writes on Naval Administration and Organisation, Professor Laughton on Naval Strategy, Captain C. Campbell on the Internal Economy of a Warship, and Captain H. G. Garbett on Naval Gunnery. The Entry and Training of Officers and Men is by Lieut. J. Allen, Torpedoes by Lieut. J. Armstrong, Steam in the Navy by Fleet-Engineer R. C. Oldknow, and Naval Architecture by Mr. J. J. Welch.

Mr. Israel Gollancz is working at an edition of Henry VI., besides having in preparation books on the "Hamlet Saga," "Tancred and Gismunda," and the Anglo-Saxon poems in the Exeter book. The "Temple Shakespeare," which is edited by Mr. Gollancz, has had an enormous sale, Messrs. Dent putting it at considerably over 250,000.
The past month has witnessed the appearance of the New Budget, an illustrated weekly, which took the place, without the loss of a week, of the Pall Mall Budget, the latter having been withdrawn, somewhat unaccountably, from the field on the last Saturday of March. The editor of the deceased magazine, and the majority of its staff, have come over to the new venture, which is being conducted with spirit largely on the same lines. Mr. Harry Furniss, having accepted control of the art section, his own journal Lika Joko likewise closes its career. Another new sixpenny weekly is The Hour, which is edited by Mr. C. H. William son. It is of course illustrated, and it makes a feature of prize competitions and insurance schemes. Vanity Fair changed hands last month, but the new proprietor is not announced, except that he is "a gentleman of taste and credit."

Mr. Charles Dixon's book on "The Migration of British Birds" will be ready at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's immediately. In it the author advances what is believed to be an entirely new law governing the geographical dispersal of species, and illustrates its application in the case of British birds.

Several volumes of verse will be published by Mr. Lane immediately. These include Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy;" and Other Poems, mostly Personal;" and Mr. Francis Thomson's, which is called "Songs Wing to Wing;" "Vespertilia and other Poems," by Mrs. Rosamond Marriott Watson (for which Mr. Anning Bell has designed a special title-page); and "Poems of the Day and Year," by Mr. Frederick Tennyson. A novel called "Consummation," by Victoria Cross, will be issued immediately in the two-volume library form. Esme Stuart's new novel "Married to Order" will be announced to appear soon from the Bodley Head, and will be the first of a four-and-sixpenny series.

A correspondent assures the Chronicle that the circulation of one million copies was not secured, as it had stated, by a single novel by the American writer, Albert Ross (Lynn Boyd Porter), but by a series of six novels. He points out that of "Ben Hur," another American book, 400,000 copies were sold; while "Mr. Barnes of New York," first written by Mr. A. C. Gun ter as a play, and then adapted in despair to novel form, caught on to the extent of 250,000. But the million record appears still to be a-begging.

The sale of King Solomon's Mines," which is being reprinted, will thus be brought up to 100,000 in this country and the colonies, and Max O'Rell's "John Bull and Co.," is in its 20th thousand. "The Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, approaches 40,000, and a "Yellow Aster" 28,000.

One result of General Booth's recent Transatlantic tour will be a work on "Darkest America." He will not have it ready for a considerable time, however. Two new volumes will shortly appear in the "Chief Ancient Philosophies" series of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They are "Platonism," by the Rev. T. B. Strong, of Christ Church, Oxford; and "Neo-Platonism," by the Rev. Dr. Charles Bigg. "The Greek Epic," by Professor Warr, of King's College, which will also be issued immediately, is an addition to the "Dawn of European Literature" series. Mr Fisher Unwin publishes a biography of the late W. F. A. Gaussen, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, the translator of Potapenko's Works. The book is called "Memorials of a Short Life," the Rev. Canon Browne of St. Paul's edits it, and writes an introduction, the remainder consisting of personal letters. In the "National Churches" series, published by Wells Gardner, the next volume will be "The History of the Church in America," by Dr. Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware. It will be issued simultaneously in England and America in a few days.

"The Musical Educator" is the title of a work which Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, will issue in five illustrated volumes. Amongst the contributors are Mr. James Sneddon, Mr. J. C. Grieve, Mr. William Townsend, Mr. F. Lauback, and Mr. William Daly. Dr. John Greig is the editor.


"A Fisherman's Fancies," by F. B. Doveton, published by Elliot Stock, is a book of collections of short sketches which will no doubt appeal to those of the public who desire to pass away a pleasant half-hour. The sketches that touch on fishing, and which no doubt give the name to the book, are excellent reading for those who are fond of that sport.

Mr. Justin Charles MacCartie, author of "Making his Pile," has just produced a new story called "The Darleys of Dingo Dingo," which deals with Australian country life of the present day. It is published by Messrs. Gay and Bird.

It has been announced in the Academy and other papers that Mr. F. H. Perry Coste, B.Sc., &c., is the author of "Towards Utopia," and "On the Organisation of Science," which have been issued under the nom de guerre of a "Free
THE AUTHOR.

Lance." Towards Utopia," which, in spite of its Utopian title, disclaims any very "Utopian" dreams, is mainly occupied with an attempt to trace broadly the various economic and moral factors through which a natural evolution of society to a semi-Utopian state may be brought about. The American rights in "Towards Utopia" were acquired by Messrs. Appleton as soon as the book appeared, and immediately afterwards the author received and refused an offer for a German translation.

The output of new books in the United States last year was in the following order:—First, fiction, then political and social science, then theology, religion, biography, history, travels, and poetry. There were 2,821 books by American writers printed in the United States, 1,086 books were imported, and 577 books by English and other foreign authors were produced on the other side. The greatest number of importations was in theology and religion, and reached 262 volumes. In 1893 a large number of volumes, already in hand, had to be published, though the times were unfavourable, and in 1894 the publishers, already fearful of hard times, were more careful about entering into new engagements.—Westminster Gazette.

Another case of a public library circulating pirated books has been discovered by the Westminster Gazette.

We have before us Ruskin's "Time and Tide," bearing the following inscription on the title page: "New York: John Wiley and Sons, 15, Astor-place, 1888." For many months past this "pirate" has been freely issued at the Tate Lending Library, Brixton. We learn from the Chief Librarian that it was a presentation copy, and while he would certainly not dream of purchasing a "pirate," he saw no reason to refuse one as a gift.

It is a nice case for the conscience. He would be a very conscientious person who would refuse to keep on his shelves a gift book because it belonged to a pirated edition. But surely a public library is in a different position; such a book certainly ought not to be kept on the shelves and lent out to readers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Editors' Rules.

Fearing we are but wasting time, paper, and ink in this controversy if we are to wait until the editors, out of the kindness of their hearts, bind themselves to pay within a certain time for MSS. Probably the end of this world will arrive before they do so.

No, there are two paragraphs in your last copy of the Author which contain, I think, the key to the difficulty. Page 281 (under "Warnings and Advice"): "It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out."

This is surely as true of the magazine article as of the book.

Page 304 (under "Musical Publishing"): "It is for the greatest (writers) composers to begin to insist upon more equitable terms."

To those whose papers are too well known, and too valuable, to be refused because "equitable terms" are necessary to secure them, we, the smaller fry, must look for help in this matter. Let them insist on a certain set of rules (as the rule) and editors will soon cease to take their own time to settle accounts, and learn the valuable lesson that "Short accounts make long friends."

R. L. I.

II.—Parallelism.

Mr. Langbridge's sort of "Kubla Khan" experience is one which, I fancy, a good many people can parallel, though whether one should be scrupulous "in tampering with the gift of a dream" is a matter which I leave the Psychical Researchists to decide. It may not be interesting to your readers to give the experiences of others who have dreamed poems or books or speeches and have just caught hold of the last line or last sentence as they awoke.

Twice I have, on coming up to the surface of consciousness, finished, once a poem and once a sermon, out loud.

The poem ended with the sonorous line

And stemmed the torrent with a pervious prone;

the sermon with

Churches are the martello towers of religion.

I have not "tampered with these dream-gifts," and leave others to discover their literary or philosophic value!

April 9.

G. S. Layard,
Lorraine Cottage,
Great Malvern.

III.—God and the Ant.

May I ask Frederick Langbridge if he has ever published the sonnet he gives on p. 304 of the Author? If not, both he and Coulson Ker- nahan are "parallelists," for I have seen exactly the same thought somewhere, though I cannot place it, and in extremely similar words to those which Mr. Langbridge uses. Or am I a "parallelist" also?

Alan Oscar.
IV.—THE RIGHT, OR THE WRONG, TO MUTILATE A PAPER.

It would be interesting to all writers who contribute papers to magazines to know certainly whether in so doing they render themselves liable to have their paper mutilated to suit editorial difficulties concerning space.

It seems to me that, although an editor has the absolute right of refusing any paper, once he accepts it he binds himself to reproduce it as it stands, unless by special agreement with the author.

Personally I have always held this ground, and am happy to say that in the course of fifteen years of very extensive work for many magazines I have only on two occasions had any cause for complaint.

I regret to have to say that one of these has occurred in the present year. Early in 1893 I offered an article to one of the illustrated magazines to which I have frequently contributed, and by which it was accepted, but publication delayed.

About December, 1893, I prepared a very carefully written account of the details of an event of which I was anxious to preserve a permanent record. As I had secured a good illustration, I offered it to the same magazine, which, as usual, welcomed it. Publication, however, was delayed, and only the following autumn were proofs sent to me. I corrected these most carefully, bringing the subject up to date. In December another copy of these proofs, not corrected, was sent to me, and I again corrected them, the editor expressing his regret at the prolonged delay in publication.

The paper was announced as being in the February number, and various persons interested ordered copies, to find a dull, matter-of-fact article compressed into three pages, upwards of twenty paragraphs having been cut out from ten distinct places, the result naturally being as bald as the letter of a hurried newspaper correspondent.

Supposing that the editor must have been suffering from influenza, and that some stranger was responsible for this discourtesy, I wrote asking for an explanation, and, receiving none, I wrote again more strongly, requesting the return of the paper and illustrations sent in 1893.

To which the editor replies: "He is glad to be able to repudiate entirely the charge of discourtesy—a charge which would with more justice be brought against a contributor who demands an apology for the absolutely necessary abridgment which every editor is fully entitled to make in any article sent to him for publication."

Is he? That is just the question. Does every contributor to a magazine lay himself open to find his most careful work mutilated in this barbarous manner, and then presented to the public with his (or her) signature at the end of it? I hope not. But when an editor who has printed perhaps a dozen of my papers verbatim suddenly deals thus with one—and, strangely enough, the only one of the whole lot which was really of consequence—where does security lie?

On my requesting the return of the article accepted two years ago, it was sent with some minor illustrations. I wrote back stating that two large paintings had not been sent. To this the editor replies that they had been photographed and returned to me by parcel post about the end of December, and that he is not responsible for accidental loss.

That is to say, they were despatched in the busiest week of the year without any notice or any subsequent inquiry as to their receipt not having been acknowledged. This seems to me another point which ought to be clearly defined. When illustrations or MSS. are returned by parcel post, ought not an intimation to that effect to be sent by ordinary post? A general business agreement on these points would be satisfactory.

V.—MINOR Poets.

Your correspondent of April, "Mary Augusta Salmond," is probably unaware that when a minor poet publishes a volume of verses, he does so almost invariably at his own risk. In any case, the chances of profit accruing to himself from such a source are infinitesimal.

Again, there are few, if any, periodicals that will pay for a poem in lyrical form.

For these reasons, it is rarely indeed that the writer of the words of a song, however popular it may become, makes anything beyond his fee for the musical copyright. Therefore, whilst heartily agreeing with Mrs. Salmond on other points, I must, in the interest of brother minor poets, point out that, though the price paid for the copyright may be considered a fairly adequate return for a mere drawing-room or schoolroom song, in the case of a ballad or more important work being taken up by a public singer it is not so, and some arrangement should in justice be made by which the poet would have a share, however small, in the performing rights of his work, as well as the composer, singer, and publisher. The words are manifestly the raison d'être of the composition.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

VI.—A Coincidence.

May I ask for a few lines of your space?

In the Times of March 29 last I read: "The monologue is less an English than a French off-
THE AUTHOR.

In the last of Mr. R. Sherard's interesting letters from Paris, he says that the finding in "Moll Flanders" a passage similar to one in "Jane Eyre" has led him to think less as a work of art of the latter powerful and most common of stories, and, though he does not say this, it has certainly led him to think less of Charlotte Brontë as a woman.

For "when asked," he writes, "how she came to think of so striking a scene (the hearing by Jane of blind Rochester's far-away cry for her), she used to drape herself in some mystery and reply, 'I wrote it because it is true,' leaving one to imagine that this was a thing of her own experience"—surely, if Mr. Sherard's explanation be the right one, a mean and unworthy subterfuge, and one altogether at variance with the character we know of honest, single-minded Charlotte.

That the dire need of some loved one in distress—the cry across the gulf of separation of one human soul to another in sympathy—may make itself heard in some plane of emotional consciousness normally latent is a truth too vital to have confined itself to the recognition of Defoe alone. For my own part, that little note of Mr. Sherard's confirms a conviction I have always had—viz., that the love of Jane for Rochester is the story of some unrecorded love in Charlotte Brontë's own life.

I have never read the passage in question without having been strongly impressed with the sense that that cry for "Jane! Jane! Jane!" had at some time or another entered, iron-like, into the writer's own soul.

The intense and passionate tenderness portrayed—the love tearing itself up by its bleeding human roots in order that its ideal shall not suffer—is too vivid to have taken origin wholly in
fancy. The writer interprets a passion she knows—a thing as different from mere delineation of a passion she knows about as genius is from talent. In "Jane Eyre" Charlotte Brontë has interpreted, perhaps more truly and touchingly than any other writer, a woman's love—intense, sincere, high-minded, yet all the while tenderly human.

I greatly doubt that Defoe had anything to teach her.

**THE AUTHOR.**

**VIII.—American Delays.**

I began to write a novel a year last October. By the following March it was in a publisher's hands, and by the end of May my agreement with an English firm was signed. In the meantime a friend in the States arranged with an American firm to copyright the story there. The American contract was signed by me in September last. The book is not yet out, and my English publishers write that they cannot get the Americans to fix any positive date. It will be said I should have insisted upon a certain time in my agreements. To this I reply that I am not a "known" author, and, considering myself fortunate in having received fair offers from two well-established publishers, I was satisfied to trust them, especially as the making of any such decided arrangement would have entailed much delay in signing contracts, and endless correspondence. Moreover, the book is one whose value depends greatly on an early appearance—a fact, I thought, obvious to any press reader, and which my London publishers recognised. They wanted to get it out last season, and advertised it in their autumn announcements.

Here, then, is a "frightful example" for English writers and publishers. My novel would have been published six months ago, or earlier, had it not been for the American copyright. Are we to have the same trouble with Canada? By the way, has the Authors' Syndicate agents in the States? And, if not, would it not be possible to establish a branch there? We newly-hatched ones are so ignorant!

**NEWCOMER.**

**IX.—Our Extravagant Dinner.**

Mild private protests availing nothing, here, with your permission, a public one. Is the annual dinner intended for all the members of the Society, or only the more wealthy? If all, then why guinea tickets? Cannot we have the pleasure of meeting one another once a year without an unnecessary, in many cases prohibitive, tax? Public dinners are always indifferent, and a satisfying meal can be obtained for a quarter of this tax. I was well (as the place goes) and sufficiently fed the other day for just that sum. The occasion also a club dinner, and at the same restaurant. We are not gluttons, but come to the dinner less to devour our half-guinea's worth than to meet one another and hear the speeches and uphold the Society. Why, again, must those who do not drink wine pay for it—even those who are wine bibbers not choosing their wine, but having that which is given them?

The cost of the dinner is equal to the cost of one year's subscription to the Society; the satisfaction transient, and the benefits nil. I feel so disgusted with this extravagance I contemplate resigning. Those who have the management of the dinner should consider all the members, and not merely their own particular tastes and means. I believe this grumble will be echoed by many members of the Society, particularly those living outside London, who come to the dinner incur the additional cost of about a sovereign for bed, breakfast, and railway fare. This sort of thing is all very well for wealthy publishers, but not for those like

**A Dweller in Rural Grub Street.**

P.S. Grumble No. 2.—Why should we waste our money in advertising the dinner and the list of big and medium guns who are going to be present at it? Every member receives the notice privately, and we do not invite the public to come in their thousands, so the money seems absolutely thrown away. The publication of such a list of names is all very well for wealthy publishers, but not for those like

**A D. in R. G. S.**

[Perhaps an answer to the "grumble" may be found in the following considerations: (1) The "tax" is not demanded of members; no one need pay it who does not choose. (2) Public dinners are expected to have a certain amount of show. (3) The dinner is a public occasion at which the Society shows to the world something of its importance. (4) The wine question and the charge of wine to those who do not drink it is one of practical management. The issue of cheaper tickets without wine has been tried, and proved unworkable for various reasons. (5) The advertisement of the stewards is the best advertisement we can have of the Society itself. To these considerations it may be added that frequent suggestions have been made to hold a conversazione or a series of lectures or readings, at which the Society may gather without payment. It is to be hoped that some practical suggestions may be brought before the committee. Perhaps the evening might take the form of a private dinner among ourselves at very moderate cost, without advertisement or publicity.—Ed.]
The Author.

THE ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS (INCORPORATED).

CONDUCTED BY

WALTER BESANT.

Volume VI.

Published for the Society by

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1896.
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The Author.
(The Organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors. Monthly.)

CONDUCTED BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

JUNE 1, 1895.

For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society’s Offices:
4. PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice
sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

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THE AUTHOR.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to communicate with the Editor on any points connected with their work which 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 practical 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble
of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

The following "case" has been drawn up for the committee by Mr. James Rolt, barrister-at-law:

"It is impossible to deal with the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889, or to estimate the effect it will produce if it is allowed to come into force, without in the first place, shortly referring to the present position of copyright (a) as an imperial question, and (b) as an international question.

(a) International copyright.

(i.) The principal countries of Europe, and, in fact, from a literary point of view, the principal countries of the world, with the exception of the United States, have at last, in the Berne Convention, recognised that the rights of an author in the fruits of his labour should be free from all conditions and restrictions whatever, except such as may be enforced by the laws of the country where it is first produced.

(ii.) The United States unfortunately, owing to political and trade pressure, have not been able to allow authors their full and just rights. Foreign authors can, however, under the Act of 1891, obtain protection on the terms of printing their works in the States. The condition is unquestionably wrong and unfair in principle, but the recognition by the States of the rights of foreign authors is, even where subject to such a condition, of immense importance, especially to British authors.

Acceptance of the terms imposed does not imply a recognition of their justice, and should not under any circumstances be allowed to be drawn into a precedent. On the other hand, we should be most careful to avoid doing anything which might imperil the recognition of the rights of British authors which has been so hardly won from the United States of America.

The Canadian Act, if allowed to come into force, would, it is believed, lead to the withdrawal from British authors of the United States Act of 1891.

(b) Imperial copyright.

The foundation of imperial copyright as it at present exists is to be found in the Act of 1842, which gives protection throughout the British dominions to every work which is first published in the United Kingdom. The Colonies justly complained that under this Act a work which was published in a colony had no copyright in the United Kingdom or in any other colony, but this grievance has been removed by the Act of 1886; a work published in a colony now enjoys precisely the same protection as one first published in the United Kingdom.

(3) Canadian copyright as it exists at present.

It was a common complaint of the Colonies, especially of Canada, that owing to the operation of the Imperial Copyright Act they were unable to obtain a sufficient supply of English literature. In order to remove this ground of complaint the Foreign Reprints Act was passed, and under its provisions Canada has been allowed to import pirated copies of English works on the undertaking that a duty of 12½ per cent. should be collected by the colony upon all such copies for the benefit of the author. As a matter of fact the duty has not been collected, nor has any serious attempt been made by Canada to comply with the undertaking.

In 1875 an Act was passed in Canada giving copyright to foreign authors upon condition of their republishing in the colony either simultaneously with or at any time after publication elsewhere. This Canadian Act was expressly authorised by an Act of the Imperial Legislature, and therefore the Canada printers and publishers contended that the Imperial Copyright Act was repealed so far as Canada was concerned, and that English authors could only obtain copyright in Canada upon complying with the conditions of the Canadian Act. This contention was, however, decisively negatived by the Canadian courts in the case of "Smiles v. Belford," and the position therefore at present is that English authors are only obliged to republish in Canada if they wish to avoid the operation of the Foreign Reprints Act.

(4) Canada's present proposals.

The Canadian Act, passed by Colonial Legislature in 1889, but reserved for the sanction of the Imperial Government, provides that, in order to obtain copyright in Canada, works must be registered with the Minister of Agriculture before
or simultaneously with their first publication, wherever such publication takes place, and must be reprinted and republished in Canada within one month of their publication elsewhere; and (2) that if the author does not comply with these conditions the minister may grant licences for the publication of the work, the licensees paying a royalty of 10 per cent. for the benefit of the author. This Act is promoted solely by and in the interests of the Canadian printers and publishers, who claim to have the right to make a profit out of the works of English authors.

The following are some of the reasons why the Act should not be allowed to come into force:

(1) It is reactionary, and contrary to the principles adopted by this country after full consideration in accord with the Berne Convention. It would, of course, deprive the Canadian author of the benefit of that Convention.

(2) It is an attempt to deprive authors of their recognised rights for the benefit of the Canadian printers and publishers.

(3) It is (except from the view of the printer and publisher) entirely unnecessary. The Canadian reader is amply provided for under the Foreign Reprints Act.

(4) It will involve the repeal, so far as British authors are concerned, of the United States Copyright Act of 1891, and the revival of legalised piracy in that country.

(5) If it should by any chance accomplish its object, the action of the Canadians will thus recoil on their own heads. Canada will again be flooded by pirated copies printed in the United States, and the last condition of the Canadian printers and publishers will be far worse than the first. The short-sightedness of the Canadian legislation is almost incredible. It will involve the flooding of English and other markets with cheap reprints, to the great detriment of publishers who have to pay a fair price for the work they publish. It has been proved over and over again that legislation is powerless to prevent the importation of these cheap reprints.

(6) Having regard to the entire failure of Canada to collect the duties under the Foreign Reprints Act, there is no security whatever that authors will receive even the 10 per cent. royalty provided by the Act.

A manifesto has been issued by the Canadian Copyright Association in support of the Act. The reasons given may be stated as follows:

(1) Canada has the right to legislate fully on copyright. Canada's right to legislate on copyright is confined to the case of Canadian authors. She has no right whatever to take away from British authors their rights under the Imperial Acts. This was expressly decided by her own courts in "Smiles v. Belford," and is the reason why she is now seeking the advice of the Imperial Legislature.

(2) Copyright is analogous to patent right, and the Imperial Government did not disallow the Canadian Patent Act. But, in the first place, copyright is not analogous to patent right. Copyright is given to the form only, not to the thought expressed. It does not prevent another author dealing with the same subject or idea. Patent right deprives the second inventor, who has independently arrived at the same result, of the profits of his labours. Patent right is a monopoly in restraint of other original inventions. Copyright is not. Secondly, the Canadian Copyright Act is not in the least on the same lines as the Canadian Patent Act. The Patent Act allows twelve months for obtaining a patent in Canada after one has been obtained in England, and a further twelve months for commencing to manufacture. This gives time to ascertain whether the market will warrant the outlay.

(3) That under the present conditions the Canadian rights of English authors are included in the sale to United States publishers, to the injury of the Canadian printers and publishers. Here we have the true and only reason for the proposed legislation.

It is based on a fallacy. It is no injustice whatever to Canadian printers and publishers that British authors should be able to choose for themselves where and through whom they will print and publish their works. To be consistent, the Canadians should demand that no artists should have protection for their works except such as used paints and canvas made in Canada. And the remedy is simple. English authors have to reprint in the United States. English publishers do not therefore demand protection or set up imaginary rights, but meet the difficulty in a business-like way. They set up branches in New York and Boston. Let the Canadians do the same. English authors, other things being equal, would rather deal with a Canadian publisher than an American. And let the Canadians join with us in endeavouring to obtain the removal of the unjust restrictions imposed by U.S.A. legislation instead of endeavouring to perpetuate and extend them.

The real interests of English authors and Canadian publishers and printers in this matter are the same, and the latter are pursuing a most short sighted and suicidal policy.

In any case the English authors submit with some confidence that the Canadian proposals are not such as ought to receive the sanction or assistance of the Imperial Legislature.

May 13, 1895.

J. ROLT."
THE AUTHOR.

II.—The Law of Copyright.

Amongst the Bills proposed to be introduced during the ensuing session of Parliament is one to amend the law relating to the protection of copyright against the importation of foreign reprints into this colony, and to the registration of books. The second clause provides that Act No. 4 of 1854, and so much of the seventh section of the Copyright Act, 1873, as entitles the proprietor of the copyright of any book to demand the delivery to him of all copies of foreign reprints of such books unlawfully imported under that Act, shall be repealed. Clause 3 will suspend the existing order prohibiting the importation of foreign reprints of British books, and give force and effect to every provision of Acts of the Imperial Parliament having regard to the importation of foreign reprints of British books into this colony. Clause 4 makes it illegal for any person not being the registered proprietor of the copyright, or some person authorised by him, to import into the colony any reprint of any book in which there shall be registered copyright under the provisions of the Copyright Act, 1873, as to which such proprietor shall have given to the Collector of Customs a notice, in writing, duly declared before a justice of the peace, that such copyright exists, such notice also stating when such copyright will expire. And if any unauthorised person shall import or bring any such reprint into the colony, or shall knowingly sell, let, publish, or expose for sale or hire any such reprint, then every such reprint shall be forfeited, and shall be seized by any officer of customs, and shall be destroyed or disposed of in such manner as the Governor shall direct; and every person so offending, being duly convicted, shall also for every such offence forfeit the sum of £10 and double the value of every copy of such book which he shall so import into the colony, or shall knowingly sell, let, publish, or expose for sale or hire, or shall have in his possession for sale or hire; £5 of such penalty to the use of the officer of customs, and the remainder to the proprietor of the copyright. By clause 5 the proprietor of the copyright is reserved the right of action for damages for infringement of the Act. According to the seventh clause lists of all books in respect to which copyright shall be subsisting in the colony must be posted at the customs houses of Colonial ports.—Cape Times, April 6.

III.—American Copyright Law.—Important Decision.

The Law Department of the United States gave an important decision yesterday bearing upon the law of copyright. It says that the law in the United States as it at present stands does not prevent the sale in the States of American copyright books that have been printed in Canada. The point is one of such importance to United States authors that an agitation for their better protection will be started forthwith.—St. James's Gazette, May 4.

IV.—Bolton v. Aldin and Others.

(Queen's Bench Division.—Before Mr. Justice Grantham and a Common Jury).

This was an action to recover damages for the infringement of copyright in a photograph by publishing it in the Sketch and in another publication, and an injunction was asked for to restrain future publication. The representatives of the Illustrated London News, it was said, were ready to submit to an injunction going against them, and to pay costs up to a certain point; and they were therefore discharged from the action. Mr. Willes Chitty was for the plaintiff, and Mr. Kemp, Q.C., and Mr. Willis Bund for the remaining defendant.

It was said that Mr. Gambier Bolton, the plaintiff, was a Fellow of the Zoological Society, and he had spent a large part of his life at the Zoological Gardens and in travelling in various parts of the world taking photographs of a great number of wild animals in various attitudes. He had a collection of 3000 of these photographs, which the authorities of the British Museum had framed and hung upon their walls for the benefit of future generations. This was very important, as many varieties of animals were fast becoming extinct, and, indeed, the plaintiff had in his possession photographs of two or three kinds of animals which were already extinct. The photographs in the Museum would show to future generations the animals as they now exist. He had incurred great expense, and had run very great personal risk in getting the photographs. He had been in great danger on two or three occasions at the Zoological Gardens. Among others, he took at the Zoological Gardens a photograph of a tigress yawning. The difficulty in that particular case was that the tigress was asleep, and he had to wait for hours and hours until she should wake and yawn, and then there was great doubt as to whether the yawn could be caught at a proper attitude. He registered the photograph under the Copyright Act of 25 and 26 Vict. c. 68, in June, 1894, and it would be shown that the remaining defendant made a sketch of this photograph and sold it for publication. It was published in the Sketch, and it was to stop a proceeding of that kind that the present action was brought. It was most important to the plaintiff...
that this should be accomplished, because artists of high standing were in the habit of using his photographs for studying wild animals in various positions, and his source of profit would be endangered if people were allowed to publish sketches of them.

Evidence was given that the tigress in question had a cancerous mouth, and the tigress in the sketch had the same complaint. Mr. J. P. Nettle-ship, artist and animal painter, expressed his opinion that the published sketch was taken from the plaintiff's photograph. It was admitted that the defendant's sketch was sold for £3. There was other evidence that the publication of the sketch would be likely to seriously affect the sale of the plaintiff's photographs.

Mr. Kemp, upon the conclusion of the evidence, submitted that the plaintiff had made out no case, and he quoted various decided cases in support of his contention that what had happened was no infringement of copyright within the meaning of the Act.

Mr. Justice Grantham had no doubt that the sketch was taken from the photograph, and that there was an infringement of copyright. He therefore gave judgment for the plaintiff for an injunction, and he awarded him one penalty of £10 and £40 damages.

Judgment for the plaintiff with costs.—Observer, May 17.

V.—MUSICAL Copyright.

A telegram from America has been received by the plaintiffs in the musical copyright test case of Novello v. Ditson to say that the Appellate Court last Friday upheld the decision of the court below, in favour of the British publishers. The question referred to the so-called “manufacturing” clauses of the American Copyright Act of 1891; or, in other words, the point raised was whether music, like books, must be printed from plates engraved or type-set in the United States in order to secure copyright at Washington. Both courts have now decided that music is exempt from the “manufacturing” clauses, and although it would perhaps be somewhat rash to consider the matter quite settled until the full text of the judgment is received a week hence, it nevertheless seems to have been held that music, unlike books, need not be reprinted in the United States in order to secure American copyright. Both courts have now decided that music is exempt from the “manufacturing” clauses, and although it would perhaps be somewhat rash to consider the matter quite settled until the full text of the judgment is received a week hence, it nevertheless seems to have been held that music, unlike books, need not be reprinted in the United States in order to secure American copyright. Both courts have now decided that music is exempt from the “manufacturing” clauses, and although it would perhaps be somewhat rash to consider the matter quite settled until the full text of the judgment is received a week hence, it nevertheless seems to have been held that music, unlike books, need not be reprinted in the United States in order to secure American copyright.

There are three methods of publishing:

1. Those in which the author sells his work for what it will fetch; or, which is another way of putting it, prefers to capitalise his royalties. In the case of a successful writer this method should only be adopted with the advice of an agent.
2. That in which a profit-sharing agreement is accepted.
3. That in which a royalty is accepted.

There are sub-divisions in these three classes. As, for instance, when the profit-sharing agreement means a half or two-thirds to the author; and, in the third case, what amount of royalty is offered, and whether the royalty is deferred or to begin with the first copy.

We will consider some of the relations of the publisher to the book he issues.

1. He used to say that he took the risk. We do not hear so much about the risk of late. As regards successful writers, that is, two or three hundred writers at least, there is no risk, no risk at all. Not the least shadow of risk. The publisher knows very well beforehand that he is safe for a certain minimum of copies, and that this minimum will not only cover his expenditure but will leave a margin of profit. Outside this
circle of successful writers there may be, no doubt, risk; most publishers, however, in such a case make the author pay for production, or, at least, guarantee such a number of copies as will repay themselves, with a margin. The number of books thus paid for by the author is enormous; there are small firms which do nothing else.

2. When there is risk, what is it?

Of course we are not considering the starting of a magazine, or the production of great works like an encyclopedia, a dictionary of natural biography, or the like; or a book elaborately and expensively illustrated; or an edition de luxe; or technical books in small demand. The author in such a case must generally be considered as the employé of the publisher; he contributes his work; he is paid for his work; he is not concerned with the rest. In this place we are talking only of ordinary books—travel books, history, memoirs, and biography, essays, poetry, plays, fiction, theology, sermons, educational books, &c.

The risk is the difference between the number that the publisher can reckon on being taken by subscription, and the initial cost. Thus a book may cost £120 to produce and advertise, which the publisher will only subscribe at the outset for £112. The risk in that case is therefore £8. Most people talk as if the risk was the whole cost of production. On the other hand, those who pay for producing their own poetry and fiction will do well to remember that the risk will probably be represented to them as the whole cost of production. In some cases, where the book is worthless and ought not to be published, the risk really may be the whole cost of production. A case was brought to the Society the other day in which an author had paid for the production. The number of copies sold was nineteen!

3. The use of money. Accounts are made up, as a rule, once a year, and payment is made three months afterwards. This means the use of all the money received, and since the first run of the book is by far the most important, the use for eight to twelve months. In the case of a highly successful book, say a 6s. book, of which 40,000 copies go off in the first three months, the publisher retains in his own hands for nearly a year the difference between the returns and the cost of production; that is, he has the use of all the author's royalties, amounting in such a case to about £3000. This would mean to the author about £100 interest, but to the publisher, as money used in his business, a sum which may be estimated at from 10 to 20 per cent., i.e., from £300 to £600. But, it will be said, this is an extreme case, and very unusual. Quite so; but we must always take an extreme case in order to test an agreement in publishing, just as in a theory of mathematics. Take, however, another case, in which only 2000 copies are sold. Here the publisher holds in hand for a year royalties at, say, one shilling a copy, amounting to £100. He therefore pockets from £10 to £20 in addition to what the royalty leaves him. This extra profit is, it will be seen, a serious factor in the accounts of a book, and one which must be taken into consideration.

4. The agency for American rights. An author should be careful to retain these rights. A literary agent will take care of them for him at 10 per cent. Several publishers' letters have been received lately in which, while denouncing vigorously the extreme wickedness of the literary agent who takes 10 per cent., the writer has kindly offered to undertake the American rights at 30 per cent. or 50 per cent.

5. The cost of production. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon authors that cost of production must be taken to mean actual cost — money actually paid and nothing else. There are still some people left who systematically falsify their accounts. Readers of the Author will remember that a case was submitted to counsel, whose opinion, published in the Author, was that no judge would uphold such falsification on any pretence whatever. Whether such a case could be brought into the criminal courts remains to be seen. Perhaps this may be ascertained by experiment before long.

Nothing, to repeat, must be charged that is not actually paid, e.g., not advertisements in a publisher's own organ; not advertisements that are actually, or practically, exchanges. Discounts, which are sometimes very heavy, must be entered in the joint account.

6. There must be no secret profit of any kind.

7. The accounts must be open to inspection.

8. The author must be told the whole of the facts about the production and the sale of his own book.

9. Then comes the question of the "establishment expenses."

A charge for these expenses is sometimes made in the agreement. Should it be allowed?

There are three persons connected with every book.

1. The author, who creates the property. Has he no "establishment expenses?" One does not reckon his household expenses; but there are many other things, he has to pay his agent; his study is his office; he has probably a shorthand clerk; he employs people to copy things; he has to buy many books; he has sometimes to go many journeys; he has to spend large sums in acquiring his knowledge—surely these are
THE AUTHOR.

"establishment expenses." Hitherto, however, he has not charged them.

2. There is the bookseller. He has a heavy rent to pay; he has taxes, assistants, and all the charges of a shop to defray before he touches anything at all for himself. These are his "establishment expenses." Hitherto he has not asked them to be allowed first, before his "profit" begins. The simple man continues to call the difference between the price he gets and the price he pays, his profit.

3. The publisher, alone of the three, demands a first charge of "establishment expenses." But he is careful not to recognise the same claim in the case of the other two.

10. Then follows the question of the proportion that should be paid to the publisher.

What are the services which he renders? He lends his office and his servants; his clerks give out the book, they also collect the money. The publisher arranges with printer and binder; he decides on the amount that may be spent in advertising the book. As a rule it is perfectly simple routine work. What should he receive? There must be a margin, of course, over and above the establishment expenses, for the publisher as well as for the author and the bookseller. How large should that margin be?

A publisher has been complaining lately in the New Budget that all he could get for himself out of a certain book which had a very wide circulation was a paltry 6d. a copy. Note that with a very successful book—it is only a very successful book for which so large a royalty can be claimed—namely, 25 per cent.—with a book selling 40,000 copies, the wretched 6d. over which this person whines means £1000! This 6d. was reckoned after deducting sevenpence for alleged establishment expenses. Imagine the happiness of an agent who should be allowed to take £1000 out of £5000 for himself, with his office expenses as well! The case is highly instructive.

11. The deferred royalty ought not to be, but too often is a trick of the very worst kind. It seems perfectly reasonable that the cost of production should be first defrayed before profits are declared. Thus, suppose an edition of 3000 copies is printed—all that the publisher thinks will be sold. Suppose also that the publisher is nearly right. He sells 2500 copies. The book has cost him £160. He sells it at 6s., i.e., 3s. 6d. It therefore takes him 920 copies to clear himself: every other copy is clear gain. What do we think then of publishers offering a miserable 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. royalty to begin after a thousand copies? At the latter royalty, for instance, the author would receive about £70 and the publisher about £200. This can hardly be called a just share of profit for managing this little estate.

What, then, ought the publisher to receive? Obviously, more in proportion for a book of small circulation than for one of wide circulation. With these facts before us let us endeavour to arrive at some kind of conclusion.

A proportion actually based on principles of equity cannot be expected from the nature of the case. For who can decide what ought to be the payment of an agent? One can only state the facts, and deduce from them some conclusion that will be accepted by honourable men on both sides.

Sir Frederick Pollock, speaking at a public meeting of the society when he took over the chairmanship, said, very strongly, that it was simply impossible that honourable men should be unable to arrive at an agreement as to the rights of author and publisher respectively. It does seem impossible. Let us therefore make an attempt to arrive at a solution of the problem. The above are, roughly speaking, the data. If the members of the society will consider the problem, (1) for a book about which there can be no talk of risk, and (2) for a book which carries risk there may be found some way out of the difficulty.

For my own part, I would suggest, as a small contribution towards clearing up this question, that we leave off talking about the author's royalty and begin to speak and think of the royalty granted by the author to the publisher. This will be a practical method of asserting the proprietor's rights in his own property.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ALPHONSE DAUDET has no intention of writing his impressions about London. He emphatically said so this very morning. He said that he has seen far too little of our great city to venture to express an opinion on it... that it would be presumptuous, and so on. He will probably, however, use his experiences in some future novel.

His stay on the whole has been a pleasant one, and he will leave England on Monday next, "not without regret." He has been greatly interested in all he has seen, and has filled note-books with notes on the same. He says that the characteristic of the English race is pride, that the French have no such pride, and that it is a good thing. Our English habit of tea-drinking, on the other hand, he thinks a detestable thing. "Tea in the morning," he says, "tea at noon, tea all day. I
gave it up in time. It was ruining my nerves.” He still suffers a great deal. “I feel as if my legs were being stabbed with knives, and as though there was a harrow going over my body.” However, he keeps in good spirits, and may often be heard singing. His favourite tune just now is that of “Her Golden Hair,” which, he says, is the Leit-Motive of London.

I say that his stay has been a pleasant one “on the whole”; that is to say, in spite of various annoyances from which, it would appear, no celebrity on a visit to London is exempted. The interviewers, to begin with, who by indiscreet statements have involved him—as thanks to him for placing himself at their disposal—in inextricable controversies. Then the Leo-Hunters. Various people—including one or two noble ladies—treating him like an actor or curiosity on show—have written—strangers to him a stranger—to bid him to their houses, without taking the trouble of showing the preliminary courtesy of calling on him or of leaving cards. These have received lessons in savoir vivre which one hopes may profit them. Anonymous letters, many containing insults, have reached him by every post. Inventors have asked him to further their inventions, and needy Frenchmen have demanded funds wherewith to repatriate themselves.

I was present the other day at an interview between M. Daudet and a person who described himself as a French musician, who wanted a “few words in private.” Daudet told him to speak up, and he began speaking offensively about the English. However, seeing that Daudet by no means agreed with him in his comments on “ces Anglais,” he deftly turned his insults into compliments, and went on to say that he wanted the money to pay his fare back to Paris. Daudet said he had no money with him, but asked Léon, who was present, for his purse. Léon said that there was very little in it, and Daudet then told the man that he should have all there was, and emptied the purse on the table. The destitute musician went away, radiant, with about two pounds in his pocket. That was a week ago. To-day I saw him in the bar of a public-house in the Strand. He has not left for Paris yet.

Léon Daudet has just finished correcting the proofs of his satirical novel “Les Kameata,” which will be published at the beginning of June by Charpentier, who expressed himself to me at the Vernissage of the New Salon as very sanguine about it. He will then start upon a work of imagination, to be called “Le Voyage de Shakespeare.” He imagines Shakespeare traveling in the North of Europe collecting the impressions from which “Hamlet” eventually springs. It will be a difficult task, but, if successfully worked out, should make a very interesting book. I understand that George Hugo, who has been staying in London with the Daudets, will illustrate the work.

I hear that of late many of the most distinguished men of letters in France—the Daudets, the Rosnys, Pierre Loti, and others—have placed the management of their entire English and American business interests in the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt.

Crockett writes me a charming letter from Bellagio. “Since I came to Italy,” he says, “I have been full of work. My book of ‘Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City,’ begins in the Cornhill for July, and this in addition to ‘The Grey Man’ for the Graphic, and other things. Then there have been incidentals to do, short things, which are neither here nor there, but which take time.”

I have often thought that for writing a book for children a child would be one’s best collaborator. S. R. Crockett seems to share my opinion, for he tells me that he is writing a Christmas book in collaboration with his little daughter Maisie, the bonniest little child that God ever sent to earth. “It is a Christmas book about our travels,” he writes. “It will make the superior person very sick; but will please all children, big and little, or so I think. And I care little what the person who can’t write himself, but tells you how you must write, will say of the matter.”

He is exemplary in his remarks on criticism. “I heard that I had been annihilated in some review by a gentleman whose name was unfamiliar; but I did not see the article, which must, I think, have been blank cartridge, since nobody was a penny piece the worse.” He also tells me that he hopes to be back in July, “when we are going to St. Andrews for the seaside, to dig in the sand—all of us.”

Amongst the late Leconte de Lisle’s papers was found a set of notes, in which the great poet summed up, in a few words devoted to each, his opinion on his comrades in the Muse. Of Lamattine he says: “An abundant imagination, an intelligence endowed rather with a thousand noble and ambitious desires than with real capacities. A nature d’élite, an incomplete artist, a great poet by chance. He has left behind him—as it were in expiation—a multitude of stillborn beings, with liquified brains and hearts of stone, the wretched family of an illustrious father.” Alfred de Musset, in Leconte de Lisle’s opinion, was a “mediocre poet, nil as an artist, a very witty writer of prose.” Victor Hugo was “the greatest known lyrical poet. Exaggerated in all things,
puerile and yet sublime, with an inexhaustible reservoir of splendid and incoherent images, a marvellous dreamer, with extraordinary blanks in his intellect."

About Baudelaire he wrote: "Very intelligent and original, but of limited imagination, lacking in breadth. His art is too often clumsy. About Théodore de Banville: "Witty, amiable, good-natured, a skilful, brilliant, but superficial artist." Alfred de Vigny, according to the great Parnassian, was "a great and noble artist, in spite of frequent laches of expression, who has always lived in retirement, poor and dignified, faithful to the end to his one creed—the beautiful." Théophile Gautier: "An excellent poet, an excellent writer. Very unjustly neglected." As to Béranger, he is of opinion: "His chansons de circonstance and his God of a cabaret philanthropique have all had their vogue; and having all had their vogue, are now and for evermore dust and ashes." One would like now to be able to have the opinions of Béranger, Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, and the others on Leconte de Lisle.

I hear that arrangements have already been made in London for the publication in serial form of Mr. Vizetelly's translation of Emile Zola's new novel "Rome." That is to say, arrangements in anticipation, as but little of the book has been written. The story, apart from descriptions of Rome and Roman life, deals with a tragic love affair. Zola is working himself to death over it. I met him at the Vernissage, and asked him why he was looking so pale. "Le travail," he said, "Le travail!!" Work ought not to make one pale. It is absurd if it does.

Why are literary men, who usually lead a very healthy life, almost invariably "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"? De Musset said their faces gave a reflection of the white paper which was always before them. But then the paper is not long white, and I, for my part, never saw an author turn negro from the reflection of the written sheet. The doctors might explain the matter.

I have seen it reported that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is engaged in writing her memoirs. This is not true, and the report was doubtless spread abroad with the kind intention of injuring a work which has been in preparation for some time. I saw the lady shortly before her departure from Paris, and she said that she was in no wise so engaged. What leisure she enjoys is spent in her atelier on sculpture, in which art she has already achieved some success. A model attends her every day when she is at home in Paris. I do not know what she does when en voyage.

I had a grotesque experience at her house in the Boulevard Pereire on the occasion referred to. We were talking about a very pathetic and tragic thing, and the great lady was wringing her hands and had tears in her eyes. She was sitting with her back to a cage in which was a large Senegalese monkey, and the whole time that she was speaking the ape was grimacing horribly, sticking out his tongue, blinking his eyes, and performing various gymnastic feats. The contrast was a striking one, and, heavily-hearted as I was, I could not master a laugh—a laugh of the Sardinian kind.

I suppose that everybody is reading Mr. Roche's masterly translation of the "Memoirs of Barras." One wants to hear the other side about Napoleon, and Barras gives it, full and strong. Of course Barras, by reason of his jealousy about Josephine, was a prejudiced witness, but then most of the witnesses on the other side, from Méneval downwards, were also prejudiced. Mr. Charles Roche is a very distinguished journalist, of world-wide experience, of whom M. Daudet has expressed a very high opinion. He is connected by marriage with the family of Charles Dickens.

May 23. ROBERT H. SHEARD.
Authors' Club, 3, Whitehall Court.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, May 18.

With increasing experience of the difficulty of expression in black and white, I am coming more and more to be of the belief that it is absolutely impossible to say anything in print so that it cannot be misunderstood. For example, there was a letter in the Author two or three months ago in which it was shown that a British series of books is pretty certain to find an American publisher, while an American series is very unlikely to find a British publisher; and now comes Mr. Andrew Lang in the Illustrated London News and calls this plain statement of fact a complaint. Certainly it was not prompted by any feeling of grievance. It was prompted by a desire to fulfil the wishes of the editor of the Author, who requested me to explain any conditions in the American book market which the reader in England was not likely to know.

Now, one of the conditions an English reader is not likely to suspect is that the American market is more freely opened to a British book of average merit than the British market is opened to an American book of average merit. This is a fact. To state it is not to make a complaint.
To account for it is not easy, although the reason is probably to be found in the former colonial dependence of the United States toward Great Britain; the effect of which was to give the British a poor opinion of what came from America, and to give the Americans a high opinion of what came from England. Many American authors have noticed that there is still in the United States a lingering survival of colonial deference toward British authors. Curiously enough, this colonialism exists in America only in regard to literature. For example, British art, pictorial or plastic, is held in very low esteem, as the American painters and sculptors and architects look to France for their masters. In a recent essay on "Trade Winds in Literature," Col. Higginson discussed the subject with his usual felicity of illustration.

"The sailors of Columbus," he began, "in crossing the Atlantic were not alarmed by opposing winds, but because the wind blew always in their favour. It was certain, they held, that such winds cut off all hope of return. In literature these same winds have blown ever since; the fame of an English author spreads rapidly to America, whereas that of an American, though it may ultimately reach Europe, goes far more slowly. Dr. Conan Doyle, who has thus far identified his name with but a single character in fiction, comes here and receives 500 dollars per lecture; whereas if Edgar Poe had gone to England, in his day, and had offered to lecture, he would have been fortunate if he had cleared a profit of 3s. 6d. Americans to whom the very names of Dr. Doyle and Mr. Christie Murray and Dean Hole were previously unknown, made haste to read some of their books in order to attend their lectures. It is impossible to see in this anything but a survival of that trade wind called colonialism."

And after giving other instances, Col. Higginson declared that "The history of literature is, far more than we recognise, a series of vibrations of the pendulum for the two great branches of the English-speaking race; sometimes the one takes the lead, sometimes the other. Forty years ago no book produced in England compared in world-wide circulation with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and even to this day it is said to be found in English farmhouses more frequently, with 'The Wide, Wide World,' than any other book. Twenty years ago the travelling American rarely met an Englishman who was not familiar with Mark Twain, or an English woman who was not eager to hear anything about Longfellow. It is probable that Emerson had, and still has, on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen more direct influence than Carlyle had among Americans. It is only a few years since American magazines conquered London, which they still hold; and since it was generally admitted that Americans excelled their transatlantic cousins in short stories. This year there is a swing of the pendulum. In spite of Mr. Howells—who doubtless prophesied somewhat rashly—there is a reaction in favour of tales of historical romance, in which English writers have taken the unquestioned lead."

The fact is that England is the older country, and that, therefore, there is a certain prejudice in England against an American author; while America is the younger country, and therefore there is a certain prejudice in America in favour of an English author. That is why an American publisher was readily found to issue Mr. Lang's series of volumes on "English Worthies," although that series proved to be a financial failure, and was abandoned before two of its most interesting books appeared—Mr. Lang's own "Izaak Walton" and R. L. Stevenson's "Wellington," both of which remained unwritten. That is why the "Great Educators'" series, which was planned here in New York by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler (who assigned the separate volumes to writers in America, in England, and in France), and which is printed here by Charles Scribner's Sons (who sell sheets to Mr. Heine mann), is published in London with a new title-page, from which Prof. Butler's name is omitted—this new title-page being the only part of the so-called "Heinemann's Great Educators' Series" which is printed in England.

It is pleasant to be able to record that books of solid merit have sales sometimes as large as those of the mere book of the hour. I was told not long ago that two thousand sets of the new edition of Mr. James Bryce's book on the "American Commonwealth" were placed with the trade here in the city of New York alone in a single day. By the publisher's advertisements I see that Mr. John Fiske's "Discovery of America" is in its thirteenth thousand, while most of his other historical and philosophical works have reached at least a tenth edition.

Macmillan and Co. will commence in May the publication of their "Miniature Series," one number of which will appear each month. The little books will be bound in paper, and will be sold at 25 cents each. In shape and in size, and in neatness of typography, they resemble the pretty little collection of books by American authors issued by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh. The volumes announced for the coming year are: "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter; "The Friendship of Nature," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "A Trip to England," by Gold-

In the May number of the Book Buyer, the little monthly publication issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, appears the first instalment of a Bibliography of First Editions of John Greenleaf Whittier, compiled by Mr. Edward H. Bierstadt, of the Grolier Club. No detailed and descriptive bibliography of this writer has been published here to fore, and the compiler has endeavoured to make his work complete, and as fully descriptive as is convenient in view of the undertaking. It is the purpose of the publishers of the Book Buyer in future to make contributions of literary study, which they believe will be found convenient standards of accurate information upon the subject. The Whittier Bibliography will be completed in four instalments. The publishers expect to follow it with bibliographies of James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorn, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other authors whose works are of interest to collectors. The May number of the Book Buyer has for its frontispiece an engraving on wood of the latest portrait of Mr. Stedman.

The editor of the new American edition of the Bookman—which now owes very little to its London namesake save the name—is one of the Columbia College Professors of Latin; and it is therefore perhaps not unfair to credit him with the following adaptation, called "Literary Log-rolling in Ancient Rome":—

Hor. Epist. ii., 2, 87.

Frater erat Romae consulti rheto, ut alter
Alterius sermones meros audiret honores,
Gracchus ut hic illi, forest huic ut Mucius ille,
Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
Carmina compono, hic elegos. "Mirabile visu
Caedimur et totidem consumimus hostem
Lento Samnites ad lumina primum duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis P
Quis nisi Callimachus P Si plus adposcere visus,
Fit Mimnermus et optivocognomine crescit.

The Paris correspondent of the Author voices M. Marcel Prevost's protest against an unauthorized American translation of his unspeakable Demi-Vierges." The translation, it is true, is published in America, but the translator, Mr. Arthur Hornblow, is an Englishman. H. R.

NOTES AND NEWS.

I THINK that I may very properly make this the place for a brief note concerning the distinction lately conferred upon me. It is, in fact, a national recognition of this Society and of its work in advancing the dignity and the independence of literature. The Earl of Rosebery in his letter to me expressly pointed out that this distinction was offered in recognition of services which, he kindly says, have been rendered by me to the dignity of literature. These humble services could only be effective through such an organisation as our own. It is, therefore, the Society itself which has, for the first time, received recognition.

We have also to chronicle the same distinction conferred upon our chairman, Sir William Martin Conway. The fact that he is our chairman, in addition to the many achievements by which he has lifted himself above the heads of his fellows, may be taken as having had its weight.

Last, but not least, is to be noted, as very suggestive of new departure, the same distinction bestowed upon a poet—Sir Lewis Morris.
In the lamented death of Lord Pembroke the Society has lost one of its strongest friends. Lord Pembroke was a member of our council; he attended the meetings of council—which are few; he was present at several of our public meetings; he took the chair for us at one of our dinners; and he always showed the greatest interest in our work and aims.

In a recent “interview,” which appeared in the Daily Chronicle, Mr. Hall Caine gave public utterance, for the first time, to a suggestion which has been in the minds of many, and is now being talked of freely. “The authors,” he said, “who have the hearts of the public would—under certain circumstances—have to do as Ruskin did—create new publishers—or else attempt the perhaps not impossible task of doing without publishers altogether, and going direct to the booksellers.” This is what is whispered or spoken outright. What is to prevent, if authors choose, the opening of an office, with a manager paid on commission, and not allowed to publish on his own account? The thing is perfectly plain and perfectly simple. For my own part I hope—though my hope is not, I confess, so strong as formerly—that the old machinery will continue, but adjusted to altered conditions. All that we demand as a preliminary to any serious attempt to settle the question is the recognition of four points which no honest man can, for very shame, refuse, viz.:

1. No secret profits—i.e., no falsifying of accounts.
2. No charge unless of money actually paid—as no charge for advertisements except those paid for; all discounts to be entered in the books, &c.
3. Open accounts—i.e., an author to see the account books which concern himself.
4. A clear understanding of what the agreement leaves to either party in the event of success.

I have submitted these points to many business men. Their opinion has uniformly been the same. If anyone in the City, they say, should dare to object to any such conditions between himself and his partner or fellow venturer in any enterprise, he would be shown the door instantly.

If, therefore, we find that a certain publisher is constantly vomiting charges of this and of that against the Society or any of its committee; if he further learns that this publisher is one of those who still falsify their accounts, keep the books dark, and persevere in the bad old ways of treating the author as their humble dependent, it is surely our plain and obvious duty at least to avoid that person; not to give him our books; and not to admit him to our society. Do we not owe so much—it is not much—to the cause of literature, as well as our own self-respect? This is one of the points which we ought to cultivate—the absolute social boycotting of the dishonest and the tricky publisher.

Here is a case, not of dishonesty, nor of trickiness, but one which exposes the way in which certain publishers have come to regard their own rights over a book. The man in question was interviewed by a certain paper, and he wept over the wickedness and the greediness of the unspeakable author. The case of wicked greed was this. He produced a book by a highly popular, though, perhaps, unspeakable author. This author took a royalty of eighteenpence out of a nominal six shillings. How did the case stand? The figures are not to be denied. They are as follows:

- The average price of the book to the trade is 3s. 6d.
- The cost, with advertising, is less than a shilling—say 1s. 6d.
- The author receives 1s. 6d. for every copy sold.
- The publisher receives 1s. 1d.

This man said that he must first subtract the “establishment expenses” and, these all deducted, he was left only sixpence. The “expenses” therefore amount to about as much—say £1250 for the one book, which had a sale of about 50,000 copies, and is still going on. Really, when one looks at the modest exterior of this publisher’s establishment, one is surprised that one book can cost so much merely to manage, without counting the production. Therefore, the publisher having had no risk whatever—having simply used the machinery of a small office, and ordered the advertisements—gets £1250 for himself by his own showing. And he goes on to say that things are coming to such a pass—i.e., when a publisher can make no more than £1250 for himself out of one book—that “the successful author will find no publisher willing to undertake his books at the price he demands.” What? Not for twelve hundred and fifty pounds? Really! Here is self-sacrifice! But is not this demanding almost too much of a credulous public?

As for “establishment expenses,” the question will have to be argued out. For my own part, I should begin by arguing that the bookseller’s and the author’s “establishment expenses” must be allowed as well as the publisher’s. The former, clearly, has rent and assistants and taxes to pay; and he has also the very considerable risk of
At the Authors' Club on the 27th ult. Rider Haggard was the guest of the evening. If there was wanted a proof that literary men are not, as a rule, devoured with jealousy and hatred towards each other, it was provided in the reception which he met with at that dinner.

A friend of many readers of this paper is dead. George Bentley died last week at the age of sixty-seven. He had long been suffering from asthma, which drove him every winter to take refuge at Tenby. Courtly, genial, kindly, he was the model of the old-fashioned publisher of the most honourable kind. Nor was he without literary ability, as was shown by the occasional papers which he contributed to his own magazine, Temple Bar, of which he was for nearly thirty years the editor. These essays he collected into a little volume, which he published some years ago, with what success I know not. His magazine continues, I believe, to enjoy a wide and increasing circulation; and it has always been remarkable for its excellent novels, written chiefly by ladies, and for its biographical sketches. At this moment, that of going to press, it is impossible to do justice to the memory of George Bentley. In our next number I hope that one who knew him intimately will communicate to the Author a longer notice of this kindliest of publishers.

I hear also at the same moment that James Dykes Campbell, the author of the "Life of Coleridge," is dead. It was his one book, but it is the life of Coleridge. No other memoir of the philosopher-poet will be written, unless it is one based upon Campbell's. The author was for many years a partner in the house of Ireland, Fraser, and Co., in Mauritius; he was always, from boyhood, attracted towards literary pursuits; and when I first made his acquaintance, now thirty-two years ago, was already deeply interested in everything that concerned Coleridge and his friends. He was fortunate in being able to retire from business soon after forty with a moderate fortune, which enabled him to live as he pleased, and to take up in earnest the literary life without being shackled by the necessity of providing the daily bread. To this enviable independence we owe the "Life of Coleridge"—a book which contains the research, the travels, and the patient labour of years. He died at a comparatively early age, but his life was happy, fortunate, and successful. To have written that one book, which will remain long after the perishable work of more popular writers, to be inseparably associated with the name of Coleridge, is an achievement which by itself makes a successful career.

WALTER BESANT.
MR. MOBERLY BELL presided last evening (May 23) at the Holborn Restaurant, over the annual dinner of this Society, at which about 180 ladies and gentlemen were present, including the American Ambassador, Sir F. and Lady Jeune, Mr. A. W. à Beckett, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, the Rev. Canon Bell, D.D., Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Mr. C. F. Clifford Borrer, Mr. J. Theodore Bent, Mrs. Brightwen, Mr. Walter Besant, Miss Marie Bellocc, Mrs. Moberly Bell, Professor C. A. Buchheim, Mr. F. H. Balfour, Mrs. H. C. Black, Dr. Sutherland Black, Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, Miss Mathilde Blind, Mr. Henry Blackburn, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Sir W. T. Charley, Q.C., Mr. Edward Cloddr, Mr. W. Martin Conway, Mrs. Conway, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Miss E. R. Chapman, Mr. A. Chatto, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cox, Miss Beatrice Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, Major Seton Churchill, the Earl of Desart, Mrs. Gerhard Ford, Miss L. Friswell, Sir William Fra-cer, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, Dr. R. Garnett, Mr. Upcott Gill, Mme. Sarah Grand, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Dr. G. Harley, F.R.S., Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Isaac Henderson, Prebendary Harry Jones, Mr. C. F. Keary, Miss Florence Marryatt, Lord Monkswell, Mrs. Milie, Mr. S. B. G. M'Kinney, the Rev. C. H. Middleton-Wake, Mr. Justin C. MacCartie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norman, Miss E. Pitcairn, Mr. W. H. Pollock, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, the President of the Institute of Journalists, Lord Reay, Mr. W. Fraser Rae, Mr. John Rae, Mr. J. Morgan Richards, Mr. J. Ashby Sterry, Mr. A. M. M. Stedman, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the Rev. Clementi-Smith, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mrs. Burnett Smith, Dr. Burnett Smith, Miss Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley, Miss L. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sheldon, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, Sir Henry Thompson, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, Mr. G. Herbert Thring, Mrs. Thring, Miss Grace Toplis, Miss Tobin, Miss G. Traver, Mr. H. Townsend (New York Herald), Mr. Thomas Townend, Mr. William Tirebuck, Mr. P. Villars (Figaro), Mrs. Neville Walford, Mr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, Mr. Walter, Mr. Sydney F. Walker, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. Wesselitsky.

The following is a report of the speeches:—

The CHAIRMAN.—Your Excellency, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I ask you to drink to that toast which needs no words—"The Queen.”

The CHAIRMAN.—Your Excellency, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Before I propose the toast of the evening, I think it incumbent on me to offer some explanation of my apparent presumption in venturing to address from this chair a Society of Authors. I am painfully conscious that I stand, as it were, in the footsteps of men whose shoe-latches I am unworthy to unloose; that I address authors whose names are "household words," and that to most of you to whom I am utterly unknown, except by name, if by that, I must seem to have rashly and unnecessarily placed myself amongst that vast majority of mankind who "rush in where angels fear to tread." Yet I am not here to ask absolution, to plead guilty, nor even to urge extenuating circumstances, for if on my own merits I have barely right to ask admission as a simple member of the Society of Authors—for I hold that the term "author" is not too lightly to be applied to every scribbler (hear, hear)—if I have still less the right to speak with the authority which befits your chairman, yet I ask you to see in this chair to-night not my own insignificant personality, but rather the representative, if an inadequate one, of that great author who, though anonymous, may yet in some respects claim to be the greatest author of all time, the Press. (Hear, hear.) I am deeply sensible that the Society of Authors, in asking me to take the chair to-night, have been anxious to pay a graceful and generous compliment not to myself, not to any section of the Press, but to the Press as a whole, to the Press in the widest acceptance of the term, to that power, great for good and evil—I trust greater for good than for evil—which owes its existence to a large extent to the co-operation of authors, and to which authors themselves sometimes owe a little. (Hear, hear.) I speak of the Press as an author because I like to think of every portion in it as forming a part of one individual whole, animated by one common object, choosing, it must be, different ways of arriving at that object, quarrelling, it may be, within our body corporate, but yet, if differing in our means, never differing in our end, and that end I take to be voice without fear or favour, without bias or prejudice, above all without personal motive—(hear, hear)—that which we honestly believe to be the public intelligence and the public conscience. I call the Press a great author because to ninety-nine hundredths of readers authors are known not by their individuality, but by their works, and I think that even in this distinguished assembly of authors it will hardly be denied that the Press, if not the greatest, is, at all events of all authors, the most prolific and the most voluminous. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The
THE AUTHOR.

most popular amongst you count your readers by thousands—we count ours by tens and hundreds of thousands. The most industrious amongst you can only write—well, ten or a dozen volumes in the course of a year. (Laughter.) We publish that every day. (Laughter.) The most versatile amongst you cannot claim to be a profound authority on more than three or four subjects. The author I represent is omniscient. (Laughter.) He speaks with profound authority on every subject and at the very shortest notice. We write tragedy in our police courts, we write comedy in our Parliamentary reports, and fiction in our advertisements (laughter); but the Press, though it uses the first personal plural, is never egotistic, and our business to-night is with the Society of Authors. There are two societies of authors. To the greater it is given to but few in a generation, or even in a century to belong; but the long list of immortals, which begins, perhaps, with Homer and will not finish, with the names of your two presidents, the late Lord Tennyson and Mr. George Meredith. If few can attain all can aspire, and you and the world will be better for the aspiration, and I think it fitting in proposing the toast of what must be an ephemeral society of authors not to altogether omit mention of that great immortal Society, of whose works it was said more than four hundred years ago "they are the masters who instruct us without rods or ferrules, without harsh words or anger, without money or clothes. If you approach them they are not asleep. If investigating you interrogate them they conceal nothing, if you mistake them they never grumble, if you are foolish they never laugh at you." The other society of authors is our noble selves. If we cannot illuminate all time we shed a very brilliant light upon the present generation. We are a most virtuous society, the most virtuous that ever existed. I make that assertion on the unimpeachable authority of a committee of the society itself, for we have been informed in the public press that no member of this society is greedy—(laughter)—inordinately greedy. That remark was not made in reference to this banquet. It referred to the greed of pecuniary profit. I do not know that it is a serious charge to bring against anyone that he should be greedy of the full remuneration which he can honestly claim for his work (hear, hear), but, however that may be, we are devoid of even that, and therefore I am sure I am justified in saying that we are a peculiarly virtuous Society, that we have a strong sense of virtue—whether we have an equal sense of humour, that, as one of our Society hath said, is quite another story (laughter)—but we have great claims upon your goodwill. We have led a respectable, useful, and not utterly obscure existence, for more than eleven years. Originally started, I believe, for the protection of the unfledged authors from the wiles of those animals—ferae naturæ—who prowl in the field of literature in the guise of the Profession we all honour and respect, the publisher, you now number twelve hundred members, all authors more or less distinguished, more than half of whom have sought the assistance of the committee: and we have another claim—we are co-operative and self-supporting. We do not send round the hat. (Laughter.) We ask nothing of our visitors, except to dine with us, and that which is, perhaps, I admit, already a severe tax, to listen to our speeches, but even that is not compulsory. (Laughter.) I have spoken of your past and present. Allow me a few words as to your future. As a member of your Society, as one whom you have peculiarly honoured to-night, I naturally wish you a long and prosperous career, but I fear that my hopes are stronger than my faith. I am credibly informed that many of you neglect the latest gospel of labour. Some of you work more than eight hours a day, many of you have other professions, and are therefore outsiders; others, I am told, are so devoted to literature that they work without exacting a living wage, and then, worst of all, you do not each of you insist upon exactly the same payment—pounds, shillings, and pence, per word, or per page, or per week. (Laughter.) Well, if these horrible charges are true, it is my duty to tell you that you are blacklegs, and that you must expect in a very short time that either the House of Commons or the London County Council, or one of those numerous institutions which exist to restore to us the beneficent socialism of the sixteenth century, will come down upon you, and they will, perhaps, establish a ministry or a department for the protection of the authors, and thus will destroy the reason of your existence. The department will collect statistics, they will be able to say that two, or possibly three, men are studying at the same time the same period of history, that possibly half a dozen young ladies are writing novels, in each case the motif of which may be the gentle passion, and it would be very easy for them to point out that this is an enormous waste of labour, that it could be done much more cheaply and much more expeditiously by a ministry of literature, with the help of assistant secretaries for prose, poetry, and so forth. This is not utterly irrelevant, because in the past you have fought the pseudo publisher, otherwise the pirate. For the future your object is to combat pseudo philanthropy, otherwise Socialism
—it is the only way by which you can keep the Society alive, and by which we in the Society can exist. I have to associate with this toast the name of your chairman, Mr. William Martin Conway, a gentleman who has climbed to distinction on the Alps, the Apennines, and the Himalayas; who is equally prominent as an art lecturer, mountaineer, author, and who now desires to enter into that singular assembly consisting of commoners who desire to become peers, and peers who desire to become commoners. I am peculiarly unable to speak of Mr. Conway; luckily you know him better than I do. I am unable because my opportunities have never led me much into the study of art, and my inclinations have never led me to mountaineering, except with the friendly help of a locomotive. But there is just one point for which Mr. Conway is very remarkable, and upon which I am able to speak with the highest authority. Mr. Conway is a man of a most extraordinarily good judgment, and extraordinary good taste. He has brought the proofs of that here to-night, and they sit on my left hand. (Laughter and hear, hear.) Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the toast of the Incorporated Society of Authors, associated with the name of Mr. W. M. Conway.

Mr. W. M. Conway.—Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have often thought that this annual dinner of the Society of Authors might be made a very much more amusing function than it is. We unfortunately meet only to dine. We don’t meet, I am thankful to say, to collect money, neither do we meet to sell the products of our labour. I have sometimes thought that if on these occasions every member of the Society of Authors attended with his manuscripts, and if we invited the publishers of London to dine with us, and if, after duly baptising the whole show in champagne, we held an auction, that the frolic would be something worth attending. (Laughter.) However, you have drunk the health of the Society of Authors, and it is for me to attempt to justify that somewhat rash act. Sir, the Society of Authors is at all events an active society—when it has nothing else to do it falls upon Mr. Gosse (laughter), we fill up odd moments by quarrelling amongst ourselves, and when we get a chance we fall upon a common enemy. Squabbling is said to be a sign of life, and I am sure that the Authors’ Society, throughout the whole course of its not too long existence, has been engaged in one successive series of squabbles. It was once my pleasure—at least, my duty—to be the secretary, or, rather, to run, a thing called the Art Congress for the three years of its chequered existence. During that time I attained a somewhat minute and peculiar acquaintance with the attitude of the artistic mind in the face of business. Since I have been intimately associated with the Society of Authors I have had proofs—derived from this former experience—I have had proofs that the author is really an artist. I find that in many matters of business the author approaches the situation with that kind of attitude which is distinctly characteristic of the artist who abuses everyone all round, but more especially his own attorney (laughter), and we who have sat for some time on the committee of this Society are now thoroughly accustomed to the artistic attitude of authors—we have become so accustomed to it that unless we are abused by the members we don’t consider that we can be possibly doing our duty. (Laughter.) There is my friend Mr. Besant, who at intervals boils with indignation. I say that this boiling with indignation on the part of our founder, Mr. Besant, is the great source and origin, and, I hold, the moving force, that has created and maintained this Society. (Applause and laughter.) Unfortunately for myself, I am unable so to boil when I hear that an author has entered into a ridiculous agreement. Mr. Besant does the boiling with indignation, and it is for me to advise him to carry out his contract. It seems to me that the first thing that an author who has played the perfect fool in the matter of the making of his agreement has to do is to suffer the penalty of his folly for the time being, and to afterwards go to the Society of Authors to gun rd him in the future against similar blunders. (Hear, hear.) Another member of the Society wrote to us the other day and said he would like to become a member of the Society, not because he intended to make any use of it, but because he wanted to have a guinea’s worth of fighting for his money. We elected that gentleman immediately (laughter), being, I hope, a sporting committee, and we have since been sitting around waiting for the fray. (Laughter.) Unfortunately the only sport we have been able to have out of him has been a letter communicated to the public press in which he abused us for dining here to-night. (Loud laughter.) Well, we have heard something of late about booksellers, and I had a sort of idea of talking about them myself, but it occurred to me that it would lead to a disquisition on political economy which I feared would be rather a heavy morsel after dinner. So we will pass by the booksellers, and come to our other friends the publishers. Gentlemen, our relations with publishers—the relations, that is to say, with the main body of authors with whom we come in contact—appear at the present time to be highly satisfactory, for the number of disputes—most of them small ones—that has been brought to our notice of late has been ex-
tremely low, and I conclude that, through the medium of the Society of Authors, publishers and authors have come to understand each other a little better than before, and this common understanding has been brought about by the common recognition of each side of its own folly and its own interest, and I believe that hereafter we shall find that the Society, far from being a necessarily militant body, will be in friendly contact with that body of men who are really its partners, and should be its allies. I believe that in future we shall find that we are attaining more and more to a common understanding, and are able better and better to work to our common end. But at the present time we are united—we and the publishers are assuredly united in one common cause, for we are threatened by a common danger. I allude, of course, to the question of the Canadian copyright. (Hear, hear.) There, gentlemen, is a question which has arisen recently in an acute form, and which, if there had not been a Society of Authors to take it up, would assuredly have been settled in a manner that would have done the greatest possible injury to the interests of British authors. I trust that, owing to the vigorous initiative that we have taken in this matter, no injurious decision will be come to; but there, at all events, is a matter which threatens authors and publishers alike, and in which both are equally and keenly interested. (Hear, hear.)

Well, gentlemen, I think I have said enough, and more than enough, to justify in having drunk to the health of yourselves—to the Society of Authors—and I trust that in the coming year, until we meet here again, we shall go on along the lines we have adopted, and shall advance in the promotion of those just interests which the Society exists to promote. (Loud applause.)

The Right Hon. Sir Francis H. Jeune, P.C., in proposing the toast of "Literature," said—Mr. Moberly Bell, Your Excellency, My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have the honour to propose to you the toast of "Literature," associated with the name of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. (Here a band, playing in a neighbouring room, opportuneiy interrupted with a startling burst of music, which, to the merriment of the company, seemed specially designed to pay honour to the toast and to the name of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins.) I could hardly imagine, sir, a more inspiriting incident, under what must be admitted to be circumstances of some difficulty, then the sound of that distant, but, I hope, not distressing band. (Laughter.) But I admit I do acquire some comfort and some consolation in entering upon the task which has devolved upon me, for I presume that I have been selected to propose this toast because I never wrote a book, and because my contributions to ephemeral literature have been so few as to be a negligible quantity, and I am quite content to be ranked in that large class of meritorious persons whose only business with newspapers is to read them, and whose only additional duty with regard to books is to buy them. (Laughter.) But, sir, I think it is not unifying that a man whose life has been spent in the pursuit of a laborious profession should make his acknowledgments to the charms of literature, because it is he, and persons such as he, who owe to literature the happiest relaxation of their lives, with an occupation that never wearies, and with pleasures that never pall. (Applause.) But, sir, a prudent lawyer never makes an admission except for the purpose of avoiding an inconvenient inquiry, and I am not prepared on this occasion, especially after the speech of the chairman, to admit a complete disavowal of literature and law. It is quite true, sir, that in those legal treatises in which we delight, or are supposed to delight, you cannot find those charms of literature other than such as may be obtained by clearness of style and lucidity of arrangement. It was not, Sir, always so. We have, I am afraid, in later days changed for the worse. Old writers allowed themselves greater license. Lord Coke, in commenting on a mistaken and earlier author, after his observations proceeded to a sort of obituary notice of it, and said: "He lived without love, and died without pity, save that of those who thought the pity was that he had lived so long." (Loud laughter.)

Sir, I regret to say characterise the personal qualifications of our predecessors, however erroneous we may think their notions to have been. But, Sir, the connection between Literature and Law is, I venture to think, a close one. I don't claim that many have found their place on the roll of fame, and I do not forget that England contributed Lord Bacon, or that Sir Walter Scott hailed at once from the land of lawyers and the land of Scotland, but I admit that the roll of fame is short. But when we come to that branch of literature which your chairman represents, there, I venture to say, a wholly different position may be taken up. Your chairman has told you that every day some twelve volumes—I think it was—of ephemeral literature are produced. Well, Sir, I think that we lawyers contribute our full share to that. I believe that public speakers attain a length in the columns of the daily papers proportionate to their eminence—that the first-class man is allowed to say all he has said at full length, that the second class are those who are allowed to say a part of what they have said, and that the third class consists of those who have to content themselves with reading what they ought to have
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said. (Loud laughter.) Now, Sir, I think that we may claim the first of those places. I recollect a short time ago—well, a time ago—reading in the same day a judgment by a certain Lord Chancellor—whose name I decline to mention (laughter)—and a political speech by the same authority. The judgment, Sir, occupied two columns and a half—the speech occupied something less than half a column. I do not know whether the political and judicial utterances were of value in direct relation to their length, but I think it must be admitted that in his legal capacity the Chancellor made a larger contribution to journalism than ever he could or did as a politician. (Laughter.) Well, your chairman has reminded you that there is another side where we may contribute largely, at least to daily literature. He has told you that the Courts produce at once tragedies and comedies, that literature from the time of Shakespeare down to those of Molière, Trollope, and Dickens have been always ready to produce these scenes, and I am sorry to say they are chiefly characterised by a sense of humour rather at the expense of the lawyers, or by some extremely bad law. (Laughter.) But, Sir, I am not altogether surprised, or at all surprised, that literature finds a field for its exertions in that direction. A trial combines many elements of interest. There is the continual display of gladiatorial skill. There is the constant revelation of incident, and there is the glorious uncertainty of result. A famous trial seems to combine the various attractions of an interesting cricket match with those of a successful drama. (Laughter.) I think, Sir, for these contributions journalism ought to be thankful. It may well be that there are some parts of these contributions which could be better spared, and I think this is no unfitting occasion, speaking as I do to an audience composed both of men and women, and to an audience highly capable of judging on such a subject, to express a respect for those journals which, exercising their independent judgment, have thought it right to refuse publication to matter which, in their opinion, ought to be suppressed. (Applause.) But, Sir, I am quite conscious that those journals who practise that abnegation do so at considerable loss to themselves, and they deserve respect because it may well be that they give advantages to less scrupulous rivals. I should be glad, Sir, if it were not so. I think it impossible that the proceedings in Courts of Justice should be held otherwise than in public, and from personal experience I have no reason whatever to complain of the proceedings of the public Press, but I am aware that there are some papers who cannot put a sufficient check upon themselves, and I confess I should be glad if it were possible to provide that some authority, responsible and cognisant in the matter, should be allowed to forbid the publication of that which ought not to be published. I think that would be for the interests of morality, and I believe it would be for the interests of journalism, because I think it would tend to raise the lower class of journals, perhaps against their will, but still to raise them to the standard of the highest (applause). Sir, I approach the task of saying something about literature—and it has fallen to my lot to do it more than once—with a somewhat uneasy feeling in one respect, and the presence of your chairman brings about that feeling. I was once in the chairman's presence, and the presence of the American Minister reminds me of it, and I was once rash enough to say that journalism was "literature in a hurry," and after I had said it I received so many remonstrances and read so much criticism in the papers that I almost began to think that my poor little observation was original. (Laughter.) Mr. George Augustus Sala told me it was not true that all newspapers were produced in the small hours of the morning. An authority, Mr. Arthur Walter, in a judicious and even judicial spirit, said that a part of literature was so produced and part was not; but, Sir, our chairman this evening has reinforced me because he has told me that it is the great merit of the Press to produce its matter at the smallest possible notice. Therefore I decline the white sheet, I am not prepared to do penance for the observation, and I still venture to maintain that journalism is literature in a hurry. (Laughter.) You attend the theatres on the first night, and you see the busy pencils all around you, and you read the criticism next morning. It is brilliant criticism, but is it not brilliant criticism in a hurry? (Laughter.) There is a story told of Mr. Delane, coming down late at night to his club full of the account he had heard of the illness of Mr. Disraeli. It was said that Mr. Disraeli was seriously ill—even dangerously ill—and Mr. Delane's terror and regret were extreme. He said to everyone "Have you heard the terrible news, the awful news?" His friends heard him somewhat surprised, and someone said "No doubt it is very sad and very sudden, but I never knew you had such an admiration for Mr. Disraeli," and Mr. Delane said "Oh no, it is not that at all, but here it is ten o'clock at night and I have not got a word written about him." (Laughter.) Now, Sir, I daresay that if Mr. Disraeli had then died there would, after all, have appeared a brilliant and complete biography of him, but would it not have been biography in a hurry?
Sir, I have the greatest possible respect for the leading articles of the Times; I think they are very full of good sense, of profundity and wisdom—and I nearly always agree with them. (Laughter.)

But, sir, I have never heard that it was given to many men in the world, to quote Mr. Russell Lowell, "lifelong convictions to extemporise," and when I have read these articles I have sometimes thought it is wisdom in a hurry. Well, sir, I hope I have justified that phrase. At any rate, if it is—as I trust it is not—disparaging to journalism, it is certainly not disparaging to literature. (Applause.) I say all honour ought to be paid to the laborious student by whom our great works have, with toil and labour, been produced; and, sir, what is more, the whole history of the literature of this country is the history of a literature that has not been in a hurry. The remarkable feature about it is that century after century the tree has put forth flowers ever new, although of varied beauty, and has produced fruits ever new, although of varied value. Well, sir, I think that is a great comfort to which we look. I am sorry to hear from Mr. Conway that authors have their domestic and external difficulties. They apparently have difficulties both with their home and foreign policy. (Laughter.) They apparently have difficulties with the publisher and with the bookseller; and the trio of publishers, booksellers, and authors form a combination which does not altogether appear to be a happy family. I cannot, Sir, offer them the consolation of a lawyer, because I am afraid that the instinct of a lawyer is that where three people are quarrelling there must be something very substantial to be quarrelling about. Perhaps, sir, I may offer them the consolation of the distressed agriculturist. The relations between them appear to be very much the same as those of landlord and farmer and the labourer, and I think it is true that whatever else has happened in these unfortunate difficulties which have arisen in that sphere of life, whatever else has happened it is not the labourer who has suffered. Sir, there may be other difficulties and dangers which beset the labourer. It may be that at the present time some clouds rest upon his prospects. It may be that writers such as Mr. Max Nordau, in pointing out degeneracy, apart from matters of great exaggeration, put their fingers upon some points of truth; it may be, sir, that in an age which apparently is unable to elect a Poet Laureate, that there is something wrong with the poets or with the age; but if some of these matters tend to a foreboding I think we may look at the past of our literature, and take comfort in the fact that literature is the best antidote to pessimism; and if it be true that literature, high, and pure, and national, filled the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," it is equally true that the sounds of that literature have often echoed since and echo still. Sir, I have great pleasure in connecting with this toast the name of my friend, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. I had almost said my relative, because he is, I am glad to think, connected with my legal brother, the brilliant and distinguished Sir Henry Hawkins. At any rate, I am sure that in Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, not even Max Nordau himself, in his most scientific moments, could discover the stigma of degeneracy. It was no decadent, I think, that produced the weird and startling fiction of the "Prisoner of Zenda," or the raillery of the "Dolly Dialogues," or the easy sarcasm and startling incident of his last effort "The Man of Mark." Mr. Hawkins has, I hope, himself made a mark upon the literature of the day, and I hope that he will gain for himself a notable place in the literature of the country. (Applause.)

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, replying to the toast, said—Mr. Chairman, Sir Francis Jeune, Your Excellency, My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I regret for some reasons that one who pursues the branch of literature that I do should have been called upon to reply to this toast. Almost the first remark that I heard when I came into this room was the question of why I should be selected to reply to this toast. Gentlemen, I am unable to answer the question, but I am, after all, glad that it is so, because it has given me the opportunity and the pleasure of listening to the kindly and generous words which Sir Francis Jeune has spoken of me, but I was afraid that it would foster that vanity to which novelists, I understand, are prone. Gentlemen, that is an unjust charge. We are very conscious of one another's defects. (Laughter.) And if you were aware of the dispassionate consideration, in a very limited amount of time, we bring to bear upon one another's writings, you would not consider that we unduly exalted our branch of literature. The fact is that we authors are somewhat in the position of ladies, who, believing themselves suspected of beauty, take refuge in an exaggerated appreciation of the charms of others, to which they have not paid much attention. (Laughter.) Mr. Conway, as became his position, did not speak in terms of extravagant eulogy of the organisation of which he is the active chief, but we who occupy less responsible positions may speak more freely of what we consider our merits and our mission. For my part, I look forward to a great mission for this Society, and I am prepared to endure as many jokes as the wit of our opponents may suggest for the price of taking it seriously. Our primary object is to
abolish Grub-street. (Hear, hear.) But I think there is another, and I think that the committee of this Society did well to think that there was another—and that is that in time, and as this Society justifies itself in the eyes of the world, it may establish not only a Court of Appeal for distressed authors, but also a court of honour for its own members. (Hear, hear.)

If we look round at the other professions—I don't need to say “learned professions,” for it needs no learning to write books (laughter)—you will see corporate bodies existing to which members of the profession willingly submit their disputes, and by whose decrees they willingly allow their conduct to be governed. Gentlemen, I believe that that reputation and position is not beyond the prospects of this Society. (Applause.) I think that the Society will live above criticism, and we shall see it come to occupy that position to which, in my opinion, it has a right to aspire. We don't want this Society to be merely a society for the prevention of cruelty to children (laughter)—that is a very laudable and excellent function, and a function with which this Society is employed from day to day, but we also wish it to be a Society to which its own members and our friends the enemy—the publisher—can come with confidence, sure that a dispassionate judgment will be taken, and sure that the Society will be as severe towards the faults of its own members as upon those with whom members come into contact in the course of business. (Hear, hear.)

I think there is one more word that I ought to say before I sit down, for I should not be doing my duty, having the honour to reply for literature, if I did not say one word about the great loss which literature has suffered in the year gone by in the death of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. The romantic school of English fiction was deprived by his death of its acknowledged king and chief, and a personality was lost of rare thought and distinction and sweetness. It is not possible for most of us—I may say safely without offence that it is not possible for any of us—to hope to emulate Mr. Stevenson's achievements, or claim to share his gifts. (Hear, hear.) But we are many of us able to remember the kindness which he invariably showed to younger and less distinguished writers, and we are all able to learn something from the example of his high ideal, and the untiring, unceasing energy with which he pursued it. So, sir, although we cannot stand on his high level, we may feast our eyes upon the high mountains that it is not for our feet to tread, and, with a thousand unsatisfied aspirations, rest at least in the tranquility of the satisfaction of our own little piece of work done as well as we could do it. (Loud applause.)

MR. WALTER BESANT then proposed the toast of “The Visitors” in the following terms: Mr. Chairman, your Excellency, my Lords, ladies and Gentlemen,—I have to propose the toast of “The Visitors.” I am sure that at this late hour of the evening you will not think it shows any disrespect to our visitors if I give you this toast in a very few words. We have always been particularly happy and fortunate at all our dinners in the visitors who have done us the honour to attend, and on this occasion I think we are more fortunate than usual. For, first of all, we have with us this evening the American Ambassador. Wherever English authors are gathered together, on the rare occasions that they do assemble, it is only fit and right that America should be represented in the most adequate form possible, because those of us here, or in America, who are able to contribute anything towards literature at all, are doing it not only for America, but for both countries, and for all that vast world which comprises the English-speaking race. We have next with us the President of the Institute of Journalists, and I am sure that no one is more fittingly here, because literature and journalism so closely overlap that no one knows where one begins and the other ends. We have also with us the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, whom I take to represent the literature of surgery. Then we have next with us representatives of the chief London papers, and some of the provincial ones, and we also have representatives from France, Australia, America, Italy, and from Russia, all gathered together as our guests on this occasion. Law is represented not only by our own members who are lawyers, of whom we have many, but also by one of our judges, to whom you have already had the pleasure of listening. India is represented by one who has administered a province, and lastly Africa is represented by a most distinguished traveller—perhaps the most distinguished traveller of any time or any country. I have therefore the pleasure and the honour, in the name of the Society, to welcome the visitors on this occasion, and I ask you to do honour to the toast, with which I couple the name of the American Ambassador. (Applause.)

His Excellency the American Ambassador, replying to the toast, said: Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am deeply sensitive to the cordiality of your welcome. I am asked to respond for the guests of the English authors. The paradise of politicians is supposed to lie in a majority, and were a politician I should find myself in the largest majority that the most hopeful politician could expect, for if I speak for the
guests of the authors it is not for the little representative handful that have gathered round this charming board to-night, but it is for the countless army of the vast majority of civilised men and women who have fed so well and so long at the tables of the authors, and have enjoyed the fine fruits of the authors' wit and fancy. In order to enlarge the scope of Literature, the phrase was invented, "The Republic of Letters," and yet I am inclined to take a leaf from the book of one of my countrymen, and let the American sailor, Captain Mahan (applause) show the superiority of sea power over land power, to call to your mind how Nelson, with the sea power of England, made the safety of England possible under Wellington at Waterloo. It is therefore upon the high seas of authorship and literature that I would ask you to embark:

Far as the breeze can bear the ocean's foam,
Behold your empire, and survey your home.

I don't think that the land can hold the mind of man—it must embark upon the sea, and it must be wafted as the gales may blow—freely, unhesitatingly. Wherever genius shall direct the course, there the human mind must follow it. And so authors must become seafaring folk—they have been so, they must be so, and, coming from a country kindred in literature and in feeling to this—(loud applause)—I feel that literature forms the strongest bond between the two nations. (Applause.) You are free to freight your ship with what you will—with learning, with poesy, with prose, with wit, with fancy, with philosophy—you may freight your ship with what you will, and you may choose your course. You are not confined by hard dry land, but on the high seas of human feeling and human relations you steer your bark to what course you will, and whatever port you find open to the good things with which your vessel is freighted. There can be no such thing to-day as exclusion of the human mind—there can be no such thing as a pent-up author. If he is pent-up, depend upon it the bonds and shackles are found within his own mind. I am disposed to think of this empire of authorship and literature that there is no thing into which it does not enter, and over which it does not exert a potential control. In these islands, and everywhere else almost, there is great agricultural depression, and the question might be asked "What have authors to do with the tilling of ground, and what has literature to do with agriculture?" Now, I would put it to any clear-minded Scotchman, and I would put it also to his hard-headed English brother, what effect upon the principles of real estate in Scotland and in England has the literature of Sir Walter Scott had? Subtract that influence and let the calculation be made—how much poorer on the whole score of money value, of houses and lands, would the kingdom of Great Britain be without the mind and the soul of that magician. (Applause.) Why, Gentlemen, I would ask my friend Sir Francis Jeune whether there was not lately tried in the court over which he presides, a suit to avoid a contract for real estate upon the ground that a ghost inhabited the house that had been purchased, and whether Amy Robsart was not brought into court, and his purchase sought to be avoided, because the man found that Sir Walter had killed Amy Robsart in the wrong place? (Laughter.) Now, Gentlemen, if the ghosts of literature can be brought into court and have their money value essayed, what are we to say of the realities of literature, and of the power of authorship in our daily transactions? So that I think we can expand, by very easy efforts of logical and rational deduction, the touch of authorship and literature to everything that affects the happiness of men, women, and children the civilised world over. Thus you see that in attempting to answer for a small portion of your guests, I speak in the tongue of my own land—and, I suppose, with a certain inflection ("No, no," I may also say I speak yours—and I thank you most sincerely for the pleasure that we have derived from the Society of Authors to-night, and for the pleasure that all derive from the work of authors everywhere. (Applause.)

Mr. H. M. STANLEY then proposed the last toast of the evening, that of "The Chairman." He said: Your Excellency, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—From what the American Minister has said just now, I gather that in behalf of the visitors here to-night he has expressed the feelings of pleasure of all your guests at being here this evening and I gather that they have enjoyed a great deal of pleasantness. To me this is a memorable evening, because it is the first time I have had the pleasure and honour of being at an Authors' dinner. From what Mr. Conway has stated it appears that there is a great deal of unhappiness sometimes within the circle of Authors, but I never expected to see any disturbance at an Authors' dinner; and if I were to express my own feelings I should describe them as being those of extreme felicity that I have the honour to sit at this table this evening. In fact, I am free to confess that, from what I have seen and heard of the party here present, a somewhat warmer feeling takes possession of me now than when I entered this hall, for you are all so modest and unassuming in manner—in fact this is the quietest public dinner I have ever been at; but it seems to me that you do not carry in your bearing that
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pride which we might have expected from children spoiled by the world's applause. (Laughter). I have to propose the last toast of this evening. The fluency with which speeches have been delivered made me almost despair of being able to interest you at all, but I gather some confidence and comfort from the nature of my subject. You have heard your chairman—you have seen him for yourselves. You have heard a speech, weighted with good sense and humour, and you will take him, as I take him, to be more than a mere ornament for a banquet, and you may gauge his worth each one for yourselves. I do not think Mr. Moberly Bell has distinguished himself in the fields of fiction—of which there are so many representatives here this evening, ladies and gentlemen—but he has distinguished himself in other fields of literature. He has been away for many years in a distant land, as a narrator of facts, as a student of history, as an observer of political strategy, as an analyst of human motives. Week after week his letters have appeared in this country, and by them we were able to diagnose public feeling in that land. I dare say that he will submit to your superior gifts of divine imagination. He may not be able to raise a mortal to the skies, or bring an angel down to earth, like some of you can, but he can at least write most veracious political letters, and in his book "Pharaohs and Fellahs" you will be able to find the keen discrimination and varied talents of a Plutarch. (Laughter.) I have known Mr. Moberly Bell for many years. Those who may only have been able to claim a slight acquaintance with him may be able to say that they would like to cultivate his acquaintance more closely, but I am sure those who are already possessed of his friendship can boast of a thing of which they are, and may well be proud. This is the gentleman to whose health I ask you to drink heartily—to his health and long life—and it is with all affection and sincerity that I give you "Our Chairman, Mr. Moberly Bell." (Applause.)

The speech of the chairman in reply to his health was expected to be extremely witty. That would have appalled me—did appal me, until I suddenly remembered what is the soul of wit. I therefore approach my task with that consolation in mind, and I have nothing more to do than to thank you very heartily for the support you have given me, for the way in which you have welcomed me, for the warmth with which you have drunk my health, and on behalf of the Society of Authors I thank everyone here for their presence to-night. (Applause.) The company then rose.

BOOK TALK.

UTOBIOGRAPHICAL memoranda were left by the late Lord Selborne, and are now in course of preparation for issue. The work will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. George Barlow has written a story of artistic life, styled "Woman Regained," which will appear shortly from the Roxburghe Press.

Two art works of importance are announced by Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons for publication in the autumn. One is on the paintings of Velasquez, and is being brought out by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, the eminent art critic, who is also cousin of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The other concerns Sir Frederick Leighton, and among the hundred reproductions of his pictures which it will contain will be that of "Cimabue," by permission of Her Majesty. Mr. Ernest Rhys has written a biography of the P.R.A. for the work, while an appreciation of him as artist is from the pen of Mr. F. S. Stephens.

A technical dictionary of sea terms, phrases, and words used in the English and French languages has been compiled by Mr. William Pirrie, and will be issued shortly from the house of Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Son.

M. Alphonse Daudet, who has, of course, been the centre of attraction for literary London during May, is writing the story of his youth—or, rather, he is telling it to his intimate friend, Mr. Robert H. Sherard, who will put it into form and write it. For "Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge" is to be published in English, and the work of collaboration has been begun.

Works relating to the Far East come just now not singly but in battalions. Another book on Korea has just been published under the title of "Quaint Korea," the writer being Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, who is known for her larger work
"When We Were Strolling Players in the East;"
Mr. Lafcadio Hearn will shortly make a further
addition to the stock with "Out of the East:
Rerieries and Studies in New Japan," with the
same publishers, Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.
Japan is also the subject of a volume of letters
by Amy Wilson-Carmichael, which Messrs.
Marshall Brothers are bringing out under the
style "From Sunrise Land." Then Mr. J.
Morris, who was many years in Tokio, in the
service of the Board of Works, has written
a work called "Advance Japan: A Nation
Thoroughly in Earnest," a feature of which
will be the Japanese national anthem done into
English by Sir Edward Arnold. It is in the
press of Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. "Old-
World Japan," by Mr. Frank Rinder, is a volume
which Mr. George Allen will issue shortly.
Mr. Henry Norman's important and already well-
known work, too, "The Peoples and Politics of
the Far East," has during the month entered its
third edition.

Two other works on subjects of contemporary
political interest are "Five Years in Madagascar",
by Colonel Francis C. Maude (Messrs. Chapman
and Hall), and a book on Nicaragua by Mr.
Archibald Colquhoun, special correspondent of
the Times.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has gone in among the
people of Florence, and sought to know their.
world of legend, and his book of record is
announced for early publication by Mr. Nutt,
entitled "Legends of Florence."

Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye's adventures in the
Arctic regions are embodied in "Icebound on
Kolguev," which Messrs. Archibald Constable
and Co. will publish for him very soon.

Mr. Lionel Johnson and Mr. Le Gallienne have
written the letterpress of "Bits of Old Chelsea,"
which Messrs. Kegan Paul will issue in an artist's
proof edition, Mr. Walter Burgess having drawn
for it about forty etchings. Few subjects could
be more interesting, associated as Chelsea is with
the great names of Carlyle, Turner, Rossetti, and
Leigh Hunt — to mention only these. One
notable sketch is of "A Corner in Sir Thomas
More's Garden." Only a hundred copies will
make up the edition, and the price is 10 guineas.

An association has been formed among the
prominent houses which do business in foreign
books, with the object of keeping a look-out upon
questions concerning the improvement of their
trade, and generally to live in harmony and
defend their interests. The society is called
"The Association of Foreign Booksellers in
London." Mr. H. Kleinan, of Messrs. Hatchette
and Co., is president, and Mr. Kohn, of Messrs.
Asher and Co., hon. secretary.

Mr. D. Christie Murray will publish, in the
course of a week, through Messrs. Smith, Elder,
and Co., his new novel in one volume, "The
Martyred Fool."

The story "Lochinvar," which Mr. S. R.
Crockett is writing, deals with the life of a High-
lander exiled in Holland. Messrs. Methuen will
publish it. A new romance by Mr. Gilbert
Parker, entitled "When Valmond came to Poniac; the Story of a Lost Napoleon," is due
from Methuen's press to-day.

The Hon. Denis Arthur Bingham will shortly
issue, through Chapman and Hall, a volume of
"Recollections of Paris." He is the author of
"A Journal of the Siege of Paris" and "The
Marriages of the Buonapartes." French life is also
the subject of a book by Mr. Albert D. Vandam,
which the same publishers have in hand, entitled
"French Men and French Manners."

A new series of short novels by well-known
writers will be commenced towards the end of
the month by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. The
first volume is to be "The Story of Bessie
Cottrell," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which is
appearing serially in Cornhill and Scribner's.
Messrs. Routledge and Sons also announce a new
fiction series at 3s. 6d., of which the first will
be "Two Women and a Fool," by H. Chatfield
Taylor." Another is to be produced by Messrs.
Archd. Constable and Co., who in it will make no
distinction of names, but regard simply the merit
of a story.

Mr. Lang edits a new edition of "The Death
Wake," the poem by Thomas Tod Stoddart,
which first appeared in 1831, and is now ex-
trremely rare. It will be issued from the Bodley
Head.

Two works of history which are to appear
shortly are "The Model Republic," in which Mr.
Grenfell Baker traces the evolution of Switzer-
land; and a history of the Australasian Colonies,
from their foundation to the ye a 1893, by Pro-
fessor E. Jenks, of University College, Liverpool.
The latter will be the next volume in the Cam-
bridge Historical Series, edited by Professor
Prothero; while Mr. Baker's book will be pub-
lished by Messrs. H. S. Nichols and Co.

Mr. Grant Allen (who is dramatising his recent
assisted by a theatrical collaborator in the person
of Mr. Dyce Scott) is one of several leading
authors who will contribute to a new series of
complete stories to be published by Messrs. Tillot-
son and Son, of Bolton. Mr. Crockett is of the
number, with a tale called "The Enlistment of a Cameronian;" and Miss Corelli contributes "The Withering of a Rose."

Chief among the books published during May was "The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.," by the Dean of Winchester (W. R. W. Stephens, B.D.), which Messrs. Macmillan issued in two volumes. It is interesting to note that the great historian had an "insuperable repugnance to reading or writing in a public library." "As if," he said once, "to take the lowest ground, money were not better and more cheaply spent in buying one's own books, than in buying railway tickets to go read other men's books a long way off." From the same publishing house early in the month came the first volume of a notable work, "A History of English Poetry," by Mr. W. J. Courthope. The definition of English poetry given by Mr. Courthope is metrical compositions in the language "from the period at which it becomes fairly intelligible to readers of the present day." The author anticipates his work will be completed before the end of the century. The first two volumes of the "Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate," were published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. Mr. George Duruy edits the work, and in his introduction defends Napoleon from the attacks of Barras, and generally exhibits the latter as a scoundrel.

Mr. H. S. Hoole Waylen has compiled a section of "Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies," which Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately. The same firm will send out Sir Edward Arnold's new book of verse, called "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems;" and a volume of "Russian Rambles," by Isabel F. Hapgood, who relates inter alia a visit to Count Tolstoy in his home.

What is likely to be an excellent catalogue of the manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam Museum has been prepared by the director, Dr. M. R. James, and will come from the Cambridge University Press on an early day. Twenty pages of photographic reproductions of important manuscripts are given. The work is priced net at 25s.

"The Rise and Growth of the English Nation, with special reference to Epochs and Crises," by Dr. W. H. S. Aubrey, is announced for publication by Mr. Elliott Stock. It will be completed in three volumes, the first being published early in May and the rest at short intervals.

The June number of the Antiquary will contain an interesting illustrated paper on "Some of the Round Towers of France," also an article on the R. A. Exhibition under the title "The Antiquary among the Pictures."

The London Library has added 40,000 volumes to its shelves since 1898, when the present catalogue was published, and the census of January showed that the stock has grown to a total of 167,000. While the accommodation is thus severely taxed, the income also increases steadily—there are 2279 members—and at the general meeting on the 13th inst. a proposal will come up for the appointment of a professional auditor. A new catalogue will be ready three or four years hence.

Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P. has written "The Sister Dominions," in which he gives the impressions Canada and Australia made upon him during a recent tour. As he is secretary of the Colonial party in the House of Commons, the author had special means of receiving the opinions of public men in the colonies. The book will be published soon by Messrs. Ward and Downey. Australian life (along with that of Scotland) is also the concern of a novel called "By Adverse Winds," which Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, editor of the Liberal, has written, and Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier will publish.

The produce of the past month in the department of periodicals includes a new monthly, on general lines, edited by Mr. William Graham, and called the Twentieth Century, devoted to articles on subjects of the day, but containing also fiction and verse; and a new quarterly of the same price as the Yellow Book and, like it, concerned with literature and art. This latter is the Evergreen, "a northern seasonal," published in Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, and in London by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The contents of each issue are to correspond with the season of the year it appears in.

Mrs. Emma Marshall will shortly add to the series of her historical romances a story entitled "The White King's Daughter." Messrs. Seeley and Co. are the publishers of these stories, of which "Under Salisbury Spire" and "Kensington Palace" are amongst the most popular.

"Roughly Told Stories," is a book apparently by a new hand, named John Inglis. He aims at originality and epigram. He is also a cynic. One sketch in the volume at least is noticeable—that called "The Tramp." (The Leadenhall Press.)

The authorship of "A Superfluous Woman" has at length become public. That it was from a practised hand every one knew, but there was some doubt as to the sex of the writer. The book was quite one of the successes of 1894, and ran through several editions. Another novel by the same author, Miss Emma Brooke, entitled "Transition," has just been published. Let us wish it as large a success.
A prettily bound book, with its silver and grey, is Mathilde Blind’s “Birds of Passage.” It is a book of songs—“Songs of the Orient”—“Songs of the Occident”—“Shakespeare Sonnets”—and miscellaneous poems. Let the poet speak for herself in one of her Shakesperian Sonnets, that called “Cleve Woods.”

Sweet Avon glides where clinging rushes seem
To stay his course, and, in his flattering glass,
Meadows and hills and mallow woodlands pass,
A fairer world as imaged in a dream.
And sometimes, in a visionary gleam,
From out the secret covert’s tangled mass,
The fisher-bird starts from the rustling grass,
A jewelled shuttle shot along the stream.

Even here methinks where moon-lapped shallows smiled
Round isles no bigger than a baby cot,
Titania found a glowworm-lighted child,
Led fair astray, and, with anointing hand
Sprinkling clear dew from a forget-me-not,
Hailed him the Laureate of her Fairyland.

“A Life’s Mistake” is a story told by Charles Garvice, and published in New York by “George Munro’s Son’s.” Mr. Garvice writes like one who has a future before him. But he should compress. A story ought to be very good indeed to be continued for 350 long pages of closely packed type.

“Creation’s Hope” (Baker and Son, Clifton) is a religious poem whose aim and scope are indicated by the title. It is by the Rev. Marcus S. C. Rickards, M.A. The following is an extract:

In this fair life scene, over everything
There hangs a chilling fear—as the bright Noon
Is spelt by bane, or as the smiling Spring
Is marred by blight—a fear, that late or soon
Tempers all bliss, and clouds each native boon.
Close as an ever-brooding presence sits
That fear of death, which now makes Nature swoon,
Now bracest her for what this clime befits,
Which Ignorance alone for a brief spell outwits.

The warbler flitting on from spray to spray
Fears not the gun that compasses its doom;
The schoolboy stealing up to oap his prey
Starts not the shy moth settling on the blosom;
The sunny May-fly scorneth eve’s pending gloom;
The feasting grub reeks not that ampler size
Which gains on each, and all at length entraps:
Thee sunbeams limger on awhile perhaps.
We roam life’s strand, and eye the nearing tide,
Which gains on each, and all at length entraps:
We gather shells, we strut with childish pride,
We play about while Death creeps on with fatal stride.

The Rev. Atherton Knowles has produced a little book which ought to become widely popular, for its subject alone. Most of us are interested in Anglican Service Music, its history and development. It is a contribution not only to the history of religion but also to that of social manners and customs in which churchgoing occupies so large a place. (Elliot Stock.)

“Poems,” by Louis H. Victory, is published by Elliot Stock. Here is one of them:

I walk the world in thought-engendered grief:
I grieve for all the pain that taints the years;
I grieve for wrongs that rend the soul of seers
Who find no power to bring the world relief.
I grieve for kings whose golden-sorrowed leaf
Of life’s brief book is filled with kingly fears;
I grieve for beggars starving through their years
Whose consolation dwells in sweet Belief.
If I could weep for all the wrongs I see
I would be blest with some relief from woe,
But my dim eyes will never yield the flow
My wearied heart one moment to set free.
And as I wander down the path of years,
I pray to God for His good gift of tears.

“A Japanese Marriage” (A. & C. Black), by Douglas Sladen. Here is a novel laid in that enchanted land of colour and sunshine which is now being talked about by everybody. The setting is strange, and the characters move about under new conditions among an Anglo-Japanese life which is new and delightful. It should be as popular as Loti’s “Chrysantheme.”

A new and cheaper edition of “A Prince of Como,” by Mrs. E. M. Davy has just been issued by the authoress’s publishers, Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. We are glad to see this solid recognition of the work of a young author. It will be followed, we venture to hope, by many other editions.

Miss Eleanor Holmes has completed a new novel entitled “To-day and To-morrow.” It will be issued shortly in 3 vols. by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

A completed edition of the “Works of the late Griffith Edwards,” consisting mainly of local histories in Wales, will be produced shortly (Elliot Stock). A number of the author’s poems, both in Welsh and English, are added to the work, which is edited by Mr. Elias Owen, and is fully illustrated.

Mrs. Stevenson has just had another story published. It is in Messrs. Hutchinson’s “Home-spun Series,” both in cloth and paper covers. It is called “Woodrup’s Dinah,” and is a tale of Nidderdale, the beautiful Yorks Valley, lying between Great Whernside and Knaresbro’ and Harrogate. One who knows the dale says: “It simply makes me live there again, and the dialect, customs, and habits come back with more vivid-
ness than I could have believed possible after twenty years."

The author of "Ernest England," mentioned in "Book Talk" of last month, is not "J. A. Tucker" but "J. A. Parker," to whom an apology is due for the mistake.

It was also in error that Mr. Harry Furniss was stated to "have accepted control of the art section" of the New Budget. He is the originator, chief proprietor, editor, and manager of the New Budget.


Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster have just published a novel by Miss H. P. Redden, entitled "McClellan of McClellan." The book is illustrated by the author. Price 6s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Music and Words.

In reading Miss Helen Marion Burnside's reasonable letter regarding the lot of minor poets, I would take exception to one remark only.

The poet should certainly have a share in the performing rights of a larger musical work, but in a song these rights are practically worth nothing, they having completely lapsed from force of circumstances. Unless they were recognised universally insistence upon them would kill the song. I should suggest that the poet's initial remuneration should cover the sale of a certain number of hundreds of copies, and upon the sale exceeding this amount a royalty should be given by the publisher to the poet.

MRS. MARY A. C. SALMOND.
21, St. Leonard's-terrace, Royal Chelsea Hospital, May 24.

II.—Dream Poems.

May I add to the number of dream-poems? Many a time I have wakened with metre and rhyme on my lips; but of only three such inspirations have I kept a record. Once I dreamed that I was pouring out tea for a large party, and, growing tired, made the following remark:

It is not fair
To make poor little me,
Who am small and spare,
Pour out all the tea.

The word spare must have been used for sake of the rhyme, as it does not at all describe my figure! Another night I dreamed a whole long poem, describing, as if for children, the career of a good little boy. I woke with the following couplet:

To follow this goodly example he's bound,
And he's sure to be happy wherever he's found.

My third example is an excerpt from a serious poem, all of which is lost except these lines:

Faces we have not seen for years,
And some which last we saw in tears.

They struck me as rather pathetic.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

III.—Personal.

The American journalist who, in the Mail and Express (New York), has seen fit, on what he terms "internal evidence," to formulate the charges categorically denied by Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton in the following letter, appears to have indulged in an outbreak of abuse that is not common even on the other side of the Atlantic. What that abuse and those charges are will be plainly seen by Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's plain and convincing denial of them:

Constitutional Club, London.
May 13, 1895.

The Editor, the New York Mail and Express, New York.

Sir,—A cutting from your paper, published last month, has been shown me, in which, under the heading "Mr. Safe," you state that there is an edition of my novel "The Hispaniola Plate," published in America by the Castle Publishing Company," and that in this edition there is a biography of me which "bears internal evidence of having been written by the author."

Permit me to show you, therefore, what such "internal evidence" is worth.

Until I read the column so headed in your paper, I was totally unaware that any arrangements had been made by the publishers of "The Hispaniola Plate" (Cassell and Co., London) for reproduction by any firm in the United States, and, consequently, did not know that the edition from which you are undoubtedly quoting was in existence. Consequently, also, I know nothing of the biography to which you refer as "bearing internal evidence" of having been written by me. And, "internal evidence" notwithstanding, the statement that I wrote the biography is false. I have never seen it yet, since naturally it is not in the London edition; I repeat that I know nothing whatever about it, except that which I can glean from your article, and, moreover, no biography of me has ever been written or suggested by myself. I gather also, from what you say, that comparison favourable to me has been made in this production between myself and Mr. , a piece of vulgarity which—in this country at least!—would have been quite sufficient to prove to any critic (as I imagine the writer of your article considers himself to be) that it could not possibly emanate from any author claiming to possess the slightest feelings of self-respect.

But, since the discussion of such a claim as this is,
perhaps, superfluous in my refutation of your writer's ideas and statements, I desire simply to inform you that this part of the so-called "biography" was no more written by me, or known by me, than was any other portion of it, and also that, until doing so at this present moment, I have never written Mr. —- 's name.

In conclusion, I ask you to give this denial as much publicity as you have given the statement,

And I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) John Bloudelle-Burton.

IV.—Discount.

Here is a case for the consideration of publishers. A firm offers a 7s. 6d. book for 5s. 9d., and to encourage the publishers we order the work. It arrives by Carter, Paterson, and we have to pay 4d. carriage.

If we order the book of Bickers, or Bumpus, we obtain it for 5s. 7½d. or 5s. 8d., and it is delivered free of charge.

Does the arrangement profit the author more in case 1 than in case 2? And if not, why should we pay 4d. to oblige the publisher, and put a few extra pence in his pocket?

S.

[The author has nothing at all to do with it.]

Ep.

V.—Encouragement v. Discouragement.

My vicissitudes as an author may be of interest as somewhat remarkable. My first novel, published anonymously, was accepted by a leading firm, had excellent reviews in first-class papers, was pirated in America most successfully. The second, in my maiden name, brought out in first-class style by the same firm, had still better reviews. However, it attracted no attention. I was asked by my publishers if I were not disappointed. They had expected much from it; but the subject was painful—that of a woman's intemperance, and its telling was "too graphic, too clever, to get the second reading it deserved," so they said. A master in fiction has since said "It was a book for a second edition." Then came my third. The same approbation from the reviews, but I verily believe it was killed by one that breathed the word "psychological." Hard! for it was not so.

I would not insult the Spirit of the Times by crediting it with time or digestion for such subtlety. This hurrying age adds to its fever by demanding incident in fiction on a par with that which society and travel endeavour to secure for it. The terse and pungent are in favour, no longer the discursive which takes you by pleasant bye-paths off the high road of the story into touch with the writer's personal thoughts and opinions, out of broad sunshine into restful shade. What is there in the modern novel to make you close it with a careful thumb as your marker, and look out of the window and reflect with the writer? Nothing. Life is hard facts, and so are latter-day books. I thing it is Mr. Hall Caine who says a writer has no right to digress to his own opinions and observations; one must be kept at full strain after the characters. But "The Golden Butterfly" is in a sixpenny edition, and there are readers who hail digressions such as we find in it as milestones where one may pause and meditate. Well, my third novel died before its best reviews—Guardian, Atheneum, and Academy—were out; the former foretold great things for me. On the strength of my book the C.E.T.S asked me to write a story for them. I did so, in a fortnight. It come out in their Chronicle, and both paper and cloth editions—a stroke of success. My last story is just out, both in paper and cloth too, a large edition in a well-known series. I am venturing on another three-decker, and have another short one in the market. But my reviews warrant me in expecting far greater success. Is the reviewing system at fault somewhere? A book is often reviewed when it is either everywhere or virtually dead. All my books have been called powerful and realistic. In my temperament, story, it was almost suggested in the columns of a paper that my facts must be personal—I hope not from myself as an inebriate! These terms are fashionable praise, but I have not been the fashion. Shorter stories, however, seem to be "getting me forwarder." But how tantalising is the buffeting between intensely appreciative reviews bearing out a publisher's confidence and public indifference! I have been warranted in nourishing great expectations of a full tide, and found myself stranded high and dry on the beach. I have been likened, to my own astonishment, to Mr. Thos. Hardy and Mr. Geo. Meredith. But the public remain stolid. My "pathos, humour, picturesque and power" are not for their enthusiasms. Yet I must write. I believe as firmly as Mr. Crockett in the gift being God-given, to be used. I live greatly with imaginary people; when they live with me I must put pen to paper and oust one set to make room for another. But I am not now working up to my powers—deliberately. I have found it exhausting to do so, realising my emotional and dramatic situations too strongly; so am lowering my standard. Was I born under an unlucky star, and is it my fate to have to be most discouraged by encouragements? Where are the powers that will adjust the balance by making recognition consistent with reviewing? I don't grudge labour, but I yearn for its just reward. Meanwhile I hear my case is a rare one, so I chronicle it.

M. E. S.
The Author.
(The Organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors. Monthly.)
CONDUCTED BY WALTER BESANT.

VOL. VI.—No. 2.] JULY 1, 1895. [Price Sixpence.

For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

THE Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SINGING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:
4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple...
to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.
or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Address by Mr. Hall Caine.

Following the annual meeting of members of the Retail Newsagents' and Booksellers' Union, which was held yesterday morning at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate-hill, under the presidency of Mr. C. Roberts (Brompton), a mass meeting of the trade was held in the evening in the same hall, for the purpose of hearing an address by Mr. Hall Caine, "upon his experience of the present unfair conditions existing in the bookselling trade." There was a large attendance, members being present from all parts of the country. Letters regretting inability to be present were read by the general secretary (Mr. E. Gowing Scopes) from Sir George Newnes, who was absent on a political mission on the Continent; from Mr. B. Quaritch, and Mr. Mudie. A telegram was also received to a similar effect from Mr. Zangwill on account of ill-health.

Mr. Hall Caine, who was received with applause, stated that there was no better maxim than the old and trite one that union was strength, and there was no body of men who had more reason to remember it than the booksellers of the United Kingdom. Therefore he began by congratulating them on the organisation of booksellers which they had met that night to inaugurate. Never in the history of English booksellers had there been more need for organisation, because the condition of the trade of the bookseller had hardly ever been so bad. It was not to be accounted for on any of the ordinary principles of commercial law. On the one hand they had an enormous increase of population during the past half-century, an enormous increase of wealth, and an enormous increase of the reading public; and, on the other hand, they had an appalling decline in the number of booksellers throughout the kingdom. More than that, the past half-century had witnessed a complete change in the character of the bookseller's business. Fifty years ago the bookseller was a seller of books only. His shop was lined with books, his counters were covered and his windows were filled with them. Bookselling was a lively industry in those days. It existed by itself, and was a profitable and an honourable, and even a dignified and distinguished business. That condition was a thing of the past. There were hardly a score of such book shops remaining in the provinces. The other book shops were small-wares or fancy goods shops first, and book shops afterwards. No longer did books line the walls, cover the counters, and fill the windows. Children's dolls and air balls, ladies' purses and hand-bags, inkstands and Japanese fans had usurped the places which knew the new books no more. The bookseller was not to blame. He would rather sell books than nick-nacks if he were able to do so and to exist. It was not from choice that he had descended from the estate of bookseller to that of the keeper of a little Moorish bazaar. He would tell them that, as a dealer in new books, he could not exist, and that he was compelled to supplement his bookselling business with these humbler auxiliary aids.

Yet more books were sold to-day than at any previous time. The sales of the classic literature in cheap editions were now very great indeed, and the sales of new books, of new novels for example, were beyond comparison larger than in the best days even of Dickens. Where lay the mischief that was crushing the local booksellers out of existence?

Concerning the Discount Bookseller.

Ten or more years ago a number of booksellers in the heart of London began to sell new books to the public at the great discount of 25 per cent. They had an enormous success, because they made large businesses with a rapid turnover. But the heart of London was the only scene for such an enterprise. To the local bookseller such terms were impossible. He could not give 25 per cent. discount and keep a roof over his head. His customers demanded that discount on pain of leaving him. He gave it in some cases, and so died hard. Many of his class were thus crushed out of life, but not until they had inflicted a heavy blow on the great discount houses of London. These houses were not as a whole so prosperous now as they were a few years ago. They had suffered severely in exterminating the local bookseller. (Hear, hear.) No system of bookselling that was centralised in London would ever work for the book trade as the old local bookselling system worked; large as the increase in the sales of books had been during the past half-century, it was not at all commensurate with the increase in population and in the taste for reading. The old bookseller with his local shop was the only agency yet found that seemed to be at all capable of making the book trade of to-day what it ought to be. (Hear, hear.) With the whole book trade feeling the injury which was said by many to have been
inflicted by the discount business a remedy had been suggested. This was the net-book remedy. So far as he understood it, the proposal was that a new book should be sold net at the published price, and that the bookseller should be allowed 20 per cent. for selling it. But here, again, the local bookseller was at a disadvantage in competition with his London fellow tradesman. The 20 per cent. which was enough for the London bookseller was not enough for the local bookseller, with his greater expenses of "laying down" and his smaller sales. The net-book system had much to recommend it, but it needed the readjustment of its terms. (Applause.)

THE "UNBRIDLED GREED" CONTROVERSY. — REMARKABLE FIGURES.

This first explanation of the decline of the book trade (that it had suffered from the big discount businesses) touched points with which he was not entirely competent to deal, but the other explanation of that decline, the popular explanation, the explanation which had been making so much noise of late, was one on which he might quite modestly but confidently claim to be as good an authority at this moment as any other man whatever. Continuing, Mr. Hall Cane said: It is being circulated very industriously that the book trade is declining because authors have been squeezing the publishers, who in turn have had to squeeze the booksellers. The charge appears to have taken shape in the speech of my friend and comrade Edmund Gosse, but it has been backed up by the extraordinary letters of Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Burleigh of the Associated Booksellers, and other wise and well-informed persons in the Times, Daily News, and elsewhere. May I be so bold as to say that during the past few months it has been my painful duty to forget more about the financial relations of author and publisher than it has yet fallen to Mr. Gosse's much happier lot to learn? But I have remembered enough to give you to-night certain exact figures which neither Mr. Gosse, nor Mr. Fisher Unwin, nor any of their brother critics and publishers will be quite so courageous as to question, because they are the figures of publishers themselves, the best publishers, supplied to me for my personal use in another connection, but honestly and properly available for the rebutting of a damaging and unfounded charge. We are told that the "unbridled greed" of the author is killing the book trade; but these are the exact facts. A 6s. novel costs to print and bind about 1s. a copy; if produced in good numbers, it can be done for a penny less; it sometimes costs a penny more. To advertise a successful novel a publisher may spend twopence a copy, but where he knows his business, and where the sales are in twenties and thirties of thousands, he does not usually spend nearly so much. The author's royalties on a 6s. novel vary from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent., and in only two known instances have authors received more. This royalty is on the published price, but usually with the condition that thirteen copies count as twelve. Thus the payment of the most highly-paid of English novelists—two novelists excepted—is 1s. 4½d. per copy. So the writing, printing, binding, and advertising of a popular 6s. novel has cost 2s. 6½d. That is the gross outlay.

PUBLISHERS' PROFITS.

Now, what is received for the book? I will quote from a paper in the handwriting of one of our great publishers. The full price paid for a 6s. book is 4s. 2d. less 5 per cent., thirteen copies as twelve, namely, 3s. 8d. The lowest wholesale price paid is 4s. less 7½ per cent. or 10 per cent., thirteen as twelve, namely, 3s. 4d. Therefore, the average earnings to the publisher who has distributing agencies of his own are 3s. 6d., or a fraction under. Thus the profit to the publisher on a successful 6s. book, which pays 25 per cent. to the author, is 11d. a copy. But the smaller local bookseller does not buy at even 3s. 8d. Being a purchaser of small numbers, and often requiring credit, he buys from one of the great distributing agencies, and pays from 4s. to 4s. 2d. for his 6s. book. Now, this book—upon which he must pay carriage from London—he is expected to sell, and often does sell, at 4s. 6d. in order to keep pace with his brother publisher in the heart of London. These are the figures, I believe the exact figures. I have not quoted them from one authority only, but from at least six excellent authorities, all publishers; and none of my authorities will question my right to use them, for they were supplied in the open spirit of men who had nothing to conceal or fear. But the figures show—first, that the local bookseller's profits are reduced to the miserably inadequate sum of 3½d.; next, that the author's earnings reach the modest sum of 1s. 4½d.; again, that the printing and binding of a book costs no more than 1s.; and finally, that the gross cost of producing a book is often as low as 2s. 6½d., and the expense of distributing it is often as high as 1s. 7½d. After this we ought to hear no more of the "unbridled greediness" of authors, and of the accusation that authors are squeezing the booksellers. While 1s. 7½d. is the cost of distributing a 6s. book to the local booksellers, the public and the trade may know where the shoe pinches. (Loud applause.)
SUGGESTED REMEDIES.

For this ruinous condition, asked Mr. Hall Caine, what was the remedy? The first and easiest remedy lay in the hands of the more successful author. He did not squeeze the retail bookseller, and neither was it to his interest that anybody else should squeeze him. In his agreements he ought to be assured that the bookseller should have his book at a living wage. (Loud applause.) This condition had been offered to him by more than one of the best publishers, and he should most certainly see that it formed a clause in any agreement he should make in the future. (Renewed applause.) That would mean, as far as it went, the reduction of the earnings of the middlemen. (Hear, hear.) The next remedy lay with the booksellers themselves. By uniting their forces they might go in a body to the publishers, and say, "Give us a profit upon which we can exist." That, he understood, was what they intended to do. The effect of this protest, if it succeeded, would be to reduce the number of the middlemen. Books would have to pass through fewer hands. Either the "new" publisher himself or his wholesale distributing agency would eventually have to go. If they asked him which, he could not hesitate to reply the "new" publisher. (Applause.) The distributing agencies (agencies like Messrs. W. H. Smith and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) were often the only real publishers. They were the only people who were doing the useful and necessary work of distribution, except in the few instances of the active publishers who were distributing for themselves both at home and abroad. They were earning their wages, and neither the book trade nor the authors could have the slightest desire to disturb them. But certainly their protest would exterminate certain of the "new" publishers, men who rented two rooms somewhere, and without machinery of any visible kind, and almost without visible capital, carried on noisy and apparently profitable businesses by the sole help of the great and powerful distributing agencies.

A MODERN INVENTION.

The third remedy lay deeper down, and might appear to be more dangerous to touch. It was a remedy which they would employ as a last resource, and with the consciousness of its risks and difficulties—he meant the remedy of doing without the publisher altogether. It was not for them to undervalue the real live publisher, though they thought his relations both with authors and with booksellers stood in need of reconsideration. (Cheers.) But there were just two parties necessary to the production of a book—the man who made it, and the man who sold it to the public. The publisher was a modern invention. He did not exist, as such, in England as recently as the days of Dr. Johnson. Authors then talked of writing for the booksellers, not for the publishers, and they must not suppose that bookseller and publisher were equivalent terms. A bookseller in Johnson's time was what he still was—a man who sold books over his counter, not a publisher who distributed books which other people were to sell. There was no middleman in those days to stand between the man who wrote the book and the man who sold it to the public. And it was to this excellent condition that they might be compelled to return in part, if not altogether. (Loud cheers.) Bookselling was in a thriving state then, and, Grub-street notwithstanding, authors were not so often starved out of existence as they were now. (Hear, hear.) It had hardly ever been in a thriving state since. It was now in a more deplorable condition than at any time, perhaps, since the great failure which involved Scott in ruin. He had shown them where the money went which was made by books, and he urged them to reflect whether it might not be to the advantage of the only two parties essential to the production of books that they might sometimes come closer together. If they could do so—if they could dispense with the services of the intermediaries, they must both be gainers by the change. The author could afford to give the bookseller a profit such as he has never had in the history of English bookselling, and yet keep a greater profit for himself than he had ever been paid in the history of English publishing. Booksellers and authors would be dividing the profits not of one middleman merely, but of two middlemen. Mr. Longman looked with amused indifference towards any attempt to dispense with the third estate in the republic of letters. But they, on their part, were disposed to believe that the publisher could occasionally be dispensed with; and now that the booksellers of the kingdom were banding together in this Association, the means of touch with the trade (which hitherto was a scattered one only to be reached by the expensive machinery of travellers) was becoming simple and easy. And if an author might publish his book for himself, if by help of a business representative, a clerk, and a cashier, he might send it direct from the printer and bookbinder to the shop of the bookseller, he would not only put more into the bookseller's pocket and more into his own pocket on each copy sold, but he would enormously increase the chances of sale by vitalising the trade of bookselling, by restoring it to the condition of a living industry, and by insuring a wider distribution. (Loud cheers.)
MR. RUSKIN'S EXPERIENCE.

Their friends outside, their publishing friends, would do their best to smile and say that these were revolutionary measures. But they were not so revolutionary as they might appear to be. A few weeks ago he had the pleasure of discussing them with Mr. Ruskin, who many years ago foresaw the crisis in which they were now placed, and made an effort of his own to escape from it. What the merits were of Mr. Ruskin's remedy it was not for him to say. The only remark he would make was that in an endeavour to abolish the publishers Mr. Ruskin created another publisher. (Hear, hear.) That was an obvious and imminent danger of any reform on the lines he had indicated. The other middleman always lay in wait for the reformer who rose up to exterminate the middleman. No doubt Mr. Ruskin had reason to be entirely satisfied with the results of his own experiment, but the great reform of the bookselling trade, if it ever came about, would go deeper than that, deeper than any discussion of net prices and discounts, or any settlement of the vexed question of thirteens—it would go to the very root of the existence of the publisher himself, as publisher apart from bookseller. If this reform should be attempted in a large way, if any considerable body of popular English authors should try to follow Mr. Ruskin's lead with more technical knowledge and experience, whatever success or failure attended them, the responsibility for the change would rest with the publishers themselves. The publishers would have provoked it by starving the local bookseller out of existence, and by throwing the blame of that act upon the authors, and loftily threatening to "send them back to Grub-street." Both booksellers and authors were finding out that the real earnings of books were stopped midway between the producer and consumer, and that the services of the publisher in the fortunes of books were often the meanest sort of bogey set up to frighten them. Far be it from them to say that the publisher had not done and was not still doing in some cases excellent service to literature and to the trade of bookselling. He had suggested and fostered many noble literary enterprises; he had helped many worthy authors to recognition and recompense; and he had, by wise and merciful methods of business promoted the growth of the bookselling industry in many places. Far be it from them to undervalue the work of the real publisher, who, through many years, perhaps many generations, had gathered about his house a vast machinery of book distribution, and was in touch with the public and with the Press. But they need show no quarter to certain other types of publishers, who had no visible reason for their existence except that they passed a book on from the printer and bookbinder to the agency that was to distribute it. At all events he congratulated them heartily on their efforts at organisation, and he assured them that where their interests lie as booksellers there lay their interests as authors. Booksellers and authors must stand shoulder to shoulder. If he might dare to speak in general terms for his own craft it was not for their good that the local bookseller was being starved out of existence. (Applause.) It was to their interest that the bookseller, both in the country and in London, should work for a living wage—(applause)—that he should be encouraged to buy books in order that he might sell them; that he should be able to exist by selling books alone and not by selling gimcracks and nick-nacks, and that his shop should be nowadays what it was in the days of their fathers and grandfathers—the centre of the intellectual life of the locality in which it was placed. (Loud applause.)

Mr. E. Gowing-Scopes, the general secretary, at the invitation of the Chairman, entered into an explanation of the proposed Booksellers' Union.

He had, he declared with apparent modesty, been for some time an "agitator" in the trade, one of the greatest needs and desires of which was to remove the burden of discount. If they had strength of purpose enough to combine together, no publishing house could stand against them and rob them of the profits which honestly belong to them. At that meeting representatives were present from every great centre in Great Britain—from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, and of the great centres of the industry. That night they had made a step in the right direction, for they had found a great author like Mr. Hall Caine who was bold enough to stand up and say, if they could not induce those who stood between them to help them, that then they would stand shoulder to shoulder together as author and bookseller, and manage their own affairs. Under such circumstances a book might be produced at five shillings—at a fairer price to the public, for after all, six shillings was a big lump for the public to pay for a book which costs one shilling to produce—and at the lesser price bring a better profit to the author and to the seller. It seemed to him wrong that a publisher, who did merely mechanical work, should take as great a share of profit as the author who worked on a novel one or two years and took all the risks of success or failure. It appeared, indeed, as if there was an opening for an authors' union. (Laughter and applause.) He hoped to see the union for which they had long waited successfully established. He hoped also to induce Mr. Caine to help them to
form an author's committee that should act in conjunction with the National Association of Booksellers, and he knew that at least four or five of the leading authors were willing to combine with Mr. Caine in the effort he was ready to undertake.

Mr. C. Roberts moved, "That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient to form a National Association of Booksellers for the purpose of acting upon the scheme suggested for the abolition of the discount system." Mr. J. C. Mather seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.—Daily News, June 5.

II.—LECTURING IN AMERICA.

I observed a passage in last month's Author which speaks of the gains to be made by lecturing in America. It is a subject upon which there has been a great deal of exaggeration, and I think that a few words upon it may not be amiss—the more so as my name was coupled with the remarks.

Anyone who goes to America with the intention of seeing the place and the people, and counts on no more from his lectures than the payment of his expenses, will have a most enjoyable experience. He will come back with enlarged ideas, with a pleasant remembrance of hospitality received and with new friendships, which he will hope to retain until they are old ones.

But if he goes with the primary idea of making money he will be disappointed. Thackeray and Dickens made money, and when we have another Thackeray and Dickens they may do the same; but the British lecturer whose credentials are more modest will find that the margin left over, after his expenses are paid, is probably a less sum than he could have easily earned in his own study.

In the extract to which I refer from your American correspondence, the sum of 500 dollars a lecture is mentioned. This is nonsense. Taking an average a fifth part of it would be nearer the mark, which is no more than could be obtained from the better class provincial societies in Great Britain. For argument's sake, however, let us put the American average at 125 dollars. When the agent's commission of 15 per cent. and the high travelling and hotel expenses have been paid, the lecturer will probably have from 80 to 85 dollars clear. Allow him four lectures a week, and we have from 320 to 350 dollars as his gain. Two months of this will leave him something under 3000 dollars. From this he has to subtract his double passage-money, and about a month extra spent in the journey and preparations. If the balance will exceed what he would earn in the same period by his pen, it is then worth his while to go to America for money.

If any brother author should go, however, I strongly recommend him to put his affairs in the hands of my friend, Major J. B. Bond, in whom they will find a very sympathetic comrade as well as a keen business manager. My own trip to America was one of the most pleasant experiences of my life, but if it had been the wish to earn more than I could have done at home which had attracted me thither, I should certainly have been disappointed. This would be a merely personal and unimportant matter, were it not that the mention of exaggerated sums in your pages might mislead and cause disappointment to some of your readers.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

III.—A HUMOROUS AGREEMENT.

Here is a pleasing offer: "I will take the entire responsibility of the production, advertising, &c., of the work if you will agree to be responsible for 375 copies at 3s. 6d., or whatever number is needed to bring the total sales up to this quantity, if it has not been reached within six months after the date of publication; the publisher price to be 6s." This offer is supplemented by an explanation to the effect that an edition of 500 or 750 copies will be printed, and that "the royalty"—he says "the" royalty, but does not explain what—will not begin for the author until the second edition is reached. How would the publisher stand in case of 700 copies, or the whole of the first edition, going off?

He would receive from the author ... £5 12 6
From the trade ......................... 56 17 6

£122 10 0

From which we must deduct the cost of production. Probably, therefore, he would receive from £40 to £50 against the author's nil.

But, if he chose to keep back the book for six months, and then offered it for sale, he might clear the whole of the guarantee money, together with the proceeds of the sale.

This is a very humorous method of publishing. As for the second edition one need say nothing, because the amount of royalty is not stated, and because it is so extremely problematical. There is nothing fraudulent in such an offer: nothing to prevent any man making such an offer. He may argue that he guards against loss of money paid, and that as the book is very unlikely, from his own experience of such books as he publishes, to go into a second edition, or to sell many copies,
he means to pay himself for his personal trouble, which means a quarter of an hour's talk with the printer and for the use of his office, by laying his hand upon everything. Now and then he may light upon a prize; but very, very seldom. Do prizes come the way of this kind?

IV.—The Old Trick.

Over and over again we have exposed the tricks of certain so-called publishers who live by making the unfortunate aspirant who falls into their hands pay for his book. The following is generally the order of events.

1. The writer sends up his MS.
2. He immediately receives back a letter in which the firm state that their reader has pronounced so favourably on the MS. that they are prepared to offer the following exceptional terms. The author is to pay £120, viz., £80 down, and £40 on receiving the last proof. For this they will produce an edition of 1250 copies; give the author two thirds of the proceeds; and bring out future editions as they are demanded. The author to have half profits. The price to be 6s.
3. The author cannot afford £120. He says so. They reply instantly, that in consideration of the merit of the MS., they will knock off £30.

Observe that all this is a mere form; the same reply is sent to everybody, the only alteration is in the figures. As for future editions they know very well that there will be, in all probability, no sale at all; their reader has not read it; and they are not going to print 1250 copies, or anything like it. In encouraging the author to believe that there will be this demand, they are deceiving him. Should there be anyone who has fallen into the pitfall and paid money on these representations, perhaps he will send up the papers to the Secretary, who may be able to get some of his money back for him.

V.—The Canadian Copyright Question.

When a person adopts false premises he is sure to arrive at absurd conclusions, and this has happened with Mr. Lancefield of the Copyright Association. He assumes as follows:

(1) That our copyright laws are for the benefit of printers and publishers, and not for the protection of native authors, artists, and musicians, and the advancement of learning here, and that when a conflict arises between the interests of the instrumentalities employed and those of authors and artists themselves, the interests of the latter should be ignored and destroyed.

(2) That where it may pay to print and publish books, music, &c., for a market of 200,000,000 (the British Empire and foreign countries of the convention) or 65,000,000 (the United States) it will also pay to print and publish for a market of 5,000,000 (Canada).

(3) That because the civilised nations of the world have recognised the supreme right of an author to control the work of his own brain irrespective of all foreign printers and publishers, and because the terms of the international convention as to foreign printing and publishing do not suit half a dozen publishing houses and newspapers of Canada, the interests of Canadian art and literature must be sacrificed for all time by withdrawing Canada from the benefits of the convention and thus effect complete isolation of this country.

(4) That if we had the Copyright Act demanded by the publishers, all of the 131 English and United States novels picked out by Mr. Lancefield as recently made, there would also have been made in Canada instead of the three, as actually the case.

(5) That the Imperial Government, for selfish ends, tricked Canada and forced the benefits derivable from the Berne Convention on our authors and artists against the earnest protests of the Canadian Government and the Minister of Justice.

(6) That we have been unfairly deprived of our rights to legislate as to copyright, granted to us by the British North America Act of 1867.

(7) That it is in the interests of the British author that cheap American reprints shall be excluded from Canada, so that he may be sure of getting 10 per cent. on the higher prices to be extracted from the Canadian public by our publishers.

(8) That, as the United States are playing a game of "grab," as Mr. Lancefield puts it, Canada must pursue the same ignoble course, and that Canada must be isolated (although the United States, by foreign treaties, are not), until the Americans grant us reciprocity (as suggested by Mr. Lancefield) in their infinitely better book market.

These are some of the assumptions we must swallow to adopt the platform of the Copyright Association of Canada.

It must be distinctly understood that all the shouting has hitherto been done by half a dozen Canadian publishing houses and newspapers, and that this association comprises some twenty-six members, more than half of whom are inactive and indifferent; while there are 340 printing and publishing houses in the Dominion who do not care enough to pay 5 dollars to join the association. So much then for the labour cry and the deputations which besieged Sir John Macdonald.
and Sir John Thompson in the interests of publishers and the labour party.

As to printing and binding in Canada, there are very few authors who make enough out of Canada alone to pay for printing, binding, and commissions, the market is so limited; many of us can speak feelingly on this subject; so it is absurd to suppose that under any circumstances our publishers would print and bind more than 15 per cent. of the 131 novels referred to as printed in England and the United States, only three of which, as Mr. Lancefield bitterly complains, were made in Canada, and not even that much would they make if they had to pay the author say 500 or 1000 dollars royalty. Our publishers will take no chances or make tenders, as United States publishers do; they desire only to select the most catchy of the British or foreign novels on their own conditions and at their own prices. We have yet to learn that a fair offer was ever made to a British author by a Canadian publisher and that such offer was refused.

Nothing can be more untrue than that the mother country wronged Canada in the matter of the Berne Convention. On the contrary, a vast benefit was conferred on native art and literature, and, moreover, the assent of the Canadian Government was freely given. See Sir John Thompson's “Despatch on Canadian Copyright,” May, 1894.

In 1887, when Canada became a party to the convention, the benefits likely to accrue to native art and literature were clearly recognised, and it was not till half a dozen publishing houses and newspapers found that the interests of foreign printers were postponed by the convention to those of authors and artists the world over that the shouting commenced and the Printers’ Copyright Act of 1889 was forced on the Government.

It is also untrue that Canada has been deprived of any rights granted the in matter of copyright under the British North America Act of 1867. This Act was known to be subject to the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1865 (Imp.), whereby no Colonial Act can amend or repeal an Imperial Act conferring privileges within Canada, as was well understood.

It must be kept in mind that the whole dispute is with reference to the printing of cheap novels and serial novels in newspapers, of the “Dodo” and “Triby” class, and of European and American musical works. Were it not for the shouting of half a dozen publishing houses and newspapers and the falsely-alleged interests of trades and labour councils in the matter, even Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., would admit that the vast market opened up by the Berne Convention afforded such facilities for the growth and remuneration of Canadian art and literature that we are under lasting obligations to the mother country.

JOHN G. RIDOUT.

Toronto. —Toronto Globe, June 12, 1895.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

If I may be allowed to say a few words pro domo, I should like to contradict the report that I am writing “the story of Daudet’s youth.” This I did to the best of my ability about a year ago. What I am writing, in collaboration with M. Alphonse Daudet, is a story of the great novelist’s youth, the story of some adventures which he had on the Rhone when he was quite a lad, in company of his little cousin Léonce. As Mme. de Genlis would have called this book, had she been writing it, it is the story of “Alphonse and Léonce; or, the Victims of Imagination.” This work was finished on Wednesday last, after a sitting of five hours, the day previous to Daudet’s departure to Champrosay, where he means to set hard at work upon his new novel: “Le Soutien de Famille.”

M. Daudet has specially asked me to deny that he ever made the offensive statement, concerning English women, which was attributed to him by a Parisian reporter. It appears that this reporter was one of the many whom Daudet was unable to receive. He wrote his interview all the same, like a true new journalist, and put the offending words into Daudet’s mouth. What Daudet really said, to another reporter, was that he preferred the way in which French ladies dressed.

There is no doubt that the Parisian élégante does dress with better taste, especially in point of selection of colours, than her English sister, and that this is so is the just punishment of English snobbishness. Almost all our élégantes think it indispensable to dress in Paris, and are supplied with the leavings of the French ladies. Go with a Parisienne to some big dressmaker’s in Paris, and ask to be shown the latest fashions, and it is ten to one that you will see some very ugly materials. “Oh, don’t look at that,” the dressmaker will say, “that is for our foreign customers.” So the unhappy foreign customers get served with what no Parisienne would wear, and go about imagining themselves dressed in the height of Parisian fashion. It serves them right. Let the Englishwoman dress at home, and let the foolish French dressmaker be.

Zola is working very hard at “Rome.” He is down at Médan, “cloistered in work,” as he
writes me in a note which I have just received from him. He has begged his friends not to come near him, “at least, not for another fortnight, until the fever has assuaged itself.” I suppose that we shall not see him again until the beginning of July, when he will preside over the monthly meeting of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

Monsieur de Goncourt is working at the third volume of his series on Japanese painters. This kind of work he considers rest, as compared to the effort required for the production of a novel. But he has by no means definitely abandoned the novel, and I believe has it in mind to write a book which shall be the confirmation of his theories. He is a wonderful old man, as energetic as most men thirty years his junior, and full of work. I sometimes doubt the sincerity of his unvarying apparent discontent.

The vegetarians must not ask M. Maxime Boucher, the poet and dramatist, to speak well of their theories. Monsieur Boucher converted himself to vegetarianism some months ago, and very nearly died in consequence. He is now making up for lost time with beefsteaks à la Tartare and other most carnal delights. Francisque Sarcey, on the other hand, has become a confirmed vegetarian, and, with the enthusiasm of the convert, tries to win others over to this régime. He says that since he gave up eating meat his capacity for work has doubled.

At a literary re-union the other night, there being many leading novelists present, I asked whether the practice of writing fiction disposed an author to untruthfulness in ordinary life. The general opinion was that this was not the case, but this I am inclined to doubt. I should like to have other opinions on the subject. A man who tells stories professionally must, it seems to me, lose, to a certain extent, the perception of truth.

Maurice Barrés has recently returned from Spain and the Balearic Islands. He says that Daudet is most popular in Spain, and that at Majorca his “La Dernière Classe” is familiar to everybody. It has been adapted to local conditions. It is a Balearic schoolmaster who gives the last lesson to his class in the Balearic patois before the law enforcing Spanish in these islands as the language in which the children are to be taught at the schools has been promulgated. Daudet was very happy when he heard this, for he has always been greatly attached to these islands, and has often told me that it was the dream and ambition of his life to end his days there.

Max Nordau, the author of “Degeneration,” is at present at work on a novel. “I shan’t write another philosophical work for some years,” he said to me. “I don’t want to be nailed down to any speciality.” When his novel is finished he will write a play, and then perhaps another novel. I should say that there is a great deal of work in Max Nordau yet. He is only forty-six; and as hale a man as one can wish to see. He began writing when he was twelve years old, and made money with his pen when he was fourteen. At the age of eighteen he was keeping all his family, and indeed was earning as much as a thousand francs a month, quite a fortune for Pesth.

Monsieur Jules Lémaître was yesterday elected to the French Academy by twenty-one votes, at the first ballot. Nine votes were given to Monsieur Jules Delafose. We had expected that the latter would have ten votes, but the election of Monsieur Jules Lémaître was a foregone conclusion. I hear that the solitary academian who voted at both ballotings for Emile Zola was Monsieur Paul Bourget. Dr Lesseps’s seat could not be filled, and this election has been put off till next December. Monsieur Charmes just missed his election by one vote, and, from what I hear, is likely to be elected in December. He has contributed but little to the literature of his country, and is known rather as a politician and student of history than as a man of letters. His great work has been a publication entitled “Le Comité des Travaux historiques et scientifiques.”

Monsieur Jules Lémaître is what the French call un heureux. He has succeeded in everything which he has attempted. Stay, I think that there is one ambition which he has as yet been unable to realise, and that is that though he has often tried to write a novel, he has never written one which has attracted any attention. But as a critic, as a poet, and as a dramatic author, he has achieved very great success. His criticisms of living writers are excellent, though perhaps he was rather too severe on George Ohnet. He was born in 1853, and went through the Ecole Normale without having his originality stamped out of him. His first book, a volume of poems entitled “Les Petites Orientales,” was published in 1883, and since then he has come to the front as a critic, a poet, and a dramatic author, although not as a writer of fiction. Besides “Les Petites Orientales” he has written another volume of poems entitled “Médaillons.” His dramatic criticisms in the Journal des Débats are celebrated as masterpieces of their kind. His plays “Revoltée,” “Le Député Leveau,” “Les Rois,” “L’Age Difficile,” and “Pardon,” have all been great successes, and “Billets du Matin,” “Figurines,” “Les Rois,” “Serenus,” and “Dix Contes” are read, though not without disap-
pointment, by those who want to find in this universally successful man of letters a successful writer of fiction also.

"Gyp," otherwise Madame La Comtesse de Martel, sends me a delightful book of dialogues, entitled "Les Gens Chics," full of biting satire on the cosmopolitan society which has of late years ousted the old French society from its place. The book, which forms the third volume of Charpentier's admirable "Collection Polychrome," is illustrated with numerous coloured illustrations by the inimitable "Bob." "Gyp" is the creator of the dialogue story, and far and away the best living writer of this form of fiction. The more she writes the more witty she seems to become, and a truer picture of certain phases of Parisian high life than those given in this book it would be difficult to imagine. Messrs. Charpentier and Fasquelle must be complimented on this "Collection Polychrome" of theirs. The volumes are admirably produced at a price which leaves one wondering "how it can be done for the money." The first volume of the series, illustrated in colours, was "Un Siecle des Modes Féminines," with pictures of four hundred toilettes. This was followed by Gautier's "Emaux et Cameas," and now we have "Gyp's" "Les Gens Chics." The selection, as may be seen, is a wide one.

I am very sorry to hear that that excellent publisher, M. Charpentier, is in great trouble. His son is reported to be at death's door. Everybody who has come into contact with this gentleman will sympathise with him in his distress.

A new poet has recently revealed himself to the Parisians. This is M. Lionel des Rieux, the author of the recently published volume of poems, "Les Amours de Lyristes," admirably produced at the office of Le Mercure de France. This little book has attracted considerable attention in literary Paris, and at many houses recently I have heard it discussed. Personally M. des Rieux seems to be unknown to most literary people, and I believe that he leads a very retired life, entirely given up to his work. Under these circumstances one may expect great things of him in the future; indeed, I hear that he has an important work in preparation.

I have always admired Victor Hugo's productivity. Since I have been working with Daudet on this new book my admiration has increased. Daudet supplied me with foolscap paper which came from the stock left behind by Victor Hugo. He never used any other. It is rough medieval paper, and paper on which it was almost impossible to write. I tried every variety of steel pen from the "J" downwards, but had the greatest difficulty on making any progress whatever. But for a kind of superstition which made me think it good policy to work on Victor Hugo's paper, I should have asked for cream-laid. I cannot imagine how the poet could remain serene and composed whilst his pen struggled with the fibrous jungle of the paper. Possibly he chose such paper on purpose, in order that his composition should be slow and deliberate, as a sort of Mexican curb on a too ready pen.

Max Nordau uses very smooth paper, the kind called "foreign note," I believe, and writes with a steel pen and violet ink. His manuscript is exceedingly fine and small, so small as almost to need a magnifying glass. The whole MS. of "Degeneration" consists of less than two hundred pages, whilst some of his longer novels are contained in sixty pages of manuscript. He keeps all his manuscripts bound up, as they return from the printers. Daudet, like Du Maurier, writes in copybooks, Zola on unruled sermon paper. The new writer writes with a type-writer on foolscap sheets.

How the English reader does seem to delight in the sufferings of others! I hardly pick up a popular paper without seeing some description of prison life or of punishment, whilst most of the short stories which I read end in somebody's conviction or hanging. I really think that this form of Sadism is more immoral than the outspoken immorality of the French, and far more injurious. And I regret deeply to see the heroification of the detective which is so fashionable in English fiction. For the detective is ipso facto a contemptible person, who ought to be allowed to slink, and peer, and listen in obscurity. There is no making of a hero in him.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.
June, 1895.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, May 25.

THE Editor of the Author recently quoted from Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte's "Meditations in Motley" a paragraph that it was "a most lamentable thing that, in spite of all the literary activity and the intellectual restlessness of our time, there are not probably more than half a dozen writers in the United States who follow literature, pure and simple, as a profession; and it is noteworthy that among these there are neither poets nor essayists." In commenting on this, the editor...
declared that we in America had no quarterly reviews, and that such weekly reviews as the Spectator and the Saturday Review "simply do not exist in America."

There are, perhaps, half a dozen quarterly reviews published in the United States of one type or another. Most of them are dull, and few of them pay their contributors. The best of them is the Sewanee Review, edited by Prof. W. P. Trent, which is excellent. The only American representative of the weekly review is the Nation, for the admirable Dial of Chicago is a semi-monthly.

If literature be taken to mean the actual writing of books and not the editing of magazines, or journalism of one sort or another, or teaching or lecturing, then I think Mr. W. B. Harte is not far out in his assertion. Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Cable, Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") are authors pure and simple, not editors or lecturers or professors; and by literature pure and simple they support themselves now. Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Stockton were editors for years, and Mr. Clemens made money as a lecturer first, losing it afterwards as a publisher. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mr. Laurence Hutton are connected with Harper's Monthly, Mr. Gilder with the Century, Col. Higginson with Harper's Bazaar, Mr. Eugene Field with the Record of Chicago, Mr. A. S. Hardy with the Cosmopolitan, Mr. Harold Frederick with the New York Times, Mr. H. W. Mable with the Outlook, Mr. H. C. Bunner with Puck, Mr. W. J. Stillman with the London Times, Mr. Henry Harland with the Yellow Book. Dr. Edward Eggleston besides writing novels writes short histories; Mr. John Fiske lectures and also writes school books; Mr. Whitcomb Riley lectures, or rather reads from his own writings; so does Mr. Hopkinson Smith, who is also a successful painter in water-colours. Mr. Stedman is a stockbroker, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is a practising lawyer, Mr. Weir Mitchell is a practising physician, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is in the Civil Service, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge is in the United States Senate. Fourteen of the members of the Authors' Club are attached to Columbia College here in New York, and a dozen other members belong to other universities here and there throughout the country.

This brief list will not, of course, answer the question propounded by the editor of the Author, as to how an American man of letters, not being a popular novelist, manages to live. But it makes clear what is a fact, that the American man of letters, not being a teller of tales, cannot support himself by literature pure and simple. He may have inherited money as Motley had, and Prescott, and Parkman. He may be a college professor as Longfellow was, and Lowell. He may be an editor of a newspaper as Bryant was. He may be a lecturer as Emerson was. He may live with extreme frugality as Emerson did, and so support himself by the sale of his poems to the periodicals. He may be a stockbroker as Mr. Stedman is or a bank-examiner as Mr. John Burroughs is. But by literature pure and simple he will find it very difficult to support himself, unless he is a writer of popular novels or of popular plays.

But is there anything in this state of affairs at all peculiar to the United States now? Has there ever been a time anywhere when literature pure and simple supported an author, who had no wealthy patron, no place under Government, no pension, no connection with a university? I doubt if such a time has ever been; and I doubt if it would be good for literature if it should come to pass now. Here in America just now there are any number of openings for a quick-witted man of letters; I think there are more in proportion here than there are in England. Journalism, as such, has of course nothing to do with literature as such; the aims of the two callings are wholly distinct; and the practice of the one sooner or later unfit a man for the practice of the other, yet the dividing line between them often seems almost invisible; and many authors earn their living by newspaper work.

Again, the line between the daily newspaper and the weekly journal is hard to draw; and so is that between the weekly journal and the monthly magazines. Never have there been more periodicals in the United States than now; and many of them are prosperous, and the best of them are very liberal paymasters—as every British author who has written for them can testify. If Poe were alive now his wares would never lack a market, and perhaps with prosperity his character would have stiffened into manliness. (This is a digression—but an excursus may be the most instructive passage of a sermon; I cannot resist the temptation to remark here that there is unending nonsense talked in England about Poe and his hard luck. The fact is that a study of Poe's career and of the conditions of literature in America at the time will convince any disinterested reader that Poe was his own only enemy. He impressed people favourably at first, and they were always willing to help him; and then, before long, he threw away his chance.)

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just begun a series of monthly novels in one volume in paper covers at fifty cents. These novels are all copy-
righted, and are many of them by American authors. Mr. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Mr. Kipling are among the novelists whose recent books will appear in this series. Some surprise is felt among other publishers here that the Macmillans should establish so cheap a series now, when there is no longer a need to compete with the pirates. The Scribners, it is understood, will not this summer make any additions to their fifty cent yellow-covered series, which contains the best of Mr. Stockton's tales, and of Mrs. Burnett's. The Harpers seem to have also abandoned their fifty cent paper series of American novels, called "Harper's Quarterly Library," at least the volume for February has not appeared yet. The paper-covered series of Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., and of Longmans, Green, and Co., are not pushed with vigour, probable because both these important publishing houses have discovered that the conditions of the book trade being what they are there is but little profit in trying to sell a copyrighted book at fifty cents.

The conditions of the book trade are still very unsettled. The enormous stock of pirated books left on hand at the passage of the Copyright Act four years ago is apparently nearly all worked off; but the stereotype plates exist, and these are in use. Now the large "dry-goods stores," sometimes called "department stores," which are "universal providers," have been enlarging their book departments and cutting prices right and left. On a very popular book the price is sometimes cut below cost. I saw "Trilby" the other day advertised at 97 cents, the regular price being 1 dollar 75 cents. This sort of thing is likely to hurt the regular bookseller. It is to be noted, however, that the book department of these department stores, at first a mere adjunct to the other departments, and serving only as a means to tempt purchasers inside the building, is now gaining in importance and is therefore in the hands of men who really understand the book trade. One department store here in New York has just engaged a new manager for its book department at a salary of two thousand pounds a year; and it gives up to books a space on the ground floor about a hundred feet square. It also spends large sums in advertising. It may interest to see how friendly the advertiser is with the newspaper reader (this firm pays the writer of its advertisements four thousand pounds a year!) Here is a recent advertisement of theirs:

GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

Good storekeeping means progress. Yesterday's best isn't well enough for to-morrow. But it is easy to go from one height to a greater if the business has a springy, full-of-life step. Do you keep track of what is going on here?

Interesting, surely; you can make it profitable if you care to.

WE'VE A NEW BOOK STORE

Not yet full grown, but far enough along so you can see what the intent is, and how great and good it is likely to be.

We mean to keep the books any reader of healthy tastes will want—all of them. Easy to get at—easy to see—welcoming you to see them. And we mean to so choose and so price the books that they'll tempt you to buy.

Let this one lot—HANDY CLASSIC EDITIONS of the most noted works in English literature—give you a notion of our new way with books. These "classics" are all beautifully printed on good paper and bound in full embossed cloth with silver stamping. Publisher's price 35 cents the volume—we say 12 cents. This is a part list. Size 4 x 6 inches. Average thickness, 3/8 of an inch.


Black Beauty. By Anna Sewell.

Coming Race. The. By Lord Lytton.


Dreams. By Olive Schreiner.

Lady of the Lake. Scott.

Light of Asia. By Arnold.

Epictetus. Discourses of, and the Encheiridion.


Greatest Thing in the World, and other Addresses. By Henry Drummond.

Horoes and Hero Worship. By Carlyle.

*House of Seven Gables, The. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Lamb's Last Essays of Elia.

Lamb's Essays of Elia.

*Longfellow, Henry W. Early Poems.


Of course there is no copyright on any of these books. I have marked with a star the volumes by American authors now out of copyright. Most of those by British authors are also out of copyright in England.

H. R.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

MARCUS CLARKE, the Australian novelist, whose work, "For the Term of His Natural Life," is looked upon as the greatest Australian novel yet published, died in poor circumstances. He was for some years librarian of the public library, Melbourne. His wife, who survived him, holds a small Government appointment in Melbourne. She is said to have received little or nothing from "His Natural
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Life,” which Clarke either sold outright, or allowed to pass away from him in some way.

Literature in Australia has not been an encouraging occupation so far. Clarke died young and poor; Gordon, the poet, shot himself because he could not meet a £30 bill that was coming due; Kendall, the poet, after a hard life, died very poor; Bracken, the New Zealand poet, has been a newspaper editor, canvassed for a life insurance company, and various other things. At the present time, with the exception of “Rolf Bolderwood,” Ada Cambridge, Hume Nisbett, and a few others, most Australian writers have evacuated the South, and are mostly to be found in London.

MAID MARIAN’S DEAD.

Maid Marian’s dead, you say. A sadder cheer
Possesses all the pleasant wood of Shere,
The cushat moans upon her elder-bush,
The lark’s out o’ tune to-day: the thrush
He sings a new song to the woodmen’s car.

We trample underfoot dead leaves and sere,
All unafraid skim by the fallow deer,
Never a horn’s note wakes the woodland hush!
Maid Marian’s dead.

Yet must I deem her merry ghost walks here,
Fittedly bedight in the green forest-gear,
While shadows of wild deer before her rush,
And Robin by her treads the grasses lush,
While England loves these lovers who shall fear
Maid Marian’s dead.

Nora Hoffer.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We publish in another column, by permission of the speaker, Mr. Hall Caine’s address to the booksellers. Few things have ever created so much interest and excitement in the publishing world, and the reason is not far to seek. Hitherto the publisher has very carefully kept the secrets of his trade from both authors on the one hand, and booksellers on the other. Let us regard this secrecy merely as a good stroke of business, if you please. The author has found out, however, the whole of the secrets, and has published them. Certain publishers made it their business, impudently, to deny the author’s figures, the booksellers, especially, were led to believe that they were wrong. Now, Mr. Hall Caine has made a separate investigation for himself, and has obtained figures from publishers which agree with our own. After this it will be difficult to deny their accuracy. Now, the objections raised in the papers against Mr. Hall Caine’s conclusion seem to be the following:

1. That he spoke to retail newsagents and not to booksellers. Perhaps. But every bookseller in the country has now got his figures, so that it comes to the same thing.

2. That he was not strong enough against the discount houses, nor strong enough in favour of the net price.

One thing at a time. Surely it was enough for one evening to give the figures which he presented. Besides, there is not as yet unanimity against discount booksellers or in favour of a net price.

3. That he talked as if the only books were those which sell 20,000 each.

The objection does not seem carried out by the text. But it must be remembered that there were six books in the year which sold between them 180,000 copies, a substantial slice of the year’s trade.

4. That the estimate of production was too low for any book with a sale less than 20,000. Mr. Edward Marston, in the Daily Chronicle, raised this objection. Now, it is extremely unfair to take “The Manxman” as a model of the 6s. novel. It is a book of 27½ sheets, 439 pp., and 500 words to a page, and 219,500 words—a book much larger than the average one, or three volume novel.

I take at random three other 6s. novels.

a. One contains 20 sheets, 320 pp., at 250 words to a page, viz., 80,000 words in all, rather over one-third of “The Manxman.”

b. The second contains 19 sheets, 300 pages, at 250 words to a page, viz., 75,000 words.

c. The third contains 18½ sheets, 293 pages, 250 words to a page, or 73,000 words.

If now any one will refer to the “Cost of Production,” he will find that a book of 17 sheets, or 272 pp., at about 288 words to a page, for a first edition of 3000 copies, would cost 11½d., or say, one shilling without advertising. Following editions of 3000 copies can be produced at less than 10d. each.

5. That this talk about the cost of production is merely the outcry of a few novelists who think they are not getting enough.

That is not so: it is the outcry of all the men and women who write books: it means that they want to know all the particulars in the management of their own property.

It is not a question of what we get; it is a question of what the property is worth: it is also a question of what the distributor should be paid for his services.
6. Idle talk about publishers' "risks." We are talking, here, of books which carry no risk with them.

Since this is all that can be said against Mr. Hall Caine, we may read his address over again in confidence; and, in our own interests, we may learn it by heart and commit it to memory.

Some eight years ago a certain literary paper reviewed a "Life of Richard Jefferies," written by myself. The reviewer spoke kindly of the biography, for which reason I do not mention the name of the paper. But, it said, if anyone in ten years' time were to take up the "Life of Jefferies" he would ask in astonishment, "Where are the documents or writings of this man?" It was really one of the most unfortunate predictions ever offered. Nearly that time has now elapsed. What do we see? Fancy prices for all Jefferies' early editions, reprints of his books, a constant stream of quotations from them, and a growing and widening circle of readers; a second biography of him—that by Mr. H. S. Salt; and now the most dainty little book in the world—just issued—a collection of "Thoughts" from his writings. The publishers are Longmans. I hope that every lover of the country, even if he is not already a lover of Jefferies, will make a note of this book. It is concentrated Jefferies. Oh! the wonderful writer! The eyes that saw through and through! The soul open to the voices of the flowers, the trees, the grasses, the skies, the clouds! There has never been any worshipper of Nature like unto Richard Jefferies since poets first began.

A note has been received by me concerning a certain person who owes an author a somewhat considerable sum of money, which he will not pay, taking no notice of letters sent to him. The information is sent with a request that the case may be published in the Author. But, it is said, the author refuses to take steps on religious grounds. Then what is the good of publishing the case in the Author? The time has gone by when we published real cases under initials in order to prove to people the abuses which exist. If we publish such a case as this, it must be as part of the whole case, as taken up by our lawyer. Where religious scruples come in it is difficult to discover. A man owes money; he does not dispute the debt; he answers no letters; he takes no notice. Evidently the only sequel possible is the lawyer. If the author is not prepared for the intervention of the lawyer, why does he ask for the money at all? And should not religious scruples point out that to let a scoundrel rob with impunity is equivalent to encouraging him to rob others? and surely that would be a very irreligious thing to do.

The Secretary of the Society has again asked me to call attention to the fact that a safe has been purchased for the storing of the agreements of members of the Society. All agreements will, of course, be kept absolutely private and confidential. There are, however, two advantages in placing the documents in the hands of the Secretary: First, the advantage accruing to the member in the knowledge of their secure preservation; and, secondly, the advantage accruing to the Secretary from the knowledge he obtains of the different methods and principles of the different publishers.

Certain members of the Society who resigned at the end of last year have returned to their allegiance, stating that they have been unable to act without the advice of the Society. This is very satisfactory, and shows how necessary the Society must be to most of those who live by literature.

One may be thought to be insisting too strongly on the enormous increase of readers during the last few years. Let us look back a little. In the year 1837 there were 20,984 committals in England and Wales. Of this number only 191 could read and write well. Of the rest some could read a little; the rest could not read at all. This proportion represented the condition of the class from which these criminals came—the agricultural and lower class of working people. To put it roughly, 200 out of 20,000 (or 1 per cent. only) could read and write well. The population of England and Wales was then about 20,000,000. Setting aside 4,000,000 for the better educated, there were 1-fifteenth in this country only 1 per cent. in 15,000,000 who could read and write—only, that is to say, 15,000 persons. These 15,000,000 have now grown to 30,000,000 and they can all read. What do they read? Most of them only a newspaper. But they are getting village libraries, and they will soon read a great deal, because village life is dull, and reading will become for a time—and as a stepping-stone—the principal recreation.

The astonishing circulation of many novels of the day seems, but is not, without precedent. If, for instance, we find novels of the day going into their fiftieth, hundredth, even hundred and twentieth edition, let us compare what was done with "Waverley." Lockhart tells us that the first edition of 1000 copies appeared on July 7, 1814; the second before the 3rd of August; the third in
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October; the fourth in November; the fifth in January, 1815; the sixth, of 1500 copies, in June, 1816; the seventh of 2000, in October, 1817; an eighth, of 2000, in April, 1822; that up to the edition of 1829, 11,000, at a guinea, were disposed of; and that up to the time of Lockhart's writing 40,000 copies of the edition of 1829 had gone. So that the circulation of "Waverley" up to the year 1836 or so was 51,000 copies. At that time the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about fifteen millions. It is now 40,000,000, and with its colonies it is about 60,000,000. A modern book therefore, to be in as great demand by 1895 as "Waverley" was by the year 1836, should have sold 200,000 copies. Well; but Scott's novels were priced at a guinea; those of the modern novelist at 68.; if price controls circulation, an equivalent to the popularity of Scott's "Waverley" would in these days mean about 600,000 copies. And this total has not, so far as I know, been reached by any living man.

WALTER BESANT.

FROM "GREEK SONNETS."

I.—THE THEATRE OF DIONYSUS, ATHENS.

Here let me stand, where Sophocles has stood;
Lo the blue sky, the mountains, and the main!
I hear the call of Oedipus again,
Re-echoing thro' this marble solitude;
Chained to his rock I see Prometheus brood,
Faint falls Alcestis' fugitive refrain,
And the birds chant their unforgotten strain,
Flashed from the Rhodian minstrel's airier mood.
O to have listened! when the Argives' song
Orestes' stately trilogy unrolled,
And o'er the awe-struck crowd surged deep and strong,
Their mighty rhythmic descant manifold,
Or wailed the Persae, till the sunset-gold
Sank the free waves of Salamis among.

C. A. KELLY.

II.—NAXOS.

What cry tempestuous thrilled the ecstatic air,
And pierced false Theseus' bosom thro' and thro',
As fraught with doom, his black-sailed galley flew
From her he spurned, the fairest of the fair?
Catullus' chant has deified despair:
On Pluto's rock the faithless chief shall rue
Those amorous lips, those eyes, Egean blue,
And incert gold of Ariadne's hair.
A glamour, o'er gray cliffs and valleys lone
Breathed from a vanished presence, broods around:
Lo the proud sea where Chabrias' star outshone!
From those wild peaks what revelries resound:
Thro' yon green boshage glints Iacchus crowned,
So dreams the minstrel, but the gods are gone.

C. A. KELLY.

* "Folk have called me Rhodian, do you know?" Aristophanes' Apology.

OPENING OF THE BRONTË MUSEUM.

(Saturday, May 18, 1895.)

Up the old perpendicular main street,
paved with worse material than good intentions, past the queer little shops
and the Black Bull of immortal memory, until we
find ourselves in the midst of such a crowd as probably Haworth has never before seen. Brontë
worshippers have been asked to bear witness to the
faith that is in them, and they have responded
in no uncertain voice. In front of an unassuming
doorway, with the mystic No. 2 upon it in white
letters, standing upon an unpretentious armchair, a gentleman is reading the speech which
Sir Wemyss Reid should have delivered in person,
had not ill-health compelled him to be absent.
By dint of edging our way step by step into the
heart of the crowd, we manage to catch the words
"neighbourhood — forefront — literature — bleak
moors," but we are told afterwards that the
speech will "look well in print." We cheerfully
await the continuity which those five words seem
somewhat to lack.

After the speech, the door is formally opened,
and some few of those in front admitted to the
museum. The museum is small, and the crowd
is large; hence a considerable amount of waiting
is necessary. An English crowd, surrounded on
all sides by house-walls, and being slowly broiled,
as in a crater, by the captive sunbeams, is not
always good-tempered; but this crowd is,
singularly so. A diversion is created by the
appearance of Dr. Wright, an invaluable con
tributorto Brontë lore, who finds it no easy task
to gain the doorway, even under escort of a bland,
white-ribboned official. We are glad to see him.

After a time he who, august in blue, guards the
door proclaims that strangers shall take prece
dence over inhabitants, as the latter can see the
museum any day. We live exactly five miles
away, across the hill, and are wont to haunt
Haworth like a familiar spirit, but our conscience
unhesitatingly proclaims us a stranger. We
enlist the services of a policeman in our imme
diate rear on behalf of a pilgrim from a distant
land, and together we manage to reach the door.
The Haworth morality, we regret to say, is lax;
not a few of the villagers enter with us, hoping to
pose as strangers; they have forgotten, however,
that the guardian constable knows every face in
the neighbourhood, and they are ignominiously
pushed into a littleroom on the right. We
chuckle, and pass up the stairs, into the museum
itself.

A oft-repeated cry assails our ears,
"Pass on quickly, please; we can't keep the
people outside waiting too long," so that our
inspection of the relics is of necessity hasty and incomplete. Our impression, however, is that the collection is a distinctly good one, and we learn that shortly it will be added to considerably. There are many copies, and some originals, of the Brontë letters, a few striking portraits in oil by Branwell Brontë, numerous personal possessions of the family, and odds and ends of all kinds. Particularly do we wish to linger above a white lace collar that once belonged to Charlotte; but how can we, with the haste-cry ringing in our ears? We shall come here on a quiet day and sentimentalise upon that bit of lace; there is about it an inexpressible pathos, which only these scraps of personal apparel seem able to attain.

Out once more into the street, and across to the defaced parish church, rich in the gaudiness of modern windows, memorial only in respect of one small tablet, just without the chancel, recording the death of Charlotte Brontë. There is a window also to the glory of God and the Brontë family, presented by an American citizen; we metaphorically shake hands with that American citizen, but we feel that there was earnest need for an energetic Brontë Society in England here.

Then to the Black Bull, thronged with thirsty and a-hungered worshippers. A Yorkshire tea spread in the big room upstairs, and everyone in the most delightful of hail-fellow-well-met humour. The local band enlivening the proceedings by waltz tunes, and other harmonious frivolities. Cream is scarce and the bread and butter gives out; but no one minds in the least. Afterwards, a well-filled pipe and a ramble among the ever-dear moors, harsh of aspect, but tender with a lover’s tenderness when once you win inside their mystery.

At six we adjourn to a packed meeting in the capacious schoolroom. Alderman John Brigg is in the chair, and sits it gracefully. The Established Clergy are conspicuous by their absence—both from the platform, and, so far as we can judge, from the audience—but Canon Clarke, of Dewsbury, does his best to atone for this by giving us an admirable speech. Other speeches follow, but candour compels us to admit that the meeting has suffered by the absence of many excellent people who were expected to be present. Dr. Wright, when he comes in at fifth wicket down is of course interesting, and gives us not a few reminiscences which might with advantage have appeared in his book; but, in our opinion, he rendered too much honour to Ireland, and too little to their true inspiration, when dealing with the origin of the Brontë works.

Mr. Joe Normanton, a local celebrity, rises at a later stage, and the raciness of the soil is about his lips. He exposes a blot on the escutcheon of the Rev. Patrick Brontë; this otherwise exemplary pastor, it seems, “spliced” Mr. Normanton and his spouse some thirty or forty years ago, and Mr. Normanton finds it hard to forgive, though he may excuse.

But the speech par excellence of the evening comes, like good wine, at the close of the banquet. It is Mrs. Scatcherd, of Morley, we believe, who rises to ask if no ladies are to be allowed to speak, and who is forthwith invited, with genial if tardy courtesy, to mount the platform. And it is good to have waited to the end. With exquisite sarcasm she points out that they are here to-night to honour three women, and that no woman has as yet lifted her voice. With exquisite pathos she dwells on that too little appreciated book, “Wuthering Heights.” And who love “Wuthering Heights” detect in the speaker’s voice that trembling and hint of inward tears which we know so well; and it is hard to determine whether Mrs. Scatcherd’s pluck, or the true ring of her sentiment, is more to be admired.

Out again into the heart of the moors, with a half gale blowing into the teeth of a dying sunset. Up there on the brow a lone farmhouse, and over the moor that deathless cry of “Cathy! Cathy!” Yes, we know how to love, we people of the moors.

Finally, back to the Bull, which is almost deserted now. A seat, for sentiment’s sake, in the original Branwell armchair, whisky (Irish whisky, again for sentiment’s sake), and a pipe. And added thereto, perchance, a feeling that it is risky for a mere writer of books to undertake to “write up” a function.

One last word. Two items in the day’s proceedings are much to be deplored. Firstly, some ill-timed asides to politics were mingled with the nobler issue. Secondly, not a few of the visitors thought it necessary to appear “bedecked and bedraped” in the fashionable monstrosities of the hour, as though they were attending a regatta or a military tournament. Surely the Three Sisters would have welcomed quieter, and more careless, garb.

But it has been a good day, and a good-tempered day, and even errors of taste must be condoned. The grand upshot of it all is, that us who are Yorkshiremen, born of the moors, thank the gods for their mercies.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

THE DINNER TO THE EDITOR.

THIS dinner was held on June 26. A report of part of the speeches will be presented in the August number.
THE "SPEAKER" AND THE AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

On June 15 there was permitted to appear in the columns of the Speaker an article directed against this Society, which for unmannerly insinuations—there is no other word—and ridiculous figures would be difficult to beat.

The following are a few specimens of the spirit in which the paper is written:

1. The writer says that the secretary is not aware of the existence of any other book than the novel. He either conceals or is ignorant of the publication of a book by the Society some years since, in which the cost of producing nearly every kind of book was considered. The cases which are individually brought to the secretary cover every possible branch of literature. But where he writes of a novel he confines his attention to a novel.

2. "The Society," he says, "is a self-elected English Academy." It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Its sole function is the defence of literary property. The writer does not know even what the French Academy attempts. That body has nothing whatever to do with literary property.

3. It is in defence of literary property that the Society have collected and published their figures. They were published five years ago, and were collected, and tested, and proved very carefully before publication. Those obtained by Mr. Hall Caine the other day were actually furnished to him by publishers. And they agree with ours. Moreover, printers have declared themselves ready to work on the basis of these figures, not in "immense editions" only as this writer ignorantly affirms, but in moderate editions. Tenders for the work have been brought to the secretary on much lower terms.

6. The writer says that our figures apply only to editions of 20,000. This shows that he has not even opened the pages of our book, where editions of different numbers are separately estimated.

7. Now let us turn to his own figures. He says that if a publisher orders an edition of 1500 copies to begin with they will cost him 2s. 9½d. each. Observe that he is so ignorant of the subject as to suppose that all books cost the same. He pays no attention to length, size, type, paper, or anything. No, they all cost the same: all 2s. 9½d. each. Next, if you turn to our figures, you will see that the estimates are drawn up each for a certain book of so many pages, so many lines to a page, such and such type, and a certain sum assigned for paper and for advertising. There can be no mistake about our estimates.

Now, look again at our figures. (See "Cost of Production," p. 27.) The book quoted is one of 17 sheets, or 272 pages, at about 258 words to a page; i.e., an average six-shilling book.

The cost of the first edition of 1500 copies, with advertising, is 1s. 6d. per copy, against this writer's absurd estimate of 2s. 9½d. each. The cost of the second edition and following editions of 1500 copies is 10½d. per copy. His estimate, therefore, is actually double our own for the first edition.

But this man, who is writing on figures which he does not understand, is himself unable to work out the simplest sum. He says that a royalty of 15 per cent. on a six-shilling book is 1od. It is not; it is 10½d.—a very considerable difference in a large sale. He says further that a royalty of 25 per cent. is "rather more than 16d. per copy." It is, indeed. It is 18d.—only a difference of a trifle of £50 in a sale of 6000 copies!

8. Next consider his facts. He says that Mr. Hall Caine should remember that his publishers "found the capital for the production of his book, and risked that capital on the chance of success." This is quite the old-fashioned way of talking—the loose and ignorant way. What are the plain facts of the case?

1. The finding of the capital. The production of a book only moderately successful need not require the advance of any capital at all. The printers, paper makers, and binders are all paid after the first and largest returns of the book. This is a simple arrangement—one supposes the universal arrangement—of which the writer has never heard.

2. The so-called risk. There are some hundreds of writers, historians, poets, essayists, novelists, concerning whose works the word "risk" cannot be used. It is an insult to speak of their writings as bearing any risk. Of course, if a publisher is such a fool as to print an edition of a million copies when only five thousand will sell there is risk, but we speak of publishers as men of sanity and common sense. The writer speaks of novel publishing as a "very risky" business. "Not one in ten," he says, "furnishes the publisher with more than a bare percentage on his capital." What stuff is this! Not one in ten? Why, setting aside the things produced at the author's own expense, the new novels of the day produced by responsible firms are nearly all books which are certain to pay, not only their expenses, but, as well, to leave a comfortable margin. That they all pay large sums cannot, of course, be claimed. If they were not all nearly certain to pay something they would certainly not be published.
As we have said, over and over again, the business of the Society of Authors is not to attack publishers, although it has constantly been accused of doing so. Its business is simply to defend literary property. In order to do so it ascertains the facts and figures as to publication, and publishes these facts and figures. This exposure is, one understands, extremely disagreeable to certain publishers, because the Society converts into an open and honest business what was formerly kept close and secret. But why does the Speaker object to openness and honesty?

BOOK TALK.

MRS. KATHERINE MACQUOID will begin a new serial story, to run for sixteen or twenty weeks, at the beginning of this month. It will appear in the provincial newspapers which subscribe to Tillotson's syndicate.

The Consolidated Board of Trustees of the New York Public Library—the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations—have elected their officers. President, John Bigelow; first Vice-President, Bishop Potter; second Vice-President, John S. Kennedy; Treasurer, Edward King; Secretary, George L. Rives. No action has yet been taken as to the site of a library. The President, who was at one time United States Ambassador to France, is the author of the "Life and Letters of Benjamin Franklin," the "Life of Bryant" the poet, the "Life of Molinos," the "Life of Tilden," and many other historical and political works. He is now seventy-seven years of age. His son, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, is at this time a resident in London.

The "Following of Christ" is a collection of passages from modern writers, selected and arranged by Charles L. Marson, curate of St. Mary's, Somers Town, N.W. The Rev. Canon Scott Holland supplies an introduction or preface. The note struck by the latter is that our times no longer produce "supreme individualities, robust, complete, severe." Even the giants of the day, now fast vanishing, have been "feverish, excited, with a touch of extravagance." What have we now? "A crowd of lesser men, obviously clever. Keen, alive, interesting, but all more or less on a level." In other words, not the whole of a man's work is at the man's height, but only bits here and there. These bits, picked out and arranged, form the "Following of Christ." (Elliot Stock.)

"Cromwell's Soldier's Bible." This is a notable little reprint. It is a copy of the "Pocket Bible" supplied to every soldier in Cromwell's army. Not a complete Bible, but a collection of passages selected as likely to be most useful to a soldier on a campaign. It is a book which anyone who has ever considered the history of that time should purchase.

The "Teacher's Prayer," by Zillah Dugdale (Elliot Stock and the Sunday School Union). This little book is written as much for Sunday school scholars as Sunday school teachers. It is, as might be expected, a deeply religious story. It is also well written, and shows a high level of thought and feeling.

"Turquoise and Jade," by D. M. B. (Maidstone: Young and Cooper), is a collection of rondeaux, sonnets, triolets, &c. Let the poet speak.

MOTHER-HOOD.

The mystery of dawning motherhood
Dwelt in her eyes and lingered in the air
She hourly breathed, was painted in the fair
Transparency of cheek and brow: she stood,
Gazing upon the world, for her imbued
With newer beauty, greater good than 'ere
Her mind had compassed—sweet beyond compare
Wore life and love—at length she understood.
Dreams of the future, fancies of the past,
Held her in bondage, while they set her free,
Though still herself, she also had to be
The mother of her child—to hold so fast
To faith and truth, that round it she might cast
The shelter of her perfect purity.

A novel by Sir Walter Besant has been purchased with all rights by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The work will run serially in Chapman's Magazine before publication in volume form. It will probably appear in 1897. The same writer's other engagements, up to 1898 inclusive, are for the Pall Mall Magazine, the Tillotson's Syndicate, and for Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. R. H. Sherard's new novel, "Jacob Niemand," will be published early in July by Messrs. Ward and Downey. Mr. Sherard is at present engaged on a story of the Napoleonic wars, entitled "With the Great Commander," which will be published in the autumn.


Mr. M. H. Spielman's History of "Punch" will appear in the autumn. It will contain about a hundred and twenty portraits, illustrations, and
THE AUTHOR.

facsimiles. There will be two editions, one of 16s., and the other an Edition de Luxe at two guineas. The publishers are Cassell and Co.

Mr. Blountelle-Burton's new novel, "In the Day of Adversity," will begin this month in The Family Circle, and will also appear simultaneously in the Melbourne Argus. Another story by the same author will commence shortly in the People.

A new edition of Hall Caine's "Recollections of Rossetti" is announced for publication shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

We have to record the death of F. Percy Cotton, the husband of one of our members (known as Ellis Walton), and cousin of the late Mrs. Mortimer Collins. He had set Collins' chief lyrics to music, and edited a large collection of his poems, published by their friend, the late Mr. George Bentley. It is noticeable that Mrs. Collins and Mr. Cotton were about the first to confide a joint literary grievance to the management of the Society of Authors, and that the case—an important one—was carried through successfully.

Some little time ago we had occasion to refer to a new novel, "The House of the Strange Woman," which Messrs. Henry and Co. were publishing for Mr. Norreys Connell, the author of "In the Green Park." Since then Mr. Connell has blossomed into a playwright, and his first dramatic effort—a one-act piece—has been accepted by Mr. Arthur Bourchier for early production at the Royalty Theatre. Mr. Bourchier will appear in Mr. Connell's play himself, and speaks of his part as one of the strongest he has ever come across. Mr. Connell is not altogether innocent of mumming himself, having appeared, amongst other plays, in Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Zola's "Rabourdin." What with Mr. Jerome, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Philpotts, and now Mr. Connell, it would seem that all the "new humourists" were going stage-struck. Mr. Barry Pain is the only one who has escaped.

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel sits down at the venerable age of eighty-six to write his Reminiscences. Mr. Bentley will publish the book in the winter.

Colonel Kenney-Herbert, the author of "Fifty Breaksfasts," has written two new books to correspond with it, namely, "Fifty Lunches" and "Fifty Dinners." They will be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold. Mr. Arnold, by the way, is opening an office in New York.


Mrs. Stevenson's last story, "Woodrup's Dinah: a Tale of Nidderdale," has been brought out by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. in their Homespun Series in an edition of 10,000 copies—cloth and paper covers.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling will issue a new volume of poems in the autumn.

At the annual meeting of the London Library, on the 15th ult., it was agreed to adopt the committee's recommendation for the reconstruction of the premises at a cost of about £17,000, provided that £5000 be first obtained by subscriptions. A letter was read from the Prince of Wales, in which his Royal Highness entirely approved of the scheme for providing an adequate building for the books, he being "well aware of the deep interest the Prince Consort took in the library, and how invaluable it has proved itself to be to all who are in any way connected with history and literature."

Lady Sophia Palmer will be glad to receive at Blackmoor, Petersfield, on Sept. 1, or as soon after as possible, any letters of interest written by her father, the late Lord Selborne. This is for the preparation of the volumes of "Memorials of Lord Selborne," which, as we announced last month, Messrs. Macmillan will publish.

A book on "Politics in Russia," by Mr. Herbert Thomson, of the Free Russia Society, will be published next autumn.

Mr. Albert F. Calvert's work on "Exploration of Australia" will be published shortly by Messrs. George Philip and Son. It will be a companion volume to his "The Discovery of Australia."

A work on "The Greater Victorian Poets," by Professor Hugh Walker, of St. David's College, Lampeter, is being published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. Also one called "Literary Types," the author of which is Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor.

The pronounced feature of the June output was the large number of biographical works. Most important of these—it is, indeed, the book of the month—was "The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), by his brother, Mr. Leslie Stephen. Beginning with articles in the Morning Chronicle in 1851, Stephen developed, alongside his legal work, a prolific journalism. On the Saturday Review he wrote with Freeman, Maine, John Morley, Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, and the late Lord Justice Bowen as colleagues; for the Pall Mall Gazette he wrote 1120 articles in thirteen years, besides letters, &c.; and to the Cornhill Magazine and Fraser he also contributed. In Judge Stephen's eyes John Stuart Mill seemed "not so much cold-blooded as bloodless," "too much of a calculating machine, and too little of a human being," for "Fitzjames could only make a real friend of a man in whom he could recognise the capacity for
masculine emotions as well as logical acuteness."

The other notable books in this line to appear were "The Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.," by Alex. Innes Shand (Wm. Blackwood and Sons); "Sonya Kovalevsky," by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello (Fisher Unwin); "Colonel Sir Robert Sandeman," by Mr. T. H. Thornton (John Murray); Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "Lord John Russell" (Sampson Low); and "The Princess of Wales," by Mary Spencer-Warren (Newnes).

Bret Harte's new volume, entitled "Clarence," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish, will complete the trilogy of which "A Waif of the Plains" and "A Ward of the Golden Gate" are the other parts.

A new "Life of Hans Christian Andersen," which will be illustrated by drawings from original sketches by himself, is being published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has stated to a San Francisco interviewer that her late husband's manuscripts are awaiting examination by his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, who was in China when Stevenson died. They include the "Weir of Hermiston," which the novelist had only begun, and also some poems.

A translation of St. Juir's "The Tavern of the Three Virtues," illustrated by Daniel Urribieta Vierge, is in preparation for early publication by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes an introduction, criticising the work of the famous artist.

Mr. George Murray, F.L.S., the new keeper of botany in the Natural History Department of the British Museum, is publishing, through Messrs. Macmillan, an "Introduction to the Study of Sea Weeds."

The rarity of the books, and the fact that they were excellent types of binding, induced good prices at the sale, at Sotheby's, of a selection from the library of the late Earl of Orford. The copy of the Second Folio "Shakespeare," (1632), in the original calf binding, which brought £148 at George Daniel's sale thirty years ago, now sold for £150; "Le Pastissier François" (Amsterdam, 1655) for £100; and Rousseau's own copy of "Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse" (1761), £56. For Isaac Casaubon's copy of the first edition of Bacon's "Two Books of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning" (1605), in brown morocco, £49 was paid. Altogether the 340 lots in the sale realised £2610.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is publishing in book form, at the price of 6s., his humorous study entitled "The Laughing Philosopher," which has been appearing in Black and White for a considerable time.

Mr. Stopford Brook is collaborating with another Irishman, namely, Mr. A. P. Graves, on a new Anthology of Irish Verse. The work will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dent. Among more immediate publications from this house will be Mr. James Ashcroft Noble's "Impressions and Memories."

Two new Ruskinian books are announced by Mr. George Allen. The first to appear will be "Studies in Both Arts," which will contain ten plates, some being in colour, from unpublished drawings by Ruskin, accompanied by selected passages from his writings. In the autumn will be published "The Principles of Art according to John Ruskin," compiled by Mr. William White, of the Ruskin Museum. This book will also contain some hitherto unpublished writings of Mr. Ruskin on the pictures he got for the St. George's Guild.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's works are to be issued in a uniform edition by Messrs. Methuen; so are Miss Emily Lawless's.

The occasion of Sir Henry Irving's knighthood appears timeous for a popular edition of the biography of the great actor by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. It is to be revised and brought up to date, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue it shortly, price 1s.

A series of essays by Mr. Brander Matthews on "Books and Play Books," is in the press of Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. M. Sarcey, R. L. Stevenson, Mark Twain, Zola, and Mr. Andrew Lang are among the personal subjects of the essayist, who also writes on the dramatisation of novels, and "the whole duty of critics Messrs Osgood also publish at once a story by Miss Alma Tadema, called, "The Crucifix."

Mrs. F. A. Steel's "Red Rowan," the Queen serial, will be published this summer by Messrs. Macmillan. Her story of the Indian Mutiny, for which she has made a long visit to India and lived beside the native survivors, will occupy her for about two years.

Mr. Whistler is putting together material for a second volume of "The Gentle Art of Making
Enemies.” Mr Heinemann will publish it in a style uniform with the first.

"The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," which Mr. Wilfrid Ward has written, and Mrs. Longmans will publish shortly, has reminiscences of its subject by Cardinal Vaughan, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Acton. It also contains letters from Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Dollinger, Cardinal Manning, Lord Houghton, Pugin, and other famous men.

The Duchess of Cleveland is engaged in writing the Life of Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece and confidant of Pitt, whose career doubtless furnishes excellent material for an interesting book. Lady Hester had, it is said, a great affection for Sir John Moore, and after his death, and that, also at Corunna, of her favourite brother, society became odious to her, and England saw her no more after 1810. Four years later she went to reside permanently among the half-savage tribes of Mount Lebanon, living there for about a quarter of a century. Kinglake devotes a chapter to her in "Eothen," and Dr. Meryon, her physician, published her "Memoirs and Travels" in six volumes, fifty years ago.

Mr. Charles Hannan, author of the Chinese novel "A Swallow’s Wing," has written a volume of stories, mostly laid in the Far East. Messrs. Constable and Co. will publish it in the autumn.

Mr. Laurence Hutton is writing upon "The Literary Landmarks of Venice, Florence, and Rome," but the book will not appear for some months. Those of Paris will possibly have a volume devoted to them afterwards, in further continuation of the series Mr. Hutton began with his "Literary Landmarks of London."

Mr. Stead’s novel, "A Modern Maid in Modern Babylon," is expected to appear on the 6th inst.

Mr. William Morris’s "The Life and Death of Jason," which will appear shortly from the Kelmscott Press in a style uniform with "Beourilf," is to have two woodcuts by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The literature of the Burns Centenary, which occurs a year hence, is shadowed forth by the announcement of a four-volume "Centenary Edition," to be published by Messrs. T. C. and E.C. Jack, Edinburgh. Volume I will be "Poems Published by Burns;" the second, "Posthumous Poems;" the third, "Songs;" while the fourth will contain "Songs, Doubtful Pieces, Addenda, Glossarial Index, and General Index." Mr. William Hole, F.S.A., will illustrate the work with about twenty-four engravings. The plan also includes a library édition de luxe. The volumes will be issued at intervals of three months.

Mrs. M. C. Leighton and Mr. Robert Leighton, the authors of "Convict 99," "Michael Dred, Detective," and other popular stories which have added to the success of Answers, are writing another serial for that publication. The first chapters are to appear on March 19, and the novel is to be entitled "In the Shadow of Guilt."

In "A Fisherman’s Fancies," by F. A. Doveton, is a book of tales and sketches. We have on more than one occasion published in these columns some of Mr. Doveton’s graceful verses. He now comes before us in prose, and that of a very readable and entertaining kind. It is well known that the best introduction to a graceful style in prose is the acquisition of a graceful style in poetry. The book is published by Elliot Stock.

PRELIMINARY PROSPECTUS OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society is founded to give practical effect to the principle that Shakspere should be accorded the build of stage for which he designed his plays.

Furthermore, in Shakspere’s day, and at no other period of English literature, the best work of the best men appeared upon the boards, showing that the conditions which then obtained at the theatre were peculiarly adapted to the greatest drama.

An additional gain with this method of playing is that, though the costume may be costly, there is no occasion to renew it for every play, as archaeology in costume was little if at all studied at the period to be revived, so that, there being no scenery, the bill can be changed at no further cost than the rehearsals. A theatre specially built on the plan of the 16th century—not a very costly building—is much to be wished for.

In 1893, "Measure for Measure" was revived in a way to illustrate this principle, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, by the Shakspere Reading Society.

The Elizabethan Stage Society will commence its work with a revival of "Twelfth Night, or what you will," given under Mr. Poel’s direction, for one performance only, exclusively to members and guests. It is expected this performance will take place early in June. Time and place will be duly announced to members.

The society’s revivals will have the use of the stage fittings of the 16th century stage, prepared for the revival of " Measure for Measure," and of a valuable wardrobe mainly purchased at the sale of M. Barthe. Capt. Hutton, F.S.A., will kindly advise on matters of old swordsmanship; while for old music it is intended to obtain the services of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.
THE AUTHOR.

A subscription of £1 is. constitutes membership for the year. And the year dates from the foundation of the society to Oct. 1, 1896, and then to each following 1st day of October.

All interested in the work are invited to become members. Communications may be addressed to Arthur Dillon.

52, Talgarth-road, West Kensington, W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

It is not of a publisher that I have to complain. Whatever may be the sins of publishers, I have always found those with whom I have had to deal courteous gentlemen and excellent men of business. Nor is it of an editor: my relations with my brethren in the profession, however superior their status to my own, have invariably been pleased. I am a worm who has been crushed by a board of directors, and who seeks to turn against them.

In the year 1893 I was tempted by whatever demon may be responsible for the beguilement of those among us who take an interest in politics to construct a squib on the subject of Home Rule, which I labelled "Interviews with the Immortals. By Ananias Green." While in search of the best means of firing it off, it occurred to me that an article of mine on "Ireland under Her Own Government" had appeared in the National Review of March, 1886, and that large portions thereof had been conveyed from the Review, with flattering comments, into the columns of a paper called England. I ventured to approach Mr. Cecil Walsh, who was then editor of England, on the subject of my "Interviews." I told him that I did not propose to part with the copyright, as it was my intention to publish my work in book form as near as might be to the time of the next General Election; but that I would offer the "Interviews" for publication in England on very moderate terms. I asked Mr. Walsh whether he would like to see my manuscript, and whether he would promise to return it to me as early as possible, if not accepted. Mr. Walsh replied that he would be pleased to read my manuscript, and would take care of it. He also asked me to name a price for publication in England, I reserving the right of reproduction. I sent him my work, and named my price. Towards the end of 1893 I wrote to remind him that I was waiting an answer. Mr. Walsh replied that he was also waiting one—having sent on the work to his directors. He added that he was doing his best to get the matter settled forthwith, and would let me know the result as soon as he possibly could. When I wrote again to Mr. Walsh it was only to learn that these dilatory directors had not yet made up their minds. A year passed without any decision being arrived at by them, and last autumn there appeared to be a prospect (now lost) of disposing of my "Interviews" in another quarter. I wrote to Mr. Walsh to say so, and to request the return of my long-detained MS. Mr. Walsh was very sorry, but his directors were out of town, and he was still without knowledge of the course they had decided on. He remarked that he feared I must think him guilty of great discourtesy, but assured me it was not his fault. I have no reason to doubt his word, nor have I any complaint to make of Mr. Walsh's behaviour, which was characterised throughout by the courtesy I might expect from a brother editor.

Shortly before the meeting of Parliament in January, I wrote again to Mr. Walsh, when he replied that he was leaving England, and recommended me to apply to a person whom he described as the Secretary of the "English Publishing Company." I wrote to this person, and received a somewhat cavalier reply to the effect that Mr. Walsh had left them and that my correspondent, the Secretary, would have "to begin de novo." I wrote again and again, and received no answer at all. Then I addressed a letter formally to "the Editor of England," in which I stated that I had received no reply to my former letters inquiring whether the manuscript of my work had been lost or not. I made a claim for compensation in the event of its loss, and added that, failing a reply in a week's time, I proposed to consult the Secretary of the Society of Authors, of which Society I am a member. Still no answer. I wrote at the end of a week to the Secretary, who took up my case with the promptness and courtesy to be expected from him.

I need not enter into details of the subsequent proceedings, but will briefly state the result of them.

I am advised by the Society that if I bring an action in the County Court (as I wished to do) against the people of England, I shall probably get small damages, and shall perhaps be dragged from one court to another by the elaborate machinery of appeals which our legal system provides. The Society was kind enough to offer me aid in prosecuting my case in the County Court. I declined it with thanks, explaining that I could afford to fight my own battle in that court, but dreaded the risk of being put to heavy expense by means of appeals. I offered to bring a County Court action at my
own cost, if the Society would undertake the risk of subsequent appeals—the question of the responsibility of a journal for the loss of a work the editor had promised to take care of seeming to me an important one to authors generally. The Society did not accept my offer, wherefore I infer that it shares my dread of being subjected to the process of bleeding to death by appeal. I do not blame the Society; if I cannot get justice once and for all in the County Court, it is the law that is to blame. Charles Reade, in "Hard Cash," made the Yankee inventor, Fullalove, describe our courts of law as shops where justice was sold “dear, but prime.” I have not enough hard cash at my command to warrant me in testing the truth of Fullalove’s statement.

Not having got my manuscript back (sent to England in September, 1893), I am now busy in reconstructing my work from the first rough draught. I have not even received from the England people an expression of regret for the loss of my property, the breach of their late editor’s warranty, and the trouble they have put me to. It need hardly be added that from such persons I have not received the offer of a farthing of compensation. If I were a tailor or a bootmaker, and a possible customer had deprived me of a coat or a pair of boots after promising to buy or return them, I suppose I should have a good claim for damages, and the case would not have gone beyond the County Court. But, as I live by my pen, I must either put up with the loss of my property or run the risks I have referred to. Of the two courses it seems the wiser to make the people of England a present of my lost labour and property, also of their unredeemed pledge to take care of the manuscript.

Whether their conduct has been either gentlemanly or business-like, I leave it to others to determine.

But they might at least have repaid me the stamps I sent to cover the return postage of my MS.

LEITH DERWENT,
Author of "A Daughter of the Pyramids,"
"Circe's Lovers," &c.

II.—PARALLELISM.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has sent me his beautiful little book, "God and the Ant." The parallelism to which—rather too hastily, perhaps—I called attention in the April Author, proves, though in certain details, singular enough, to lie wholly on the surface. It may, however, be worth while to note that both Mr. Kernahan’s prose allegory—if I may call it an allegory—and my sonnet were the result of the suggestions of a dream, or, at least, of sleep. I fancy that the number of authors who turn their slumbers to literary account is already large, and is likely to become larger.

My poor sonnet received rather unusually severe treatment from the printers and proof-reader. Skin for she in—inspite of rhyme—is decidedly unkind. Triumphs, of course, should be triumph. Only a goose could do justice to that line as it was made to stand—a posy of sibilants.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

III.—BYRONIC MISQUOTATION.

I love my Byron, and do not like to see him misquoted, even by an American Ambassador at an Authors’ dinner. This is what the poet wrote: Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam, Survey our Empire, and behold our home! My criticism is aimed at the first line only; the second, apart from the transposition of the verbs, was altered for topical reasons; and I am not, at present, concerned with the rights and wrongs of such a procedure, though my opinion is strong on the point. I cannot, however, allow “bear the ocean's foam” to pass without protest. The whole meaning, and most of the beauty, of the line is damaged by the alteration. In short, such mangling is utterly inexcusable.

I trust my warmth will be excused! In other respects the Ambassador, judging by the printed report, spoke admirably. How Byron would have applauded this sentence: “I don't think that the land can hold the mind of man; it must embark upon the sea, and it must be wafted as the gales may blow, freely, unhesitatingly.”

His Excellency is evidently no landlubber, no amateur yachtsman, more at home on the American equivalent of Ryde Pier than on the Atlantic, in fine no Luxurious slave!

Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave; he speaks fair words of the deep sea, and is clearly a man of large intellect and wide sympathies; but, to conclude, he really should endeavour to avoid misquoting the great poet who not only wrote incomparably in praise of the ocean, but was himself, from his earliest childhood, a genuine and unaffected ocean lover.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me Were a delight; and if the freshening sea Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, For I was as it were a child of thee, And trusted to thy billows far and near, And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

HUBERT GREENE.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society’s Offices:—
4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society’s solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel’s opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel’s opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher’s agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple
to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations with the publishers or editors upon the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines,
or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, July 8, the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved that the Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors taking advantage of Mr. George Haven Putnam's presence in this country, hereby convey to him their recognition and appreciation of the services that he has rendered to the cause of international copyright in conjunction with Mr. R. Underwood Johnson and the American committee."

To this Resolution Mr. Putnam has sent the following reply:—"I am writing to acknowledge your courteous favour of the 9th inst., with the report of the Resolution passed by the committee of the Society of Authors in recognition of the services rendered by myself in furthering the completion of an international copyright arrangement between the United States and Great Britain. I can only express my full sense of the compliment that has been conferred upon me by so representative and honourable a body as the Society of Authors, and the pleasure that it gives to me to understand that the work I was in a position to do in behalf of a recognition of literary property that should be independent of political boundaries has been appreciatively understood by the members of your Society.—G. H. PUTNAM."

II.—CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

Mr. Hall Caine, who sails on a visit to America in September, has been invited by the Committee to act as the representative of the Society in Canada. He will confer with certain Canadian statesmen, and will lay before them the actual facts of the case and the unanimous opinion of all the persons in this country as to the vital importance of preserving an International Copyright for all English-speaking countries. I can only express my full sense of the compliment that has been conferred upon me by so representative and honourable a body as the Society of Authors, and the pleasure that it gives to me to understand that the work I was in a position to do in behalf of a recognition of literary property that should be independent of political boundaries has been appreciatively understood by the members of your Society.—G. H. PUTNAM."

III.—CANADIAN PUBLISHERS.

A communication has been received from the Rev. William Briggs, D.D., Book Steward of the "Methodist Book Publishing House," Toronto, calling attention to their current list of new books, and mentioning that their complete list numbers nearly 200 works. Dr. Briggs says that he credits the Society with ignorance rather than with a desire to conceal the facts when it speaks of "Canadian booksellers who may call themselves publishers." Very good. It is, indeed, far from the intention of the Society to conceal the facts. But one may point out, first, that a list of 200 books of all kinds is not a very long list; and, next, that Dr. Briggs has not told us of any other Canadian publisher who has so respectable a list. One does not suggest that there are no other such publishers; but one would like to know. The current list forwarded contains a varied assortment of works. There are five books of history; four books of verse, one on Art; one upon medical science; seven of fiction—two by an English writer; three of natural history; four of travel; and the rest on religious subjects.

IV.—CONTRIBUTORS AND SERIAL RIGHTS.

Contributors to magazines and papers are reminded that they sell serial rights only, where no special stipulation is made. A correspondent sends a printed form of receipt, headed "Purchase of Entire Copyright." He must substitute for the last two words before signing it, unless, of course, he has already agreed to sell the whole copyright, the words "First Serial Right." In most cases, of course, the serial right is all that the MS. is worth; but provision must be made for possibilities, and in no case should the author be led to believe that while he offers the serial right, the publisher can claim the whole copyright after publication, and without previous agreement.
THE SPIRIT OF DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. H. D. Traill's paper in the Fortnightly Review is amusing, but unfortunately he has been led astray by a spirit of deception. The voice is the voice of Dr. Johnson, but the sentiments are undoubtedly those of Mr. Cave, sometime publisher. For, whereas the question which now concerns authors is that of their own independence, which can never be achieved until the production of a book means a recognised system, on such lines as leave no room, either for secret profits, or for the over-reaching of an author, or for the suspicion of such practices; until it means an agreement based upon figures understood by both sides, and giving the property over to be administered also on terms which are understood by both sides. So long as the author has to go to a publisher and humbly ask him for an agreement, the meaning of which he is not to understand, so long will literature be dependent and held——so far—in the contempt which belongs to dependence. The spirit of the late Mr. Cave, however, plainly perceiving the real point, goes off on a quite different point. He pretends that it is proposed to abolish publishers altogether, and in this way diverts attention from the real point.

I do not know whether anyone has proposed such a measure. Certainly no one in this society has done such a silly thing. It is, for instance, quite conceivable that any successful author might become his own publisher—Ruskin showed the way—by the simple method of keeping a clerk or secretary. As for talk about the trouble of sending backwards and forwards to printers, binders, &c., that is rubbish. Besides, every author has got to send proofs backwards and forwards as it is. The production of the ordinary book is a matter of the merest routine; there is no trouble at all about it. I have myself produced a great many, and I know what I am talking about. Five minutes' talk with printer and another with binder—that is nearly all. It is a question of the merest routine. It is also quite conceivable that half-a-dozen successful authors might unite to keep a common clerk for the distribution of their books. Nothing would be easier, and of course it will be done before long. But the publisher will still remain, however many authors so unite, until, or unless, the booksellers themselves unite and provide a mind to think and act for them. To the publisher will belong, for instance, the great literary enterprises; the encyclopædias, atlases, dictionaries of all kinds, works which require the services of many men of letters and the advance of large capital; to them also will belong the whole literature of the past.

to them will belong the magazines and journals; to them, perhaps—but this is not certain—will belong the whole of the educational books. I say "perhaps," because it is quite conceivable that the educational books will be removed into other channels altogether, and will be published by other hands on a very different plan, which is already under discussion. On this point we shall probably hear more. There will also remain to publishers that very large and lucrative branch which provides prize books, story books, &c., for children. Other branches will remain, because, although the soi disant Johnson, otherwise the Spirit of Cave, pretends that it would be possible yet wicked to destroy the publisher, nobody has ever yet thought it either possible or even desirable to attempt such a step.

I certainly think that a writer of Mr. Traill's experience and scholarship might have detected the imposture. Thus, it is pointed out to me by one also of some knowledge in English literature:

1. That Dr. Johnson was the most earnest champion of the rights of authors, and the most passionate enemy of the injustices of booksellers, and of an imperfect copyright law, that ever lived in England.

2. That he was familiar with every detail of the book-making and bookselling businesses.

3. That the booksellers he dealt with stood on an entirely different footing to that occupied by the publisher of to-day; that he wrote his "Poets" for a co-operative society of booksellers who sold their own books over their own counters, and that the only exception to this rule of business ever mentioned by him (so far as I know) relates to the publications of the Clarendon Press——and there his endeavours appear to have been used to reduce the earnings of the middleman.

4. That all this (the portrait of the flesh and blood Johnson) may be found in twenty places in Boswell.

5. That the Dr. Johnson of the Fortnightly article is a bogey in both senses; that he is another man, with other leanings and other opinions; that he has forgotten all his special knowledge, and talks the dangerous nonsense of one who is only half informed.

To this I must add that, as usual, Mr. Traill's spirits go hopelessly wrong over the figures.

What, for instance, does this mean? It is the so called Spirit of Johnson who speaks: "They will always need the services of some trader with capital enough to undertake the venture and to lie out of his money till its slow returns come back to him."

As for capital, how much is possessed by the new publisher? How much is required to produce a book? For the greater part nothing. Dr. Johnson would know, probably well, that under the present conditions of trade, no capital is expended, not a farthing, on most of the books published. Or, if any, then, the small difference between the first returns and the actual cost. But as to "lying out of his money," and the slow returns; publishers could not exist by books demanding large capital and bringing in slow.
returns. These books are only brought out by great firms; they may be admirable books. It is in the issue of such works that some publishers do good service to literature; but they do not live by them, nor do they in general reckon them as profit-making ventures.

The figures themselves are quite simple and cannot be repeated too often. The real Dr. Johnson would have known them at once.

Again, we take an ordinary 6s. book, not because, as the Spirit of Cave calling himself Johnson says, "as if a 6s. novel was the whole of literature," but because the 6s. book is a very common form for essays, biographies, and belles lettres of all kinds as well as for fiction. If any one will find us a more convenient unit than the ordinary 6s. book we shall be glad to take it.

Now the figures that follow were obtained by the Secretary of the Society and others working in the same direction four or five years ago; they have been published; they have never been seriously disputed.

Quite recently they have been obtained by Mr. Hall Caine from six publishers, all of whom agreed in the main with each other and with us.

Very well; the ordinary 6s. book—meaning from seventeen to twenty sheets—i.e., from 70,000 to 100,000 words in small pica type, of about 260 words to a page, without illustrations, on good paper and in good plain binding, costs for an edition of 3000 copies no more than a shilling a copy with advertising, unless there is reason for knowing that the demand will increase, when the increased amount spent in advertising must be spread over. Of this cardinal fact there can be no doubt or dispute whatever.

The sale of the book to the trade is at 4s. 2d., less 5 per cent. "for the account," and thirteen to the dozen on ordering so many. This means 3s. 7½d. for every copy. We generally reckon this as an average of 3000 copies no more than a shilling a copy with advertising, unless there is reason for knowing that the demand will increase, when the increased amount spent in advertising must be spread over. Of this cardinal fact there can be no doubt or dispute whatever.

The question of office expenses, if it is to be considered at all, must be considered fairly. The author has expenses of all kinds, so has the bookseller, so has the publisher. As regards the last he can only prove his claim by showing his books. Thus, we have, in general terms, apart from each book:

1. His rent. With the new publisher, the rent of two little rooms.
2. His accountants, clerks, and travellers. With the new publisher, two office boys and one traveller, or a share of one traveller.
3. His office expenses—as light, fire, servants, postage, &c.

If his expenses under these items amount to so much, these expenses divided among all his books in proportion to the price will give the actual "office expenses" of each copy. In a great house this must be a very minute fraction.

Our friend who wept and wailed over the sevenpence which he got for doing nothing at all, estimated his office expenses at 5d. a copy. This means that, on the book referred to which sold, say, to take an extreme case, 50,000 copies, its own share of office expenses of distribution amounted to over £1000. Credat Judaeus! In
these absurdities, however, we are landed whenever we accept from such publishers figures without understanding what they mean, and which are advanced by them in the full knowledge that they will not be understood.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, July 15, 1895.

There have been not a few discussions in the columns of the Author of points of etiquette, editorial and journalistic; but there is one question which I have never seen raised in your pages. It is this: What should a correspondent do when he reads in the journal to which he contributes a paragraph against which he feels that he ought to protest? The immediate cause of my making this query here is that I found in the June number of the Author a word—only a single word, it is true—against which I am moved to protest. A letter from Mr. John Bloundelle Burton (addressed to the editor of a New York paper, not of the highest rank) is reprinted, and to it is prefixed a note in which somebody says that the person to whom the letter was addressed "appears to have indulged in an outbreak of abuse that is not common even on the other side of the Atlantic." Is not this a slur unworthy the pages of a journal like the Author, which is constantly trying to cultivate the goodwill of America? I know nothing of the attack which the writer of the letter complained of; but a long acquaintance with the literary papers of Great Britain and of the United States has led me to the conclusion that there is little to choose between them—so far as courtesy to authors is concerned. Most of them are courteous on both sides of the water. Few of them are abusive. Of these few, I think, more are to be found in London than in New York; and I have detected, I fancied, more rancour and more venom in the British abuse than in the American. Of course, this may be due to my point of view; and it is quite possible that an Englishman as familiar with the American papers as I am with the British might not agree with me. And, as I said before, abuse is not common in either country.

Of all the American writers of fiction who have made themselves known to British readers in the past half-dozen years, no one has been more heartily welcomed than Miss Mary E. Wilkins. It may be interesting, therefore, to note that Miss Wilkins has recently made a new departure, and has achieved an unexpected success. She has just won the prize of £400 offered by the Bacheller Syndicate for the best detective story not exceeding 12,000 words in length. Her story is called "The Long Arm." A second prize of £100 was awarded to a tale called "The Twinkling of an Eye," by Mr. Brander Matthews. Both stories are to be published by a leading newspaper in every one of the chief American cities. In New York they will appear in the Herald, which has given an interesting account of the particulars of the competition.

The circular sent out to competitors thus characterised the class of fiction desired: "We are seeking clean stories which will interest the average newspaper reader, and which can be published to advantage in instalments of about 2000 words each. We hold that a very high quality of art is consistent with these requirements. The novelty and ingenuity of the plot, and the literary and constructive art developed in its treatment, are considerations which will probably most influence the minds of the judges in reaching a decision. The judges will be gentlemen of unquestionable fairness and competency. The date fixed for the close of the competition was May 1, 1895." About the beginning of April the manuscripts in Mr. Irving Bacheller's private office were as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. They came in from all parts of the globe. Three thousand stories in all were received. All were sent in anonymously. Then came the work of sorting and selection. All the stories were read in the first instance by Mr. Bacheller and a staff of experienced coadjutors. Fifty, which were considered the best, were handed to Mr. John H. Boner, of the Literary Digest. Out of these he choose thirteen, which were then turned over to Mr. Hamilton W. Mable, of the Outlook, for final adjudication. When the sealed envelopes were opened the authors of the successful stories were for the first time made known. There was no possible chance of favouritism. Every manuscript, in accordance with the conditions, was typewritten, and was sent without the author's name. The accompanying sealed envelope contained the sole clew to the authorship. So high was the merit of the best of the selected stories (after the two prize winners) that a very large proportion of them have been purchased by the Bacheller Syndicate for use after "The Long Arm," and "The Twinkling of an Eye" have been published.

Mark Twain is about to start on a lecturing tour around the world. Sailing from the Pacific Coast in August, Mr. Clemens will read and lecture in the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Lahore, Bombay, Mauritius, South Africa, England, Scotland, and Ireland, finishing his
little excursion by a few readings from his own works in the chief cities of the United States. It is an open secret that Mr. Clemens lost most of his own fortune—and some also of his wife's—in the disastrous failure of Charles L. Webster and Co. He had also sunk many thousands of dollars in an invention from which he is not likely to get a cent back. His tour is certain to be enormously profitable, for Mark Twain is one of the wonders of the platform. No one living tells a story better than he, or has a more engaging personality before an audience. He is a master of the art of delivery, of dictation, as the French call it. I hear a rumour also that a complete library edition of all his works is in contemplation. That he is the author of the Joan of Arc serial now running in Harper's Magazine seems to be generally admitted. It is pleasant to record that the dramatisation of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" made by Mr. Frank Mayo has also been successful on the stage. The American copyright law allows a novelist to reserve the right to dramatise his story. The British copyright law does not give the novelist this right, although the decision in the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" case will hereafter make the path of the pirate thorny and doubtful.

Whenever any British author feels like denouncing the necessity of manufacture in the United States, which is a condition of American copyright, he should first recall the fact that in one respect at least the American copyright law is more favorable to the Englishman than the British law is to the American. In Great Britain the American novelist cannot legally reserve the right to dramatise his story; and in Great Britain the American dramatist has no rights at all, unless he sees to it that his play is performed in England before it is performed in America,—which forces him to spend anywhere from £20 to £50 in an absurd special performance. Now the British dramatist has full protection in the United States, and the British novelist has sole right to dramatise his own story or to authorise a dramatisation of it.

That this is the case is fortunate for Mr. Du Maurier, who is in receipt of the weekly royalties from the three or four companies recently performing Mr. Paul M. Potter's adaptation of "Trilby." If Mr. Du Maurier were an American author, and if there were the rage for "Trilby" in Great Britain which there is in the United States, I doubt very much whether he would be in receipt of several hundred pounds a month for the authorisation to perform a stage version of his tale. The interest in "Trilby" seems to be unabated. Two parodies of the novel have been published—both of them beneath contempt; and two burlesques of the play have been acted. The music publishing house of Dibson and Co. has just issued an album of "Trilby Songs, Words, and Music." The author of "Ben Bolt," has been called again to mind; he is still alive—and a member of congress. His name is Thomas Dunn English; and if there are any British admirers of Poe who are really familiar with the facts of Poe's career, the name will recall to them the long quarrel of Poe and English—and also the interesting circumstance that Poe once brought a libel suit against English and recovered damages. But this is a digression from "Trilby."]

The editors of the Critic of New York have prepared and published a pretty little pamphlet of forty-eight pages called "Trilbyana: The Rise and Progress of a Popular Novel," being a review of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," a criticism of the drawings, a notice of the play, and an account of the various entertainments founded upon the book. The songs "Ben Bolt," "Malbrouck," "Au Clair de la Lune," &c.; a review of Charles Nodier's "Trilby, le Lutin d'Argyle," and many other items of interest, mostly reprinted from the Critic; portraits of Du Maurier, a view of his house on Hampstead Heath, and a reproduction of his first contribution to Punch, containing likenesses of himself and Mr. Whistler. It is announced that Mr. Du Maurier's new novel will be the chief serial for Harper's Monthly during the year 1897, but it is still doubtful whether or not the author-artist will be his own illustrator.

One of the books announced for early publication by Macmillan and Co. in New York (and probably also in London) is a volume containing the very interesting lectures on art which Mr. John Lafarge delivered at the Metropolitan Museum a year or two ago. Mr. Lafarge is one of the most original of American painters, and his work is so highly esteemed in France that he was requested to make a special collection of his pictures for exhibition at the Champ de Mars this year. He is also one of the inventors of the very beautiful stained glass, now one of the most characteristic developments of recent American art. That he is a delightful writer all will admit who remember his letters from Japan, published in the Century three or four years ago; and that he can lecture as well as write this forthcoming volume will show.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has spent part of the spring in Florence and part of the summer in Venice. His three articles on the "Literary Landmarks of Florence, of Rome, and of Venice," will appear in Harper's Monthly during the autumn. They will be greatly enlarged before they are reprinted, each in a little book by itself, uniform with the "Literary Landmarks of
Edinburgh." They will all be illustrated by Mr. Frank V. Du Mond, whom Harper and Brothers sent to Europe specially for this purpose. Mr. Hutton expects to arrive in London before the end of the summer; and early in the autumn a little book of his on "Other Times and Other Seasons" will be published in the pretty little series called "Harper's American Essayists," now extending to more than a dozen volumes, of which only Mr. Howells' "Criticism and Fiction" and Dr. Waldstein's "Ruskin" have yet been published in England.

H. R.

[The writer of the paragraph containing the word "even," to which objection is taken by "H. R.," begs to state that he was not speaking of the literary papers, which are perhaps more courteous in America than in this country, but of the ordinary Press. If "H. R." will, for instance, read a few numbers of a certain Irish-American paper published in Boston, he will find that the word "even" is fully justified.]

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

Mr. Arthur Meyer, of Le Gaulois, has suggested that at the next Universal Exhibition in Paris, to be held in 1900, a special section should be reserved for literary men, and that a special building, to be called "Le Pavillon des Lettres," should be erected for their convenience. I understand—for I never read Le Gaulois—that various prominent men of letters have been interviewed on their opinion as to the feasibility of this scheme, and that for the most part they are favourable to the idea of making "exhibitions of themselves." I do not quite understand how this exhibition will be managed, supposing that the idea be carried out, as seems probable. Will the various literary men of celebrity be on view to the visitors to the exhibition at certain fixed hours in the day? Shall we see them at work or at play, or, it may be, as they take their meals? Since the curiosity of the public as to the persons and personalities of celebrated authors is to be gratified, let it be gratified in full. I, for my part, will be a constant visitor to the Pavillon des Lettres. I should like to see Alexandre Dumas at breakfast, and to find out, de visu, whether he eats his eggs hard-boiled or soft. I should like to see Jean Richepin at work, and to assure myself whether it is true—as I read in an American journal the other day—that when he writes he dresses in scarlet, and constantly rolls his eyes and smites his forehead. I should like to see whether George Ohnet uses a steel-nib or a quill, and how often Alphonse Daudet lights his cigar whilst writing, say, a thousand words.

As the exhibition is to be an international one, I suppose foreign men of letters would also be invited to take up their residence during its duration in the Pavillon des Lettres. Each country would have its section. I am sure that the English section would be visited with great interest. The lady novelists who analyse with such minuteness of observation the sex question, would enjoy as great a success of curiosity as did the Tunisian dancers at the last exhibition. The prolific producer who can work two typewriters simultaneously (one with his hands and the other with his toes), and at the same time dictate to a shorthand writer, so that at once he can turn out, say, a short story, an analytical critique, and an incisive political leader, would greatly enhance our credit as an industrial nation.

The critics, I presume, would be placed in separate rooms in each section; this as much for the purposes of classification as for the mutual safety of themselves and the authors proper. Personally, I should oppose any suggestion tending to have them secured in cages, but that will be a matter for the committee to decide. If anything of a spectacular nature were to be arranged in connection with the Pavillon des Lettres, one might have a series of very effective tableaux vivants, as, for instance, "The Authors thrown to the Critics," which would remind one of Rome at its worst. The English section would be particularly interesting by its critics' department, especially the English authors. The veil of anonymity would at last be raised, the British man of letters would at last see his—(well, what?)-face to face. Some rather startling discoveries would, I fancy, be made; for instance, in the way of authors, who, not objecting to turn an honest penny and by way of clearing the field of possible competitors, would be found, not amongst their confrères, but among the critics.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been offered a sum of £32,000 to write her memoirs. The offer emanates from a syndicate of American publishers. Two editions of the book would be prepared. One, luxuriously illustrated by the best French artists, would be issued to subscribers at £8 the copy, and the syndicate calculates that at least 5000 amateurs would subscribe. This edition would be followed by a cheaper one for the general public. Mme. Bernhardt has not definitely accepted this offer, and in any case—so she at present declares—she will publish nothing until she retires from the stage. As one cannot imagine her retiring from the stage, it will be a long time—if she abide by her declaration—before these memoirs will come
to light. In the meanwhile two newspapers have offered very large sums for serial rights. One is a French and the other an American newspaper. Mme. Bernhardt is said to be spending her holiday at Belle Isle, sorting papers, with the help of two secretaries, with a view to a selection of materials for this work.

The offer must be of very recent date, because, as I related in last month's Author, I was assured by Mme. Bernhardt, about two months ago, that she had no present intention of writing her memoirs, as had been stated in an interview with her. No doubt the announcement that a biography of this lady was in preparation suggested the idea of the deal to the syndicate, and I can answer for the fact that the biographer in question, far from feeling any mortification at this annexation of his idea, is delighted to have been indirectly the cause of this flight of double eagles in the direction of the little house on the Boulevard Pereire, where to his knowledge, owing to disastrous seasons, hostile critics, and so on, they will be doubly welcome.

I certainly did not attend the inauguration of the monument to Henri Murger, and I am very much surprised that anybody can have been foolish enough to subscribe a penny towards the perpetuation of the memory of an author whose teachings were simply detestable. Murger's glorification of "La Vie de Bohême," his glorification of laziness, disorder, and physical and moral dirtiness, has done more harm amongst foolish young men and women than any book that I know of. Murger was himself an example of its pestilent influences, and died, bald, bleary-eyed, and brainless at the age of thirty-eight. Daudet has given a description of him and of some of his foolish acolytes, as he saw them, a year or two before Murger's death at the Café des Martyrs. Most of Murger's admirers, who tried to live according to the idiotic modus vivendi: which he had expounded, died premature deaths, sapped in every limb, or went mad, or committed suicide. And thousands of girls, who might have lived to become happy mothers and respected wives, were lured to follow Mimi in her foolish career and ended as sadly, owing to the fashion set in that most mischievous "Vie de Bohème." It is a regrettable fact that its evil influence still exercises itself, and it is to be feared that this monument to its author may increase and extend this evil influence.

I am delighted, on the other hand, to hear that at last a monument is to be raised to Florian, in his native town. When shall we have in Paris monuments to Maupassant, to Balzac, or to Victor Hugo? The statue to Florian will be executed by M. Adrien Gauze. A large committee, composed of littérateurs and artists, mainly of Southern extraction, have the matter in hand, and are organising performances of one of Florian's works at the Comédie Française to raise part of the necessary funds. The monument will be raised near Alais, on the banks of the Gardon river.

I had written "on the banks of the Gardon river" when it struck me that a monument can only stand on one bank of a river; and now that I come to think of it, I ought to have written "On one of the banks of the Gardon river," for, of course, the Gardon has two banks. Yet it is a location, is it not, this "on the banks," where only one bank is meant? "The little cottage on the banks of the Thames," "the ruined chapel on the banks of the Arno," and so on. But those of us who write for the Author must be nothing if not grammatical. An eye is upon us, and nearly every month I receive from a press-cutting agency extracts from a society paper, containing some such remark as this: "The italics are ours, the grammar is Mr. Sherard's." My anonymous critic never points out where my grammar differs from that of the professors of the art, but the stigma is there all the same. All things considered, I think that I will amend the last sentence in the preceding paragraph to "The monument will be raised near Alais, on one of the two banks of the Gardon river."

A number of booksellers' clerks were sentenced the other day to long sentences of imprisonment, by the Eighth Chamber of Correctional Police, for wholesale larcenies to the prejudice of their employers. Some stole the books out of their masters' shops, others resold these same books to those who had been robbed of them. One of the prisoners endeavoured to justify himself in a rambling statement about the special ethics of the bookselling trade, and muttered something about authors, royalties, manuscripts, and other irrelevancies. He was very properly silenced by the President. What possible comparison can there be between a manuscript and a printed book, or, for the matter of that, between an author and a publisher?

I wish most strongly to advise journalists and literary men who may be offered positions on English papers published on the Continent to make full inquiries as to the nature of their duties, the amount of work that will be required of them, the relative value of money in the town where their salaries are to be paid, and finally as to the financial standing of the paper, before accepting any such offer and expatriating themselves. Neglect of such precaution may involve a man in very serious difficulties. I have on my table a letter from a young journalist who recently
came from England to occupy the position of sub-editor on an English paper published on the Continent. He was engaged on a salary of £10 a month, which, as prices go in the town where he is living, is about equal to £6 a month in England. He has to work from ten o'clock at night till seven o'clock in the morning, and this in a stuffy, badly ventilated room. He is allowed one night off every week. He writes to tell me that his health is breaking down under the continual strain and from the unhealthy conditions under which he lives. This salary is not paid regularly. This month he had to apply for it six times, and it was only paid—six days after it was due—when he had commenced legal proceedings for its recovery. In the meanwhile he was without money, and the last day he was without food, and his landlord, whose rent was overdue, had begun to threaten to expel him. I believe that all requisite information as to the points on which a journalist, who is offered a position abroad, ought to satisfy himself, can be obtained from the secretary of the Institute of Journalists.

Young French writers have every reason to congratulate themselves on the presence of M. Poincaré at the head of the Ministry which specially concerns itself with literature and art. His recent creation of knighthoods in the Legion of Honour show him to be guided less by routine than by discrimination. He appears to be inclined to reward literary talent in all its forms, and to be specially actuated by the desire to encourage young authors. His latest nomination is that of Paul Margueritte, a son of the gallant general of that name who fell at Sedan, who during the war was a very type and model of a hard-working man, which Trollope was not.

Some of his mere newspaper articles are little literary gems. I can remember a prose elegy on the young poet Ephraim Mikhail'el, written by Mendés, which was better than anything that Bossuet ever wrote. On the other hand, Mendés has largely made a bad use of his genius. I know nobody who more deliberately and persistently has glorified what is ugly and vile in woman and in man, and there can be no doubt that he has done a great amount of harm by his writings. In England we should probably have seen him at the Old Bailey, here we see him in the Legion of Honour.

Maurice Rollinat’s nomination delights me. I made his acquaintance fourteen years ago, just after he had been “created” by Madame Bernhardt, and “produced” at a Figaro soirée by Albert Wolff. At that time he was a realist amongst realists—the Zola of poetry. Indeed, Zola afterwards borrowed the subject of one of his poems for prose treatment in “La Terre.” He had a special hankering after the morbid and the horrible, as displayed in his ode entitled “Tropmann,” which is supposed to be a confession by that murderer of the exquisite delights which he experienced in preparing and executing his abominable crimes. The first night on which I met Rollinat, we dined together as the guests of a dear and an unhappy friend of mine, and after dinner the poet recited his “Tropmann,” and made our blood run cold. At that time he looked very ill. I fancied him bordering on consumption and insanity. He told us he could eat nothing, and that he was killing himself with abuse of tobacco. He said that his pipe never left his lips. I felt sorry, as anyone could see—

Some delicious prose sketches were its first manifestation; since there has been but a march forward. In the meanwhile, Rollinat has also made himself famous as a musical composer, a gift which is rare amongst poets, who, singers indeed, have not often any ear for the grosser musics.
I am sorry to say that I know little about Gustave Guiches, though his name is familiar to me. I have read next to nothing of his writings. His prose is always a serried mass, without lights, and like Alice, in "Alice in Wonderland." I don't care for story-books in which there is no conversation. He is an analyst and a psychologist, and now he is of the Legion of Honour, and that—except that all his confrères appear very pleased at the distinction conferred upon him—is about the sum of my knowledge in the matter of Mr. Gustave Guiches.

I am not certain which of the two, author or publisher, had a right to complain of the other in the following case, which has just been brought to my knowledge. The author is a well-known writer, and like many well-known writers is often without a coin to toss with. The publisher is a successful man of business, with plenty of capital. Some time ago the author got the idea of a book which was sure to have a very large sale, the sort of book at which any publisher would jump. Indeed, when it was afterwards announced that this book was in preparation, the publishers, both in London and New York, did jump, and assailed the author with offers for the manuscript, when completed. In the meanwhile, however, the author had asked the publisher referred to if he would care for the book, and the publisher had assented, and though no contract was signed, it was arranged by letter that after the expenses of production had been paid, the author should receive a royalty of 16½ per cent., half any American rights, and on handing in the manuscript a sum of £50 on account of royalties. Should the manuscript be unsatisfactory the publisher was to pay the author a solatium of £10. The author set to work to collect his materials, spending money in out-of-pocket expenses and devoting time which might have been more wisely spent in filling the domestic pot-au-feu. A consequence was, as bad luck pursued the author, that one day not only was the said pot empty, but the bailiffs were in the house, and there was every prospect that the author would lose every stick, every book, which he possessed. In this stress he wrote to the publisher, explained his circumstances, and what had brought them about, and asked for an advance of half the sum which was necessary to save his home from the huissiers. The publisher wrote back that he would certainly not release the author from his Agreement (which he spelt with a capital A), that should he take the "astonishing step" of offering the book to any other publisher, he (the writer) would "most reluctantly be compelled to put the matter in the hands of his Solicitor." The author, not in fear of the Solicitor (with a capital S), but in ignorance of his own rights, and anxious to act "on the square," accordingly abandoned his plan for realising what was necessary to save his home, and was promptly sold up and turned out into the street, without a bed to lie on or a book to console himself with. Furthermore, during the sale various of his manuscripts, including all his notes for the book in question, were lost. They were probably included in a "lot" of waste paper, and fetched perhaps twopence.

As I said at the outset, I do not know which of the two, author or publisher, has a right to complain of the other. I hear, however, that the publisher feels very sore against the author.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.
July 18.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

"OLF BOLDERWOOD" (T. B. Browne) the Australian novelist, has finally relinquished his duties as a police magistrate, and has left—or is leaving—Albany for Melbourne, where he will devote himself entirely to literature.

The native Australian is credited with the possession of a good deal of astuteness in affairs relating to his own well-being, and probably for that reason he avoids literature as a pursuit. Kendall, the New South Wales poet, was a native of the colony; Fergus Hume is a Victorian—or New Zealander; Mrs. Campbell Praed is (I think) a Queenslander; and Mrs. Bliss (who has published one or two novels) is also a native of the Northern colony.

There are a large number of Australian poets, as Mr. Douglas Sladen, who prepared "A Century of Australian Song" can certify; but few or none of these depend upon verse writing for a livelihood.
NOTES AND NEWS.

HERE are two questions very pertinent to the present moment when the "office expenses" of author and bookseller are for the first time introduced into the subject of agreements. I give them special prominence, and beg readers to consider the subject and to give me their opinions.

"Is an author's house 'a place of business' on which an author can demand reduced rates as a shopman can in a shop?" "An author spends £200 on travel, on books, on type-writing, on copying, on work put out, &c. He sells his book outright say, for £500; or he draws an income for three years of say £300 upon it. Need he pay income tax on more than £300 in the first case or on more than £220 a year in the second case?"

Of course, it stands to reason that if a publisher's office expenses, which used to be roughly calculated—one knows not why—at 10 per cent. on the returns, are to be taken into account, so must an author's, and so must a bookseller's. For my own part I think that the office expenses of neither ought to be considered, for the simple reason that the publisher undertakes to produce and to distribute and to collect on certain terms. For his services he is paid; he performs his services with his machinery. He has nothing else to do with the book. So the bookseller, and so the author. The last of the three creates the book by his own knowledge, his own industry, his own genius. Very likely he does not live by writing books. One hopes that he does not. It would be therefore difficult to estimate the share of "office expenses" belonging to the book. What solicitors call "out of pocket expenses" which are often very heavy, should of course all be charged upon the book for the author if "office expenses" are to be admitted at all. But with what face publishers demand "office expenses" which they deny to booksellers cannot be understood.

Here is a point of morals. We are not expected to know persons in any class of life whose transactions have been proved to be dishonest. It is considered incumbent on every honourable man to cease from knowing or dealing with such persons. It is admitted that our self-respect is concerned in the matter. Very well. Now let me relate a simple anecdote. It is not an anecdote of a living man but of a dead man, who was a man of letters. I told this man of what was certainly a very disgraceful trick played upon an author by a certain person. There were the papers; there was no doubt possible. I asked my friend what he thought of the man who could do such things. "Why," he replied, "the fellow is nothing better than a common rogue." "Well," I told him, "that fellow is your own personal friend." The next day I met them walking together arm-in-arm—my friend, who always considered himself a strictly honourable person, and the man he had called, and thought, a common rogue. There had been no explanation, and there was no defence. I asked myself then if that was right. I ask myself again now, if that was right. Now, unless we bring into literary affairs the same standards of morals and honour as are demanded in every other honourable profession, I do not know how we shall ever succeed in raising our own profession to the same rank and level, say, of the Bar. The first thing demanded of an honourable profession, whether the church, the army, the law, medicine, or literature, is a standard of honour among its members; and here was my friend walking about arm-in-arm, in familiarity and friendship, with a man whom he had himself, the day before, stigmatised as a "common rogue."

Perhaps the most delightful of all books is a well written book of new travels in new countries. There are not many new countries left in the world: we must be contented with finding new corners. Then it is always pleasant to read of human and other creatures in the last-found new corner. We must not read the day before yesterday's book of travels: it becomes for the most part insipid after a single season; it must be to-day's travel, or a book of travels at least two hundred years old. The present day's book of travel is, I suppose, Mr. Trevor Battye's "Icebound in Kolguev," at least it is so to me, for I have just laid it down with a sigh of regret that there was no more of it. The Author is not a review, but it has always been my privilege as editor, if I light upon a delightful book, to say so. I light upon very few, because, as one who has a great deal to do, I have very little time for reading new books. Mostly, at the present, my spare time is occupied with looking up odd prints about London Town.
clause operates in two ways. It enables the Prime Minister to give pensions to persons wholly unconnected with Literature, Science, and Art; and it enables him to grant pensions to the sons and daughters of persons distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art. This year while there is only one name unconnected with the purposes of the grant, there are six ladies, widows or sisters of very eminent literary persons. Could not the wording of the resolution be slightly altered in effect as follows: “That this Grant is to be bestowed upon persons who have attained distinction in such literary, scientific, or artistic work as is not in itself remunerative, or upon the wives, sisters, or daughters of persons of distinction in Literature, Science and Art, and upon no other persons?”

A correspondent sends me a note on his own case. It is this; and it is not uncommon. He is educating himself; he is devoted to the study of literature; and he wants instruction. He says there is no institution where literature and composition are taught. He suggests that such an institution might be very useful. I think it would. In order to make people love good literature we must teach them what to look for; that can only be done by making them study good models and teaching them how to write. We shall be swelling the ranks of bad writers? Not at all. The reading public will take care of that for us. We shall only create disappointment? On the contrary. Our evening class would teach people what are the qualifications necessary for success. I am not in the least afraid of what is called “flood the market.” You can only flood the market by producing too much good work; and of that there will never be any danger—not the least danger.

An American asks why our New York correspondent, in speaking of literary papers, ignores the Critic. “H. R.” says (July 1st), that the “only American representative of the weekly review is the Nation, for the admirable Dial of Chicago is a semi-monthly.” I think that “H. R.” had in his mind such papers as the Spectator and the National Observer, which are political and social first and literary next. The Nation is the only American paper which corresponds to these. I suppose that this was also in my own mind or I should have added a note about the Critic. I said some time ago, and I repeat it, that it is impossible to get a day-by-day knowledge of American literature without taking in the Critic. I read it regularly; I find it more appreciative than many of our own papers; I do not discern in it the scurrilous abuse of writers which marks personal animosity, a thing too common in our own organs; on the contrary, I have always found in the Critic the desire to be fair; and—one may, however, be mistaken on this perfectly unimportant point—the writers in the Critic do seem to me to read the books which they review. I am glad that “H. R.” has given me this opportunity of recommending English readers, who want to know what goes on in American literature and what Americans think about our books, to send for the New York Critic.

Mr. Jerome’s case is important to all literary men. He had established himself in a quiet house at St. John’s Wood, where there are many such houses, with a garden, and a study looking out upon the garden, and situated in a cul de sac, removed from organs, street noise, and traffic. In a word, he had found a quiet spot where he could work undisturbed. He has now been turned out of this by the new railway excavations. He has to look about and to find, if possible, some other place as quiet and as suitable for literary work. This is a very serious business; it may take a long time; it will certainly involve much loss of time and worry. They offered him the usual compensation of rent. He claimed, very properly, such compensation as would represent to some extent the real nature of the loss. He invited several well-known men of letters to testify to the substantial character of this loss. And he has recovered an award which is at least substantial, whether it fully compensates or not. The case is interesting to us, if only because it helps to make the world understand what we have been maintaining so long, that literature is a serious profession, not only recognised by the income tax assessors, who discovered the fact long ago, but also by arbitrators when compensation is considered for interruption and vexatious loss of time; and so, gradually, and in course of time, coming to be recognised by the world at large.

The verbatim report of the dinner given to the editor of this paper by the members of the Society is published in this number of the paper. I am pleased to give a more permanent setting to certain facts and opinions expressed in the speeches than they could obtain in the daily papers, and I trust that they will produce good fruit. I am also relieved from a certain natural modesty in the matter, because the Chairman orders the publication.

WALTER BESANT.
CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has been issued giving the following list of pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1895, and charged upon the Civil List:—

Dr. Christian Ginsburg, in recognition of the value of his researches into Biblical and Hebrew literature, £150.

Miss Hester Pater and Miss Clara Pater, in consideration of the literary merits of their late brother, Mr. Walter Pater, £50 each.

Mrs. Mary Eugénie Hamerton, in consideration of the literary merits of her late husband, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, £100.

Mr. William Watson, in consideration of the merit of his poetical works, £100.


Mary Agnes, Lady Seeley, in consideration of the literary merits of her late husband, Sir J. R. Seeley, K.C.M.G., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, £100.

Mrs. Edith L. Pearson, in consideration of the literary merits of her late husband, Mr. Charles Henry Pearson, £100.

Marie, Lady Stewart, in consideration of the public services of her late husband, Sir Robert Stewart, in the cultivation of music in Ireland, £50.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, in consideration of his services to literature and journalism, £100.

Mr. Alexander Bain, in consideration of his services in the promotion of mental and moral science, £100.

Dr. Jabez Hogg, in consideration of his scientific and medical services, £75.

Mr. George Frederick Nicholl, in consideration of his merits as an Oriental scholar, £75.—Total, £1,200.

BANQUET TO SIR WALTER BESANT.

EARLY three hundred ladies and gentlemen representing literature in all its branches foregathered in the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant, on June 26, to congratulate Sir Walter upon the distinction of knighthood conferred upon him by Lord Rosebery. Sir W. Martin Conway presided.

The following is the list of those present at the dinner:—

do I applaud him, with envy of his admirable persistence, his constant good temper and spirit of fairness to opponents in the struggle. If any further elements go to the making of a champion, he possesses them, for he has won the gratitude which breathes of its cause of existence, and the honour which only a common national accord can give.” (Cheers.)

Mr. HALL CAINE then rose to propose the toast of the evening. He said: Before I attempt to discharge the duty which has been so kindly laid upon me, permit me to supplement the admirable letters which you, Sir, have just read by a message that I have received since coming into this hall from a venerable man of letters whose name must command reverence and affection in any company of English authors—I mean John Ruskin. From his home at Coniston Mr. Ruskin telegraphs: “I am in true sympathy with you to-night. Convey my respectful greetings to all present, who are doing well-deserved honour to Sir Walter Besant, to whom please give my heartfelt congratulations.” He then said: Sir Martin Conway, ladies and gentlemen,—In your name, and in the name of the Society of Authors, I have the honour and privilege to propose a toast which needs no words to awaken our warmest feeling, no eloquence to fire our enthusiasm—the health of Sir Walter Besant. In drinking the health of Sir Walter Besant we drink to a novelist of old and assured renown, of high aims and noble achievements—a novelist who has given the world of his best, and never yet written a line which modesty or morality could wish him to blot. In drinking the health of Sir Walter Besant we drink to a social reformer who has brought solace and cheer through so many years to so many thousands; who has kindled good impulses of benevolence and charity, and thrift and self-help; and has been so happy as to see, while he is still in the meridian of life, a practical realisation of one of his imaginary pictures in the People’s Palace of London. But there is a claim which comes closer than these, and, in drinking the health of Sir Walter Besant, we drink to the father of the profession of literature in our time as a profession, and to the first cause and founder of the Society of Authors. Ladies and gentlemen, during the quarter of an hour in which with your permission I stand here to try to give expression to the feelings which have brought us together, I will confine myself to this aspect of Sir Walter’s claim upon our gratitude. Only those who have been at the pains to inquire can know how recently it is that writing came to be considered in a pecuniary view. Men wrote in the old days and sometimes they were paid for writing, but apart from the drama, in which the labourer has always been thought

THE AUTHOR.


In addition there were the representatives of the leading papers, and the guests brought by the above.

The dinner committee report that they had received letters expressing sympathy with the object of the dinner and regret on account of unavoidable absence from the following—two or three sent in at the last moment whose names are in the foregoing list:—Sir Robert Ball, Sir Henry Bergne, Rev. Canon Bell, Rev. Dr. William Bright, Professor Church, F. W. Clayden, F. Howard Collins, Christabel Coleridge, Mrs. Clifford, the Hon. John Collier, Lily Croft, Violet Greville, Dr. Richard Garnett, Thomas Hardy, Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones, Professor Hales, Isaac Henderson, E. H. Lecky, H. W. Lucy, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Florence Marryatt, Gilbert Parker, T. P. O’Connor, Arthur Pinero, Mrs. Parr, Sir Frederick Pollock, Herr Poorten, A. R. Roper, Charlotte Riddell, Sir Benjamin Richardson, Gabriel Setoun, W. M. Maxwell Scott, Rev. Professor Skeat, Sir Herbert Stephen, Henry M. Stanley, J. L. Veitch, and Theodore Watts.

The CHAIRMAN read a letter from the President of the Society, Mr. George Meredith, in which, after expressing regret at his inability through ill-health to be present, he said: “I dare not put the strain upon myself, in spite of my desire to testify personally, as written words can but poorly do, to my great esteem for your ante-penultimate chairman, considering both his unexampled services to the profession of letters, and his literary quality. A title is more than a name for the labourer has always been thought
worthy of his hire, the world took the view that the man who wrote anything was paid by the act of writing, and that the earnings thence ensuing were the pay of the bookseller for the act of selling. It was not until the time of Dr. Johnson that there was any real recognition of the rights of literary property, or any reasonable laws for their protection. From that time onward to our own day the rights of literary property have had to be wrested step by step and inch by inch both from the public, who have clung to the false idea that the only property which an author holds in his writing is the satisfaction of its fame, and from the booksellers, who have more naturally but not more justly maintained that they are the patrons of literature and the masters of the men who write their books. In that long struggle of more than a hundred years, a struggle which has never ceased for one moment, however friendly the relations of author and publisher may happily have been, no labours on our side have been so strenuous, so continuous, or one-tenth part so successful as those of the distinguished comrade in whose honour we are gathered here to-night. It is, Sir, as you know better than we do, a familiar pleasantry, that the Society of Authors is only an agreeable synonym for the Society for the Protection of the Distressed Literary Person. We are by no means concerned to repudiate that benevolent character. The distressed literary persons are the only spirits in prison about whom it is necessary for such a society to concern itself. The literary persons who are not distressed usually find themselves in the more enviable position of Paul and Silas, whose gaolers are on their knees to them as often as there is the slightest danger of their going out. But we are bold to claim for Sir Walter Besant that in founding the Society of Authors, and in directing the line of its conduct, he has done a great service to literary people of every class and country by carrying forward the rights of literary property one long step farther towards just and equitable international law. The right of an author, Sir, in the book he writes is surely a stronger right than that of the man who pays money for the house he occupies; it is a right of creation, and by its nature it should never cease. But an author has never yet been much better than the life tenant of his own property. When copyright was established the machinery of book production was primitive and unwieldy, and it was held (and, I think, properly held), that to make an author's right perpetual was to prevent books from becoming cheap and being universally diffused. But times have changed since then, Sir, and that argument is not now of much avail; it is no longer necessary that printers should turn themselves into literary Robin Hoods and rob the rich to give to the poor; books can be printed at very low prices, and with very great rapidity, the reading public has enormously increased and is constantly increasing, and by helping to break down unnatural forms of literature, such as the three volume novel, by showing that an author's account lies as much in great sales of cheap books as in limited sales of dear ones, by constant insistence on the principle that an author has a right all over the world to the property he creates in his writings, Sir Walter Besant has paved the way for that perpetuity of copyright which is the natural and inevitable, and I will say the near, end of all legislation about books. It may, perhaps, be said that these, after all, are services which touch only the meaner side of the literary life. It is true that the part of an author's life which is concerned with his rights, his gettings, and his spendings is not so noble as that which is concerned with his duties, his efforts, and his aims; but only the most childish affectation or the most foolish otherworldliness will prompt an author to say that it is not a necessary and an honourable part. Johnson used to say of Millar, the bookseller, "I respect Millar, sir; he has raised the price of literature." And in like manner we may say of our guest, that we honour Besant, for he has increased our pay. If he has done that he has done more than increase our material comforts; he has, in the best sense, enlarged the possibilities of the literary calling, and made it the one profession in the world which is not limited either as to the condition or the sex of its members—a profession in which neither money nor influence is essential to success, and wherein high talents and absolute genius can afford to rise from the lowest class to the highest distinction. Ladies and gentlemen, if our guest has done all this, he has paid the penalty. For eight years the prevailing weather of his daily life must have been good fisherman's weather—that is to say, a bit of a breeze. He has walked on steep headlands where his foot might slip, and where he has had to breathe pretty hard. He has been made the target for many shots. His arithmetic has been questioned, and his knowledge of the rule of three has been entirely denied. All this was fairly to be expected from the class that was fighting against him. But it was also fair to expect that the other class, the class for which he fought, the authors, would have seen that it was cruel and inhuman to withhold the sympathy and encouragement, and commendation which were the rightful reward of such long unceasing labour, such sacrifice of personal comfort and even per-
sonal profit, and (good as his work has always been) such willing deduction from the vigour of mind which might have gone into his books. I am afraid it must be admitted that this has not always been the case. Though the Society of Authors is a standing assurance of the progress of Sir Walter Besant's ideas on literary property, and though this dinner to-night and this distinguished company are proof of the loyalty with which the greater body of literary people have supported him, the fact remains that at every step he has had to encounter both the apathy of many in whose interest he has laboured, and occasionally their active and most powerful opposition. There have been the lusty literary pugilists who have told our guest that his Society for the Protection of the Distressed Literary Person would only have the effect of maintaining a race of literary invalids, and preventing the survival of the fittest. Then there have been the pampered literary aristocrats, who having become eminent and prosperous by literature, and having no other reason for their existence, have told the public with every accent of woe that authorship is the worst paid of all callings, that a man had better be a bricklayer than an author, that he had better buy a porter's knot, and hang around the docks, or borrow 4d. and set up a besom in the hope of being allowed to sweep a crossing. Against such malcontents our guest has never failed to show that even in pounds, shillings, and pence literature is a profession which pays most of us as much as we deserve, and a few of us more than we have a right to expect, that it is a profession of which in no company, and in no country, we have cause to feel ashamed, and that it is only hypocrisy and cant and shallow pride that can prompt anybody to make a show of kicking down the ladder by which he has risen to his place. With such opposition no wonder if our guest had sometimes lost heart, and therefore we all rejoice the more at that splendid recognition of his services to the profession of letters which is the first cause of our gathering to-night. The Queen has knighted Walter Besant, but his nature and life were already knightly. The Minister who recommended his knighthood has the distinction among others with which he now lays down office of being the first to honour an actor since Sir William Davenant, and perhaps the first to honour an author, solely for authorship, without suspicion of political leaning or yet private friendship (if we except the exceptional case of the late Poet Laureate), since Disraeli offered a peerage to Carlyle. I trust I am betraying no confidence when I tell you that Lord Rosebery in his letter to our guest, with that graceful courtesy which never fails him, assigned as a chief reason for the title he recommended that such services to the honour and dignity of literature called loudly for the recognition of the State. It is well known that Sir Walter Besant himself has often claimed for literary people that State recognition which has been freely given to distinguished men in every other walk of life. As we all remember, his claims have gone far. When he was one day charged with thinking that all literary men ought to be made knights, he answered: "Not at all; I think some of them ought to be made dukes." And now his own decoration, though it has been so gratefully accepted by the public, has awakened in certain quarters all the usual objections to the decoration of literary people. As this is a matter which concerns us very closely, I will ask you to let me touch upon it briefly if you can bear with me for about two minutes more. We have heard once more that to decorate men and women of letters would be to tempt them to take sides in politics, to curry favour with ministers and so to forget the claims of their own true calling. It is a sufficient answer to this, that there is no reason on earth why we may not be politicians as well as authors, and that in another profession, the profession of the law, the way to the position of a judge or yet of a Lord Chancellor is often the channel of political partisanship, but that, except on one notorious occasion, nobody ever dreamt of thinking that the high duties of the English bench or the Woolsack had been for a moment obscured by thoughts of party politics. We have also heard again that as men and women of great genius do not find their audience quickly or perhaps at all during their lifetime, it must usually occur that the distinctions conferred by the State, under the guidance of a semi-democratic minister, must be those of the second-rate people only, the temporarily popular novelist, the fashionable and flashy thinker. This is the common argument of the people who have not been at the most ordinary pains to inquire into the facts, and the answer is that though it is true that the greatest man is never more than a stone's throw from his contemporaries, and (as Landor says) they generally throw it; though it is true that no great man has ever reached the utmost standard of his greatness in the crowd of his own age, it is not true, in this country, at all events, that any entirely great man has been mistaken for a little one by the generation in which he lived, or yet failed (though his life was as short as Keats's or as long as Wordsworth's) of some sort of substantial recognition while he was still alive. Authors, sir, are not pearls which ripen only in the obscurity of their shells. Shakespeare was probably the most popular writer of the seventeenth century, as Scott has been the most
Sir Walter Besant, in responding, said: Sir Martin Conway, ladies, and gentlemen, I have to thank you all for the great honour of this evening. You will believe me when I say that I have not words at command adequate to my sense of this honour. Especially, however, I have to thank Mr. Hall Caine for making it quite clear to you all that it is not for my writings that Lord Rosebery has conferred upon me the honour of a knighthood. I should be very proud indeed—nothing could make me more proud—by being thought worthy of a knighthood in letters. But if I were made a knight in recognition of any writings of mine, then I should have to look round and ask where are the men and women of the higher ranks. Where, one would ask, should we find the Barons, the Earls, the Earls of letters? Where, for instance, is His Grace the Duke of Boxhill? Where is the Earl of Wessex? Where, the Lord of the Hebrides? Where, the Lady of the Beleagured City? Where, the Countess of Otterbourne? Where, my Lady Fauntleroy? Where, my Lady Elsmere? Where, the Earl of Man? Where, my Lord Thrum? Where, the Baron of Sker? Where, my Lord of the Quartier Latin? Where, Lord Conan Doyle? Where, the Earl of Brattleboro', Vermont? Where was the Marquis of Samoa while he lived? I have spoken, you see, of novelists alone. We might ask similar questions as to the poets, the historians, the dramatists, the essayists. The honour, Sir, I must beg to insist upon in the strongest terms is, in fact, conferred upon this Society itself; it is a recognition of this Society; it is, to use Lord Rosebery's own words, offered for services rendered to the dignity of literature. And these services would be foolish and futile—a mere beating of the air with useless hands—were it not for our own organisation. Sir, we may be Radical or Tory, or what we will; but let us remember—what Mr. Hall Caine invited us to consider—that Lord Rosebery is the first Prime Minister who has ever given a thought to the dignity of literature; the first who has ever recognised that literature is a profession at all. We may not vote for him at the next General Election—the thing has, happily, no connection with politics—but let us not forget this service—the recognition by the foremost Englishman of the moment, the Prime Minister, of the fact that to literature belongs dignity, and that those who aim at preserving and increasing that dignity are trying at least to do good and honourable work, and work worthy of recognition. Since this is so, I will ask you to bear with me for a little, while I try to speak of what we have attempted and what we hope to achieve.

The first thing, and the second thing, and the
main thing, is to achieve the independence of the author. Now, I do not wish to make this an occasion for any attack upon any persons whatever, or for any kind of bitterness. If I mention plain truths it is not in accusation; we may remember that a very bad condition of things may gradually grow up without any blame being attached to any person. Therefore, let us refrain this evening from that censure or that indignation which is sometimes necessary. And further, in order to remove any thought of attack or censure, I will ask you to consider the position of the author—the man who lived by literature—not at present, but—say—sixty years ago.

It was a very bad time for literature; England's great men were either beginning or ending; the general standard of work was miserably low; the general run of writers were miserably poor; part of their misery—the worse because they were unconscious of it—was that they were not ashamed to write begging letters of the most abject kind. I had in my hands the other day a whole sheaf of such letters written by one whose work is still read and quoted, and his language was that of a simple unshamed mendicant. It is not a question whether this man was honestly treated—he may have been; the point is that he could without shame and degradation assume such an attitude and write such letters as make one sick and sorry and ashamed to read. And since these things were not done in secret, but were talked about with scorn, the effect on public opinion was to bring the calling of literature into profound contempt. It was called, as it literally was, a beggarly profession; young men were exhorted to break stones in the road rather than take it up. Everyone had stories of Grub-street: none too abject to throw stones and contempt at men of letters; nay, in Fleet-street itself the disreputable wits would be seen over their cups and in their poverty. They were—sixty years ago—horribly poor and most horribly dependent. When they were not cursing their masters with fierce and biting epigrams, they were shedding tears over the unbounded generosity that tossed them an unexpected guinea.

Consider next, if you please, how this dependence was brought about. Barristers have never lived in such contempt and dependence: why should men of letters? Well, this condition of things was mainly brought about by the remarkable fact that of the three persons concerned in the production of literature—the author—the man in the middle—and the bookseller—the man in the middle had got the whole of the business into his own hands, and he kept all the information to himself: he would not tell what a book cost to produce; nor what he got from the bookseller; nor what the author was able to get for himself. He wrapped up the business in profound secrecy. Both to bookseller and to author he talked only in vague terms of his enormous risks and the certainty of losing by every book which he produced. No one knew; the author was absolutely ignorant of his own affairs, and if he ventured to ask a question, or to inquire into the meaning of his accounts, the man in the middle first indignantly asked whether he meant to say that he was cheated, and, next, threatened to take no more of his work.

How then could the independence of the author be achieved? First, and above all, by getting at a knowledge of the facts, and, in order to arrive at those, by clearing our minds of prejudice and misinformation. On the one hand, for instance, we had to begin by teaching people that a book is really not an inexhaustible mine; nor is it, on the other hand, like a dynamite shell, charged with deadly risk. Its production, in a word, seldom entails more than a very small risk; its circulation seldom produces more than a small return. This we had to learn for ourselves first and to teach afterwards. We had then to begin our work by ascertaining exactly what is meant by production, by risk, by return, by circulation, and by trade price. We have now discovered those figures; we have put them into the hands of our members and the general public. They were at first vehemently, and if I may just for this once use a strong adverb, they were most impudently, denied. They have now been most clearly proved to be as correct as such figures can be. We have therefore broken down the barriers of ignorance which have been so carefully erected; we have shown what is really meant by every method of production; we have enabled authors to understand that it is the public—the world at large—and not a publisher, whose servants they are; we have made it possible to take the patronage of the author entirely out of the hands of the middleman, and to place it entirely in the hands of the public; we have made it possible to take the whole command and the whole control of current literature out of the hands of the middleman and to place it in the hands of the author, who is the creator, the producer, and the sole owner. I do not say that this glorious revolution has actually been effected, but it has been begun—it has been begun, and it will go on; it will go on: we have opened the eyes of literary men and women, and no one can shut them again: the end, though it may be retarded for a while, is certain—it is, I say, as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun.
This is not, mind, and never has been, a question of guineas: we have been accused, over and over again, of sordid aims, of encouraging greed, and other pretty things—chiefly by the failures in literature: it is not, I repeat, a question of guineas: it is simply a question of independence. The man of letters has always been believed by the world to be a bookseller’s hack. When the world sees, as it can already see, not one here, and one there, standing erect in independence, but a whole class, we shall hear no more talk about booksellers’ hacks, or about the contempt of literature. I say again that it is not a question of guineas, though guineas may be concerned with it. Whether an author makes much or little is not our concern; it is our concern that he should feel first that he is not a bookseller’s hack, nor anybody’s servant; next, that he can have the estate which he creates administered for himself, and not for the man in the middle, with honesty and justice; that he shall no longer be degraded by having to accept whatever crumbs are thrown him; that he shall no longer have to accept with meekness whatever accounts are tendered him; that he shall no longer have to sign away the whole of his property for a song. It is our concern that the owner of the property should offer, not submit, his literary estate to a paid manager; that he should know exactly what he is prepared to give his agent for his work; that he should know exactly what work the agent does for his money. There are some things, remember, that hopelessly degrade a class or a man. Among these things are helplessness under injustice; dependence on the caprice of an employer; and inability to obtain redress of wrongs. For the sake of that dignity of literature, which Lord Rosebery recognises, we will sweep these disabilities away. In a word, we mean to reverse the position entirely. The bending back and out-stretched hand of—shall we say, sixty years ago?—never seen now, is it?—shall be transferred from the author to the middleman; henceforth, it shall be the middleman who will be found weeping on the kerb over the generosity of the author. Now all these things are possible when we understand the facts and the figures, and none of these things are possible so long as the facts and the figures are concealed from us.

Another thing. The acquisition of this knowledge arrives at a most opportune moment. I mean that the recent changes in the conditions of literature made this knowledge more than ever necessary. The vast extension of our Empire and of the United States, the growth of our Colonies, the passing of this International Copyright Act, have opened out to literature a field far wider, and an influence far more extensive, than anything ever known in history. Not only is population increasing, but readers are increasing far more rapidly. Books, which are still too dear for most people to buy, pass from hand to hand; books break the monotony of the dullest station; books cheer the sick bed; reading is the universal recreation; everywhere we must have books—books—books. There are, again, springing up everywhere free libraries. What do the people read? Who are their favourites? Well, I have made this subject one of some personal investigation, and I think we shall all be agreed that when we find the people choosing as their favourite authors such writers as Scott, Marryat, Macaulay, and Dickens, which is literally the case—I cannot speak of living writers in this goodly presence—the popular taste is not so very bad after all.

Have you ever, let me ask, tried to realise the meaning of such an audience as a writer now popular commands? Have you ever tried to understand how many readers a man now living may command? If figures mean anything you may try to realise the meaning of millions. But you cannot—nobody can—it is impossible to realise a very large number. But try to think of the faces rather—try to realise the faces of those who sit listening while the author speaks. His theatre is the round world itself; at his feet sit nearly all who speak the English language—all those who read—say, a half of the whole number—say, only sixty millions. See them sitting there! Look at the white faces upturned to catch the words! If the author only whispers he shall be heard in every corner of this immense theatre. See, I say, the upturned faces; mark how the light falls upon them, and how the waves of laughter, and of pity, and of terror, pass across that boundless ocean of human faces. Look farther—as far as your eye reaches there are faces—faces—faces! Millions and millions and millions of faces! No end to them. Good Heavens! What can a writer ask for more than to give his message, if he has one, to so great an audience, with his single voice so to move the world?

Well! But we cannot all speak to the whole world. That is true. So the young fellow who enters the army will not probably end by commanding that army. And the young fellow who was called this morning to the Bar will not probably end as Lord Chancellor. Yet it is good to think that these possibilities exist. It glorifies a profession that one may become in it a Field Marshal or a Lord Chancellor. In like manner it glorifies our profession to feel that it contains such a magnificent prize as the possibility of speaking to all the world. It is a prize far, far
greater—far, far more desirable—than any other profession can offer. For not only will the future writer so speak to the whole world, but he will live in the love and honour of the whole world.

And shall—I ask you most earnestly—shall this glorious and splendid profession continue to lie in servitude and dependence? Shall the conqueror of the whole world’s love continue to live in a shameful dependence upon his own servant?

A third reason why the acquisition of this knowledge is necessary at this time is—that there has arisen during the last quarter of a century, a large and still increasing class of writers about whose works not the most daring audacity can pretend that there is any risk. Such writers belong to every branch of literature. If, for instance, we think of historians we are reminded of Freeman, Froude, Seeley, and J. R. Green. I say every branch, because one of the charges brought against us is that we think all literature is fiction. There cannot be the least, not the slightest, risk in producing the books of these men. They are essayists, poets, novelists, theologians, educational writers; specialists, professional, and technical writers. This army of writers whose books mean a certainty of success now numbers in this country alone many hundreds. These authors, if they knew the truth, which many of them do not know, would understand that they have only to choose an agent, not to submit their MSS. and to ask humbly for terms. Others—beginners—may wait to receive proposals as to their works; these writers have the administration of their estates entirely in their own hands. They are, in fact, complete masters of the situation. It remains with them to offer terms, not to accept terms; to send in an agreement, not to wait for one.

This increase of writers, whose books are certain to succeed more or less, is partly, of course, another of the results of the free library. Of these there are now almost enough in the country to guarantee against risk every book of any importance. This is a new and hitherto unconsidered fact, which, like all the other older facts connected with literary property, has somehow been overlooked, if not studiously concealed.

I say, then, that this independence of ours is within our reach; we have only to hold out our hands and take it; if we do not our successors will. The publication of these simple figures is nothing short of a death blow to the old system of darkness and concealment.

Let us turn for a few minutes to the future. What will happen next in the profession of literature? First of all we are gradually developing the sense of community and the necessity of union. In this direction we have already advanced very creditably, but the necessity of union—the absolute necessity—wants to be impressed upon us, and felt by us, more and more. By union, remember, we do not forfeit any individual work or rights. As at the Bar, where union has been long complete, we shall go on working every man for himself; but we shall be jealous for the honour of our profession; we shall understand that if we are again separated into individuals the old danger will return; the old servitude will be again imposed. By our union we shall control in the immediate future the whole of the material side of current literature—i.e., we shall control our own property—is that too much to demand?—the price of books; the placing of books—already we keep quantities of books out of dishonest hands; the form of agreements; the advertisement of books. I want to see this material side of current literature completely in our own control—in our own hands. I, myself, do not expect to live long enough to see the fulness of this glorious revolution, but many in this room will—for it will come—it is a part of that end which I have said already is as certain as tomorrow’s sun.

Where, then, have we left our friend the publisher? We agreed that to-night we would have nothing said in bitterness. I am very glad to say, therefore, that we shall put the publisher into a far better position than he holds at present. For we shall remove the old reproach of secrecy: the old inevitable jealousy: the old suspicion of over-reaching: which came from the practice of secrecy. We shall make it thereby possible for a publisher to take his place in the estimation of the world, not as a rich man only, always with this atmosphere of jealousy and suspicion, but as a great merchant prince. The large houses, which have capital, will carry on the work of issuing the great and costly enterprises of literature: the encyclopedic dictionaries, the special histories, and the rest. They will also have the whole of the past literature in their own hands. Nor will it be any shame, but rather the reverse, for the best intellect of the day to work for them and in their pay. Most of the current literature, however, will be conducted for the authors by agents who will not publish on their own account. The publisher, like the author, with the increased dignity of letters, will rise far higher in the estimation of the world. What dignity, what reputation, can belong to a calling at which is perpetually hurled the reproach, whether deserved or not, in many cases most undeserved, but still inseparable from the calling under present conditions, of secrecy for the purpose of over-reaching?

The next thing is—if you will suffer me to
preach for five minutes—that while we have shown authors how they may act together for the common good without any injury to themselves, we have to make them feel that they should, in their utterances concerning each other, obey the same rules of courtesy as belong to the Bar. One of the evil results of the former darkness was the absurd and suicidal hatred of poet towards poet; of novelist towards novelist; nay, of historian for historian—witness the life-long hatred of Freeman for Froude. It arose partly from ignorance of the vast fields open to writers: everyone thought of London—of the West End—of clubland—as if the world of thought, and learning, and reading, was all concentrated there. We are now beginning—only just beginning—to understand that there is no reason for any hatred or jealousy at all. There is room in this great world of ours for every author of power, whether he is poet, novelist, historian, philosopher or artist, or scientific professor. Rudyard Kipling does not kill Barrie, and Hall Caine is not injured by Conan Doyle; Austin Dobson is none the worse for William Watson. Quite the contrary; the more good writers there are the better it is for each. The demand for good work is maintained; a thirst for reading is increased. The recognition of this great fact ought to lead to the discontinuance of the bad old practice, once common among authors, and by no means yet extinct, of criticizing, i.e., slashing each other. Let us agree in future, if we cannot speak well of another author, to hold our tongues about him. Silence is sometimes the very wisest form of criticism. And our enemies, you may be very certain, desire nothing better than to see us like so many cats, spitting at each other. Let us, in fact, make a stand for professional courtesy.

Let me next, if I may be allowed, say a few words as to the future of the Society itself. First, it is not enough to ascertain and to publish the facts of our position—we must continue on guard over that position with unceasing watchfulness. The price we must pay for independence is the continual watch and guard over it. We must never relax in that watch and guard; we must always have a centre—an office—an outward and visible sign of organisation; a place whither cases can be brought and treated. For the same reason, we must continue to cultivate the spirit of common action for a common cause. Now, your Chairman has, I know, many useful plans in his head for the advancement of the Society. I desire to advance three things which seem to me very pressing and urgent. They are these. First, it is very much to be desired that we should be able to bring certain cases into court. For instance, there are still firms—believed by those who do not know them to be honourable firms—which falsify every account they issue—charging large sums of money which they have not paid, and overcharging the amounts which they have paid. We have already submitted a case of this kind to counsel for opinion, and have obtained a very clear and decided opinion to the effect that there is no judge on the bench who would tolerate such falsification on any grounds possible to conceive. We desire, therefore, to bring such a case of falsified accounts into the courts of law. This is very difficult, because, of course, we must be able to furnish proofs, by evidence of printers and others. We have had in our hands cases by the dozen in which there was no doubt possible as to the falsification of every item—to anybody who knew the meaning of figures; but there was wanting either the evidence of printers or the consent of the author to proceed. Still we may hope for such a case, sometime or other, complete in all its parts. When we do get it, the question will arise whether it should be treated as a civil or a criminal charge. The moral effect of placing a highly respectable firm in the dock, charged with falsifying accounts, would be really most beneficial.

The second point that presses is the preparation of model agreements. The time has come when we might prepare agreements which would give the agent or distributor such payment as shall be thought perfectly fair. In this work I think we may fairly expect the co-operation of those publishers who do not falsify accounts, and do not try to cover up and conceal things.

The third point—one most urgently needed—one to which I invite your very earnest attention—is the establishment of a Pension Fund. Nothing of the kind exists in literature. It is horribly needed. The rank and file among us cannot, from the nature of the case—even if we had what we ought to have—we cannot save much money. There falls upon us in the fullness of time an old age with infirmities, but without means, with failing powers, and without resources. The instances which have come under my own knowledge, partly when I sat upon the Council of the Royal Literary Fund, and partly from the cases brought before the Society, which does not pretend to relieve distress, have been most painful—most terrible. Of course, what we are doing in the extension of knowledge has already led to great improvement in the material position of the writer. But progress is necessarily slow. People have gone on so long believing that literary property was either common property or something could be—conveyed—by anyone who wished. There are societies like that for the Promotion of
Christian Knowledge, which have, in the past, at least, acted as if the author had no rights whatever over his own property. Some years ago we exposed the sweating of these good Christian people. We sent copies of this exposure to all the bishops. With one exception, not one of the bishops seemed so much as to understand that the author had any right at all except to take what was offered him. Well, this kind of ignorance is slowly disappearing before the more general recognition of literary property which we never cease to demand. Until, however, Archbishops and Bishops will be ashamed to tolerate the sweating of the author, and even after, there will continue to be oppression, and there will continue to be failing powers, and there will continue to be poverty. Many a poor gentlewoman have I heard of in these late years; many a writer who has done good and faithful work all her life for her employers—always, alas! "employers," and never "agents"—who has found herself at the end unable to work and with no money saved. She has to eat the bread—the bitter bread—of dependence, and to drink the water—the bitter water—of charity. We would, if we could, relieve that lady; we would give her, when the time for stopping work arrived, such a pension as would make her independent of charity. The plans for raising such a fund have long been drawn up; they only wait for workers.

It is, lastly, my highest hope that in such work as this—and in everything else that belongs to the Dignity and Honour—and Glory—of Literature—I, a humble Craftsman, whose only real distinction is that I am, like you, a Craftsman in Letters, a Brother in the Craft, a Member of the Guild, a Worker in the Fraternity, may live to take a larger part in that cause, and to do more work for that cause than in the past.

In proposing the toast of "The Chairman," Mr. Henry Norman said: You will believe that I feel myself honoured by the pleasant duty that lies before me. Apart from the pleasure I have felt in taking part in this dinner—given in honour of Royal recognition of the profession of letters—I should at any time be delighted to propose the health of my friend Sir Martin Conway. It is customary, I have been told, in this country at any rate, when called upon in such a capacity, to deprecate one's fitness for the task, and to wish modestly that it had fallen upon a better, a gifted man, and the practice of opening one's mouth with something in the nature of a confession of his personal shortcomings, his physical disabilities, and his mental limitations, is almost the inevitable prelude of the English speaker. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall venture to lay aside this custom on the present occasion. In my case all these painful facts will be abundantly plain before I sit down, and though I naturally wish that I were a better man—as who would not?—I should be very loth indeed to lose this opportunity of expressing my gratification at the honour which has alighted, most auspiciously, most aptly, upon the head of Sir Martin Conway. His claim to recognition—if I may use the word "claim" in connection with a man who has certainly never made one—is undoubted upon several grounds, but I shall allude to only two of them to-night. He is a young man still; many more honours may be expected to fall upon him—political, literary, social, and atheletic—and it would be unfriendly if at so early a stage I were to exhaust his blushes. There is first—I rank it first to-night—his work for the Society of Authors. I have the privilege of serving with him upon the Committee of Management, and I am sure my fellow-members will bear me out in saying that a better chairman it would be impossible to have. Ladies and gentlemen, some of you here present, I venture to think, have good reasons to be grateful to that committee. Whether because of a peculiar vice of yours which has recently been ruthlessly exposed—reference to which leads me to express the hope that those of you who, like myself, have sat next to a great author, have at least managed to secure your own share of a good dinner—or whether, as I prefer to think, because of the inevitable friction in all human affairs, the entente cordiale between author and publisher is occasionally—in the words of an American humourist—spilt. When that catastrophe happens you fly for help to your Society, and the members of the committee receive a private communication from the secretary requesting them to assemble at an early date to discuss the case of Mr., Mrs., or Miss Author against Messrs. Publisher and Co. Then, in a dark room, in a dingy street, which has nothing suggestive of the laurels of literature except its name, a Star Chamber, a Vehmgericht, council of ten sits upon your woes. When these are genuine—when you have had the consummate sagacity to read your agreements before signing them—it proceeds next to sit upon the publisher, and, in almost every case it has taken up, with success. But publishers—I am sorry there are none of them present to receive my humble homage—are not invariably in the wrong. We British authors are happy in having at our doors a group of publishers of the highest integrity, judgment, and business ability—men to whom the best interests of literature are every bit as sacred as they are to ourselves. Now, Sir Martin Conway, in his capacity of chairman of
THE AUTHOR.

that Star Chamber of which I have spoken, holds his scales of justice absolutely level. The weights that he handles are never plugged with putty; he never sticks a piece of tallow upon the bottom of the scoop; in the expressive language of the street, "there ain't a bit of bogey in him." I submit with absolute confidence, ladies and gentlemen, that Sir Martin Conway's connection with this committee is an adequate first ground for our respect and regard, and for any external honour he may receive. I pass to our chairman's second claim. It is one entirely personal to himself. Speaking as a man who has travelled somewhat himself—just enough, I trust, to justify Shakespeare's remark that "a good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner," I do not hesitate to say that Conway has a unique record. He has been quite original. It has been given to other men to remove mountains, but this momentous feat seems to pale before the seven-leagued walks from peak to peak, across a whole chain, of my friend Conway. Only one man has ever done it before—and that was Fingal, who stepped from mountain to mountain in the Western Islands of Scotland, accompanied by his two hounds, and reaching the mainland, flung their leash over an enormous rock. Sir Martin Conway's hounds have been his faithful Gurkhas, and this Himalyan Fingal has explored the great Indian range in its most snowy fastnesses. The result has been one of the most beautiful and valuable books of recent years; full of the careful observation of the born geographer, the splendid enthusiasm of the climber, the trained appreciation of the mind of one who combines the man of action with the artist and the thinker. Only recently has been placed before us yet another example of these talents in "The Alps from End to End." Having reviewed this book, you, who know so well the habits of reviewers, will not be surprised to learn that I am keeping it to read on my holiday, and I am certain that I shall find in it the most charming and the most invigorating literature. For literature it is; with his special intellectual equipment Sir Martin Conway could never write the mere book of travel or of mountaineering. Personally our chairman is known to you all. In friendship I have found him as firm as the rocks he scales. His future is certain to be even more distinguished than his past. A once famous poem, not so well known now-a-days as it should be, begins with these words:—

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

Sir Martin Conway is a living contradiction of that sentiment. It is not hard for him to climb, and those who know him best look forward con-

TRUTH IN FICTION.

I

In the July number of the Author Mr. Sherard, in his letter from Paris—which is always entertaining—says: "A man who tells stories professionally must, it seems to me, lose, to a certain extent, the perception of truth." And he adds, "I should like to have other opinions on the subject."

The opinions of three great authors, of very different dates, at once suggest themselves. Perhaps Mr. Sherard will hold that they support his view. But it is evident that these writers did not agree with him in thinking that the tales related by professional story tellers are not true, which Mr. Sherard implies.

ARISTOTLE.

It is evident, from what has been said, that it is not the place of a poet to relate the things that have taken place, but what might have taken place in accordance with probability or necessity. For the historian and the poet do not differ only in writing in verse or in prose; but in this, that one relates what has taken place, and the other what might have taken place. For which reason poetry is more philosophical and more serious than history. For poetry relates rather what is universal, but history what is personal. (De Arte Poetica X.)
RABELAIS.

I, your humble servant, desiring still more to increase your entertainment, now offer you another book of the same stamp; only even more just and worthy of your credence than the former. For I have never told a lie, nor asserted a thing that was not true. I speak of these things as Saint John in the Apocalypse, "Quod vidimus testamur." (Pantagruel, Livre II. Prologe de l'Auteur.)

FIELDING.

Notwithstanding the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance writers who entitle their books, "The History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c." it is most certain that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are called biographers. With us biographers the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened; for, though it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for the love of the fair Marcella, was ever in Spain, will anyone doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned Don Quixote more worthy of the name of a history than even Mariana's? for, whereas the latter is confined to a particular period or time, and to a particular nation, the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts, and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay, and forwards as long as it shall so remain. (Joseph Andrews, Book III., 1.)

HENRY CRESSWELL.

II.

In response to Mr. Sherard's invitation, I would say:—

1. It is well to distinguish between the moral untruthfulness due to bluntness of sensitiveness or callowness of sympathy, and the mental untrustworthiness characteristic of blindness of insight, obtuseness of judgment, or blurredness of memory. But, it seems to me, in proportion to the sanity or genius of the writer, whether of "fiction" or of fact, will result the truthfulness of his perception and the trustworthiness of his conception.

2. An inherently untruthful character or untrustworthy mind may be previously responsible for the writing of untrue fiction; and this would be alike in its unreliability, whether it took the popular form of novel-writing, play-making, or so-called history, biography, and so on.

3. In such a case the writing may serve as an expedient safety-valve, as it were, leaving the inherent nature more reliable in ordinary life; though its extraordinary expression may tend to render the reading public less reliable accordingly.

4. But of course, even when the veracity may be above dispute, the verity may prove beneath respect; being born of the author's honest though unreliable fancy, begotten of fallacy, and fostered by unwise popularity.

5. If, however, the fiction be born of just observation or of true imagination, in due conception, it is merely another name for the higher or inner truth of extraordinary life; and its creator is a true apostle of truth, even when his disciples happen to be too few, too indifferent, or too poor to repay his publishing expenses!

PHINLAY GLENELG.

III.

Is there any means by which further opinions on this subject can be obtained; not, of course, from authors, who are hardly in a position to judge impartially of their merits or demerits, but from that large and often long-suffering class the relatives of authors?

It would be exceedingly interesting if a considerable number of those persons could be induced to give their testimony, adding, of course, to which of the two rival schools their particular author belonged—namely, whether to that founded on observation and imagination, or to that far more popular one founded on an inventive fancy.

Imagination I take to mean the power of imaging in the mind, as in a mirror, how certain characters will think and act in certain circumstances—in other words, the power of drawing the complete circle from the arc. There is no guessing in such a matter, and there is no invention. All depends on perception of truth. On this perception, coupled with keen observation, it appears to me that writers of the first class of fiction, headed by George Eliot, depend entirely. If the exercise of the faculty of perception of truth tends to the wearing of it out—like a watch—most miserable is the man whose work is based upon it, for he will suffer degradation first, and his work will show degradation in due course.

The second large class of fiction founded on an inventive fancy has none of the restrictions of the first. The writer, bound by no iron laws of life, no constraining bias and limitation of character, exercises a fairy-like gift of conjuring up a world in which we do not live, peopled with beings not of like passions with ourselves, who can be made
to act according to the writer's will, and even to point morals approved by him. Of these books the admiring reader says, not "How true!" but "How beautiful!"

It would be of great interest to learn which class of authors is the more truthful or untruthful in ordinary life.

Mary Cholmondeley.

IV.

The question asked by Mr. R. H. Sherard as to the "writing of fiction disposing an author to untruthfulness in ordinary life," is one of which I have often thought. My opinion is, that it does not. I think truth-speaking in ordinary life depends upon personal character wholly apart from the romantic and imaginative bent of the mind. Is it possible to suppose that Scott or Kingsley sacrificed the truth of their lips to their "pen of the ready writer." What were the personal characters of Cervantes or of Coleridge, whose "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" were fiction in verse, or of Disraeli the younger, the most flowery of writers? True, a romancist may throw a halo around ordinary things. He may dilate upon facts in a style of fluency and illumination which makes his hearers say, "He is romancing!" But the truth germ is there. His enlargement of it shows only the difference between the man who can think, or write, or talk on a certain subject, and the man who cannot. If the novelist be naturally truthful the line between fact and fiction in his own mind will be strong as a cable, though fine as a hair, and all the stronger, because he realises that facts are his foundation, and that he must sift and mould them to his use. A clear head is demanded for writing fiction. This clear head helps to keep clean the lips of the naturally truthful man. The naturally untruthful man will be untruthful still.

Mary Eliz. Stevenson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Co-operation.

ONLY to-day for the first time has your Author come into my hands. After reading Mr. Hall Caine's clear exposition of the relationship existing between authors, publishers, and booksellers, the thought occurs to me, might not the producers of literature do, with advantage to themselves and the public, what Government servants have done for themselves—break the back of monopoly by setting up business, like co-operative stores, and, working with their own employés, manage the publication in its various branches? Thus freed from the greed of those who prey upon authors, literary men would reap the full harvest their seed might yield, according to its quality, times, and seasons.

Yet I cannot doubt that this view of the subject has already received a full share of attention from lights so brilliant as those which illuminate the Author.

E. V. Heward.

II.—Paper Covers.

Permit me to submit to the "Society of Authors" a suggestion as to a mode of publishing which I think ought to have a trial in this country. My remarks apply of course more to books of science, travel, biographies, &c., than to fiction.

My suggestion is to issue such works in two forms, viz., paper cover and cloth. Of an edition of 500 I should, for instance, issue 350 in paper and 150 in cloth. The copies in paper cover I should offer to the bookseller on sale or return for three months at a certain discount, a larger discount being offered for outright orders.

It is not advisable to send cloth copies on sale, as in most instances the cloth case would be somewhat damaged and the loss considerable, while if a paper copy is returned somewhat the worse in outer appearance the cover can be replaced at a nominal cost.

From a business point of view the "on sale" system seems at first sight unhealthy, but I think its disadvantages will be outweighed by obvious advantages, as I shall endeavour to show.

By the proposed system the cost of production will be considerably reduced, the saving being reflected on the items for binding and advertising. The saving on the binding is indisputable. By enabling the bookseller to show the book to every possible purchaser among his clienteles the publisher brings it more effectively under the notice of the book-buying public than by far the more expensive method of advertising, and I venture to predict that many a copy of a new
book will be sold in this way, which would remain on the publishers' hands under the present system of book distribution.

The two questions: Will the bookseller consent to receive the books on sale, and the necessary trouble with them? and, Do Englishmen not object to books in paper covers? deserve consideration.

As to the first, I have no doubt that any bookseller who takes an interest in his work, and does not altogether trust to the publishers' advertisements and underselling his colleagues for the sale of his books, will be glad to receive and endeavour to sell these books, his risk being confined to the carriage of them.

As to the second, cloth cases can easily be obtained from the publisher, and the books can be bound in them at a very small price for buyers who object to paper copies, and do not bind their books according to their own taste.

It is not generally known that the above-mentioned system is the recognised system in Germany, and has no small share in the educational success of that country. I have myself, as a bookseller, obtained on sale and sold a good many expensive German books which I could not have risked buying outright. In conclusion, I should like to say that I shall be glad to give more details to any member of your Society who might think the experiment, if experiment it can be called, worth trying. TH. WOHLLEBEN.

III.—An After-Dinner Growl.

May I enter a protest—a vigorous one—against the systematic begging at dinners of the Society of Authors? To be pestered for tips when one's soul is elevated by words of wisdom is distinctly aggravating, and should be quite unnecessary. If a fee for attendance must be paid—and apparently it must, for if one hesitates the waiter plaintively whispers, "This is all I get, Sir"—it would add to one's comfort if it were included in the price of the dinner ticket. Maybe the big guns at the top table are not thus beset, but you should have heard the anathematising last night amongst the multitude! ANDREW W. TUEB.

Leadenhall Press, E.C., June 27, 1895.

IV.—At his Own Expense.

Why should he not, if he is a new writer and has his name to make? I would not give eighteenpence for the opinion of any publisher or publisher's reader in England on the chances of a book by a new writer finding favour with the public. I say this with no intention of disparaging their powers of judgment, for I would not give sixpence for my own opinion, and I have been a journalist and tale-writer, in a small way, for many years, and an insatiable devourer of general literature from a very early age.

I hold that a new writer is justified in getting to his public by any means at his command, and that only to the verdict of that public should he pay the slightest attention. A fig—indeed, a fig-seed—for individual opinions whether they be those of publishers, editors, or critics, and I hope a time is coming when every author will have to justify his faith in his own works by bearing the expense of obtaining a public verdict. A. B.

V.—Every Author his Own Publisher.

As I myself have for six years been publishing and selling the only book I ever had it in me to write, my experience may interest your readers.

In 1889 a publisher (and sinner) gave me £9 15s. (ostensibly £10) for right to publish several thousand copies, which in less than two months were sold. He then renewed his magnificent offer, which I rejected.

In 1889 I printed and bound the fourth edition, which a London publisher sold for me at (to him) a fair profit. Two thousand copies went fast, and then came the fifth edition, for which this same publisher offered me "£75 down on the day of publication." I warmly thanked him for nothing, and then and there resolved to print, bind, publish, and sell my own book. Every author I know warned me against this "risk," saying the producer of a book couldn't possibly be the seller as well. To my anxious inquiry, "Why not?" I only got for answer the rather ladylike reply, "Because he can't." I treated it as a sum in arithmetic, and set to work to "prove" it. I published the fifth edition at great expense. It had never dawned upon me to have stereotypes made. The sale was a grand success, and I am now going to publish the twelfth edition. I may say that at the sixth or seventh edition a firm of publishers offered kindly to be my trade agents, and to give me 4s. on a 5s. book; their cheques are exact to the day, and their accounts accurate to a penny piece; and my trade agents accept twelve to the dozen, squarely and honestly, and have no nonsense about baker's or devil's dozens of thirteen. Nothing could be more lovely or businesslike. I have had no money to spend on advertisements; each book has advertised itself. No one has "log-rolled" me (I wish to goodness they would!) and all newspapers have boycotted me.

Mr. Ian Maclaren should read this if you are kind enough to insert it—for at the recent authors' dinner he said, "An amateur author is one who publishes at his own expense—a thing
which the most inexperienced Scot would not do." I, Sir, am a most inexperienced Scot—of the feminine gender, too!—and yet for six years have boiled the pot with something in it, by having faith enough in my own work to take all the risk, worry, and labour of producing and selling my own book. It has been an undoubted, and is a growing, success; so much so, that this twelfth edition is to be of 5000 copies.

A CANNY SCOT.

From the Westminster Gazette (June 7).

[Are not the figures wrong? How could a publisher give 4s. for a 5s. book? But the moral is plain.—Ed.]

VI.—COPYRIGHT PROPRIETORS AND ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

I have observed with some satisfaction the prominence which you have given to the important copyright decision in the case of "Gambier Bolton v. Cecil Aldin and others," tried in the Court of Queen's Bench on the 11th ult.

Having acted for Mr. Gambier Bolton in this action, and also for Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl in the litigation with the papers, arising out of the "Living Picture" representations at the Empire Theatre, I think it right to point out that the great importance of Mr. Bolton's victory arises from its having clearly distinguished the decision in the House of Lords with reference to sketches of the Living Pictures which appeared in the Daily Graphic, from the more common cases of direct copying, whether from a picture or photograph, which are now declared to be in no sense permitted piracies, notwithstanding that they may not reproduce all the features of the original work.

This is a matter of vital importance to all who are concerned in securing the rights of copyright owners; and it deserves to be emphasised at the present time, because from the interested views put forward by some of the papers as to the effect of the House of Lords decision, there was some danger of a licence to pirate generally being claimed in the sacred name of illustrated journalism, and this could not have failed to affect the protection given to authors, as well as artists, against mischievous piracies in various other forms.

As there has been so much misunderstanding about the net results of the Hanfstaengl copyright litigation, you will perhaps allow me to put these shortly for the benefit of those of your readers who are interested in international copyrights. The points established may be summarised from an article in the Art Journal as follows:

1. Extinction of the necessity of registration in England in the case of works first published abroad, and vice versa.
2. Establishment of the Berne Convention as the real guide in international matters, in lieu of any local laws.
3. Declaration that the rights of publishers depend on place of publication, and not on "making" of the protected work.
4. Assertion of the principle, in cases of infringement, that "competition is no test."
5. Declaration that the lawfulness of part of an unauthorised representation of a protected work will not excuse the incorporation in such representation of that which is clearly unlawful.

HERBERT BENTWITCH.

Corporation Chambers,
Guildhall Yard, E.C.,
20th June, 1895.

BOOK TALK.

MRS. AYLMER GOWING'S book of poems, called "Sita, and Other Poems," mostly adapted for recitation, contains a small collection of verses on contemporary events. Many of them are highly spirited and effective. Let, however, the author speak for herself. The following lines are entitled "Tennyson":

All glorious with the mystery sublime
Thy eyes shall fathom soon,
Night's bosom pillows thee, O son of Time!
In splendidours of the moon.
Cometh thy daybreak—there shall be no night
In that far heaven,—untrod
By course of quenching suns or stars, whose light
Shall be the face of God.
True seer, from thy heart the lamp of faith
Glowed clear through storm and shine,
And clothed the fearful majesty of Death
In robes of grace divine.
And thine the hand of might, the tender touch
That makes our pulse thine own
By love's enchantments, for thou hast loved much,
And grief's excess hast known.
Sweet singer, by thy voice of human love
And sorrow, pure and strong,
Teach us to find our God, while thou, above,
Art singing a new song.

Mr. William Alfred Gibbs has produced a thing rare in these days—a tale in verse, "Arlon Grange." His book (Provost and Co., Henrietta-street) is beautifully printed, bound, and illustrated. These pages are not critical, because criticism is impossible in our brief limits, and the hastily pronounced brief judgment of half a dozen lines on a work not read by the judge, which has cost the author months or years of
work, is generally futile when it applauds and impudent when it assails. We can always, however, find room for the poet to speak for himself. The following lines are detached from the text:

"When Love doth pace
The lustrous floor of Heaven,
He casts no shadow in that radiant place.

"But when on Earth
He stands beneath the sun,
His mortal form to shadow giveth birth.

"Thus shadow lives
Wherever love doth dwell;
Thus passing Love to grief its semblance gives.

"With wings unfurled,
Love soars again to Heaven—
His mortal shadow scares him from the world.

"Say, shall we slight
His presence whilst he stays,
Or blame the sunshine for its partial light?

"Ah no! he flies,
To take our thoughts to Heaven,
And spread its radiant floor before our eyes.

"Then welcome Love,
Tho' shadow follows thee;—
Parted on earth,—we meet again above."

"Paganus," another name as the title page informs us, has published "Poems of Paganism" or Songs of Life and Love. (London: The Roxburghe Press.) The remarks made above in the Poem of "Arlon Grange" apply to this little volume of short poems. There is no room for a criticism, and a brief judgment would be futile. They are mostly love songs. We shall hear more of the poet of whom it may at least be said that he possesses a musical ear and a great command of rhyme and metre. Shall we quote the verses called "Linus to Lyterses?"

What of the past, Lyterses?
What of the gathered years?
Time, with his tender mercies,
Leaves not a stain of tears.

Where are the joys that bound us?
Where are the songs we sung?
Where the warm hands that crowned us
Kings, when the world was young?

Weary of life immortal
Linus in languor nods,
Dreaming of death's dream-portal,
Panting to sleep with gods.

Go, little gush of verses,
Over Time's barren bars
Whisper to lone Lyterses,—
"Linus still seeks the stars."

"Lyra Piscatoria."—This little book deserves to be noticed in conjunction with that which follows—Mr. Bickerdyke's—the one in the prose of fishing, the other in its poetry. The poet who chooses to call himself Cotswold Isyss says on the title page that this volume contains "Original Lyrics on Fish, Flies, Fishing, Fishermen, and all the British Freshwater Fish." Let him sing:

O lady of the lake whereon
The water lilies blow,
Or coozy deeps bay out the banks
Of rivers soft and slow!
No gay coquette e'er looked so fair
Clad in her satin green;
No nun behind her nunneries walls
So shy or seldom seen!
No lady finger's ruby gem
Can match thy glowing eyes;
Thy satin robe of emerald sheen,
Her vesture far outvies;
Yet while she loves her grace to show
And all her charms display,
Thou, shy and modest water nymph
Dost shrink from light of day.

Mr. John Bickerdyke's new book, "The Boat-Cruise on the Broads," is not a story, nor is it an essay. It is, on the other hand, a little handbook of information about that curious land-and-water country known as the Broads. It seems to contain every kind of guidance for those who are going to make a holiday on the Broads. Their numbers increase every year. Everyone who goes there will have to take this book with him. The publishers are Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

Another of the many pleasant gossipy books about various parts of London is "Soho and its Associations," edited from the MSS. of Dr. Rimbault by Mr. George Clinch. Soho began to be built towards the end of the seventeenth century; it was for a long time a fashionable place of residence, and much frequented by literary men and artists on account of its quiet, and its close proximity to the fields. The associations connected with Soho are both numerous and interesting. Thus in Gerard-street alone—whose name they are proposing to alter, with the usual reverence for things ancient—we find the names of Charles, Lord Gerard, first Earl of Macclesfield, after whom it was named by Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James the First, who had here a place of exercise; the Earl of Scarborough, who had here his town house; John Dryden, who lived here from 1687 to 1700, where he died—the house, as Dryden says, "is Gerard-street, the fifth door on the left hand, coming from Newport-street. James Boswell had lodgings here, so had Charles Kemble; Edmund Burke lived here; and David Williams, the founder of the Royal Literary Fund, lived here. (Dulau and Co., Soho-square.)

Mrs. B. M. Croker, whose works are steadily gaining ground, has two serials running in foreign papers, one in the Berlin Poste, the other in the Indépendence Belge. So far every one of her books has appeared in German, both in serial and
in book form. This is not a distinction granted to every novelist.


Canon W. Sparrow-Simpson will issue immediately, through Mr. Elliot Stock, an English translation of the "Tragico-Comedia de Santo Vedasto," from the MS. in the library at Arras, with an extended introduction. The work will be uniform with "Carmina Vedastina," recently published by the same editor.

Miss M. G. McKinloch has an article in the current number of The Month (Burns and Oates) on the "Revels and Pageants of Ancient Edinburgh."

"The Nature and Origin of Man" is the ambitious title of a little work which Mr. Elliot Stock is publishing for S. B. G. McKinney. It is noteworthy that the standpoint of the writer enables him to regard Goethe and Rudyard Kipling as inspired teachers.

Mr. Joseph Hatton has written a new novel, which is to appear in serial form exclusively in the People for Great Britain, and in Leslie's Weekly Illustrated for the United States. It will commence Aug. 4, and will appear simultaneously in America, New Zealand, the Transvaal, Tasmania, and Melbourne. It is a story of the French Revolution, the title "When Greek meets Greek," and the period between the taking of the Bastille and the fall of Robespierre. The volume edition will be published at the end of the year by Hutchinson's in London, and Lippincott's in Philadelphia.

"Tom Chester's Sweetheart: A Tale of the Press," is one of the newest of the shilling novels, from the press of Messrs. Hutchinson. It appeared in the midst of the excitement of the General Election, but has sold two large editions notwithstanding. Mr. Hatton has utilised some of his journalistic experiences in the story, which deals with the adventures of an elderly gentleman, who thought any fool could edit a newspaper, and tried it. The book might be transferred almost without alteration, save for conversion into dialogue into a most admirable Comedy-farce.

"Comrades," by Annabel Grey, is now in the press and will be shortly published by Mr. Henry Drane, Salisbury House, Salisbury-square, E.C., at 6s. It is a novel dealing with high and low life, politics, passion, society, secret societies, and Nihilism.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's article on a "Danish Butter Factory," in the Fortnightly for May, met with such warm praise from the Press that she has enlarged it considerably with English information, useful to all who are interested in dairying, and Mr. Horace Cox has published the pamphlet at 6d. It bids fair to be as successful as "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," by the same author, which in its third edition is selling on the bookstalls at 1s.

At last the Gibbon cupboard is to be unlocked by Lord Sheffield. Mr. Murray announces that he will in the autumn issue the unpublished writings of the historian of the "Decline and Fall." These include his journals, written mainly in French, and relating to his work and travels during 1762-4; his correspondence with members of his family, his friend Lord Sheffield, and other celebrities, political and social, of the time; and the seven different autobiographies. The Lord Sheffield of to-day will edit the work, and write a preface to this collection of undoubtedly interesting material which his ancestor received in trust from the great Gibbon.

A volume of biographical studies of the great astronomers, by Sir Robert Ball, will be published by Messrs. Isbister in the autumn. It will be illustrated.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore has written a work on "Etching in England," which will come from Messrs. Bell, who will also publish in the autumn Dr. G. C. Williamson's book on Richard Cosway.

Mr. E. W. Naylor is the author of "Shakespeare and Music," which Messrs. Dent are to issue shortly.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Frederick Tennyson, brother of the late Poet-Laureate, is to appear in the autumn.

The terrible death of Stamboulloff will have caused greater interest to attach to his biography by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman, which is to be the next volume in Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster's "Public Men of the Day" series. Its appearance will now be delayed somewhat, as a closing chapter will be added, and as the author is abroad.

Mr. Austin Dobson's poems are to be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul in a limited edition in two volumes. The same publishers also announce for publication his "The Story of Rosina," in a style uniform with "The Ballad of Bean Brocade," and, like it, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Mr. Dobson has written an introduction, and Mr. Herbert Railton drawn illustrations for a new edition of T. Hood's "Haunted House," which the publishing house of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen is preparing.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is not now going to bring out his volume of ballads until next spring. His
new lot of jungle stories will, however, appear this autumn. Mr. Kipling disowns the alleged existence of the original of Mulvaney at San Francisco, but says that if Private McManus is a real person and can tell tales to back his claim, "we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific Slope, and wait developments."

A work on English gardening, by the Hon. Alicia Amherst, will be published immediately by Mr. Bernard Quaritch. Illustrations will be given of old English gardens, parterres, &c., and there will be a bibliography of works on the subject from 1516 up to the present.

A volume of fables left by Stevenson will see the light in the autumn. His novel "St. Ives," of which only two chapters remained unfinished when death intervened, will follow. The "Vailima Letters," which will practically be an autobiography of the Samoan Stevenson, is to have a preface and an epilogue by Mr. Sidney Colvin, and, as frontispiece, an etching of the novelist by Mr. William Strang from an Australian portrait.

Next month will see the appearance of Ian Maclaren's new book, "The Days of Old [or is it o'Auld?] Langsyne."

Miss Montresor has named her new work "The One Who Looks On," which Messrs. Hutchinson will issue in the autumn, and her future plans include a serial for one of the monthlies, entitled "Monsieur Morezes." Miss Adeline Sergeant's "Out of Due Season" will appear from Mr. Heinemann in a fortnight's time. "The Way of a Maid," by Katherine Tynan, will be published soon by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Mrs. Hungerford's new three-volume novel, "The Professor's Experiment," will be issued next month by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett will in all probability have a new book out before the end of the year.

As the result of requests made since the appearance of the Dean Stanley biography for more of his letters, a volume of these is in preparation, which will contain, by permission, many written to Her Majesty the Queen; also those to the late Master of Balliol, to Dr. Vaughan, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Drummond, and Sir George Grove. Selections from the Dean's poems, hymns, and occasional verses will also be given.

Another volume of letters long-expected is announced by Messrs. Macmillan, namely, "The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888," collected and arranged by Mr. George W. E. Russell. In a prefatory note Mr. Russell remarks that, "for those who knew Matthew Arnold, the peculiar charm of his letters lies in this—that they are, in a word, himself."

Mr. W. Clark Russell has written for the Autonym Library a volume of stories styled "Cornered," which will appear in the autumn. His twenty-years-old novel, "Is He the Man," has been re-issued during the past month, with a preface modestly begging that it be regarded as a product of an immature stage.

Hitherto Mr. Charles Lowe has been known chiefly as a first authority on things Prussian, in politics and war. He has now written a novel, laid in his special field; it is called "A Fallen Star," and treats of the Scots in Prussia. Mr. Lowe, of course, is himself a Scotsman. The volume will be issued shortly by Messrs. Downey.

For the edition of the works of Poe, which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen are to issue in the autumn, the editors, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor George Edward Woodberry, have fortunately obtained the final corrections made by the author on the margins of an early edition. Much fresh matter is, it is said, included in this new collection, which will be fully illustrated. So tardily, by the way, is the appeal for subscriptions towards erecting a monument over Poe's grave, at Baltimore, being answered, that the expedient of growing roses on the spot and charging fancy prices for them has been suggested as an aid to the fund.

A volume of "Selected Papers on Browning" is to be published by Mr. George Allen. Dr. Edward Berdoe will write the introduction. The contributors include Bishop Westcott, Professor Corson, Rev. H. J. Bulkeley, Rev. W. Robertson, Rev. J. J. Kirkman, Mrs. Ireland, Miss Beall, Miss Marx, and others.

The history of the publishing house of Messrs. Blackwood is being written by Mrs. Oliphant in a form of so much detail that three volumes are necessary. The first will appear in the autumn.

Mr. William Morris's new work "The Well at the World's End," is to have four woodcuts, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and will be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. Mr. Morris's prospectus at the Kelmscott Press includes a volume of verse by Mr. Theodore Watts; "The Cronycles of Syr John Froissart," reprinted from Pynson's edition, 1523, and edited by Mr. H. Sparling; an edition of Shakespeare by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; and "'Christabel' and Other Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis.

Some particulars of Mr. du Maurier's next book have been supplied by Mr. J. Henry Harper to a Tribune interviewer. The opening chapters will deal with French school life; English life, "both fashionable and rowdy," will then be brought in;
and after exploiting the artistic world of Antwerp and Dusseldorf, the scene will recur to England in conclusion. It is to be illustrated, but whether by Mr. du Maurier himself will depend on his health. This story, with “plenty of liveliness and some tragedy,” is to be ready for the publishers about Dec. 1896, will be longer than “Trilby,” and will first appear in Harper's Magazine.

To give “pen-pictures of life in our great universities” is the object of an Anglo-American series which Messrs. Putnam's Sons have in hand. The volumes will consist of college tales and fictions, after the fashion of Mr. W. K. Post's “Harvard Stories,” published some time ago. Mr. John Seymour Wood is responsible for “Yale Yarns,” which is to start the series.

In his “History of Punch,” to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Cassell, Mr. M. H. Spielmann promises “for the first time an accurate recital of the origin of Punch.” Mr. Athol Mayhew claimed in his recently-issued similar work called “A Jorum of Punch,” that his father, Henry Mayhew, was projector, proprietor, and first editor of the paper. Mr. Spielmann, in a vigorous correspondence in the Daily Chronicle with Mr. Loxton Hunter, defines Mr. Mayhew's position as simply that of “one of the three literary co-editors appointed at the beginning, until the sole editorship was vested in Mark Lemon.”

Mr. W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S., is publishing through Messrs. Longmans Green a volume on “British Birds,” which, besides being elaborately illustrated, will have a chapter on structure and classification from the pen of Mr. Frank E. Beddard, F.R.S.

A work on the leading forms of literature represented in the Scriptures has been written by Mr. R. G. Moulton, Professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, entitled “The Literary Study of the Bible.” It will be published by Messrs. Isbister; also a volume which the same author has edited and written an introduction for—namely, “Four Years of Novel Reading: An Account of an Experiment in Popularising the Study of Fiction.”

The past month had but a thin production of books. Mr. Trevor-Battye’s “Icebound on Kolguev” (Archibald Constable and Co.), and Mr. Vandam's book on “French Men and French Manners” (Chapman and Hall)—the real Parisian, he says, loves Paris as he would love his mistress—not his bride; and Professor Dowden’s “New Studies in Literature,” were the most important. In the last days of June the volume of “Dictionary of National Biography,” containing the Parnell notice, was published, and attracted considerable attention. The biographer of the Irish statesman is Mr. Barry O'Brien. Nordau’s “Conventional Lies,” an anterior work to “Degeneration,” but hitherto procurable only in a pirated American edition, was published in authorised form by Mr. Heinemann in the middle of last month.

Captain Younghusband is giving precedence in publication to his work on “The Siege and Relief of Chitral,” which Messrs. Macmillan will publish as soon as possible. His book on his travels in Manchuria, the Desert of Gobi, Turkestan, the Himalayans, and the Pamirs, will, however, appear in the autumn from Mr. John Murray's house, entitled “The Heart of a Continent.” Mr. Murray will also publish a work of travel by Mr. F. St. J. Gore, of Magdalen College, Oxford, the title of which is “Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life.”

Messrs. Macmillan have projected a “Foreign Statesmen” series, to resemble in form their “Twelve English Statesmen.” Professor Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin, is editor.

Mr. Irving B. Richman, Consul-General of the United States to Switzerland, is the writer of a Swiss study, which Messrs. Longmans Green are to publish soon, called “Appenzell: Pure Democracy and Pastoral Life in Inner-Rhoden.”

The publication of Sir Henry Colvile's Uganda book, “The Land of the Nile Springs,” is now announced by Mr. Edward Arnold for the early autumn.

“Interviews with the Immortals” is an amusing little paper-bound volume by “Ananias Green.” Ananias is a journalist and interviewer. He interviews Mr. Micawber, Mr. Sam Weller, Mr. Mark Tapley, and “the Micawber Congress.” The little work is full of fun and go; it is political in its aims, and it is dedicated to the memory of Home Rule. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

An excellent photograph of the dinner given to Sir Walter Besant has been taken by the Stereoscopic Company. The likenesses of the great majority of the guests are very good indeed. Anyone desiring a copy can obtain same from the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, 54, Cheapside, E.C., for the price of 5s.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. Drawing the Agreement.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. Serial Rights.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. Stamp your Agreements.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. Ascertaining what a Proposed Agreement gives to Both Sides Before Signing it.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. Literary Agents.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. Cost of Production.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. Choice of Publishers.—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.

8. Future Work.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. Personal Risk.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. Rejected MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. American Rights.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. Cession of Copyright.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. Advertisements.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:
4. Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. Every member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple
THE AUTHOR.

The best interests of literature in promoting the independent existence of authors.

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

The Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 practiceable 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 them?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings to the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines.
or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—ON REMUNERATION.

Remuneration. Reward; recompense: The act of paying an equivalent for services, loss, or sacrifices.

1. The equivalent given for services, loss, or sacrifices.

This is the definition of the word in Webster's English Dictionary. It is not supposed that anyone will dispute this authority.

How, then, does it apply to the case of the author?

Of late years—or even months—there has been a remarkable and very suggestive persistence, when certain disinterested persons are writing on the commercial aspect of literature, in calling the author's side of the business his "remuneration." The suggestion implied is, of course, that he is the servant of the publisher. It is against the use of the word in this sense, that we must protest continually. The author is remunerated where he executes piece or paid work—is in plain words a servant—prepares a new edition with a biography, or a critical notice, notes, index, &c.; or contributes a volume to a series for a stated sum of money; or writes a paper forming part of a volume; in short, whenever an author performs service for pay he is rightly said to be remunerated.

Many persons engaged in literary pursuits are always in this kind of service, and are therefore remunerated. The cases in which the author is not remunerated are those in which he creates for himself, without being paid, an estate, large or small, which he either sells or hands over to a middleman to administer. Take the case of a great historian, who would dare to speak of remunerating Macaulay? Or what services have Ruskin, Herbert Spenser, Lecky, Seeley, Froude, Freeman, and other great writers rendered to their publishers that they should be "remunerated" by them? The word is an insult. We must always bear in mind that there are now writers in every conceivable branch of literature—except a few scientific branches—writers by the hundred, whose works represent in every case an estate, large or small—generally small; of enduring or of ephemeral kind—generally the latter. This is quite a new thing in literature; it belongs to the literary revolution which is going on all round us; a revolution which has enlarged our readers by millions and
old and much despised arrangement used to be half the profits, by which each would take £43 15s. On the next thousand at 3s. 6d., the returns are £175 less the author's dole of £30. The publisher therefore gets £145. But the book is successful. Another edition is called for of 3000 copies. It costs about £120.

The returns at 3s. 6d. a volume are £525. The publisher therefore stands as follows:

Returns .......... £525 0
Cost of production £120 0
Author at 12½ per cent. .......... 112 10 232 10

Therefore, on the whole book, the publisher receives £517 10s.; the author £157 10s. What does the world think of the publishing business? Let us all crowd in.

III. The bookseller.

His case is simple. He pays an average of (say) 3s. 9d. mostly in single copies, and receives 4s. 6d. He gets 9d. a copy for his profit. We therefore stand as follows:

1. Author on the first 1000 copies ................... 1½d. a copy.
Publisher on the first 1000 copies ................... 1s. 7½d. a copy.
Bookseller on the first 1000 copies ........... 9d. a copy.
2. On the second 1000 copies.
Author per copy ........... 7½d. a copy.
Publisher per copy ...... 2s. 10d. a copy.
Bookseller per copy ...... 9d. a copy.
3. On the following thousands.
Author receives ........... 9d. a copy.
Publisher receives ...... 2s. a copy.
Bookseller receives ...... 9d. a copy.

These figures we commend to the very careful consideration of our friends the booksellers, especially to those who believe the pretty story about the authors' unbridled greed.

III.—An Unfortunate Publisher.

A certain publisher was reported a few weeks ago to have made the following statement about the new agreements with the successful author. He said, weeping, that he could only make, for himself, sixpence or sevenpence a copy out of the work, while the author, who had done nothing in the world except write the book, made eighteenpence. Poor man! He counted all his own office expenses, and would allow none of the author's; nor would he allow anything for the booksellers' expenses. He then went on to say that things had come to such a pass that a successful author would no longer be able to find anyone to publish for him. Really! What if this person had, at the very time of speaking, actually made in two or three months over £1400 out of a single successful novel by his own showing, that is, at 7d. a volume on a successful book—figures not to be blindly accepted? Seventpence a volume for doing nothing, because he had included every possible "office expense"! For doing nothing at all! And yet the successful author would find it impossible to find a publisher! And yet the poor, downtrodden publisher was making over £1400 out of this greedy author—all for doing nothing! Is it possible that such things should be actually believed and accepted? Is it possible that readers should be found to believe them? Is it possible that editors should be found to admit them?

IV.—Canadian Copyright.

There can be little doubt that if the absolute right of Canada to legislate upon copyright is admitted by the Imperial Government, the United States International Copyright Law cannot long endure, and British authors will suffer in consequence. The Canadian market considered as a market for Canadian readers is of very little importance, but the Canadian market considered as a vantage ground from which to send unauthorised reprints into the United States is of very serious consequence.—Harper's.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

This letter from Paris is being written from Peel in the Isle of Man. I think it is as well to confess this at once, as last night I was reading "Literary Impostures" in D'Iral's "Curiosities of Literature," and fear is upon me. I will also admit, however, that this fear is mixed with amusement at the severity of the indictment of these "impostures," for times have moved since then, and with the new journalism and the introduction of American journalistic habits, this kind of imposture has become almost universal. At any rate it is looked upon by American editors, at least, as inevitable in many cases. I remember meeting in Paris an American correspondent who made his living by contributing St. Petersburg letters and Russian news generally to a syndicate of American papers, and these letters always appeared as coming from St.
Petersburg. He would have been highly indignant if I had called him an impostor, and yet no doubt D'Israeli would have included him in his series.

One would like to write Paris letters for ever from Peel for the rest of one's life. Such at least is one's first impression of the place. No doubt, after a fortnight, or say a month, monotony would make itself felt, and there would be hankering after the boulevard and the café, and the rush and whirl of metropolitan life. In the meanwhile it is delightful to look up from one's paper and admire the bay, the ruined castle beyond, the fishing-boats, and, above all, the marvellous lights on sea and land. This Isle of Man is a wonderfully reposeful spot, and there are times when one longs for repose. But the bustle of the great world . . . .

I am very much obliged to various distinguished correspondents to the Author for assisting to enlighten me on the question of the truthfulness of writers of fiction. The question was suggested to me by a confession by Daudet that fibbing entranced him. The novelist must, I think, have a difficulty in steering clear of embellishment, and there is really no reason why he should endeavour to do so. Lying under such circumstances is indeed a complimentary effort on the part of the speaker to interest his audience.

Another question on which I very greatly desire enlightenment is this: Why is it that, as a rule, poets, who speak about their music and are described as "singers" and so on, knew absolutely nothing about music? I know a very distinguished singer who cannot distinguish between "God save the Queen" and "La Marseillaise," and who one day asked me if "Tommy, make room for your uncle," played on a barrel-organ, was not an aria—he said aria—from La Traviata. I have many poets amongst my acquaintances, and I think that the best musician amongst them is a gentleman who can play "Home, sweet home" on the piano with his index finger. Yet they are all "sweetest singers." There is Rollinat, of course, a "sweetest singer," who composes beautiful tunes, but since he occupies himself with composition of music, he has practically abandoned the other kind of music. Was Shakespeare a musician, or Shelley, or Keats? Baudelaire was not, Poe was not, Victor Hugo was not.

And, vice versa, most musicians whom I know have no idea of poetical composition. How very few writers of operas compose their own librettos, or writers of songs their own words. One can explain that this is so in England, that land of literary sweating, by the fact that as poets can be had cheap, to-day, to-morrow, and the day after, the composer does not care to take the trouble to write his words. He can get a nice poem as low as five shillings. In France, however, the writer of the libretto, or of the words for a song, is entitled to one half the royalties paid by the opera or the song, so that it would really be worth the composer's while to dispense with a collaborator. Massenet told me that the royalty on one of his operas or songs is six per cent. of the takings, and that of this he gets half and the librettist the other half. I asked Massenet why he did not write his own words, and he said that he was no poet and had no ear for music of that sort. Gounod and Bizet would have said the same. Beethoven wrote his songs without words.

Verdi goes to Boito, and Sullivan to Gilbert.

I knew that a great many people object to what they call "talking shop," and that many authors affect the same objection. For my part, I care for nothing else but shop (of a literary kind). I live in it, I hope to die in it, and shop I must talk whilst my tongue can wag in its socket. So here is a story of literary earnings, told me by a writer who lives in Paris.

"I am thirty-four," he said, "and have been writing twelve years. The other day in looking over my ledger I found that the sum total of my earnings during these twelve years had been a little over £6000. In my first year, I earned £92; in a fat year, I earned £1100. My work has been in every field of literary activity. I have written sonnets, and I have translated into the French and the German languages the catalogues of ironmongers and of export chemists. I have written a life of Napoleon, and I have composed cookery recipes for the Gastronomical Press. I have contributed variously to the Athenaeum, the Bottlers' Gazette, the Saturday Review, Tit-Bits, the Wood-Pulp Gazette and Papermakers' Journal, Truth, the World, the Lancet, and the Boot and Shoe Trade Review. I have written short stories, reviews, novels, biographies, paragraphs, trade notes, words for songs, translations; in fact, in every department of the trade I have been active and zealous. I have done special correspondence in peace and war, have encountered dangers, was brick-batted by Belgian miners, and shot in the arm by rioters in Naples. And it all amounts to £6000 in twelve years. In actual production these £6000 represent the actual writing of about 9,000,000 words—for I have worked at a rate as low as 4s. the 1000 words, and as high as £5. So that altogether since I started writing for a living I have written what, allowing eighty words to the inch of closely-printed newspaper matter, would make a galley slip of 1,125,000 inches in length—that is to say, considerably over a mile and a half in length; a slip of printed matter more than nine times the
height of the Eiffel Tower, a length which would be an eighteenpenny cab fare, or half an hour's walk from the Alpha of my literary production to its Omega. I have written what, cut up into lengths of the length of a popular novel, would make a library of nearly seventy-five volumes."

Since I have been in the Isle of Man, I have seen a great deal of Hall Caine, and I may say that if this admirable artist and great genius had done no other services to humanity, all authors owe him great respect for the manner in which he has maintained and imposed the dignity of the profession of literature. The Manx people are Conservative of Conservatives; the Conservative notion about writers is what we know; yet in the Isle of Man Hall Caine holds, qua writer, the position that a feudal lord held in the old days amongst his vassals. I shall not soon forget with what enthusiasm he was received by a crowded house of Manx people, at the Grand Theatre, when after the performance of Wilson Barrett's version of "The Manxman," he came before the curtain and made a short speech. Whenever he walks abroad, his whole time is occupied in answering bows and curtseys. It is a pretty sight for a penman. A swordsman never had such honours paid him. He deserves it all, for his sense of the dignity of authorship exceeds that of any captain of the dignity of swordsman ship. And the people recognise it.

There is some excitement in Communist circles in Paris in consequence of the announcement that a novel dealing with the Commune is shortly to appear in London, as announced in various Parisian papers. This is Mr. Francis Gribble's "The Red Spell," which is being published by Constable and Co. One will read this book with interest. It is said, and in de Maupassant's case this was perhaps proved, that the writer of short stories rarely succeeds as a writer of novels. Mr. Francis Gribble has written some admirable short stories—some quite equal to de Maupassant's work—and "The Red Spell" is, I believe, his first novel. However, as it had a very good reception in serial form, no doubt the saying will in his case be disproved.

Mr. Rider Haggard, I read, complains of the people who write paragraphs about authors, and asks, "Why should paragraphs be written about authors?" He calculates that the writers of paragraphs about authors make larger incomes than the authors themselves. I wonder if his calculation is a correct one. I wonder if Mr. E. Curtice or Mr. Durrant knew of authors' objections to this same paragraphing. Indeed, I cannot help but wonder.

I notice, in a recent report of the Société de l'Hospitalité de Nuit, in Paris that, during the last year, seven homeless authors sought the hospitality of their shelters. There were 400 terrassiers, or earth-workers, entertained during the same period. But, then, I suppose that there are more bricklayers than authors in Paris. I wonder who the seven hommes de lettres were! Naturalists, possibly.

For my part, if ever I come to stand in the dock in France, may there be an author or twain among the jury! I should feel easier then as to liberty or life. I remember Zola's views on the criminal code, as he expounded them during the period in which he sat as a juryman in the Paris Court of Assizes; and, quite recently, I met in Madame Adam's office a large-eyed and largely-known man of letters, who kept saying, "I shall acquit him; oh, I shall certainly acquit him." In the end, as he repeated this statement with tedious frequency, I asked him what was the matter, who it was whom he intended certainly to acquit, and for general information on a subject which seemed to be affording him some perplexity. I then learned that I was talking to M. Jules Bois, that he was sitting on a jury at the Paris Court of Assizes, and that he could not find it in him to send the prisoner (who, it appears, had rather a fine head) to penal servitude. The man was subsequently acquitted. Zola voted for the acquittal of every prisoner brought before him. Thus we are in Bohemia.

The great difference between the literary world of Paris and the literary world of London is this, that in London the literary blackleg stalks untarred and unfeathered at the coat-tails of the newspaper proprietor and publisher. The newspaper proprietor gives him so much a line for writing down "innovators," the publisher gives him an occasional guinea for rejecting occasional manuscripts. In Paris such literary blacklegs as try to crawl betwixt heaven and earth would be rapier or pistol targets if they did not, by nature, prefer to be public spittoons. In London we elbow them in our clubs, in Paris they dare not show their faces. These literary blacklegs—I could name many, but would rather spare my pen—are so-called men of letters and should be with us, but prefer to be Ishmaels with one hand turned against the authors and the other hand extended for the coppers of those who are not the friends of men of letters. As long as we authors tolerate in our midst, at our fingers' ends, at our tables, in our salons or garrets these persons, we shall look for solidarity in vain. In Paris no successful author would read the manuscript of another author for a publisher; in Paris no successful author would write, otherwise than under his own signature, a criticism on another author's book; in Paris no author would
espouse the cause of the publisher who, quid publisher, is the author's antagonist. In London a number of blacklegs—Do you know them? Yes, I do—are doing this daily, hourly, minutely, and, like sheep before their shearsers, we are dumb. We even invite them, some to a drink, some to a week at our country-houses. Let us, for our protection form a Vehmgericht, or, since in this age we must be practical, let us have a black book, privately printed and privately circulated, in which the blacklegs or black sheep in our midst are denotated and set down; a waistcoat pocket booklet with their names and addresses; so that when we meet the literary blackleg we may show him the fall of our coats, velvet or shoddy, over the shoulders, and waist, and—beyond.

I have spoken strongly in these pages, but I have always spoken in my own name, and for the further guidance of those who are not content I have given the date of my utterance and the address at which it was uttered. And I can only repeat what Cluny said in Cluny's Cage, in the finest story that was ever written, that if any gentleman is not "preceeesely satisfied" . . . . Well, you know the rest.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

Author's Club,
3 Whitehall Court, S.W.
Aug. 20th.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, August 15.

It is curious to note how the taste of the American public differs from that of the British public. If the American and the British tastes were exactly alike, the New York branches of Macmillan and Co. and of Longmans, Green, and Co. would be still what they were probably intended to be when they were founded—merely distributing offices for the books produced by the London houses. As a matter of fact, both of these houses publish books in London which they do not publish in New York, and they also publish books in New York which they do not publish in London; and both houses are anxious to get the works of leading American authors for publication in New York. In other words, the American houses of Longmans, Green and Co. and of Macmillan and Co. are no longer merely branches of the London houses of the same name, but they are also American publishers on their own account.

Both of them act also as American agents of other English publishers. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., besides their own list of authors, are the American representatives of Messrs. George Bell and Sons (and therefore of the Bohn Libraries), of Messrs. A. and C. Black, and of the Clarendon Press. They also have taken most of the volumes published in London by Messrs. Seeley and Co., and by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., as well as many of those issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. In America they have undertaken the publication of the books issued and to be issued by the new Columbia University Press, which has been founded to do for Columbia College what the Clarendon Press does for Oxford. And this last alliance of theirs is only one of many which are rapidly making the American house of Macmillan and Co., the publishers having almost the closest relations with the professors of the American Universities. Within the past five years they have issued a great many treatises and text-books by instructors in American colleges. As a result of all this activity, the list of books advertised last year in New York by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. very greatly exceeded that of any other house. Probably the sales of not a few of the books of British authorship were very small; but even the humblest of the volumes was actually published in America; it was offered to the American public; it had its chance of popularity.

The course of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. in America has been more conservative perhaps; but they also have been steadily seeking for American authors, and in two departments at least they have been eminently successful—in theology and in text-books for college use. Their first venture in the latter department was the excellent series of "Epochs of American History," edited by Professor A. B. Hart. Their second was the "College Series of Histories of Art," edited by Professor J. C. Van Dyke, who wrote the volume on painting himself, and who secured Professor Hamlin, of Columbia, for the volume on architecture, and Professor Marquand, of Princeton, for that on sculpture. Both Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., and Messrs. Macmillan and Co. publish in Great Britain text-books of every variety for school use; I think I am understating the case when I say that not one in a dozen of these British school-books has any chance of selling in the United States, where the educational conditions are wholly different. And when a sale in America is possible it is due generally to a very careful revision of the text by an American teacher to adapt it to American habits of speech and to American methods of teaching. Thus both the excellent grammar prepared by Mr. Salmon and the excellent geography also issued by Messrs. Longmans,
Green, and Co. have won their way into certain American schools.

The latest American series to be undertaken by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., is, perhaps, the most important of any yet announced by them. It is the result of the strong and widespread interest in the study of literature as literature, which is one of the most characteristic of the recent developments of American education. It is a series of those English classics (both by American authors and by British) which are required in the uniform entrance examinations in English at the majority of American universities. Certain of these works are used in the English local examinations, and have been edited more than once in England. But to American educators these texts (and especially the most of those issued by the Clarendon Press) are unsatisfactory, because their editors neglected to bring out the literary side of the works they annotated, preferring to dwell almost exclusively on the linguistic peculiarities of the authors. In the new series now in preparation by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., special attention is paid to the literary merit of each work, to the position of its author in the history of literature, to the influences which moulded him, to the influence this work in turn exerted on other books; in other words, these English classics are to be edited as if they were primarily literature to be read and enjoyed first of all, and then, secondarily, to be explained and expounded. They are not to be edited as though they were dead matter to be dissected—merely as material to be examined.

The series will appear under the general editorship of Professor G. R. Carpenter, of Columbia College, and will, for the school year 1895-6, consist of the following works, which include the books prescribed for the college entrance examinations in 1896: Irving's “Tales of a Traveller,” with an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College; George Eliot's “Silas Marner,” edited by Mr. Robert W. Herrick, of the University of Chicago; Scott's “Woodstock,” edited by Professor Bliss Perry, of Princeton; Defoe's “History of the Plague in London,” edited by Professor Carpenter himself; Daniel Webster's “First Bunker Hill Oration,” edited by Professor F. N. Scott, of the University of Michigan; Shakespeare's “Merchant of Venice,” with an introduction by Professor F. H. Stoddard, of the University of the City of New York; Macaulay's “Essay on Milton,” edited by Mr. J. G. Crosswell, Head Master of the Brearley School; Shakespeare's “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” with an introduction by Mr. G. P. Baker, of Harvard; and Milton's “L'Allegro,” “Il Penseroso,” “Comus,” and “Lycidas,” edited by Professor W. P. Trent, of the University of the South. Subsequent volumes in the series, uniform with the above, will consist of the works prescribed for reading and study under the uniform entrance requirements of 1897 and 1898, and will be edited by various scholars and experienced teachers from the leading American colleges and secondary schools.

Twenty years ago, and for fifty years before that, the American publishing house which had the closest connection with British authors, and which more especially issued the most British fiction, was the firm of Harper and Brothers. When the “Seaside Library” began the era of piracy, and the old “courtesy of the trade” broke down, the publishing of the latest fiction by foreign authors was only doubtfully profitable to an honourable house forced to compete with dealers in stolen goods. So for twenty years now Messrs. Harper and Brothers have been giving their attention more and more to American authors, with the result that in a recent list of their “Latest Books” advertised in a literary weekly there were only four volumes of British authorship to nine of American, and to one translated from a foreign language. It may be noted also that of the nine books of American authorship, four have already been published in London—Mr. Smalley's “Studies of Men,” Mr. Henry James's “Terminations,” Mr. R. H. Davis' “Princess Aline,” and Mr. J. W. Moore's “History of the American Congress.” And two others are certain to be issued in London sooner or later, although I have not yet seen them announced: one of these is the very vigorous and striking story of Chicago life, Mr. Fuller's “With the Procession,” and the other is Mr. Howells' literary autobiography, “My Literary Passions,” the story of Mr. Howells' early likes and dislikes in literature, and of the changes time has wrought in them of late.

Within the past three or four years the house of D. Appleton and Co. has come forward as the chief purveyor of British fiction to the American public. In a recent advertisement of theirs, headed “Some Standard Fiction,” I counted twenty-four works by British authors, four by American, and four translated; and from this count I omit three volumes by Maarten Maartens, not knowing whether or not to classify them also as British. Probably the size of this list is due to the energy of Mr. G. W. Sheldon, who has been the London agent of Messrs. Appleton for several years now. Although most of the other leading publishers seem to have found the paper-covered series at 50 cents. a volume unprofitable of late, and have given it up, Messrs. Appleton continue to issue, twice a month, the neat little
THE AUTHOR.

brown books which they call the “Town and Country Library,” and in which they print most of the less important British novels which they arrange for. The more important British novels are issued in cloth covers at a dollar and a dollar and a half each. A dollar and a half is six shillings English money, and this seems just now to be the normal price for a work of fiction both in Great Britain and in the United States.

Yet there is no lack of series at a dollar a volume and less. A dollar is the price of every number of Messrs. Harper and Brothers’ new series called “Harper’s Little Novels,” of which the first five numbers were by American authors. The sixth was Mr. Benson’s “Judgment Books,” and the seventh is American again—Mr. Howells’ “A Beginning and an Ending.” Seventy-five cents is the price of the volumes in the “Buckram Series” of Messrs. Henry Holt and Co., in which are included six books by Mr. “Anthony Hope” (including the “Prisoner of Zenda,” announced as in its seventeenth edition). More than half of the volumes in this Buckram series are by British authors, including Mr. Wells’s “Time Machine” and Mr. Morrison’s “Neighbours of Ours.” This last has been re-named for the American market “Slum Stories of London,” and is thus a companion to another volume of the same series, Mr. J. W. Sullivan’s strikingly realistic “Tenement Tales of New York.” Also in this buckram uniform is a volume of “Quaker Idyls,” by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner.

Next year two British novelists will contribute serial stories to important American magazines circulating widely in England. Mrs. Humphry Ward’s new story will appear in the Century, and Mr. J. M. Barrie’s “Sentimental Tommy” will appear in Scribner’s. And, oddly enough, short serials by the foremost of American novelists, Mr. Howells, will also be published in both of these magazines at the same time.

A recent paragraph informs us that “two-cent. literature, a Zulu Chief,” was asked for in a book-store the other day. It turned out that the asker really wanted a life of the martyred Haytian general, Toussaint L’Ouverture, although why he thought him a Zulu is not easily explained. But “Toussaint L’Ouverture” does sound a little like “two-cent. literature,” curiously enough. Another book-store oddity was the memorandum from a student, who wanted “an ad valorem Shakespeare.”

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE death of Baron Tauchnitz, at Leipsig, on Aug. 14 last, removes a personality of great interest, not only to many living but also to the history of literature. Long before the Baron began the reprinting of English works there were reprints published in Paris and elsewhere in which the publishers exercised their legal rights of using literary property not their own for their own purposes without consideration for the proprietors.

Baron Tauchnitz was the first to accompany the publication of English books abroad with a cheque to the author. Action so disinterested could not but call forth expressions of the most lively gratitude. No one, either then or afterwards, ventured to ask whether the cheque sent bore any proportion to the sale of the work; and under the circumstances, perhaps, no one ever will ask that question. It was enough that a man who might legally use a thing for nothing actually paid for it; and there can be little doubt that the growth of public opinion in favour of an international copyright and protection of literary property throughout the world has been largely due to this remarkable—even unique—honesty of Baron Tauchnitz.

We have once or twice in these columns spoken of the injury which is done to all persons connected with literary property in this country by the practically free importation and sale of the Tauchnitz edition in this country. When we remember the hundreds and thousands of English and American travellers who every year return to England from the Continent, everyone of them bearing with him some two or three, some many copies of Tauchnitz books, everyone of which represents a corresponding loss to the trade, it is to be hoped that the matter will be taken up sooner or later seriously, and the importation stopped. This laxity on the part of the Customs House has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the Baron or his business. We hope it may be continued and carried on, for many generations, in the same spirit of confidence, and even of gratitude, which has hitherto marked the history of the Tauchnitz series.

In another column will be found a list of those members of the new House of Commons who have written books. There are fifty-four in number—about one in twelve. An analysis of their works shows that many have written in more than one branch of literature, while the description of others is imperfect. Thus, the
Marquis of Lorne, who has written poems, and, I believe, one tale at least, is set down as author of a "Guide to Windsor Castle." Thus allowing for this overlapping, so that one man may occur in more than one class, it is found that social and political philosophy and essays, nine; education, four; law, four; the army and navy, three; colonies, three; trade, three; fiction, six; literature, one; medicine, one; poetry, two.

It has not been thought beneath the dignity of the St. James's Gazette to inquire into the Fiction of the Kitchen. Why should it be beneath the dignity of any paper to inquire into any branch of literature? "But the penny novellette is not literature." Why not? And where do we draw the line? The writer in the St. James's Gazette has made, to begin with, a discovery of very considerable interest. He has found a literary manufactory; more than one; he suggests the existence of several.

So far as the outsider can be initiated into the mysteries of the literary trade, it appears to be carried on in this way. There are a couple of dozen well-known literary emporiums where several practised hands—mostly women—are kept regularly at work at fairly remunerative wages. To these hands are distributed week by week a certain number of stock plots, situations, incidents, characters, and phrases, out of which they must manufacture a readable story for the parlour-maid class of readers. No doubt the master spirit of the establishment adds little graceful finishing touches, in the shape of mildly amorous poetry, before the production is finally placed upon the market; and these slight differences—imperceptible to a novice reader—will convey to the experienced customer the particular firm from which this or that literary ware emanates.

Of what kind are the works which emanate from these firms?

A striking feature of this school of fiction is its well-intentioned, if peculiar, morality. Unlike the criminal literature so largely read by boys of the lower class, it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a single chapter or passage which is directly subversive to morality or virtue. Furthermore, a reviewer who is accustomed to the circulating-library novels written by progressive ladies for the delectation of their own sex, will be compelled to admit that they compare unfavourably with the fiction produced for Mary Ann in point of decency, propriety, and good taste. You may search the dull and decorous pages of these novellettes in vain for a single suggestive or coarse sentence or double entendre or vicious sentiment. Virtue is always triumphant—not, of course, in the first chapter, or what would become of the story; and vice is as uniformly punished in the last chapter. It is in this false morality—a morality that is not answerable to the facts of life—that we discern its immoral influence upon the minds of immature and ignorant persons. The stories purport, almost without exception, to treat of real life, and it is consequently a dangerous and fatal defect that the writers should be not only completely ignorant of the literary art which would enable them to present life artistically, but, what is of more significance, in a state of virgin innocence in everything concerning the causes, nature, and consequence of men's passions, the complex consequences of human action, and the laws of nature's retribution.

After all, the thing might be worse. A story which is always moral, which deals not with their own class but an imaginary class above their social station, may give the girl who reads it a momentary yearning after the impossible, or a transient discontent with what cannot be helped. I doubt whether any real or permanent harm is done to the self-respect or the principles of a girl by reading of the handsome guardsman and the girl whom he loves, but cannot marry. The housemaid knows very well that she is reading about a world that does not exist; very likely she waits upon the very class depicted, and she knows how different they are. And, if the characters do belong to an existing world, she cannot attain to it—a thing which she knows perfectly well.

A great novelist, according to the Times, has appeared in the City of Chicago. I am glad to hear it, because, two years ago, I pointed out—without being believed—that there exists in Chicago a society of literary students who are working seriously and earnestly with the ambition of producing something real. There is also at Chicago a rich and flourishing university, with a great many professors on a great many subjects, and a great many students. There are good schools in Chicago; there is a good literary paper in Chicago. There are libraries, museums, art collections, concerts, theatres, and, in fact, all the necessary aids to culture. When, in so great a city, we find a number of people steadily cultivating every form of art, it is pretty certain that, before long, one or more will come to the front. The man who has come is one Henry B. Fuller, and the name of his book is "With the Procession." My prophecy was held up to scorn at the time, my prophecy was held up to scorn at the time, and was accidentally omitted from the list of those present at the dinner given to the editor of this paper.

The name of Mr. Needell, author of "Julia Vansittart," &c., was accidentally omitted from the list of those present at the dinner given to the editor of this paper.

WALTER BESANT.
JOHN KEATS.
BORN 29TH OCTOBER, 1795.

Lyrist, who—nursed not by Aonian flow,
But rush and roar of London's wilderness,
Ere scathed by scorn Tartarean—felt the stress
That fired the Greek, the pearl'd Spenserian glow,
And garden-glamour of Boccacio,
Roams he thro' happier regions of redress?
Whom the gods loved—by some divine caress
Dower'd with high song a hundred years ago.

He has survived the critic's venom'd fang,
The day-star of his fame has cleft the gloom,
Around him no elusive phantoms loom,
Nor knows he fruitless passion's arrowy pang:
Still peer the Roman violets round his tomb,
Whose chant was sweeter than the bird's he sang.

C. A. KELLY.

WHAT BOYS READ.

The following is a list of the actual number of times which various books have been taken out of a house library at one of the great public schools during the past eight terms. Books taken out by sixth-form boys are not included. The figures are of interest as some clue to what boys read:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Times Taken Out</th>
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<tr>
<td>Henty</td>
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<td>Ainsworth</td>
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<td>Rider Haggard</td>
<td>58</td>
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<td>Captain Marryat</td>
<td>56</td>
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<td>Jules Verne</td>
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<td>Dickens</td>
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<td>Edna Lyall</td>
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<td>Hume Nisbet</td>
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<td>Sir W. Scott</td>
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<td>J. Grant</td>
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<td>R. Boldrewood</td>
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<td>E. M. Ballantyne</td>
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<td>Mary Rowsell</td>
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<td>R. L. Stevenson</td>
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<td>Q.</td>
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<td>Rev. A. J. Church</td>
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<td>F. Cooper</td>
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<td>Charles Lever</td>
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<td>Sponge's Sporting Tour</td>
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<td>R. D. Blackmore</td>
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No other author reaches double figures—not even Rudyard Kipling, though his books, it should be explained, have only been recently added to the library.—Westminster Gazette.

WHY THERE ARE FEW AMERICAN AUTHORS.

There is probably no country in the world where literature is held in greater esteem than in America. Many circumstances contribute to this result; leisure and opportunity for reading and study are secured by the climatic conditions, which enforce a period of comparative idleness in the cities during summer heat, and in the country during the rigours of winter. The isolated life of the well-to-do farmers, the limited social amenities in the villages and small towns, tend equally to a recognition of books as the best of company; while the natural intelligence and alertness of the whole people find an agreeable stimulus in the lighter forms of literature, and promote an easy perception of the material advantages to be derived from more serious application.

Thus the soil is well prepared for the American author; he can appeal to a population of more than sixty millions, increasing annually by leaps and bounds, almost all able to read, eager to learn, anxious to be amused, and possessing to an unusual degree the means of gratifying their tastes. At a first glance it might be supposed that, with so fair a field to work in, the profession of authorship must be crowded to excess. But this is not the case, and the reasons are not hard to find.

The immense size of the country and the high prices of labour and materials make the production and circulation of books a much more expensive affair than in England, so that the publishers are more chary about undertaking risks unless a large sale can be anticipated. Many a work which would readily find a publisher in England, if it were thought that a thousand or even a few hundred copies could be sold, would be declined without hesitation in America, and thus a young author finds it extremely difficult to get a chance of distinguishing himself. Nor do the magazines and periodicals, which play so important a part in American literature, afford an easier introduction to the public, for the vast scale of their operations necessitates the utmost vigilance on the part of the editors to maintain an enormous circulation, and with this object the safest course is to give the public their favourite authors at any cost.

The young American author, then, finds his career blocked in every direction, whether he aspire to be a novelist, an essayist, or a writer on politics or science; if he can leap into fame it will be well with him, but the ring fence he has to surmount is stiff and forbidding; probably only under stress of circumstances will he face it, in default of an opening elsewhere. And this brings us to the principal cause of emptiness in the ranks of literature. It is notoriously hard to recruit an army in prosperous times, when better paid work is to be had for the asking; in the United States, in spite of bad years, there has been no such pressure of competition, no such overcrowding in more remunerative occupations as drives men and women in this country to accept the hard labour and small rewards of literary work. There is still an El Dorado across the Atlantic for the man of brains who chooses to employ them in commerce, manufactures, or
finance; every day witnesses some fresh development of industrial resources, involving boundless possibilities of wealth and work; what wonder if literature is less attractive as a profession than avocations which breed millionaires?—(From "The Profession of Literature in America."—*Times*).

**LITERARY MEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

The following is a list of the men of letters in the new House of Commons. The list is compiled from the *Times* "New House of Commons":—


**Arnold-Forster**, Hugh Oakley (L.U.).—Author of "In a Coming Tower," "The Citizen, Reader," and many school books. Contributed many letters to the *Times* on military and other subjects.


**Broadhurst**, Henry (R.).—Author of Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill, and the Sites for Chapels Bill, and Deceased Wife's Sister Bill 1884-5.


**Cameron**, Robert (R.).—Writer and lecturer on literature, science, &c.

**Curzon**, Right Hon. George Nathaniel (C.).—Author of "Russia in Central Asia," "Persia and the Persian Question."


**Cooke**, Charles Wallwyn Radcliffe (C.).—Author of a Work on Agricultural Holdings, and of "Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour."


**Crombie**, John William (R.).—Author of "Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands."

**Dilke**, Sir Charles Wentworth (R.).—Author of "Greater Britain," "The Fall of Prince Florestan," "Position of European Politics."


**Farquharson**, Dr. Robert (R.).—Author of medical works, including "A Guide to Therapeutics."

**Green**, Walford Davis (C.).—Author of "The Political Career of George Canning."


**Healy**, Timothy Michael (A.-P.).—Author of "Why is there an Irish Question and an Irish Land League?" "A Word for Ireland," &c.


**Hanson**, Alderman Sir Reginald (C.).—Author of "A History of the Tea Trade."

**Harwood**, George (R.).—Author of "Disestablishment," "The Coming Democracy," and "From Within" and "A Candidate's Speeches."


**Haldane**, Richard Burdon, Q.C. (R.).—Author of "Adam Smith," joint author and editor of "Essays in Philosophical Criticism," and joint translator of "World as Will and Idea."


**Johnston**, William (C.).—Author of "Night Shade," "Under which King," &c.
PUBLISHING houses are issuing their prospectuses for the autumn season, which gives an all-round promise of an output as useful as numerous, though, perhaps, somewhat lacking in books of verse.

Mr. Clark Russell will be represented by two three-volume novels—"Heart of Oak: a Three Stranded Yarn," and "The Tale of the Ten"; and Mr. Grant Allen by a volume of "Moorland Idylls," all to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

John Oliver Hobbes's next novel, "The Herb-Moon," will come shortly from Mr. Fisher Unwin; also a volume of stories by Mr. Clark Russell, called "For Honour and the Flag."

Perhaps one of the most interesting books of its kind to appear in the coming season will be the "Memoirs of Lady Eastlake," edited by her nephew, Mr. Charles Eastlake Smith. The work will consist principally of extracts from the letters and journals of this talented lady, who, in her various capacities as author, artist, and art critic, kept a minute record of the events she took part in, and of the famous people she met. Facsimiles of Lady Eastlake's drawings will adorn the volume, which Mr. Murray is to publish.

Miss Alice Balfour, sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, has written a book describing a tour she made in South Africa. It is to be named "Twelve Hundred Miles in an Ox-Wagon," and there will be illustrations from the author's own drawings. Mr. EdwardArnold is to publish the book in the autumn.

Another work which will come from the same publishing house about this time is Slatin Pasha's record of his experiences in Mahdiland. The illustrations will be by Mr. R. Talbot Kelly. The title is "Fire and Sword in the Sudan."

Among autobiographies of the forthcoming season will be that of Mr. Henry Russell, of "Cheer Boys, Cheer," fame, which probably will be the title. The fact of his wide travels and the many interesting acquaintanceships he enjoyed—Dickens and Charles Mackay, for instance—will ensure for Mr. Russell's volume a keen expectancy in a very large circle.

The volume of reminiscences by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, which the poet had completed a short time before he died, will be published on an early date, edited by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is returning to England to arrange for the publication of the new Californian story she has just finished.

Short stories by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Clark Russell, M. Jules Lemaitre, and M. Jules Claretie, are to appear in a new illustrated annual which Messrs. Sampson Low will inaugurate this autumn. "Slain by the Doones" is the title of Mr. Blackmore's, which will have some affinity to "Lorna Doone."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new book, "Sentimental Tommy," will not appear until the autumn of 1896, as it is first to run serially in Scribner's Magazine, beginning in the January number.
Another study of childhood will be Mrs. Hodgson Burnett’s new story entitled “Two Little Pilgrims’ Progress,” to be illustrated by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., and published by Messrs. Warne.

The life of the Irish novelist, William Carleton, which is being prepared by Mr. David J. O’Donoghue, will be published by Messrs. Downey probably this month. It is founded on an unfinished autobiography, which will now be made public for the first time, and it will have photographs.

A romance by Mrs. Egerton Castle, entitled “My Little Lady Annie,” will be published in the early autumn by Mr. Lane.

Mr. Robert Barr’s new works, to appear in the autumn, are “A Woman Intervenes,” and a volume of short stories entitled “Revenge.” Messrs. Chatto and Windus are the publishers.

The autumn will probably see the publication of a volume of essays by Professor Huxley, representing his later activities, one article having been finished very shortly before he died.

Mr. Henley is to edit a new library edition of the works of Byron, which Mr. Heinemann will publish.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone’s notes to authors upon their works have been by no means rare, and have sometimes made the fortune of the books referred to; but the author of “A Forgotten Great Englishman” must have been somewhat astounded at receiving a note written by Mr. Gladstone on the Monday when all the rest of England was wondering over the remarkable election returns. The note proves also a careful and even minute study of this fifteenth century book, for it refers to a statement in a quotation, thus, “The Life, combined with the fact you state, that Huss and Jerome both studied at Oxford, completely explains a very curious puzzle.” The book has already received very marked attention from the reviewers, and this note will again draw attention to a work that puts a great Englishman back into a niche in English history, after being lost sight of for four centuries. The “Dictionary of National Biography” is to have an article on his life, and Mr. James Baker’s work has thus been thoroughly successful.

“Sword and Song,” by R. Mounteney-Jephson, author of “Tom Bulkley of Lissington,” &c., will be issued by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall and Co. early in October, price 6s., 1 vol.

Mr. Joseph Pennell is publishing in book form the course of lectures he delivered at University College last winter on the art of illustration.

A volume on Christina Rossetti and her work, by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, will be published soon by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

Mr. George R. Sims has written of “Dagonet Abroad,” and the volume will appear immediately from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The same publishers have in preparation a volume of “The Impressions of Aureole,” the diary, it is said, of a well-known society lady.

An anonymous writer is publishing, through Messrs. Archd. Constable & Co., an account of an imaginary excursion of the minor English poets to Parnassus, with W. Le Gallienne and Mr. W. B. Yeats figuring as leaders. Should the humour of the author of “All Expenses Paid” overstep tolerance he will be prepared to apologise.

Dr. Conan Doyle’s “Stark-Munro Letters” will appear in bound form in a day or two.

The Christmas number of the Illustrated London News will contain the only short story that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson left at his death. It is entitled “On the Great North Road,” and the action takes place at the end of last century.

Mr. W. J. Hardy, F.S.A., is the author of “Lighthouses, their History and Romance,” which the Religious Tract Society will publish in a few days.

Mr. Gladstone, in addition to a lengthy introduction to the “People’s Bible History” (Sampson Low), has written an introduction to the “Life of Sir Andrew Clark,” by Malcolm MacColl and W. H. Allchin, which is being prepared for publication by Messrs. Longmans. Besides “The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman,” the latter firm has also in preparation “The Life of Ford Madox Brown,” written by Ford Madox Hueffer.

A monograph on Frances Mary Buss and her work in the cause of education, written by Annie E. Ridley, is to appear from Messrs. Longmans Green in the autumn.

Colonel Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society, is writing a book of Reminiscences.

“The Gurneys of Earlham,” by Mr. Augustus Hare, is definitely announced by Mr. George Allen for publication next month.

Scarce any books appeared in the earlier part of the month, but towards the end the activity suspended during the General Election period begins to return to the publishing world. These, however, may be noted in the August production: “Joan Haste,” by Rider Haggard (Longmans Green); “Jacob Niemand,” by Robert H. Sherard (Ward and Downey); “A Comedy in Spasms,” by “Iota” (Hutchinson and Co.); “Nelson,” by John Knox Laughton, in English Men of Action Series (Macmillan); and “The Greater Victorian Poets,” by Professor Hugh Walker (Swan Sonnenschein).
THE AUTHOR.

The book which attracted most interest, however, was "M. Stambuloff," by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman, in the Public Men of To-Day Series (Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster). A recent contributor to the Saturday Review told how the slain Bulgarian statesman was sitting one night with his friends at a variety theatre; the revelry had reached its highest when he signalled to an official to bring him a document, which he promptly signed, exclaiming "I like contrasts!" It was a death warrant. To partly the same effect is the summary of the minister's character which Mr. Beaman, who was an intimate friend, gives thus:—"Taught in the hard school of want and adversity his nature was rugged as the mountains which were his youthful home and refuge. . . . In Stambuloff we see the strong man defending his house."

The Badminton Magazine is the title of a new shilling sporting monthly of a high class, which began with August. It is edited by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, and the contributors secured include distinguished people who are also noted in some line of sport and pastime. The magazine is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Besides starting a quarterly review devoted entirely to history, America has just added to its monthlies in the Philistinie, issued from New York, its raison d'etre being "to lay the dust of convention, and drive out the miasma of degeneracy." But why periodical? is what the Westminster Gazette, boasting conquest at almost a single stroke on this side, cannot understand.

"Phil May's Sketch Book" is the title of a volume of full-page cartoons by that artist, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish soon.

Mr. Clement Shorter is to edit a work about the Brontë Papers, which were bought in Ireland by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the well-known London book-collector, from the aged husband of Charlotte Brontë. They purport to be a "second series" of the Young Men's Magazine for various months of 1830 and 1831, and are penned in a handwriting too delicate for reading by the naked eye. Mr. Wise has lately edited, for private circulation, a complete collection, in two little volumes, of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, many of which are now published for the first time.

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose highly imaginative work, "The Time Machine," recently secured an encouraging meed of praise, has written a second book. It is entitled "The Wonderful Visit," being satirically the life and impressions of a visitor from an unknown world.

Mr. Morley's reverse in political fortune will afford him time to complete the Chatham biography for the "Twelve English Statesmen" series. Whether he will add to the "English Men of Letters" volumes meantime is doubtful, for politicians count upon his return to Parliament early next year; but he has in view an Irish historical work, dealing with the period of the Union, and based upon a large and important collection of State papers (1795-1805) which he examined while at Dublin Castle. Here it may be remarked that Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., is preparing a volume of his Reminiscences.

Professor Ferri, a member of the Italian Parliament, has written a book on "Criminal Sociology," which will appear in the autumn in the Criminology Series published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Individual and social amelioration of the lot of the people he advances as the great cure for crime.

A new edition of Wordsworth, by Professor William Knight, will form one of Messrs. Macmillan's Eversley series. Eight volumes are to be devoted to the poems, three to the prose, three to the journals, and two to biography. Messrs. Reeves and Turner are employing Mr. Buxton Forman's text in the new edition of Keats, which they are about to issue.

The first edition of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Spring's Immortality and Other Poems" being exhausted, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden will publish shortly a second edition, prefixed to which will be a new poem addressed to Edmund Clarence Stedman.

During Michaelmas Term, 1895, Dr. K. Lentzer will deliver in English five public lectures: one on Literary Ethics, and four on The Danish Nursery-Story as an Art-Form.

A new serial story by "John Strange Winter," entitled "I Married a Wife!" begins in The Golden Penny on Sept. 7th, in which the popular author of "Bootsle's Baby" amusingly describes the possible results of matrimony on a regiment. This novel—which has been written at Birching-ton-on-Sea, where Mrs. Stannard has passed the summer—is said to be the most vivacious its author has yet penned. Her last novel, "A Magnificent Young Man," published a few weeks ago by Messrs. F. V. White and Co., has proved unusually successful, the second large edition being already nearly exhausted; and a similar success has attended its American issue by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Sir William Charley's new work in vindication of the House of Lords, entitled "The Crusade against the Constitution," which was favourably criticised in the February number of the Author. The Prime Minister has written to congratulate Sir William Charley on "the distinguished honour" thus conferred upon the work. "I am sure," he adds, "that it has been
very valuable in influencing opinion, and correcting current misconceptions.”

Headon Hill’s new volume, entitled “The Divinations of Kala Persad, and Other Stories,” reprinted from the magazines, will be published early this month by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden. The same author’s serial, “Guilty Gold,” just commenced in Pearson’s Weekly, is appearing simultaneously in the Melbourne Argus.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Re Every Man His Own Publisher.

In the August number of The Author you ask, after printing my letter to the Westminster Gazette, “Are not the figures wrong? How could a publisher give 4s. for a 5s. book?”

The figures, sir, are right enough. My trade-agents—I did not say publishers—pay me 4s. for each 5s. book (the public pay me 5s.). And there is no nonsense between us of either baker’s or devil’s dozens; they take and get no more than twelve copies to the dozen, and each quarter-day their cheque appears sharp to time with never a blessed halfpenny deducted on any plea. Were I in a publisher’s hands, the outlook I’m thinking would scarcely be so cheerful.

It does seem odd that an unadvertised and altogether unlog-rolled book, by an obscure author, should sell well pertinaciously year after year, since it is emphatically not a work of fiction, nor can it come under the designation either of a cookery book, or a volume of sermons.

I can only state the facts; I cannot pretend to explain them.

I. The Same Old Canny Scot.

“A Canny Scot’s” letter interested me very much, and if she would give a few more particulars of her mode of action it might be of value to others beside myself. How did she get her book on to the booksellers’ counters? That is the difficulty in the case, as I apprehend.

I often wonder why young authors do not try her plan. My first book was published so. It was a modest bit of local history, about 16,000 words in length. A printer in our nearest town printed 500 copies in good type, and bound them neatly in paper for £8. I paid £1 11s. for advertisements in local papers and one London journal. Two or three local booksellers undertook to sell the book for me at a profit to them of twopence in the shilling. I kept account for some time of the copies sold, but then discontinued. About 200 copies had been disposed of when I last calculated the number. The price was 9d. each, of which 7½d. came to me. This gave me £6 5s. wherewith to meet £9 11s. spent for printing and advertisements. A loss, of course, but not so great as if I had not been my own publisher; and, small as the book was, it paved my way to more profitable ventures. But in this case I knew my booksellers; should I have succeeded as well with strangers?

I. A German Authors’ Club.

The “Club of the German Society of Authors” was founded a few years ago by that society to promote social intercourse among authors, artists, and men of science. The great majority of the members consist of Berlin writers, for instance, Herr von Wildenbruch, Herr Otto Eric Hartleben, and others; a goodly number are musicians, amongst them Herr Capellmeister, C. A. Raïda, who is not unknown in this country, and actors, as Herr Alexander, Herr Tiebscher, Herr Krausseck, &c. At present the club occupies four pretty rooms on a first floor of the Kronen-Strasse, in the best quarter of Berlin. The rooms are open from 10 a.m. till 2 a.m. Refreshments can be had at any time within these limits. Here it is that critics congregate after a first night, and one can hear the sharpest tongues of Berlin give judgment for or against the new piece. Smoking is not allowed in the library and reading room, nor is it permitted to take books from the former, or to make cuttings from the papers and magazines. Only members in possession of members’ cards are admitted. They are allowed to introduce guests three times, writing their names in the strangers’ book before entering the rooms. The club fees amount to 5s. a quarter, on payment of which one receives the member’s card above mentioned. If anyone wishes to cease being a member, he must give notice in a registered letter three months before June 30. Dinners are given now and then, and every year a “feast” is held under the auspices of the society for some benevolent fund; in the winter a ball is given. The principal object, however, is to provide a pleasant place of meeting free from every social restraint, where men can stroll in and out just as they please, and that this has been successfully attained no one can doubt that has ever been in the rooms. On the same floor is the bureau of the society, where manuscripts of all descriptions are handed in, for which the society endeavours to find a publisher or an opening in a paper or magazine.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. PREMIUMS TO MEMBERS.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the...
experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our books are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.
Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the “Cost of Production” for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher’s own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

THE CANADIAN COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

I.

Ottawa, Sept. 10.

SIR C. H. TUPPER, speaking at Toronto yesterday, referred to the Canadian copyright question. He said that, in his opinion, the time had come when the country must know whether the unanimous will of the Commons of Canada was to be respected by the advisers of Her Majesty in London. “I believe,” he continued, “that Mr. Chamberlain, with his great ability and knowledge of our affairs, will prove equal to the occasion, and insist, no matter how the authors and publishers of Canada and London may disagree, no matter whether the right of the argument be in favour of the authors and publishers of Canada or of the authors and publishers of England, that what was intended by the British Parliament in 1867 must be observed in 1895. We have a right to misgovern ourselves, if we choose, in the matter of copyright as we have in tariffs and everything else.

In the course of a conversation which I had with him to-day, the Minister of Justice said that he would be glad to receive Mr. Hall Caine personally and listen to him, but as the Dominion Government simply represented the unanimous voice of Parliament, it would be improper for him to discuss with the representative of the Society of Authors the wisdom or unwisdom of the action of the Canadian Legislature.—Correspondent of the Times.

II.

Mr. Lancefield loses sight altogether of the real interests of the great body of authors and publishers outside Canada, and very conveniently ignores England’s international copyright obligations. The United Kingdom and the colonies have joined the Berne Literary Convention, which remedied, for the first time, a longstanding grievance, and has given protection to authors and publishers where formerly there was none.

Is it then possible that the British Government will be so shortsighted as to weaken this important agreement on the simple plea that it does not suit specially the Canadian printers and publishers?

Concessions once made in favour of Canada could not be withheld from Australia and other British colonies, and any attempts to exclude the colonies from the Copyright Act would inevitably lead to dissensions. The conditions of the Berne Conventions are essentially based upon the mutual reciprocity of nations; France, Germany, and other contracting parties would, therefore, certainly have cause for complaint—and very justly so—if any such partial and one-sided exceptions were introduced. In what position would British authors be if, for instance, such important book-manufacturing centres of Germany as the kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, and Württemberg determined, on the same plea, to free themselves from the restrictions imposed upon the whole of Germany by the Berne Convention? These restrictions must have told very hardly in certain localities, considering that the people engaged in the production of books in any one of these kingdoms exceed by far those similarly occupied in Canada. If such exceptions were to be tolerated, I am afraid that piracy would soon be again the order of the day.

HENRY KLEINAU.

18, King William-street, Charing Cross, Sept. 9.


III.

Considerable interest has been aroused among British authors and publishers by reason of the attempt to obtain proclamation of the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889. This act was “assented to” May 2, 1889, to “come into force on a day to be named by proclamation of the Governor-General.” At the request of the Imperial Government a Canadian representative has been sent to England to discuss the copyright question with the imperial authorities, and in the meantime proclamation is withheld.

The particular provision of this Act which is most objectionable to the British author and publisher is the one which requires, as a condition of obtaining copyright in Canada, that a book, &c., shall be printed and published or reproduced in Canada within thirty days after publication elsewhere, in default of which any Canadian printer may lawfully print and publish the same, being obliged, however, to give security to pay to the author a royalty of 10 per cent. upon the retail price of such publication.

If a law containing such a provision is established in one of the British colonies, copyright throughout the imperial domain may be burdened.
with the requirement of separate publication in each of the colonies, which would be especially embarrassing to the British author.

A question of more general importance, if the right of colonial legislation upon copyright be admitted, will be the effect of such legislation upon international copyright.

The Act of 1889, above referred to, contains this provision, limiting the persons who may obtain copyright:

Any person domiciled in Canada, or in any part of the British possessions, or any citizen of any country which has an international copyright treaty with the United Kingdom, in which Canada is included, who is the author, &c.

This raises the question whether citizens of the United States could obtain copyright in Canada even by printing and publishing there, for there is no international copyright treaty between the United States and the United Kingdom.

There can be little doubt that if the absolute right of Canada to legislate upon copyright is admitted by the Imperial Government, the United States international copyright law cannot long endure, and British authors will suffer in consequence. The Canadian market, considered as a market for Canadian readers, is of very little importance, but the Canadian market considered as a vantage-ground from which to send unauthorised reprints into the United States is of very serious consequence.

This presents practical questions which have already been forced upon our authors by a late ruling of the Treasury Department of the United States.

Heretofore the proprietors of United States copyrights have had the aid of our Treasury Department in preventing the importation into the United States of unauthorised reprints of their works coming from abroad, so that careful authors, aided by the customs officers, have succeeded in fairly maintaining their copyright property. Of course this has not been done absolutely, for the long frontier gives special facilities for the passing into the United States of the garbled and trashy reprints coming from the Canadian presses. But the author has had his market fairly free from them. The importation of such copies being unlawful, and involving forfeitures and damages, the authors, when aided by the Treasury Department, have had practical facilities for protecting their rights, and seldom had occasion to resort to legal proceedings.

By this new ruling, however, the Treasury Department has taken the position, in effect, that authors shall no longer have its aid in cases where not more than two copies of a work are imported, and that in such cases, if the copies imported are unauthorised reprints, the owner of the copyright must resort for relief to the courts, and bring his action for the forfeiture of the copies and for damages. As these reprints are generally of the very poorest quality, and sell for about twenty-five cents each, the duty upon them is also remitted under Article 1036, Customs Regulations of 1892.

The effect of this ruling, which was promulgated last spring, has already been felt in the market, and the unauthorised reprints can now be readily obtained. Indeed, under such circumstances this could not be otherwise. It is well known that the Tauchnitz reprints find their way through English custom-houses in great numbers, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the customs officers to prevent it, aided by the publishers who honestly desire that the importation into England of such reprints should not take place.

Unless our Treasury Department recedes from its present position, and co-operates with the authors as heretofore, the unauthorised Canadian reprints will seriously endanger the market value of all domestic copyrights, and materially reduce the profits of our authors.

This extraordinary ruling of Secretary Carlisle could, we think, be reversed on a proper presentation, and we are surprised at the indifference so far shown by American authors to the injurious significance of this ruling.—Harper's Weekly, Aug. 24.

IV.

A correspondent writes:—"The much vexed question of Canadian Copyright has at length made some steps towards a settlement. Mr. E. L. Newcombe, Q.C., Deputy Minister of Justice, who came to this country as the representative of the Canadian Government, is on the point of returning to Canada. He will carry with him certain modifications of Canada's demand in the still inoperative Act of 1889. These modifications have been suggested by the Colonial Office after close and careful intercourse with Mr. Newcombe, as well as with the representatives of English authors and publishers, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. F. R. Daldy. It would be advisable and premature to make any statement of their scope further than to say that they are understood to recognise the right of copyright in Canada to every person who has any right of copyright in the United Kingdom. Beyond this general principle certain concessions are suggested which it is believed will meet all that is fair and just in Canada's expectations. It now remains to the Canadian Government to frame an amended Act that will be likely to obtain the approval of both Parliaments, and it is hoped that Canadian printers on
the one hand, and British authors on the other, will be able to accept the compromise which the Colonial Office suggests. As Mr. Newcombe’s instructions forbade him to meet anybody except the Government, it has been thought right that Mr. Hall Caine should carry out the wish of the Authors’ Society and go to Ottawa as the delegate of English authors to confer with the Canadians on the terms of their reconstructed Bill. What he will be allowed to do, whether to appear before a committee of the Canadian Parliament or, perhaps, speak at the Bar of the House, will be, of course, at the discretion of the Premier; but it is probable that the Colonial Office, and certainly the English people, would hear with satisfaction of any favourable mark of the disposition of the Canadians to arrive at a settlement which, while doing justice to Canadian demands, would not be unacceptable to the authors and publishers of this country. Mr. Caine is to sail on Sept. 18, by the White Star steamship Teutonic.”—Times.

The point we put is that it is a question of equity and honesty, and not, as Sir Charles Tupper puts it, a question of the right of Canadians to misgovern themselves. Canadians get full protection in the Mother Country for all their rights, including copyrights and patents, by virtue of a common citizenship; yet they now propose to deprive their fellow-citizens at home of the corresponding rights in Canada. That is no question of misgovernment, it is a question of honesty and right feeling. The average tone and spirit of politics in Canada is perhaps as low as it is in any part of the Queen’s dominions, but we might reasonably expect that public opinion in Canada would not be favourable to the perpetration of an act of sheer confiscation. The Canadians might at all events be reached by considerations of self-interest. They are now proposing to wrong a class which exercises a most powerful influence on English opinion. The question is often asked in this country, what possible advantage we gain by the association with Canada. The Dominion claims practically an absolute independence in its domestic, and almost absolute freedom in regard to its foreign, policy. She is a fruitful source of embarrassment in our relations with the United States. It would be difficult to point out where any compensating benefit to the Mother Country accrues. Money is borrowed in this country, and drawn from this country by millions, to promote the expansion of the Dominion, and in return our manufacturers are taxed to protect her struggling industries, and enrich her local manufacturers. We have to keep our fleet and army ready to protect her in her differences with the powerful Government at Washington, and every Canadian citizen has as freely at his disposal the aid of our diplomatic and consular service as any Englishman. Except for the costly conceit of counting Canada as a dominion under the British flag, there is little we gain by the connection which could not as readily, and perhaps more cheaply, be secured from a foreign State. The Canadians would do well to ask themselves whether it is worth while, for the sake of benefiting a few pirates, to set against them the most powerful influence in the Mother Country. The least they can expect to pay for naval, military, and diplomatic protection is an equitable consideration for the rights of their fellow-citizens throughout the Empire.—Overland Mail, Sept. 13.

VI.

The following letter from Mr. John G. Ridout in further reply to Mr. Lancefield appeared in the Toronto Mail of Aug. 24.

“Sir,—In the Mail of the 17th Aug. Mr. Lancefield is again as illogical and full of error as ever; he makes the mistakes of one who has only an imperfect smattering. He still thinks the manufacturing clause in the Patent Act is imperative and unavoidable, and that, therefore, books (like inventions) should also be subject to manufacture in Canada to obtain copyright, whereas it is settled law here that if there is no demand for the invention in Canada, there is no obligation to manufacture within two years or other extended period. (See 2 Ex. Ct. Rep. Can.—Barter v. Smith.) As a solicitor of patents, I am engaged every week in obtaining certificates of extension of time, and it is possible for a valid patent to exist for eighteen years without any manufacture whatever under it. How does this compare with the miserable one month allowed to manufacture under this piratical Copyright Act of 1889, which Mr. L. is so anxious to have passed in the interest of a few publishers?

“Mr. L. is also grossly in error in supposing that Canada has the ‘undoubted constitutional right to legislate as to copyright,’ and that Lord Salisbury was given an unwarranted pledge to the United States authorities in 1891, when he told them that a U.S. citizen, by obtaining copyright in Great Britain, secured it also in all British possessions. This Mr. L. designates ‘startling intelligence,’ ‘a thunderbolt out of a clear sky,’ whereas it has always been the case since the Imperial Act of 1842, before Mr. L. was born, and is likely to continue so. The B. N. A. Act did not affect this Act one iota. In Smiles v. Belford, 23 Grant, 590 (Sept., 1876), Proudfoot, J.,
finds that the Imperial Act of 1842 was still applicable to Canada, and states: 'I have not been able to discovery anthing in the statute (B. N. A. Act, sect 91-129), re copyright conferring any greater powers in this respect on the Dominion and province, than was previously enjoyed by the Province of Canada. There is nothing indicating any intention of the Imperial Parliament to abdicate its power of legislating on matters of this kind. It was never contended that the Provincial Legislature could make laws at variance with those which the Imperial Parliament might choose to pass, and declare to have effect throughout the British dominion, &c.'

"This was unanimously upheld in the Court of Appeal (Ont. S. C. I App. Rep. Ont. 436, March, 1877); it was also considered that the 'Colonial Laws Validity Act' was paramount, and all that was done by the B. N. A. Act was to transfer from each of the Provincial Legislatures to the House of Commons the right to legislate as to copyright.

"On Dec. 31, 1889, the Law Officers of the Crown decided that the power of legislating as to copyright under the B. N. A. Act did not authorize the Parliament of Canada to amend or repeal any imperial Act conferring privileges in Canada, and that the Colonial Laws Validity Act (1865) rendered such legislation void where repugnant to the provisions of this latter Act.

"Notwithstanding all the sophistries and special pleading of the late Sir John Thompson, made doubtless to appease the Copyright Association of Canada, who have the cheek to hold themselves forward as representing Canada, although with a membership of only some twenty-six, this question has been settled absolutely years ago, and yet Mr. Edgar, M.P., and some others, do not appear to be aware of this fact, and still harp on the B. N. A. Act.

"Copyright is an imperial question and not a colonial question. Canada is part of a worldwide empire, and a member of the great international brotherhood of authors and artists from which a few unpatriotic and selfish Canadian publishers wish to sever us. We have extradition treaties and Merchant Shipping Acts imposed on us without a murmur. As we are not permitted to make Canada the dumping ground and place of refuge for the criminals of the world, so we should not be permitted to make her a nuisance in the literary and artistic world by breaking up the international convention as to copyright, and destroying the rights and privileges of Canadian authors, artists, musicians, &c. (to say nothing of the rights of Britshers and others), throughout the empire and the most civilised countries of the world." This would be the effect of withdrawing Canada from the Berne Convention, in order to appease the greed of half a dozen Canadian publishing houses, members of this paltry Copyright Association, who have been dictating the policy of the Government as to copyright. Our statesmen for years past have been pursuing a policy of isolation for Canada, both as to copyright as well as patents, trade marks, and designs. What sense is there in belittling, discouraging, and destroying the privileges of over five hundred copyrighters each year in Canada, to appease the specious "home manufacture" cry of half a dozen Canadian publishers?

"Outside of the provisions of the Berne convention the International Copyright Act of 1886 (Imp.) gives a Canadian copyrighter copyright throughout all the Queen's dominions merely by obtaining copyright at Ottawa. What, then, have we to complain of? We have reciprocal rights.

"Yours, &c.,

"JOHN G. RIDOUT.

"Toronto, Aug. 21."

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, Sept. 15.

In the very interesting series of letters on "Literature in America," which has been appearing in the London Times, perhaps the most interesting paragraph was the one in which the correspondent declared that "No part of their British inheritance is more prized by Americans than our literature. Few of them cross the Atlantic without visiting Stratford-on-Avon—a pious pilgrimage seldom undertaken by ourselves... In most departments of life national distinctions and improvements upon British example are emphasised; in literature a disposition exists to claim a common heritage with us in the great masters of language; to assert an even firmer loyalty to the old models than we can. In American schools and universities the study of English literature receives undoubtedly more attention than in ours; and, even in purity of pronunciation and correct use of words, they are in many respects more conservative. Societies, clubs, and reading circles founded for the study of the works of a single author, or a particular period, are far more abundant; and the average young American men and maidens have probably read and studied more standard English literature than their contemporaries in the old country."

Here, if I may open a parenthesis, the correspondent of the Times fails to observe the dis-
distinction between the words British and English, which is beginning to obtain among American writers on English literature. As I heard this distinction put by a professor of literature at a leading American university not long ago, it is to this effect, "English literature is co-extensive with the English language. Whatever is written in English, no matter whether in London or Edinburgh, or New York or Calcutta, or Melbourne, in so far as it may be literature at all, is a part of English literature. That portion of this great English literature of ours which is written in America is American literature, that portion which may be written hereafter in Canada or in Australia will be Canadian literature and Australian literature. And thus, to distinguish that portion of English literature now being written in Great Britain, we are forced to call it British literature." In a word, since both sets of writers are using the English language, the proper antithesis is not between English authors and American authors, but between American authors and British authors.

But the correspondent of the Times is altogether right in his assertion that English literature as a whole is more elaborately studied in the United States than in Great Britain. Nothing is more surprising to the undergraduate at an American university who wishes to pursue still further his studies in his own language than to discover that he can get no instruction in English literature at either of the great English universities. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that nothing is more surprising than this, for there is one thing even more astonishing, and this is to find an accomplished journalist like Mr. Andrew Lang seriously contending that English literature cannot be taught. Apparently Mr. Lang confounds teaching with examining. Literature, whether English or French or Latin or Greek, is a bad subject to examine on, no doubt; probably but little of any Greek examination is based on Greek literature, as literature pure and simple. But it is only in Great Britain, I think, that teaching is subordinated absolutely to examining. The Germans teach German literature with their usual thoroughness; the French teach French literature with their usual tact and skill; the Americans teach English literature. Just how they do it can be seen by a perusal of a volume called the "Teaching of English," recently published by D. C. Heath and Co., and containing a score of papers reprinted from the Dial of Chicago, where they appeared nearly two years ago. Each of these papers was written by a professor at an important American university, and each gives an account of the method employed at that institution, noting the number of instructors and providing a list of the courses given. In the department of English at Harvard there must be nearly half a score of instructors, and in the same department at Columbia there are more than half a dozen. I cite these two institutions because no other of the American universities give as much attention to English as do Harvard and Columbia. The writer of the article on Yale in this volume complains of the fatal inadequacy of the instruction there, for example. As the writer of the article on Columbia points out, the English department has three distinct divisions; it is expected to teach first, English composition, in other words, rhetoric; and second, the history of the English language; and third, the history of English literature. At Oxford and at Cambridge there is formal instruction only in the second of these three divisions, the history of the English language, although a certain amount of instruction in the first of the three, rhetoric, is undoubtedly given to the tutors in their criticism of the frequent essays. In every important American university the effort is made to supply proper instruction in all three departments. It is perhaps in the teaching of rhetoric that the greatest advance has been made, under the leadership of Harvard. Professor Barrett Wendell there, acting perhaps on suggestions of Professor A. S. Hill, developed a new method of practical instruction in English composition. The substance of Professor Wendell's teaching is to be found in his volume of lectures published two or three years ago by Charles Scribner and Sons. Professor George R. Carpenter, a Harvard man, brought this method to Columbia, where it was still further improved. Now Yale has called a Columbian man, Dr. Charles S. Baldwin, to introduce it to the undergraduates at New Haven. Professor Carpenter's book on "Rhetoric" is now published by Macmillan and Co. Four little volumes recently issued by Henry Holt and Co. are also to be mentioned here, as they are the outcome of this new movement. They are "Specimens of Argumentation," edited by Mr. G. P. Baker, of Harvard; "Specimens of Exposition," edited by Mr. Lamont, also of Harvard; "Specimens of Narration," edited by Mr. Brewster, of Columbia; and "Specimens of Prose Description," edited by Dr. Baldwin, formerly of Columbia and now of Yale. These specimens have in each case been carefully chosen to reveal the principles of the art, and they are adroitly contrasted one with another; and the notes and introductions of the editors afford a body of doctrine which the student can afterward apply for himself.

The literary activity of the faculty and advanced students at Columbia is probably second only to
that at Harvard. The total number of instructors at Harvard is over three hundred, and the total number at Columbia is over two hundred and fifty; no other American university has two hundred—Chicago, Yale, and Princeton coming next to Columbia. Certain of the doctorate dissertations are issued in a series of "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law," and others in a series of "Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education," both of which now bear the imprint of Macmillan and Co. There is talk of a third series shortly to be begun of "Studies in Literature and Philology." The next volume of the Columbia University Biological series will be Dr. Bashford Dean's "Fishes, Living, and Fossil;" and the next three publications of the Columbia University Press will be Professor Mayo-Smith's "Statistics and Sociology," Professor Munroe-Smith's "Roman Cases on Obligation," and Professor E. B. Wilson's "Atlas of Fertilization." Other new books by Columbia professors published by Macmillan and Co. are Professor Giddings' "Theory of Sociology" and Professor E. R. A. Seligman's "Essays in Taxation."

I hear that Mr. Laurence Hutton, before his arrival in London, was busy in Paris with Dr. B. E. Martin, preparing a book upon the "Home and Haunts of French Men of Letters in the French Metropolis." Dr. Martin, who has been a diligent and enthusiastic student of that side of Paris for upwards of a quarter of a century, had gathered a great mass of valuable and interesting material, which Mr. Hutton was helping him to verify and identify on the spot, and in a local way, with the aid of old maps and plans of the city. The book is to be uniform with Mr. Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London;" and in view of Dr. Martin's knowledge of the French capital, the French language and French literature, coupled with Mr. Hutton's experience in digging out such things and putting such things together, the work should be one that will appeal to many readers. There is no book, in French or in English, especially devoted to this subject, and the allusions to it in the literature of Paris are scant and scattering.

Year by year the number increases of the books which have first seen the light piecemeal in the magazines; and just now an unusually large proportion of the volumes recently published or about to appear are made up of contributions to periodicals. Mr. Frederic Remington has found a particularly happy name for the collection of the breezy papers he has written to accompany his own vigorous pictures; he has called it "Pony Tracks," and it is published by Harper and Brothers. From Harper's Magazine also has Mr. R. H. Davis gathered the papers which recorded the experience of a tenderfoot in Paris. To be expected soon is the volume containing the bold and striking stories of Western life with which Mr. Owen Wistar has strengthened the pages of Harper's during the past two years. From the Century have been taken the admirable woodcuts of the great Dutch paintings, engraved directly from the originals by Mr. Timothy Cole, and to be accompanied by letterpress from the pen of Mr. John C. Van Dyke. In the Century also appeared the articles by Mr. Brander Matthews, which will be published in London by George Bell and Sons in the Ex-Libris Series, and here in New York by Macmillan and Co., under the title of "Bookbindings, Old and New; Notes of a Booklover." From St. Nicholas and the Harper's Young People comes a volume to be published by the Century Company; it is called "Hero Tales of American History," and it has been prepared by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, who have picked out of the very eventful and picturesque history of the United States certain of the most characteristic episodes—the Battle of New Orleans, for example, the Fight of the Constitution and the Guerriere, Cushing's Attack on the Albermarle, &c. Mr. Lodge is a senator of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt is now President of the Police Commission of New York City; they are both men of letters, and they are both practical politicians. For the Freeman and Hunt series of "Historic Towns," published by Longmans, Green, and Co., Mr. Roosevelt wrote the volume on New York, and Mr. Lodge that on Boston.

The welcome announcement has been made by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., that enough of Lowell's hitherto uncollected verse has been found to warrant the publication of another volume of his poetry this autumn. It is to be hoped that more than one volume of his prose will follow in due season, for there is abundant material for half a dozen volumes of essays scattered here and there in the Nation, and in the Atlantic Monthly, and in the North American Review. H. R.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

As a consequence of my last "Notes from Paris" in the Author, I have received several letters in which I am asked several questions. Of these the only one which I have time to answer this month is the question: "Who reads for publishers in Paris?" The answer is: The publisher himself, and that very rarely. French publishers rarely, if ever, take any risk in connection...
with a book. An unknown author having an MS. to publish, must pay for its publication. A successful author's work is sent to the printers without any previous perusal. Few, if any, Parisian publishers have "literary advisers;" their "literary advisers" are their ledgers. What literary advisers there may be—I never heard of any—are certainly not successful authors.

In conversation the other day, at the National Club, in a group in which, inter alios, Hall Caine and Harold Frederic were present, the talk turned on the literary blackleg, and the case with a book. An unknown author having an MS. to publish, must pay for its publication. A successful author's work is sent to the printers town. Daudet was enthusiastic about its literary quality.

The gentle poet François Coppée is back in his native Paris from a cure at Eaux-Bonnes, and, I am glad to hear, at work again on a new novel which, begun in the spring, had been laid aside at the time of his illness. We shall await this novel with interest, for Coppée has not yet succeeded in producing a good novel, though he has produced good poetry and excellent plays. Few men can write both excellent plays and excellent novels. Will Coppée be one of the few? I hope so, for he is such an excellent man.

François Coppée never refuses to be interviewed, though he is a nervous, reserved man, very fond of seclusion. I once saw him being interviewed by an American journalist who hardly spoke any French at all—Coppee speaks no English—and I could not help admiring his patience and his benevolence. "Why should I refuse to help the good young fellows—who, after all, are my confrères—to earn a little money?" he says.

Of interest to English readers will be "Nouvelles études Anglaises," by the late M. Darmesteter, which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Calman-Lévy. Of similar interest to the Americans will be Les Américaines Chez Elles, by Th. Bentzon, which will also be published by Messrs. Calman-Lévy.

Amongst further contributions to the mass of literature on the Napoleonic period, which are shortly to be published in Paris, I note "Le Journal de la Campagne de Prusse, 1806-1807," by Maréchal Davenant, "Lettres de la Duchesse de Broglie," "La Campagne de 1812," by Major Faber du Faure, with a preface by Armand Dayot, Georges Barral's "Épopée de Waterloo," Ida Saint-Elme's "Memoires d'une Contemporaine," vol. 2 of the "Journal du Maréchal de Castellane, 1804-1863," the "Memoires du Duc de Persigny," the "Memoires du Lieutenant-Général Comte de Saint-Chamans, 1601-1830," and the fifth and last volume of General Baron Thiebault's memoirs. And I have only mentioned the more important. Hall Caine used to tell me of some great writer who told him that it is the first sign of decay in a man when he begins to persistently look back on his past. If this be true, and if it holds good with nations also, I am afraid that our dear France must be in a bad way. Indeed, I know she is.
A question which is agitating literary Paris is this: Inasmuch as the French Academy was only created by Richelieu for the purpose of writing a dictionary of the French language, will the Academy, ipso facto, be dissolved when it has finished its labours on the French dictionary? Academicians are being consulted on this question. In the meanwhile, M. Zola need not be anxious. The labour of the Academy appears to be as immortal as the Academicians themselves claim to be. The dictionary has not progressed during all these years beyond the letter A.

Léon Daudet is bringing out a volume of “Critiques,” I am rather sorry to hear. Léon Daudet has far too much originality to need to write “critiques” about other writer’s works. We had been hoping for his new novel, “Le Voyage de Shakespeare dans le Nord.”

Considerable interest is being taken in France in contemporary English literature, and of late quite a number of translations of modern English novels have appeared en feuillet in the best French newspapers. This is as it should be, though the prices paid for droits de traduction are lower than they should be under the circumstances.

In Arthur Benham we, of the Authors’ Club, have lost an excellent companion, a downright good fellow, and the world at large an exceptionally gifted writer. If Benham had lived, the English stage would have been endowed with plays which would have been able to bear comparison with the best French work. Those who knew his work, and could foresee of what he was capable, will agree with me in this statement.

The tendency of French authors, with the notable exception of M. Emile Zola, is to give less and less matter in their 3fr. 50c. volumes. This is less because the French author is lazy than because the French reader prefers a short book. In England, whose commercialism infects everything and everybody, the reader wants as much “reading-matter” for his money as he can get. Other things being equal, the 6s. volume, which contains 120,000 words, will sell far better than the 6s. volume of only 80,000 words, and so on. Many booksellers have told me this on both sides of the water.

Robert H. Sherard.

The utterances of Sir C. H. Tupper on the copyright question, as reported in the Times, do not appear conciliatory, but quite the contrary. He seems to have no understanding of the real interests at stake which are not at all connected with the paltry gains of a few Toronto printers. Nor do they really concern, so far as Canada is concerned, the material interests of authors. Under the old arrangement Canada is bound to collect and to send over 12½ per cent. royalty. This she has never done, except on a very small scale. Under the new arrangement she will be bound to collect and to send over a 10 per cent. royalty. There is not the least reason to believe that she intends to discharge this, any more than she has hitherto discharged the other obligations. No one would object to the action of Canada in this matter but for the danger to international copyright. Nothing can be more important than that all the English speaking races should be governed by the same laws of copyright, and that these laws should protect literature alike in every one of the countries concerned. If Sir C. H. Tupper is unable to see the importance of binding all these countries together by the bond of a common literature, so much the worse for Sir C. H. Tupper; and still the fact remains that, although the proposed action will endanger this great measure, now happily obtained after fifty years of struggle for it, these Canadians are pressing on a measure with no excuse but (1) the alleged right to make their own copyright laws, and (2) the undoubted intention of the Toronto printers—there are no publishers to speak of—to pour their cheap and pirated stuff into the American market.

Is there to be a new form of novel? If so, it will be a novel told in dialogue, with scenes, acts, and tableaux. The French have for some time used this method with short stories. A story called “A Hard Woman,” by Miss Violet Hunt, now running in Chapman’s Magazine, is destined, I think, to be followed by many others told in the same way. Miss Hunt relates her story almost entirely by dialogue. Not quite. In her next novel of this kind she will probably still more largely use the dialogue form. In the bright and clever pages of “A Hard Woman” there are many little bits of description which might be turned into dialogue, and there are other bits which might be omitted altogether, as, for instance, the words which describe the action. Of course, it is quite possible to write a long novel wholly as a play. Since a
play tells a story, a story can be told by a play. That is elementary. But there are certain rules to be observed in an acting play which do not apply to a novel: romance is not limited to two hours in reading; nor to five acts; nor to any set scenes; nor is it bound to observe the conventional exits and entrances; nor has the novelist to "write up" parts for this or that actor. In all these points he is quite free. Yet a novel in dialogue has to be dramatic. In other words the characters must stand out, every one clear and distinct and unmistakable: there can be no woolliness. The story must be clear and plain from the outset: everything must be indicated briefly: the situations must be effective: there must be no waste of talk: the scenes must not be too long: every chapter, i.e., every situation, must have its own scene: and there must be no waste of scenes, but every one must carry on the story.

Everybody must have observed the growing tendency to use dialogue instead of description. The old-fashioned description—word-painting it used to be called—is going out fast. Perhaps we are too impatient to read it any longer. If, for instance, you take up one of the old-forgotten novels of the last century—I have scores of these, and have had to read them all—you will find description employed for everything. No emotion, no passion, is suggested or left to the imagination; there is very little dialogue. The result is, generally, the most deadly dulness conceivable. I think that Black and White was the earliest paper to publish these dialogues, and monologues, and scenes in dialogue which, in the hands of Anthony Hope and Miss Violet Hunt, and others, have been found so delightful and so fresh. With the "Hard Woman" before us, it seems quite safe to prophecy a great development of the dialogue. Meantime, it must be remembered, that to read a play requires a certain amount of imaginative power. The larger part of mankind have not enough imagination to read plays with pleasure; therefore, this new branch of fiction can never supersede the other. Yet it will cause the old style to brighten itself, to become more dramatic—that is to say, it will make the art of fiction more exacting and more difficult. This is as it should be; for, since the art has been found to offer a profession at once delightful and capable of offering great prizes in fame and fortune, it has begun to attract more and more the better sort.

I have received several letters of complaints concerning contributors and their grievances. They have mostly been already treated, and at some length, in these columns. We are glad to believe that the publication of these complaints has resulted in some good, especially in those quarters where the editor is anxious to treat his contributors with respect and courtesy. The complaints, which do not affect respectable journals, are as follows:

1. A journal advertises for contributions, offering so much per column.

The contributor sends in something with stamps for return; does not get it returned, and receives no answer to his letter. My contributor thinks that the editor thus acquires a valuable mass of postage stamps.

2. Long waiting.

A MS. accepted; in seven months, a proof; in another month, appearance; three weeks afterwards, a cheque.

My sympathies are, I confess, partly with the editor. Our English custom of paying on publication is bad, because it tempts an editor to pile up more than he wants. Having all this matter, however, what can he do but take it as it comes?

3. Delay of readers.

in suspense for two months. reader was on holiday.

4. Some editors announce, beforehand, that publication and not the sending of a proof is a guarantee of acceptance.

Well, a public announcement of this limitation is like a clause in an agreement. "You can take it," says the editor, who has a perfect right to make such conditions as he thinks fit, "or you may leave it."

5. My correspondent argues that all work should be paid for when bought. I think so too. But, on the other hand, there is this to be said. If the editor can wait, and use an otherwise doubtful article when it seems convenient; to fill a gap; to meet the topic of the day: there is many an article from unknown writers which he is able to take and to use—which he would not take and use had he to pay for it on the spot. I think, however, that it would be quite possible for an editor to say, "I may be able to use this article if you leave it with me? Perhaps I may not. Will you take your chance?"

Great news for poets! An editor, a London editor, the editor of a London magazine is advertising for poems! Actually, a London editor, who is generally believed to live in an active shower bath of poems, is advertising for more! He says that he wants them for immediate printing. Well, this seems a chance, but still we must not be precipitate. First, we must find out
something about the special circumstances of the case. The address is not that of the Pall Mall Magazine, nor that of Longman's, nor that of the English Illustrated—what magazine can it be? For "immediate printing," too. Is there to be any payment for these immortal poems? Is the editor to have them for nothing? Once there was an editor who advertised for articles—prose or poetry. When anybody sent him an article he replied courteously—he was a very polite editor—that the article was magnificent—epochmaking—and that he should be delighted to publish it in his magazine. The author, of course, would at once become an annual subscriber—prepaid—and would take 500 copies of the number containing his article at sixpence a-piece. These copies he would take and sell among his friends for a shilling each, and so before long grow not only famous, but also rich beyond the dreams of avarice. I do not think, however, that the magazine had a long life.

A correspondent writes as follows: "It is probable that a little story, a gem of its kind, called 'A Page of Philosophy,' which appears in this (last) month's Macmillan's Magazine, may fail to receive the recognition due to its merit. I hope you will allow me to recommend to the attention of critics the simplicity and delicacy of portraiture achieved in a few lines; the subtlety of wit and the graceful polished style that characterises this story. One critic, at least, ventures to think that the story belongs both to literature and art. The author is a practised craftsman as well as an artist; the vividness with which this pessimist reveals himself no less through his letters than by the comments of his little group of friends, might well be envied by the master of short story-tellers." I wish there were more correspondents so ready and eager to proclaim aloud the discovery of good work by a new, or an anonymous, writer. It is always easy—alas! so very easy—to decry and to depreciate and to 'slate.' It requires only a bitter tongue and a malevolent heart; one need not read a work in order to revile it; but to praise it intelligently and critically wants actual reading and the generosity of heart that can recognise work better than the critic can himself produce. As for this story, I have not yet read it, but I will make haste to follow my correspondent's advice, and I recommend all readers of the Author to do likewise.

The following letter is stated by the Writer (Boston, Mass.) to have been received by an American publisher. It is so modest, so shrinking and diffident that one is amazed to learn that it was refused. Why does he not send it over here? A Boom—that enviable fortune—a Boom, would be certain:

Messrs: Having just completed a novel, entitled "Doomed to Destruction: or, a Coquette's Punishment," I take the liberty to write you, with a view, of course, of selling you the same.

This is truly a most remarkable work throughout. Its style is pleasing, the plot is profound, and the characters play their parts in the drama to perfection.

This is no blood-and-thunder story, but rather an intensely interesting love story, and is one of the few novels before the public which are able to hold the reader's attention from the first page of the book to the last.

Expecting an early reply, I am, yours most respectfully,

A. B.

From the same paper I learn that Mary Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the Shakespeare Concordance, is still living. Her home is at Genoa, and she is now eighty-six years of age. She therefore belongs to the Annus Mirabilis, 1809, which produced Darwin, Bismarck, Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and so many more illustrious men and women.

The Writer is a paper devoted to the guidance and instruction of those who aspire to literary honours. There is generally some good and practical advice in its pages, together with a great deal of personal matter. Thus a long article is "made up" out of one in the Forum on the gains of a man who lives by writing. There is a paper on plot-making for stories by a writer whose name is not known on this side of the Atlantic. He has, however, little to say except to tell what is, or was, the practice of certain well-known novelists. There is talk about the methods of illustration; there are queries; there are grammatical notes; there are lists of books and literary articles; and there are personal notes—these in great abundance. There is also advertised a "Literary Bureau," which reads MSS. and tries to place them, and advises on them. We observe that the "Bureau" charges exactly twice as much for reading and advising on an MS. book as is charged by our Society for the same work. Would it, I wonder, be a useful thing for the Society to offer advice on articles for magazines? The Literary Bureau charges for reading and advising about one shilling for every thousand words. This seems to include typewriting, but the advertisement is not plain on this point. The charge, if it does not include typewriting, seems too much for a magazine article, which should run from six thousand to ten thousand words. Now, there are thousands of articles submitted to editors every year. Would it be possible for us to help the writers by giving them the opinion of a judicious coach,
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and to relieve editors of some of their labours by reading magazine articles and advising on them for a small fee of five shillings each? Our present system of reading MSS. has proved very helpful to many. Perhaps some of our readers will give their opinion upon this point. Of course it must be understood that the Society cannot, at all events, at present, offer MSS. to editors, nor undertake the work of literary agency in any form.

WALTER BESANT.

JOHN KEATS.
(Born 29th Oct., 1795.)

Lyrist, who—nursed not by Aonian flow,
But rush and roar of London's wilderness,
Ere scathed by scorn Tartarean—felt the stress
That fired the Greek, the pearl'd Spenserean glow,
And garden-glamour of Boccacio,
Roams he thro' happier regions of redress?
Whom the Gods loved—by some divine caress
Dower'd with Song a hundred years ago.

He has survived the Critic's venom'd fang,
The Day-star of his fame has cleft the gloom,
Pale o'er him no elusive Phantoms loom,
Nor knows he fruitless Passion's arrowy pang;
Still peer the Roman violets round his tomb,
Whose chant was sweeter than the Bird's he sang.

C. A. KELLY.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S POEMS.

WHY is it that while poets of the more serious kind, poets who deal in ambitious tragedies and pessimistic odes, are as plentiful as gooseberries among us, those who sing levioire plectro have always been few, and threaten to become still fewer? Perhaps it is owing to the seriousness of the British temperament, or perhaps to the playfulness of the critics, who conceive that the highest compliment possible to the writer of light verse is a statement that "this verse shows that the writer may some day accomplish work of a different and far more valuable kind," meaning, presumably, an addition to those lugubrious works of which we have more than an abundance already. Why, again—to ask one more futile question—is there some species of deadly blight which afflicts the few who are really capable of giving us light verse of the first order, and which leads them to desert this form of composition so early? Thus had Mr. Locker Lampson ceased to sing long years before his death, thus has Mr. Lang jilted the gayer muse, thus, worst far, is it possible for us to regard Mr. Dobson's two small volumes as the sum of his work in rhyme. Small they are, the two together contain but some 500 minute pages. But how gladly would some of us forego many of his prose sketches of the eighteenth century, delighted as they are, for a third volume of verse, to stand on our bookshelves beside "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Old World Idylls!"

For, indeed, I do not think it overbold to claim that Mr. Dobson is absolutely the best writer of English light verse that has ever lived. There are the rollicking rhymes, which represented poetical humour in the earlier part of the century, bristling with puns, overflowing with animal spirits—the work of Thomas Hood in his more boisterous mood, of Theodore Hook, Barham, and others. There is the more subdued but deftly polished work of Praed, Henry Leigh, and Mortimer Collins, the irresistible parodies of Calverley and J. K. Stephen. But nowhere save in Mr. Dobson's poems do we find that exquisite perfection of form joined with the brilliancy of a finished wit and the tender insight of a true poet. Perhaps the late Mr. Locker Lampson approached him most nearly, but alike in structure and beauty of thought Mr. Dobson's best verses seem to me to beat all rivals with the utmost ease. And, while no poet is perfectly equal to his best at all times, surely few are so little unequal as is Mr. Dobson.

Of the two volumes into which his work has been gathered, perhaps "At the Sign of the Lyre" is slightly the better. From cover to cover, from "The Ladies of St. James's":

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches
Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds—
(Could any but a poet have written these last four lines?) down to the graceful rondeau at the end the book is a pure delight. One does not know what quality in it to admire most. The humour of "A Legacy" and "Dora versus Rose," the laughing satire of "The Poet and the Critics," the charming tenderness of such pieces as "Little Blue-Ribbons" or "Daisy's Valentines":

But wait. Your time will come. And then,
Obliging Fates, please send her
The bravest thing you have in men,
Sound-hearted, strong, and tender;—
The kind of man, dear Fates, you know,
That feels how shyly Daisies grow,
And what soft things they are, and so
Will spare to spoil or mend her.

Mr. Dobson's reverence for the poets forbids
THE AUTHOR.

him to write mere parodies. But, however mechanical Pope's style may be, could ever imitation come closer than this passage written in his best manner:

Pope was, like them, the Censor of his Age
An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to the Schools,
And, shock'd with Licence, shudder'd into Rules.

Surely Alexander the little would have claimed the last couplet as his own. Indeed one is tempted to quote for ever, to write down extracts from the two green volumes long enough to fill many articles. But if any know not their charm, we envy them the pleasure yet to become their own. How playful is "An Autumn Idyll!" How keen the satire of "A Virtuoso!" How delicate the "Proverbs in Porcelain!" In these, and elsewhere too, the poet makes us feel the very atmosphere of the 18th century. Of his skill in the old French metres—Vallade, Triollet, Villanesse Chant Royal—it is needless to speak. His is the art that conceals artifice, that makes the metrical tours-de-force seem so easy to write. Let us quote only one triolet.

O, Love's but a dance
Where Time plays the fiddle!
See the couples advance
O, Love's but a dance!
A whisper, a glance
Shall we twist down the middle!
O, Love's but a dance
Where Time plays the fiddle!

What a pity—what a thousand pities, we cry, that such a poet as this should resolutely put his verse aside for "the pains of prose." In Temple Bar for March, 1895, Mr. Dobson bids his verse a last farewell:

Not ill-content to stand aside
To yield to minstrels fitter
His singing robes, his singing pride,
His fancies sweet and bitter.

Ah, but he wrote long ago a prophetic answer to his own excuse.

Indeed! You really fancy so?
You think for one white streak we grow
At once satiric?
A fiddlestick! Each hair's a string
To which our ancient Muse shall sing
A younger lyric.

And so, having sat down to attempt some sort of critical estimate of Mr. Dobson's poems, I have penned nothing but a frankly uncritical eulogy of it. Let me conclude by beseeching him to give us more of his inimitable verse—only those who have humbly followed him at a distance know how inimitable. As for that which he already has done, surely it will live, for it is the work not merely of a humorist, but of a poet, in the truest sense of that weighty word. To Mr. Dobson's verse we may fitly apply some words of his own.

It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter...
And after!

Anthony C. Deane.

FROM THE MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Coleridge looms large in the literary view at the present time, by reason of the volumes of his Letters which appeared lately. Mr. Nowell C. Smith (Fortnightly Review, "Coleridge and His Critics") sighs over mankind, preferring to be more interested in authors than their books, and takes the view that though otherwise it would have been well to wait sixty years, as we have done, for a Life of Coleridge, yet, as so much had been written and suggested about his character, "it was a thousand pities someone could not give to the world what the late Mr. Dykes Campbell has so lately given," a plain, and so far as possible accurate, narrative. Mr. Smith appears satisfied with the poet's explanation in "Biographia," how his life was "one long floundering in 'a sea of trouble.'" He longed to take the world into his confidence, but had never learned that "the sympathetic ear of the world only exists in metaphor. He was an egotist, like all of us; but a guileless one, like—how many?" Another writer (Atlantic Monthly) likens Coleridge to a nineteenth-century Dr. Johnson, "but living in an ampler ether and breathing a diviner air;" and regards the source of his thought as those ancient writers of the Neoplatonist school, Jamblichus and Plotinus. "The world did not lose when he turned from poetry to prose," but the misfortune of his intellectual life was that his best found vent in conversation rather than in letters, perhaps because he needed the stimulus of a visibly present audience, "or it may have been that in conversation he found a pathway which offered least resistance to his powers, hampered as they were by indolence and weakness of the will." According to Mrs. Lynn Linton (National Review, "The Philistine's Coming Triumph," "our Philistine," who "has had enough to do to keep alive in him a glimmer of hope for better days on his political side, as on his literary and artistic," now "sees the end of his travail and the beginning of his triumph." We are to have, inter alia, "our sweet and strong and pure and domestic women back again." But the Philistine
"must not stifle Art and clip the wings of Poetry, save where these are self-degraded by hiring themselves out to the service of filth and abomination. He may banish the Pandemos, but the Anadyomene is sacred; and when he attempts to drive out Nature with a pitchfork his hands must be tied behind his back."

Mrs. Linton first met George Eliot—Marian Evans of that day—at John Chapman’s, and the effect was to put up her “mental bristles” (Woman at Home, “A First Meeting with George Eliot”). “She was essentially underbred and provincial; and I, in the swaddling-clothes of early education and prepossession as I was, saw more of the provincial than the genius. She held her hands and arms kangaroo fashion; was badly dressed; had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether; and she assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership.” George Eliot’s later self-consciousness Mrs. Linton is down upon, and her second marriage is described as “a blunder, if not worse, that will always cloud her memory and vitiate her first choice.” “Vernon Lee” offers a kind of mathematical plan to young writers learning their métier (Contemporary Review, “On Literary Construction”), taking the line that “in literature all depends on what you can set the reader to do; if you confuse his ideas or waste his energy, you can no longer do anything.” A pen-stroke is to represent the first train of thought or group of facts. Another for the second, long or short, according to the number of words or pages occupied, and which, connected with the first stroke, “will deflect to the right or the left according as it contains more or less new matter; so that, if it grow insensibly from stroke number one, it will have to be almost straight, and if it contain something entirely disconnected, will be at right angles.” And so on, adding pen strokes of proportionate length for every new train of thought or group of facts, and writing the name along each. If the reader’s mind is to run easily the whole story or essay, the resulting map will approximate most likely to a perfect circle or ellipse. The alleged failure of the Free Library is attributed by Mr. W. Roberts, in a paper on the subject (New Review), chiefly to lack of judgment in the selection of books. "As showing the "absurd preponderance of fiction," he quotes Mr. Charles Welch’s statistics that, in the twenty-seven districts of London which have adopted the Act, the issue of fiction averages 75 per cent. in seventeen, and reaches over 80 per cent. in the other nine. He recommends, to put the movement on a proper basis, (1) a central organisation, under the supervision, more or less, of the Home Secretary; (2) every reader to have direct access to the books, as a catalogue title is not, as a rule, a clear indication of the contents of a book; and (3) a monthly or quarterly list of acquisitions, arranged according to subject.

Speaking for graduates of five-and-twenty years’ standing, a writer on “Oxford Then and Now” (Blackwood’s Magazine), while not entirely appreciating Somerville Hall and “the invasion of our old University by a tribe of ‘revoluted daughters,’” hails with pleasure “the presence of intellectual womanhood as represented by the wives of the married Fellows.” “Of one thing we may be sure, that ingenue Artes and litterae Humaniiores will be more truly learned and practised under the new than under the old régime, and that many of the more objectionable features of undergraduate life will of necessity be eradicated.” The Rev. T. E. Brown, in a causerie on Robert Burton (New Review), characterises that Melancholist as a virtual Proteus, a will-o’-the-wisp. "‘What’s a sovereign? No, it isn’t,’ was the question with which the late Professor of Political Economy at Oxford used to delight to pose an audience of young ladies. Well that is Burton: he does not want you to know; your knowledge would be to him an impertinence."

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**CRICKET MATCH.**

**PRESS CLUB v. AUTHORS’ CLUB.**

At Lord’s, yesterday, representatives of these clubs met in friendly rivalry for the first time. Although the Press Club had its strongest eleven in the field, the Authors’ Club was not fully represented. The Authors lacked the services of Dr. Conan Doyle, who is on the Continent, and Mr. J. M. Barrie. The match proved a most exciting one, and the interest in it was well sustained to the finish. Although they won the toss, the Press Club put their opponents in first. At the outset this policy was not attended with very happy results, as, thanks to some vigorous cricket on the part of Lindsey and Grimwood-Mears, the Authors had at lunch-time put together 97 for the loss of only two wickets. After the interval, however, a complete change came over the game. Southerton and Preston each performed the “hat trick,” with the result that the Authors were eventually disposed of for 152. When they got out only an hour and three-quarters remained for play. Jones and Groves hit in brilliant style, and, as they registered 99 in less than an hour for the first wicket, the Press Club passed their opponents’ total within fifteen minutes of the hour originally fixed upon for the
THE AUTHOR.

drawing of stumps, for the loss of only five of their men. The game was continued until six o'clock, with the result that the Press Club won by 49 runs. Scores:

**Authors' Club**

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<tr>
<td>T. Lindsay, b Preston</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. A. Gwynne, b Graves</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. A. Holt, b Jones</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Grimwood-Mears, b Cowan</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Gilmer, b Southerton</td>
<td>01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. A. Holt, b Preston</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. Gomme, b Preston</td>
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**Press Club**

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<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. V. Jones, b Holt</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Preston, st Gwynne, b Ives</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. B. Smith, not out</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Catling, sta Gwynne, b Holt</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. J. Southerton, b Ives</td>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Runs</th>
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<td>Total</td>
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--- Daily Chronicle, Sept. 18.

BOOK TALK.

Mr. Egerton Castle's romance "The Light of Scarthay," the publication of which as a serial in The Times' Weekly Edition has just come to an end, will be issued in one volume form by Messrs. Osgood McIlvaine and Co. during the first week of October. This book will be the second of The Times Novels; the first to appear in this new and important series was, as many may remember, Mrs. Francis's admirable story "A Daughter of the Soil."

Mr. Joseph Conrad is engaged upon a new romance to succeed his successful "Almayer's Folly." The local setting and some of the characters will be the same. Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish the volume, which will be called "An Outcast of the Island."

"The Wooing of Doris" is the title of a novel by the late Mrs. J. K. Spender, which Messrs. Innes are to publish very soon.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens is the author of a novel called "Prisoners of Silence," which Messrs. Osgood McIlvaine are about to publish.

The Latin Quarter of Paris is the subject of a novel by Mr. Robert W. Chambers, called "In the Quarter." Messrs. Chatto and Windus are the publishers.

"Miss Grace of All Souls" is the striking title chosen by Mr. W. E. Tirebuck for his novel on the great coal strike. Miss Grace, a vicar's daughter, represents the modern woman of the story, and three other types are a grandfather whose faith is in the past, a son with unbounded belief in the present, and a grandson who is understood to hold the balance between labour and capital. The work attempts to represent the position of the man and woman of to-day towards the labour question. Mr. Heinemann will issue it.

Another novel by Katharine Tynan is in the hands of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen for publication. The title is "The Way of a Maid."

Mr. Henry Craik's series of selections from English prose, which began with a volume from Sir John Mandeville and the early English writers, will be concluded this autumn.

A new book by Mr. Grant Allen, "The Desire of the Eyes, and Other Stories," is announced for publication by Messrs. Digby, Long, and Co. The author was, it seems, altogether unaware of this intention until he read the announcement, and, indeed, he would not have desired to republish the title-story. Writing the particulars to the Athenæum of the 21st ult., he states that, to prevent recurrence of such "unpleasant experiences," he proposes to send the following printed notice with every manuscript he forwards to editors: "This article or story is offered or sold on the distinct understanding that I part with British serial rights only for a single periodical; the copyright, together with all other serial rights, foreign or colonial, remaining my own property, unless a written agreement to the contrary is signed by me."

A new series of tales of adventure will be commenced by Messrs. Innes on an early day. The first volume is to be "A Set of Rogues," by Mr. Frank Barrett; the second, by Mr. James Chalmers, entitled "The Renegade"; and a historical tale of the seventeenth century, written by Mr. J. C. Snaith, and called "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," will be the third. The same firm will also publish "Lost Chords," a novel by Mr. Arthur Rickett; and "For Love of Price," by Mr. Leslie Keith.

Mr. James Hogg, the associate of De Quincey, has prepared a volume on "De Quincey and His Friends," which will be issued this month by Messrs. Sampson Low. Besides his own reminiscences and material Mr. Hogg has secured the recollections of others who also had admission to De Quincey's circle. Dr. A. H. Japp writes an account of De Quincey's career for the work.

Mr. Edwin Hodder is to write the biography of the late Lord Clarence Paget, consisting of diaries and memoirs, edited by Sir...
Arthur Otway, will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall early in the autumn.

Edinburgh is moving to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle. The assistance of Professor Masson and Principal Muir has been secured amongst others, and various literary and other societies will take part. Mr. Thomas Usher, secretary of the Border Counties Association, Edinburgh, invites suggestions on the subject. A popular illustrated biography of Carlyle is announced for publication by Messrs. Chambers.

Besides the “Centenary Burns,” which Mr. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson are editing, there is to be an edition of the Scottish poet by Mr. Andrew Lang. The latter is to be published by Messrs. Methuen; the former hails from Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. Mr. William Wallace is revising for a new edition, the “Life and Works of Robert Burns,” by the late Dr. Robert Chambers, which will be in four or five volumes. It will have illustrations from original drawings by Mr. C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., Mr. G. O. Reid, A.R.S.A., and Mr. G. Pirie.

Mr. William Archer has translated from the Norwegian Dr. Georg Brandes’s work, “William Shakespeare: A Critical Study.” It will be in two volumes, and published by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge is at work on a life of the poet, whose grandson he is. Quite recently the “Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge” was published, and warmly welcomed under Mr. Coleridge’s editorship. He now invites those who may possess letters still unpublished to forward them to him for use in the biography. Mr. Heinemann is publisher.

A distinguished band of contributors has been got for “The Book of Beauty (late Victorian Era),” a work which Messrs. Hutchison and Co. are preparing. The writers include, for instance, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. George Curzon, M.P., the Marchioness of Granby, Viscountess Hood, Princess Henry of Pless, Lady Hleene Campbell, Lady Charlotte Stopford, and others; while there will be portraits by Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. Whistler, and other painters.

A volume on Asia Minor, Transcaucasia, and Persia has been edited by Sir Charles Wilson for Mr. Murray’s Handbook series.

Messrs. A. and C. Black have just published a new novel entitled “Dr. Quantrill’s Experiment: the Chronicle of a Second Marriage,” by T. Inglis. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A history of the most celebrated songs of the world will begin serially in Lloyd’s News this week. It is entitled “Stories of Famous Songs,” and the author, Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, has spent ten years over it. The work will appear later in book form.

A new illustrated quarterly will make its appearance towards the close of the year, published by Leonard C. Smithers of Effingham House, Arundel-street, Strand. The name of this publication has not yet been decided on, but a rather strong band of contributors has been got together, including Mr. Aubrey Beardsley (Art Editor), Mr. Charles Conder, Mr. F. Norreys Connell, Mr. Ernest Dowson, Mr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Herbert P. Horne, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. Arthur Symons (Literary Editor), and many others. Mr. Smithers intends to attempt something quite unique in the reproduction of the artistic contributions.

Mr. Smithers will also publish about the same time a novel from the pen of Mr. F. Norreys Connell, whose “House of the Strange Woman,” in spite of much hostile criticism, is reported to be rapidly “catching on,” and further editions may be looked for in due course. Mr. Connell, too, has joined the staff of the Unicorn.

The Roxburghe Press will issue almost immediately “Furs and Fur Garments,” a history of fur garments and fur animals. It is written by Mr. Richard Davey. The statistics as to the modern fur trade have been supplied by Mr. T. S. Jay, F.Z.S., whose practical knowledge and experience of the subject should render the work particularly interesting. It will be copiously illustrated and daintily produced. An edition of 5000 copies has already been called for.

The first prize of 2000 dollars offered by the Bacheller Syndicate for the best detective story of 2000 words has been awarded to Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Randolph, Mass., and Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the Youth’s Companion, who submitted “The Long Arm,” written in collaboration. Brander Matthews took the second prize with “The Twinkling of an Eye.” Both stories have appeared in Chapman’s Magazine. Among the well-known writers who submitted stories in competition for the prizes were: Anna Katherine Green, Florence Marryatt, Duffield Osborne, and Robert W. Chambers. There were 3000 stories sent in. Stories worthy of honourable mention were written by John Seymour Wood, of the University Club, New York city; H. Lynde, of Richmond, Ind.; Edgar Thornet Roy, of New York city; and David Skeets Foster, of Utica, N. Y.
“Nooks and Corners of Pembrokeshire,” by H. Thornhill Timmins, F.R.G.S., will shortly make its appearance. The work is similar to Mr. Timmins’ “Herefordshire,” which was very favourably noticed by the Press. “Nooks and Corners of Pembrokeshire” describes, in a narrative way, the most interesting localities of that little known county, and is very fully illustrated by over 100 sketches of its more picturesque features, drawn upon the spot by the author.

A new edition of “The Steam Navy of England,” will shortly be issued by Mr. Harry Williams, R.N., the author. The publishers are W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo-place, S.W. This work is dedicated, by special permission, to Admiral of the Fleet, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The author has taken advantage of the issue of this edition of his book to add an essay on the Personnel of the Steam Branch of the Navy, but notwithstanding this enlargement of the original work, the publishing price (12s. 6d.) will be the same as before.

The fifth volume of the “Annual Index to Periodicals” issued at the Review of Reviews office is now ready. It deals with 1894, as the previous issues have dealt with 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1893, and thus it forms an exhaustive classified record of the contents of the English and American periodicals of last year. It is, in fact, an attempt to present, as nearly as possible, complete bibliographies of every subject discussed in the magazines and reviews of the year, as opposed to a mere alphabetical arrangement of the titles of articles, which are rarely, if ever, remembered with accuracy. The price is 5s. nett.

A volume of stories by Rev. W. B. Wallace, B.A. (ex-Scholar, Senior Classical Moderator, and Fellowship Prizeman) of Dublin University, is to be issued in October by the Roxburghe Press, under the title of the first story, “The Clue of Ariadne.” The other stories are entitled, “Princess Asenath: a Metaphysical Romance;” and “Thursyllus: a Legend of Capri.”

Sir Henry Irving has accepted the dedication of Mr. Farquhar Palliser’s new work—a mythological play in blank verse, entitled “Ermelyn,” the first portion of which had been previously submitted for perusal. Mr. Farquhar Palliser, whose concluding lines to “Christopher Marlowe” were quoted by Sir Henry Irving at the unveiling of the Marlowe Memorial in Canterbury, is the author (under the nom de plume of “Heber K. Daniels”) of the “Tales of a Terrace” series, “Me and Jim,” and many other short stories and sketches.

A little volume entitled “The Outcast” will be published by the S.P.C.K. on 1st Oct. It will contain two short but very characteristic tales from the modern Greek of M. D. Kikela and M. Karkavitsa, translated and adapted by F. Bayford Harrison.

Mr. A. W. Gillman, grandson of “Coleridge’s Gillman,” is about to produce a book called “The Gilluans of Highgate,” in which will be found much fresh information concerning Coleridge’s residence with the Gillmans. There are also portraits, letters, &c., never before published. The publisher will be Mr. Elliot Stock, and the work will be in small quarto.

New Zealand is waking up to her literary possibilities and duties. It is, indeed, almost time that she should contribute something to the literature of the day. A novel by Mrs. Suisted, of Westport, New Zealand, has been purchased by Messrs. Tillotson and Sons, of Bolton. In their hands Mrs. Suisted may rest assured that she will have a very good chance of making a name over the whole of the English-speaking world. The work will probably appear at Christmas or early next year.

“Doctor Johnson and the Fair Sex: a Study of Contrasts,” is the title of a work by Mr. W. H. Craig, of Lincoln’s Inn, to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low. It will contain portraits of the Doctor and of ladies whose names happen in the volume—Miss Hannah Moore, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Abington, Miss Burney, Mrs. Carter, and others. To drive briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman who understood him was, it will be remembered, the ideal existence the “old lion” pictured on one occasion.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has enlarged and rewritten her “A Flash of Summer,” which appeared in the Illustrated London News, and it will be issued soon in book form by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Elkin Matthews is to issue at intervals, beginning in November, a series of shilling volumes of poetry. The first will be “London Poems,” by Mr. Lawrence Binyon, and the second by Mr. Robert Bridges.

A book by Madame Belloc, called “In a Walled Garden,” which has a place in Messrs. Ward and Downey’s list of forthcoming publications, is to contain personal recollections of, amongst others, George Eliot, “Barry Cornwall,” Mary Hewitt, Basil Montagu, Mrs. Procter, and Cardinal Manning. The same publishers will also send out “A Comedy of Contrasts,” by W. J. Locke, author of “At the Gate of Samaria.”

Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas Wise are associated in editing a work entitled “Literary
Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period," the first volume of which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. A portrait of William Black (which has not previously been published), etched upon steel by the late William Bell Scott, is to be the frontispiece; and the contents will include the trial of Blake for sedition; Mrs. Browning on Tennyson; A. H. Hallam and the Tennysons; biographies of Thomas Wade, Richard Henry Horne, and Charles Wells, each with new material; a bibliography of Browning; and letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt. The edition is limited to 1000 copies.

The September output of books was fairly large, but no work of outstanding importance appeared. That which was of most significance was of political rather than literary interest, namely, 'The Chitral Campaign: a Narrative of Events in Chitral, Swat, and Bajour," the writer of which is Mr. H. C. Thomson, a press correspondent who accompanied the relief force. Mr. Crockett's "The Man of the Moss Hags" (Ibister); George Macdonald's new romance, "Lilith" (Chatto and Windus); "Clarence," by Bret Harte (Chatto and Windus); "A Woman in It," by Rita (Hutchinson); and "Four Years of Novel Reading," by R. G. Moulton (Ibister), were some of the more distinctive of the books of the month. The last named work, whose author is a Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, tells of the experiment of establishing in a Northumberland village a novel-reading union on the lines that fiction is not intended solely for amusement, but should fill the reader's soul "with a sense of artistic beauty, and make him long to be good."

A volume of up-to-date poems entitled "Arrows of Song," the author of which, though said to have achieved distinction as a writer, does not meantime wish his identity unveiled, is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson about a month hence.

Guy de Maupassant is the model chosen by the author of a little volume to be published by Mr. George Redway, entitled "How to Write Fiction, especially the Art of Short Story Writing: A Study in Technique."

A new birth in the periodical press during September is the Unicorn, a threepenny illustrated weekly, edited by Mr. L. Raven-Hill, the well-known artist. The short story is to be made a feature. Other events of note in this department of literature are the change in the proprietorship of Judy, from Mr. Gilbert Dalziel to Miss Gillian Debenham, Mr. C. H. Abbot, formerly sub-editor, getting the editor's chair; the resigation of Mr. Stanhope Sprigg from the editorship of the Windsor Magazine, which, however, does not come about until February next; and the alteration by which the American magazines, the Century and the St. Nicholas, will henceforth be published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in place of Mr. Unwin.

Mr. J. F. Hogan's work, "The Sister Dominions," the result of a tour of Canada and Australia during the last Parliamentary recess, will appear from Messrs. Ward and Downey in a few days.

Mr. Edward Abbot Parry will immediately produce a fairy story, "Katawampus and its Treatment and Cure," a moral story without morality. The book will be illustrated by Archie McGregor, and will be published by David Nutt, 270, Strand.

At a meeting of the International League of Press Clubs, recently held at Philadelphia, one of our members, Miss Amelia Josephine Cook, addressed a meeting on the subject of the Society of Authors and its work and aims in this country. She especially advocated the establishment of a Pension Fund in connection with the American Society or with the League of Press Clubs. The idea appears to have commanded the sympathy and interest of her hearers, and there is some hope that the interest thus created may be followed up.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Lecturing in America.

I observe that my recent letter to the Author, in which I warned lecturers going to America not to be misled by sensational rumours as to the profits to be earned, has been generally misquoted as being an acknowledgment upon my part that my own tour was unsuccessful. This would be immaterial if it were not that it places my manager, Major J. B. Pond, in a false position, since he has publicly stated that my tour was successful far beyond all possible expectations. It is only fair to him to say that, during ten weeks, I hardly ever spoke to a house which was not full, and that I had to refuse more engagements than I accepted. I had certainly considerably more to do than I desired.

I was able, however, when I was over there, to see something of the conditions of lecturing, and when I observed a very large sum mentioned in your columns as being obtained per night, I thought it right to warn brother authors or lecturers to be sure of their ground before crossing the Atlantic. My calculation was based upon
their giving four lectures a week. I have given as many as ten, but the physical strain was considerable. Far from being disappointed at the results of Major Pond's arrangements, I was amazed at their success. I repeat, however, that the making of money should be a secondary object, and there will then be no risk of disappointment.

A. Conan Doyle.

II.—Every Man his Own Publisher.

There is no practical difficulty in now ascertaining the approximate cost of producing any ordinary new book; but, having published his book, how is an unknown author to introduce it to the bookselling trade, and to give it on its own merits a fair chance of sale through the usual trade channels?

The publisher, we know, has effective means to promote the sale of the books that he produces, by means of advertisement, the bookselling trade, circulating libraries, &c.; but the unknown author who may wish to publish his own book has usually no trade connection, and has in fact at present no available machinery for offering his book for sale, however intrinsically good or well written it may be.

If the Society of Authors can show how, under the circumstances, would-be authors can dispense with the publisher's services, and what alternative machinery exists to enable such persons when desirous of publishing their own books to carry out their object in a sound and business-like way, I cannot but think that many persons might be tempted to use that machinery.

M. A.

[There is but one way, and that is to do exactly what the publisher does—send round the book to the trade, advertise it, and send out copies for review. John Ruskin has shown the world how to do without the publisher. Everybody, however, would not find it pay so well as John Ruskin. Where a book is published for a special purpose, and to meet a limited demand, why should not the author advertise that it is to be had from his own residence?—Ed.]

III.—His Own Book Producer.

I too have an experience to record as to new ways of book-producing.

A child's book was on hand. Christmas before last small parcels of type were coming in, and the evenings saw us propping up the aggravating little letters. Meanwhile wood blocks were being cut in a fishing loft by the sea.

Having mastered the elements of printing, we engaged a capable printer to work with us. We found our knowledge sufficient to enable us to get our own way when tradition was against us. Paper had to be found, and we searched London with a fat Jesuit schoolbook in our hands for sample. A coarse handmade paper at 19s. a ream, almost identical with that of our exemplar, was at length discovered. Finally we printed off two sheets of eight pages a week, the edition consisting of 300 copies of 120 pages. As the sheets left the press they again passed through our hands in order that certain initial letters might receive a wash of colour.

We did not sell the book. A well-known firm kindly undertook to publish it at a moderate percentage, but though there would have been a good profit if the edition had been sold, either the price (10s.) was too high, or we did not advertise enough, or the matter and shape did not interest any public.

The cost was small compared with any recognised means of production. A. S.

New interest is being awakened in the writings of Sidney Lanier, whose books, previous to his death, had a limited circulation. A new edition of his "Select Poems" has appeared, and attention is being frequently called to his "Science of English Verse." W. H. Ward found enough of material in the busy life of Lanier to make a captivating biography, which has been on the market for some time. Sidney Lanier was a Southern man, and served in the Confederate army through the war. He enlisted as a private, and refused promotion three times, that he might be near a younger brother, who was in the same regiment. He was a prisoner in the Union army, and wrote "Tiger Lilies" to describe this period in his experience. After he came out of the Confederate army Lanier studied law, presided over an academy, and lectured at Johns Hopkins University on "The English Novel." His lecture appeared afterwards in book form. In 1873 he made his home in Baltimore, accepting an engagement as first flute for the Peabody's symphony concerts. His father desired that he should return to Macon, Ga., and engage in the practice of law, but, being in feeble health (for he was afflicted with consumption), he believed that his chances for life were better in Baltimore than in Macon, and he said that he could not consent to be a third-rate, struggling lawyer for the rest of his life, since he had been assured by good judges that he was the greatest flute player in the world. Besides, he had high hopes of a successful career in literature. He died at Baltimore of consumption, September 7, 1881, at the age of thirty-nine. —Chautauquan.
The Author.
(The Organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors. Monthly.)

CONDUCTED BY WALTER BESANT.

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For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society’s Offices:
4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society’s solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel’s opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel’s opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher’s agreements do not generally fall within the
THE AUTHORIZED SOLICITORS.

Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers: (1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To enforce payments according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s.

The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.
Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

The Secretary has in hand the preparation of clauses to meet the various points necessary for an agreement in any of the ordinary methods of publishing.

Dr. Jurisconsult Ernst Lange, of Zurich, has prepared and presented to the Committee a paper on the "Contracts of Publishing" in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland. It has been resolved to print this pamphlet uniform with the "Cost of Production." The best thanks of the Committee were passed to Dr. Lange for this gift.

A somewhat interesting case has been before the Committee. It would have been more interesting had it been settled in a court of law by a friendly action. The case is one in which an author's MS. was accidentally burned while in charge of a publishing firm. Of course this accident entails upon the author a great deal of labour. How far are the publishers liable in such a case? Did they take reasonable precautions in the matter? The case has been settled, one hopes to the satisfaction of both parties. But still the question of what constitutes reasonable precautions remains open. An analysis of the "autumn announcements," classified into authors, subjects, and publishers, is presented to readers with this number of the "Author." The lists used are those of the "Announcement Number" of the Publishers' Circular. The omission of four or five firms is due to the fact that they did not appear in the circular.—

G. H. Thring, Secretary.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Canadian Copyright.

The visit of Mr. Hall Caine to Canada promises to produce the fruits of conciliation and peace. So long as Canada on her side stuck out stiffly for the right to make her own copyright, even if it brought the whole of English literature to ruin, and so long as we on ours protested against the iniquity of these claims and the extreme unpleasantness of being ruined in order to bring a temporary flow of dollars into the pockets of a few Canadian printers, nothing could be done.

Now that Mr. Hall Caine has gone over as our representative, the matter has a chance of being talked over amicably. He has been very favourably received so far, both in the States and in Canada. The following is the latest intelligence:

OTTAWA, Oct. 20.

The importance of the Canadian copyright question is clearly shown by the fact that the Governments of France, Belgium, and the United States have caused their representatives in this country to report upon the probable effect of Canadian copyright legislation.

Mr. Hall Caine has concluded for the present his business with the Privy Council of the Dominion and has left for Toronto. He will return here about the middle of November.

The opinion prevails in official circles that new legislation on the subject of copyright will be introduced into the Dominion Parliament in the coming session. The Premier says that Mr. Hall Caine has presented the case of the British authors in a moderate and diplomatic manner. The serious test, however, will come when he returns to Ottawa to discuss details. Meantime, Mr. Hall Caine is overwhelmed with offers of hospitality. He has accepted an invitation from Canadian publishers at Toronto this week, and from American publishers in New York on Nov. 1.——Times.

An important contribution to the subject has been made by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the Times of Oct. 22. After demolishing Sir Charles Tupper's contention about the expressed opinion of certain British authors, he says:

And now let me point out an important issue which is entirely ignored. The requirement that, to obtain copyright in the United States, a book must be manufactured there prevents the writing of many books which would otherwise be written. On works of amusement it does not weigh heavily, but on works of instruction it often weighs with fatal effect—it does not kill them, but it prevents them from being born. Many valuable treatises which men of science wish to write are never written because the losses entailed would be too great. But could writers of grave books have both the English and American markets, while bearing only one cost of production instead of two, many who are now silent would be enabled, without ruining themselves, to give the public such benefits as might result from their knowledge and ideas. That the existing system discourages literature of the kind which most needs encouraging I am able to give conclusive proof. When in 1860, after issuing the prospectus of the series of works which has since occupied me, I had to decide whether or not I might with prudence commence, the prospect of some sale in America finally determined me. Certain arrangements were made under which a portion of the edition printed here was sent over, and under which the small circulation to be obtained there, added to the circulation to be obtained here, made possible a return sufficient to pay expenses and leave a small surplus. But the possibility of this arrangement depended wholly upon the ability to make the setting up of type here serve for the American market as well as for the English. Notwithstanding this economy, it resulted that inadequate returns obliged me so continually to trench upon what little property I possessed that, in 1866, I had to issue a notice of discontinuance—a notice which was withdrawn only because certain incidents increased my private resources. Thus it is manifest that had I not obtained a sale in America with-out reprinting there the works which have occupied me since 1860 would never have been written.

"So much the better," many people will say. That may
be. I cite this experience not as illustrative of a special result, but as illustrative of a general result. There needs, I think, no further proof that the interdicting clause of the American Copyright Act prevents the publication of many books of the graver kinds which would otherwise be published.

And on the same day the Times thus summed up the case in a leading article:

The discussion has not been altogether without effect. The Canadian Government sent a representative, the Deputy Minister of Justice, to this country, who was made acquainted with the claims and wishes of British authors and publishers. In consequence of this mission, it is believed, the Colonial Government have allowed it to be understood that they are not unwilling to introduce certain modifications into the law passed by the Dominion Parliament. In order to follow up this suggestion of compromise, Mr. Hall Caine was deputed by the Incorporated Society of Authors to visit Canada and to place before the politicians of the Dominion the views of his comrades in the world of letters. His reception by the Canadians has been most gratifying, as the telegrams we have published from time to time have shown, and he is himself of opinion that the people of Canada in general do not care for, or at least do not clamour for, the Copyright Bill demanded by half-a-dozen printing firms. But whether any real impression has been produced upon those who hold the strings of legislation is still a matter of doubt. Mr. Hall Caine and others have laid stress on the fact that what is asked for is only that Canada may be deterred from legislating in a manner unfairly affecting the interests of what may be surely called a not unimportant section of the community at home. In Mr. Hall Caine’s opinion the case is not hopeless. If the interests of British authors can be protected against piracy, and if the international agreement into which the United States have been brought with so much difficulty is not imperilled, there can be no desire in this country to restrict in the smallest degree the legislative independence of the Canadians in regard to copyright. At the same time it is fair to ask Canada whether it is either wise or just to push her pretensions in this matter to the utmost. If Canada is to have a separate copyright law of her own, every British colony may claim the same power, and this literary particularism, however it may benefit local publishers and printers, can only be injurious—indeed, as Mr. Spencer contends, quite ruinous—to the real producers of books. It would be lamentable if, after a considerable advance had been made towards international copyright, such a check should be given to progress. We trust that the new legislation on this subject, which, it is said, is likely to be brought forward in the coming session at Ottawa, will be governed by larger views than those of a small body of local traders.

The following important telegram appeared in the Times of Oct. 25:

OTTAWA, Oct. 25.

Mr. Hall Caine has been busy this week with the Toronto publishers. He has submitted to them his promised amendments to the Canadian Act of 1889, and, although the interested class find it hard to accept them as a whole and have deferred their decision for a few days, they admit that the proposals are much the best of any which have reached them from the outside. Mr. Hall Caine’s proposals admit the manufacturing clause, but on terms much more favourable to the author than the manufacturing clause of the United States.

The Toronto publishers and booksellers entertained Mr. Hall Caine at a banquet at the National Club to-night. Mr. Hall Caine delivered a speech, in the course of which he admitted that the facts of Canada’s geographical position in relation to the United States, the non-acceptance by the latter Power of the Berne Convention, and the presence in the United States of a manufacturing clause in favour of American printers justified Canada to a certain extent in her demand for a measure of self-control and for a limited right to produce books intended for the Canadian market. He said this guardedly, after reflection, and always with the reservation that all manufacturing clauses were objectionable to authors and that limitation of the principle of copyright was only to be allowed under peculiar and trying conditions. Mr. Hall Caine went on to say:

As long as the United States keep out of the Berne Convention, and as long as they insist on manufacturing their own books, just so long, but not one hour longer, I would, speaking for myself alone, be willing to grant to Canada—divided as she is from the United States only by an imaginary border which is easily passed—the right to make her own books under some measure of control on the part of the authors. Given this authors’ control I do not think your Canadian copyright should be any cause of offence to America or should disturb the understanding on which the President made his proclamation. I do not think it ought to be in opposition to the spirit of the Berne Convention, the second article of which seems to provide for just such cases as yours. But everything depends on the measure of control which you leave to the author, and I must tell you at once that unlimited licensing under the direction of your Government would be entirely inconsistent with the idea of authors’ rights entertained by the signatories of the Berne Convention. Some form of licensing I, personally, advocate for Canada, who is under peculiar difficulties in her present relations to the United States with its right to manufacture, but it must be single licensing, and must take cognisance of authors’ control. That will not only be best for us but also best for you—best for you as authors, as readers, and as printers and publishers. It is not for me now to say more precisely what system of licensing under authors’ control I should urge my brother authors to accept. I have formulated a scheme, which, as you know, I am submitting to your Government, and which I shall propose to my fellow-authors without prejudice. I believe they will consider it fully and fairly, and I have every confidence that your Government will use as much of it as it seems sound and wise.

II.—CANADIAN WRITERS AND THE COPYRIGHT ACT.

A “Canadian Author” writes to the Times as follows:

In coupling the authors with the publishers of Canada Sir Charles Tupper implies that the interests of the two classes are identical. This shows that one member of the Dominion Cabinet at least is in the dark as to the real bearings of his own Act. The interest of the Canadian author, instead of being, in this matter, identical with that of the printers, whom Sir Charles Tupper honours with the name of publishers, is diametrically opposed to it. Canadian writers would suffer from competition with pirated works, English or American, just as American authors suffered from competition with pirated
English works in the days before international copyright. Publishing, as the Canadian author of any important work other than local must, not in Canada but in England or the United States, he could not afford to reprint in Canada, a country which has but a limited reading public, for the sake of obtaining Canadian copyright. Canadian writers were not consulted about the Act, nor had they anything to do with it. It was carried by the influence of a few interested individuals or firms through a Parliament not highly qualified to legislate on questions of this kind. Now that the attention of writers in Canada has been called to the matter, all with whom I have had an opportunity of speaking are opposed to the Act.

Let there be one copyright for the whole Empire. This is the only satisfactory settlement of the question. Is each colonial dependency to have its own copyright, and Australia six, with practical liberty of piracy all round?

In the *Canadian Monthly* Professor Goldwin Smith deals with the Canadian copyright question as follows:

It is time that Canadian writers should pay attention in their own interests to the Canadian Copyright Bill. Hitherto the matter has been in the hands of the publishers or printers, while the writers, who were equally concerned, were not being consulted, and appear hardly to have known what was going on till the controversy about the ratification of the Bill by the Imperial Government arose. The Minister of Justice, speaking at Toronto against Imperial interference with Canadian legislation, coupled Canadian authors with Canadian publishers in a way showing that he supposed the interests of the two classes to be identical, and alike opposed to those of their British rivals. This proves that the Minister is himself ill-informed as to the effects of the Bill. It might have occurred to him that the interest of the native producer of literary wares could not, any more than that of the native producer of any other wares, be identical with that of the importer of the same wares unpaid for, or paid for under their proper price.

That the Bill is injurious to British authors and publishers is not denied. The Minister of Justice himself compares it to the protective tariff, which, he admits, is adverse to the British producer. To say nothing of justice or regard for the rights of our fellow-subjects of the Empire, the literary interest of Great Britain is powerful, and largely controls British opinion through the Press. The same may be said with regard to the same interest in the United States, which is equally threatened by the Bill. It seems hardly worth the while of Canada to provoke two such enmities for the sake of furthering the commercial objects of a few individuals or firms.— *The Evening Telegraph*, Sept. 30.

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III.—Colonial Copyright.

By Walter Besant. (Reprinted from the *Melbourne Argus*.)

In dealing with the subject of Colonial Copyright I must be understood to speak as a man of letters only, and not as a lawyer. I admit, of course, that the law, as it concerns every possible subject, must underlie all other considerations. At the same time I hope to show that there are special considerations, conditions, and facts connected with copyright which require it to be treated as a subject for legislation, quite apart from all other branches of trade and industry.

At this present moment Canada is endeavouring to effect a change in her copyright law, which fills with dismay everybody concerned with the literature of the English-speaking races. This change is advocated by a small knot of Canadian printers who have succeeded somehow in pulling the political strings. Protests of all kinds have been showered upon the Canadians; deputations of authors and publishers have most vehemently set forth their views, partly to Lord Ripon, from whom little can be expected; partly in the daily papers; papers have been written in the magazines; and the case, which includes the whole British Empire, with the United States, against Canada, has been formally drawn up for the Society of Authors by their counsel.

By the existing Copyright Acts—that of 1842 and of 1846—the colonies now stand on exactly the same footing as the mother country; that is to say, a book published in Melbourne is protected from piracy as much as a book published in London. Further, by the Berne Convention, which is now joined by all civilised countries in the world, except one, the rights of authors are respected in whatever country he produces his book. Lastly, the United States of America have been induced, after infinite trouble, to grant protection from piracy on the condition of separate printing, within a certain time, in their country. It is not a gracious, but a grudging condition. However, it serves, and it produces much less inconvenience than was anticipated. What this international copyright means, then, is this. A French writer publishing in Paris cannot be re-published or translated, in whole or in part, in London or in New York, without his own consent. Of course, this may mean a very considerable privilege. It would give, for instance, to such great writers as Renan and Victor Hugo, the control over translations which are too often
possible audience which already far surpasses any
time in New York and it goes over the whole of
tion in our own country and colonies has already
reached the number of 55,000, the sale still going
the British possessions; he prints it at the same
circulation of 85,000. And if we allow only
America. A novel lies before me whose circula-
editions; and it would insure them the English,
tries are a small matter. Let us consider rather
the present position of our own people, the
authors of the British Empire, and those gene-
rally of the English-speaking race, whether belong-
ing to our empire or to the United States of
America.

First of all, our authors have before them a
possible audience which already far surpasses any
audience that the world of letters has ever yet
commanded. A great poet such as Tennyson, a
great novelist such as Dickens, now addresses
nearly forty millions in these islands, sixty
millions in the States, in Canada five millions, in
Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, the Islands,
and in India—where the educated Hindoo reads
English literature with avidity—another twenty
millions at least. This immense audience of a
hundred and twenty millions is increasing by
leaps and bounds; the child now in the cradle
will, if it lives out the natural span, see it
increased threefold.

To this unprecedented congregation—this
boundless audience—the author of the present
moment speaks. Compare this audience with
that enjoyed by Virgil, who spoke to that very
small part of the Roman Empire where Latin was
the language of the people; with that of a
mediaeval poet such as Chaucer, who spoke to an
England of four millions, and those divided up
into dialects which were not understood by each
other; with that of Shakespeare, when England
had no more than five or six millions; with that
of Wordsworth, who wrote when America con-
tained three or four millions and when Australia
was not. Or compare this audience with that
possessed by the modern Frenchman with thirty-
five millions, by the German with his forty
millions, by the Dane, the Dutchman, the Italian,
or the Swede. There is no comparison.

At the present the man with a message to the
English-speaking peoples has this wonderful
power, never before possessed in anything like
the same fulness and the same strength. He
prints his book in London and it goes over all
the British possessions; he prints it at the same
time in New York and it goes over the whole of
America. A novel lies before me whose circula-
tion in our own country and colonies has already
reached the number of 55,000, the sale still going
on. If it sells only 30,000 in the States we have
a circulation of 85,000. And if we allow only
100 readers to each volume we have an audience

for this one writer of eight millions and a half.
Do you think an estimate of 100 readers too
many? I do not, considering the way in which
the book is passed from hand to hand, and is
called for at all libraries, free and circulating,
and the way in which it is lent from house to
house.

By the present arrangement, then, the success-
ful author may, if he pleases, control the publi-
cation of his book, the price, and its appearance.
He commands the immense market over the
British Empire and the American Republic. He
derives from his works an income which places
him on a level almost with the successful barrister,
and he has stepped out from his previous condi-
tion of degrading dependence upon the so-called
“generosity” of publishers to that of the master
of a considerable estate. In this world we honour
—and we rightly honour—the strong, the success-
ful, and the rich. We despise the weak, the
dependent, and the poor. Therefore literature,
which is only now beginning to be wealthy as a
profession, has within the last few years stepped
forth out of contempt into honour. Understand
me. I know that the individual poet, novelist,
essayist has always been held in honour. But
his profession has always been held in contempt.

All this change has been the result of the
Imperial Copyright Act, the Berne Convention,
and the American International Copyright Act.
These measures have thrown open to all of us,
whether we belong to Melbourne or New Zealand
or Tobago or London, a profession more noble
than any other, daily growing more and more in
honour, daily growing richer, more envied, and
more powerful.

So much for the author. What about those
who were not authors? What will this common
possession of a common literature do for us?
First of all, when we honour the profession we
honour him who belongs to it. With honour
goes authority. The voice of the author begins
to assume the tone of authority. We all of us
help to make him heard; we look about us to
find, if we can, the man with a voice. Already it
makes to the reader no difference whether his
author speaks from Chicago or from London; to
the author, however, it makes all the difference
whether he is speaking to a now half-populated
state of America or to the world. In the former
case he is local and provincial, narrow and limited;
in the latter case he is compelled, by the vastness
of his audience, to become broad and human.
There are already, in fact, two literatures with
us—the one, narrow and local, ephemeral and
provincial, unknown outside its own limits; the
other, boundless as humanity itself. To the
latter, for instance, belong, of our own time,
Tennyson and Longfellow, Carlyle and Emerson, Thackeray and Dickens. To the other belong most of those who rain down upon us the shower of new books published every month, destined for the greater part to die in the year of their birth; the little poets with their dainty little editions of 250 copies; the little novelists of whom the libraries take 500 or 1000; the little essayists, and all the little people whose only merit—but this is considerable—is that they love letters and the literary life, and would fain, if kind heaven permitted, lead that life.

Then one objects, “But before the International and Imperial Copyright Acts, English books got into America, and American books into England.” They did; and now I will show you what is going to happen if the Canadian printers have their unholy way. That is, I will show you what will happen by pointing out what did happen before the passing of these Acts.

The true “inwardness” of the Canadians is that they intend this legalised piracy for the sake of a few printers. Their intention is not to provide their own people with good literature, because that is done already, but to issue cheap reprints of English authors, and to flood the American markets with vilely-printed books at 6d. each. Experience shows that over the long frontier of Canada and America it is absolutely impossible to keep out pirated books. In the old days, before the International Copyright Act was passed, American pirated editions were openly sold in Canada, nobody interfering. In this country, though to a much less degree, Tauchnitz editions are imported and sold. The Society of Authors has twice memorialised the Colonial Office to prevent the sale of American pirated reprints in Jamaica, at the Cape, at Singapore, and other places. It requires an amount of watchfulness on the part of Customs and police, which, I suppose, we can hardly expect. At the present moment, however, there are no American pirates and no American pirated editions. The danger is from ourselves, and we are actually memorialising the Colonial Office against acts of piracy threatened by our own fellow subjects.

The effects of the old American piracy were these, among others. The pirates brought out their books in the commonest and vilest form at the cheapest possible price. The people bought them in the railway trains, read them, and threw them out of window. Nobody wanted to keep the abominable things. But the abominable things were modern English literature. Therefore, literature came to be considered by the whole American people, except the cultured classes, as a thing of no account or value. Who would wish to keep the works of the greatest poet, the greatest dramatist, the greatest preacher, in a dirty edition on the vilest paper and in the vilest type? Those who love literature aright like to have their books daintily printed, beautifully bound, as becomes a thing which is our most valued and most precious possession. For my own part I hate and detest that kind of cheap literature which dares to present great works in unworthy form. I would rather not have a book at all than have it in such a form. A good book is like a lovely woman—it must be well and tastefully dressed. Literature itself, therefore, was degraded by these detestable editions.

People, again, were taught to expect books for nothing. Now, since no other kind of work can be got for nothing, since none of those Americans who bought the dirt cheap books ever thought of working for nothing, it followed, as a matter of course, that the makers of these books became of no more account in the eyes of the mass than the wretched slaves of the sweater—pitied because they are so sweated, despised because they are so helpless. Is this good for literature?

Another of the pernicious effects of piracy—a natural recoil—was the practical starving of American authors. It is not too much to say that until the passing of the Act of 1891 native American literature was, by the very acts of the Americans themselves, starved and stunted. Only those engaged in literature alone—made of it their livelihood—who could not help it. I mean, because the promptings of natural aptitude, or genius, if you like, forced literature upon them, because they could do nothing else. Hardly anyone, therefore, tried to live by literature. That, it was recognised, was a thing ridiculous and impossible. Journalism helped along some American writers, lecturing some, a professorial chair a good many. Lowell was a professor; Oliver Wendell Holmes was a lecturer; Nathaniel Hawthorne was American Consul in England. What hope was there for the American author when the whole of the English literature could be bought for 6d. a volume? That is now changed; the American author, like his English rival, is assuming independence; he can now meet that English rival face to face on equal terms. “We are both,” he says, “published in the same form and at the same price. Let critics and the public choose between us or take us both.” If both are good let us take both; there is always room for good work; if one is better than the other let us take the better man without asking whether he is American or English.

Let us return to the Canadian experiment. I tell you what happened speaking from the year 1905, a distance of time which conveys certain
advantages. It enables us, you understand, to speak outside the heat and prejudice of the moment and with due regard to the proportion of things.

"In the year 1895 the Canadians, being still nominally a colony of Great Britain, though in reality independent, passed an Act in favour of a few printers which had very far reaching consequences. These consequences, it is necessary to explain, were pointed out at the time as perfectly certain to follow. It was, indeed, easy to prophesy that they would follow. By this Act Canadian printers were empowered to reprint any books that were not printed and published in Canada within one month of their appearance elsewhere. There was also a clause granting a royalty of 10 per cent.—an iniquitous and paltry royalty—to the author. As Canada was already engaged to pay a royalty of 12½ per cent. to the author, and as she had never made any serious attempt to discharge this duty, the new offer was treated with contempt. Indeed, there was never the least attempt to carry out this part of the Act. When it was passed, owing to the miserable weakness of the Colonial Minister, the Canadians made haste to show what had been their intention all along. They published rapidly, at the rate of one volume a week, all the popular writers of the day. These books were on bad paper, with bad type, put together anyhow for cheapness; they were sold at the price of sixpence, and presently they began to appear in all the American towns, on all the American bookstalls, and in all the American trains. Once more, the American people, who for four years had been learning that the acquisition of a good book is like the acquisition of any other precious thing—that it wants money—were again taught that the cheapest thing in the world, and therefore the most valuable, was literature. The Canadian printers at first did very well; presently, of course, others rushed into the trade, and competition speedily devoured the profits. But the other colonies now took up the subject. There are printers everywhere: and there are people everywhere who would like to get books for nothing, regardless of consequences. 'Why,' it was asked in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, New Zealand, Cape Town, Calcutta, Bombay, 'should not our printers share in this great business? Let us have our own Copyright Act. Let us do what we like with foreign authors. We need not pretend to give royalties. We are not obliged to give anything; we will not give anything.' So they, too, joined in. And then the Americans saw that there was nothing to be done but to repeal their Copyright Act, and this they did. The first thing, of course, was to crush the Canadian printers, who had done all the mischief. This they effected very easily in a few months by underselling at a loss. So the Canadian printer went bankrupt, and all that Canada got for herself out of her iniquity was the bankruptcy of these printers, a general determination on the part of her people to get books for nothing, and a general contempt for letters. In America the authors saw with dismay the return to the old condition of things; they were once more face to face with a cut throat competition; the English author could be had for nothing; who would pay the American author anything? In the colonies, each had its own Copyright Act; they were united in one point only—that they would pirate everything. Literature among themselves, therefore, was absolutely killed; the market of the Melbourne publisher, for instance, was bounded by the narrow borders of the State of Victoria. One is not surprised to hear, for instance, that in a very short time the only Melbourne publisher left conducted his business from a hand-barrow. In Great Britain, partly owing to the contempt into which literature fell, and partly causing this contempt, the colonial and American reprints were introduced wholesale and sold without let or hindrance. And so for a whole generation literature fell, being cultivated only by an enthusiast here and there, or by a rich amateur. With the decay of letters set in that other period of decay and decline which belongs to the following chapter of our history."

IV.—Advertisements.

Everything that is unknown is enormous. That is why the cost of advertisements generally looms before the imagination as so stupendous. The following table will explain what advertising a book really means. It shows, that is, how much is added to the cost of a book by advertising to the extent of £5, £20, &c., up to £100 for 1000, 2000, up to 40,000 copies. The figures mean pence:

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It will be seen from this table that, while the cost of advertising is very large per copy for small editions, for large editions it may be
almost neglected as for single copies. Thus to spend £100 in advertising a book of which no more than 1000 copies are printed or can be sold, adds 2s. to the cost of every volume; so that (see Cost of Production, p. 31) if a book of 20 sheets of 34 lines and 339 words to a page in long primer, without moulding or stereotyping, and allowing 4½d. a copy for binding, cost £79, or with corrections about £80, i.e., 1s. 7d. to each copy, an additional 2s. on the production makes such a book published at a loss. Sometimes this price is raised to 7s. 6d., or even more in order to allow for advertising. Sometimes, again, publishers seem perfectly reckless about the money spent in advertising. Thus an account was some time ago sent to the Society showing that about £230 had been spent in advertising a book published at 7s. 6d., of which some 5000 copies had been sold. A detailed account was demanded and furnished. The account appeared to be quite correct, being examined and tested here and there. It seemed as if the publisher had been ransacking the country to find the least eligible of country papers: This, however, was an extreme case. On the other hand, when a book reaches, say, 10,000 copies, £100 can be spent upon it without adding any more than 2½d. to the cost of production, while with a very large circulation of 40,000 copies £200 can be spent, if necessary—but it would not be necessary—without adding more than 1½d. to the cost.

It is needless to say that these figures do not include advertisements which cost nothing, i.e., those of the publishers' circulars, magazines, &c., nor those which are simple exchanges.

There are, however, several ways in which a book is advertised.

1. By paying, as considered above, for an advertisement in the papers.
2. By the advertisements which cost nothing in the publishers' own organs—these, however, very often have no circulation to speak of—or by exchange, which, if charged, is a kind of theft.
3. By reviews in the papers. Their influence depends partly on the circulation of the paper and partly on the authority which it commands. From which it is manifest that the daily morning papers are, and must be, the best possible friends that the author can find.
4. By the circulating library lists.
5. By the name and reputation of the author.
6. By the talk of those who read the books and their recommendation of it to each other.

There are, of course, other ways. One is sorry to see, for instance, that books are creeping into the big advertisements on railway stations; they have not yet begun in the fields beside the rail-

V.—A CLAUSE ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Secretary has received an agreement containing a clause to the effect that advertisements of the books in the publisher's own organs shall be charged at half the usual tariff.

In the Author for June, 1893, appeared two papers on publishing, written originally for the Pall Mall Gazette by Sir Frederick Pollock, then chairman of committee. The following paragraph formed part of the second paper:

I turn to the specific question of payment for advertisements. Under a profit-sharing agreement, for half profits, or two-thirds, or as the case may be, this, like other outgoings, is a matter of quasi-partnership account. Only the actual cost, whatever it is, ought to be debited. Therefore, if P. publishes A.'s book on the terms of dividing profits, and the book is advertised in P.'s own magazine, only the cost of paper and print should be charged in respect of that advertisement, and, possibly, some fractional addition for any increased cost of distributing the magazine which may be due to the bulk of advertisements. The same principle seems to apply to what are called exchange advertisements. If Q. advertises P.'s books in return for P. advertising Q.'s there is no real outgoing except for the paper and print. I do not see on what ground any further charge against the book can be justified.

In Dec. 1893, the committee submitted to counsel certain questions on the practices and rights of publishers. Among them was the following:

Has the publisher the right under a share-profit agreement to charge for advertisements (a) inserted in his own magazines or trade-lists, and (b) inserted in other publishers' magazines by exchange without payment?

To this question the following reply was given:

The publisher is, in our opinion, only entitled under such an agreement to charge the actual cost of advertisements, whether inserted in his own magazines or trade lists, or those of other publishers. He cannot charge against the author the sum which a stranger would have paid for the insertion of such an advertisement. The actual cost in case (b) would in effect appear to be the actual cost to him of inserting in his own magazine an advertisement in exchange for the advertisement of the work in question in another publisher's magazine.
This opinion was signed by Mr. Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., and Mr. James Rolt.

It is very much to be desired that we should take a case into court, and try this very important question. It is important for this special reason, that, if a publisher can charge for advertising in his own organs, or for exchanges for which he pays nothing, he has the absolute right to swamp the whole proceeds of the book in such advertisements.

If, therefore, an author signs such a clause as conveys this right, he actually gives the publisher the power of advertising as much as he pleases, as often as he pleases, in his own organs, or, by exchange, in other organs.

He may be in his rights, even though he destroys for the author the whole of the profits by advertisements which cost him no more than the price of printing and paper in his own organs. This permission, observe, may be demanded of the author without any clause as to the circulation and influence of his papers. The publisher may, for instance, possess a magazine with a miserable circulation of three or four thousand at the outside, advertisement in which is practically valueless, and, by means of that little worthless organ, he may take whatever part of the profits that he may please. If the author is willing to grant such a clause let him do so, at least, with his eyes open.

Of course, the answer will be that one must trust his publisher. He could not do anything dishonourable. Very likely not. In that case, why ask for the power?

It will, perhaps, be asked how a publisher could possibly swamp the profits by such advertisements? In this way. An inside page of advertisements in an ordinary magazine may be put down as worth £5. What is to prevent the publisher from taking up two pages or more with advertisements and press notices of the book? Thus he may charge £10 a number against the book. If he carries this on for twelve numbers, there is £120 taken from profits and put in the publisher's pocket. Very few, indeed, are the books which are worth so much. He will pretend that the advertisements were for the good of the book. In that case, why did he not advertise in a great morning daily which has readers by the hundred thousand?

VI.—A Noble Offer.

A correspondent sends us the following case:

He sent a MS. to a publisher who offered to produce it at the author's cost, and sent an agreement and estimate, as follows:

1. The book, which contained 130,000 words, would make a volume of 416 pages, demy 8vo.
2. He said that the book would cost—composing, printing, paper, and binding—£97 for an edition of 500 copies.
3. He proposed to spend £20 in advertising the book.
4. He would account to the author for sales at two-thirds of the published price, thirteen as twelve, less his own commission of 20 per cent. And he proposed 16s. as the nominal price.

In other words the book would cost the author £125 allowing £8 for corrections and extras, i.e., 5s. a volume. But as forty were to be given to the press, and the author would have probably ten, there were only 450 to be sold, and each volume would cost the author 5s. 6d. He would receive for each copy sold under the proposed arrangement 7s. 6d. Or, he would have to get rid of 318 copies before he cleared his expenses.

Let us see what on his own showing the publisher would get. The reduction of one-third with the thirteen as twelve he would say was for the trade.

For himself there remained the 20 per cent. commission. This, on the most favourable terms, if the whole 450 were sold, would amount to about £35. So far, the terms appear fair enough.

But, to look into the agreement a little closer, what about the thirteen as twelve? A book of which a bookseller orders by the dozen, is a popular book. This was not. It is quite certain that very few such orders would be given. The publisher, therefore, puts into his pocket the odd volume; that is to say, he receives 10s. 8d. as a rule for every volume and accounts for as if he had received 9s. 10d., pretending that they were all gone at thirteen as twelve. This means nearly 10d. a volume added to his gains, or, on the 450 copies, £18 15s.; bringing up his profits in this secret manner to £53 odd.

Again, he wants to spend £20 in advertising the book. Where? In his own organs? He does not say. Supposing that he possesses an organ, and that he can exchange, he may not spend a single penny in honest advertising; or, suppose that he spends £5 in legitimate advertising, he may thus pocket £15. His gains now amount to £68.

But there is a grimmer side to this instructive case. The author sent his MS. to a London printer—a large printer of very good standing and repute. His estimate was £67 for composition, printing, paper, and binding.

This was a London printer, understand, with a country branch. The publisher's reply was, of course, that he was a very inferior printer. But he was one of the first printers in London. Now, it is simply impossible to believe that the pub-
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lisher's estimate was actually £30, or nearly 50 per cent. above the estimate procured by the author.

We therefore have the following possible result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Profits as set forth in the agreement</th>
<th>£ s. d.</th>
<th>£ s. d.</th>
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<td>Secret Profits:</td>
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<td>1. By the &quot;13 as 12&quot; claims .........</td>
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<td>2. By the advertisements ............</td>
<td>15 0 0</td>
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<td>3. By overcharge of printing .......</td>
<td>30 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total by secret and underhand profits</td>
<td>63 15 0</td>
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<td>Total profits:</td>
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It may be said that the whole edition might not be sold off. That is true. What, however, is to be said of the system by which the author is hoodwinked into signing agreements by which the results can be made to come out as above?

AUTHORS THEIR OWN PUBLISHERS

A PARISIAN EXPERIMENT.

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ABOUT two months ago there was founded in Paris, at 11, Rue d'Ulm, under the title of La Société Libre d'Édition des Gens de Lettres (Authors' Free Association of Publishing), a society of men of letters, with the object of publishing, without the intermediation of a publisher, approved works of the members. Amongst distinguished members of the Comité de Patronage who have already adhered to this association may be mentioned Alexandre Dumas, Henry Becque, Jules Barbier, Stéphane Mallarmé, Henry Bauer, and Paul Alexis.

The probability of the success of such an association of authors has been often discussed in English literary circles, and many members of the English Society of Authors have proposed to the Committee of that Society that it should undertake the publication at cost price of the works of its members. It accordingly appeared to me that some information as to the organisation and working of this French Association and its prospects of success would be interesting to many readers of the Westminster. This information has been supplied to me by M. Henri Rainaldy, the energetic secretary general of the association.

It appears that, although the Association has only been in existence two months, already more than one hundred French authors, known and unknown, not including the members of the Comité de Patronage, have joined it. The association is composed of honorary members, subscribing members, and titular members. The honorary members are selected amongst distinguished persons in French society, preference being given to leading lights in the literary world. These form the Committee of Patronage. Subscribing members are those persons who, not being authors themselves, are sufficiently interested in the association and its objects to subscribe a minimum of 10 francs per annum to the funds of the society. They do not participate in the privileges of the association, but have their share of such honour and fame as may accrue to it. M. Rainaldy does not mention how many persons in French society—of the Philistines the most Philistine—have shown themselves sufficiently interested in the commercial aspects of literary production to subscribe even the minimum to this association. For my part, I should imagine their number to be but a small one. The titular members, who must justify their claims to be considered men or women of letters, pay an entrance fee of 2 francs and a monthly subscription of 2 francs—that is to say, about 19s. per annum. Every member is entitled to have one book, plaquette, or pamphlet, published by the association and at its cost each year, but not more than one book, plaquette, or pamphlet. The manuscripts of members are submitted to the committee of management, and are read by a Bureau de Lecture formed of members of this committee. It may be noted that no member of the committee of management can publish his works at the expense of the association. The readers have, consequently, no personal interest to ensue in rejecting the manuscripts of members. The Bureau de Lecture reports once a month on the manuscripts submitted, and such as have appeared to the readers to have a commercial value are published by the association, as funds allow and in order of reception. Members whose manuscripts have been rejected by the bureau, or who do not care to submit them to the bureau, can have them published at cost price. The profits on each work, less 25 per cent.—which goes to the funds of the association—are paid over to the author quarterly. "Parisian publishers," says M. Rainaldy, "pocket from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the profits. That is a state of things that we wish to alter."

The society will not have printing-works of its own. For the production of each work tenders are invited from the French printers. In no case can a sum exceeding one-half of the funds of the association be spent on the production and publication of any one book. On the other hand, the association will not capitalise, and 50 per cent. of its funds will always be available for the
production of the works of members. "Our funds will keep increasing in proportion to the number of books we publish," says the enthusiastic M. Rainaldy, who does not appear to take into consideration the possibility of an error on the part of the Bureau de Lecture as to the commercial value of a manuscript, and a consequent loss to the association. "Our funds will increase," he says, "like a snowball. C'est la boule de neige." He adds, what should interest Sir Walter Besant, who has always contested the publishers' claims for general expenses, or rather the extent of these claims: "Our general expenses are practically nil."

Another of the endeavours of the Société Libre d'Édition will be to force down the price at which novels are published in France. "We intend to reduce the price of books gradually, till we get it down to the acceptable price of two francs." At present French novels are published at 3 francs 50 cents, that is to say, when the usual discount has been deducted, at 2 francs 75 cents. Of this sum the bookseller gets 23 cent per copy, the remaining 2 francs 50 cents being divided between the publisher and the author. The author's royalty in France varies between 30 cents and 1 franc a copy. The average royalty paid to men of the standing of Mirbeau, J. K. Rosny, the younger Daudet, Margueritte, Paul Hervieu, and others, is 50 cents.

De Goncourt is said to receive 60 cents and Zola 1 franc per volume. The arrangement seems to suit all parties, and, with all deference to M. Rainaldy and the members of his society, I must say that I have never heard amongst reputable men of letters in Paris any complaints about the system, or about their treatment at the hands of the reputable publishers. What complaints there are come from the booksellers, who say, not without some justice, that 2½d. is hardly sufficient remuneration to them for their trouble in selling a 3 franc 50 cent book. It is true that, almost without exception, books are delivered to the booksellers in France on the sale or return principle, and that 2½d. is 2½d. One fails to see what margin of profit will remain to be divided amongst authors and publishers in France—the booksellers can be left out of the question, as they will certainly not content themselves with anything less than the 2½d.—if the Société Libre succeeds in forcing the price of books at present published at 3 francs 50 cents down to 2 francs. How could, for instance, a book like Zola's "Débâcle," a work of over 200,000 words, be produced to be published at 2 francs? Mr. Hall Caine, in England, is certainly with M. Rainaldy, and hopes to see his books published at the lowest possible prices, relying on immense sales for his adequate remuneration. "I have broken the back of the three-volume novels," he said to me when I was staying with him in Peel last month, "and now I hope to break the back of the six-shilling volume." But quod Jovis est, non boris est, and authors of the popularity of Hall Caine need not be looked for amongst the members of the Société Libre d'Édition des Gens de Lettres.

In connection with this association will be published a "Revue," or monthly magazine. "It is not founded yet," says M. Rainaldy, "and its organisation will take a long time, all the more so because we are up to our necks in work." This "Revue" will publish short stories and other œuvres de courte haleine by members of the society, and should serve a useful purpose. It is at present almost impossible for an unknown writer in France to find a newspaper or a magazine which will publish a nouvelle, or short story, great as is the public appreciation of this form of literary work, even if he abandons all claim for remuneration. The "ring" of successful writers does exist in Paris; the same men contribute constantly to such papers as Gil Blas, Le Journal, and L'Echo de Paris; the outsiders have no chance of obtaining a hearing.

The Société Libre d'Édition has already commenced to work. M. Rainaldy says:

"We shall publish two books next month, 'La Grande Nuit,' by Henry l'Huissier, and 'Quand le tour est joué,' a humorous novel by Michel Jicé. Our third and fourth volumes will be the work of one of our best-known living writers—I am not allowed to mention his name at present—and, after that, that is to say, in November and in December, we shall publish some remarkable works by new writers."

Neither M. l'Huissier nor M. Jicé, the two members who have benefited first by the organisation of the society, have as yet been able to secure a hearing under the old order of things, nor had they been heard of before. This is proof that, at its outset at least, the Société Libre d'Édition is working, without fear or favour, on the principles enunciated by its secretary. The experiment will be watched with interest on both sides of the Channel, both by publishers and men of letters. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that such a society is likely to be of more service to authors in France than a similar organisation would be in England, because in France a publisher never publishes the work of unknown men at any risk whatever to himself. Our English publishers have far more courage and enterprise.

Robert H. Sherard.
THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK LETTER.

I HAVE already quoted from the interesting series of letters which appeared in the London Times a few weeks ago on literature in America. I do not know who the writer of these letters may be, but I can declare that he displayed a knowledge of the conditions of authorship in America, and of the publishing trade here, quite extraordinary in a foreigner, and rare enough even in a native. To say this is not to say that I agree with all his opinions, of course; but I can say that the British reader may rely on all his statements of facts. Obviously the Times correspondent has taken the trouble to inform himself thoroughly about the American makers of books, in both senses of the words; and he discussed the manufacture of books in the United States quite as sensibly as he considered the writing of books here. It is this solid foundation of knowledge which is wanting in most British criticism of American affairs. In a recent number of a London monthly called the Bookman, for example, there was a paragraph which was a masterpiece of complacent ignorance. It declared that the American publishing trade had been “slow to feel the modern movement for better type and comelier binding; but of late the De Vinne Press and the University Press have been turning out very handsome text; and in the last year a new firm, Messrs. Copeland and Day, have been getting up their works with a kind of binding and ornament we are more accustomed to in England. Their artists are as yet a little timid and imitative, and one wonders what Mr. Morris thinks of their edition of ‘The House of Life,' which gives us for some two dollars a very charming imitation of a Kelmscott Press’ work, with the same rich elaborate borders and initial letters, and the same heavy black type. It may be said that the mediaeval workmen copied their masters in much the same fashion, and that a part of the merit of conventional design is that its forms and suggestions are passed on from epoch to epoch, workman to workman. The same publishers’ edition of Father Tabb’s poems takes a suggestion from the cover design of Mr. John Gray’s ‘Silver-points,’ and their ‘Robert Louis Stevenson:’ a study, follows more closely the title-page of Mr. Horner’s ‘Diversi Colores,’ and for so much of ‘American piracy’ one can be grateful without turning Socialist and having all things in common, for it has given us two charming books the more.”

This mention of the University Press, which is a printing house only and not a bindery, with no mention of the Riverside Press, where every process of book manufacture is carried on with the widest resources and the utmost skill, reveals how very slight indeed is the Bookman’s acquaintance with the facts. The Times correspondent showed his knowledge of the situation when he declared that “the art of embellishing books receives more attention in the United States than it does here. More care is taken with the outward appearance, and questions of paper, print, binding, and illustration are more studied.” So true is this that the New York representative of a very important London publishing house confessed to me not long ago that he was not a little ashamed of the make-up of many of the books sent him by the home firm, as they were so inferior in appearance to works of the same high class manufactured in America.

The Times correspondent was quite right in saying that “the comparative excellence of British and American printing is a subject upon which very various opinions are held. Examples of the very finest work could probably be selected from offices on both sides of the Atlantic, of which it could only be said that they could not be improved upon.” For example, different as they are in many respects, there is very little to choose between the new complete edition of Robert Louis Stevenson’s works printed in Edinburgh and published in London, and the new complete edition of Edgar Allen Poe’s works printed in Boston and published in Chicago. In both of these sumptuous sets of seemly tomes there is the most tasteful harmony of paper and type and ink. Both of them do the highest credit to their producers. I agree with the Times correspondent in thinking that perhaps the average of book-printing is higher in Great Britain than in the United States, and for the reason he suggests, that as labour is cheaper in England than in America more time can be spent in the delicate task of “making ready.”

Probably the most exquisite printing yet accomplished in America is that of the De Vinne Press, due to the loving care and profound technical skill of Mr. Thomas I. De Vinne, a devoted student of the history of his craft. To Mr. De Vinne is to be ascribed the marvellous printing of the woodcuts and process blocks used in the Century Magazine, which other magazines may envy and imitate, but which none have yet been able to equal. To Mr. De Vinne’s taste in great measure is due the very beautiful page of the “Century Dictionary,” and as we all know, the page of the ordinary dictionary is very ugly indeed. Mr. De Vinne has always loyally seconded every effort of the artistic staff of the Century Company whether the thing under discussion was a magazine, a dictionary, or an
ordinary book. The Century Company is solicitous not only about its printing, but also about its binding; and its secretary, Mr. Chichester, takes endless pains with the cover designs. It would greatly surprise the old-fashioned publishing-houses of Paternoster-row if they knew the large annual sum which this single American firm paid out to decorative artists for cover stamps. And this outlay is greater than it seems, for I have more than once been told that a cover-design accepted and paid for has been discarded in favour of another which seemed more appropriate.

Only a writer having very slight knowledge of American publishing houses would single out for special praise the new, and unimportant, firm of Copeland and Day, who have so far done little more than imitate certain of the freakish fashions, and doubtful fantasticalities, of recent London bookmaking. The house which holds a position of undisputed preeminence in America as manufacturers of books is Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., who do their own printing and binding at the Riverside Press. The firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co. is the successor of Houghton, Osgood, and Co., which was the result of a union between Hurd and Houghton, on the one hand, and J. R. Osgood and Co. on the other. J. R. Osgood and Co. was the successor of Fields, Osgood, and Co., and of Ticknor and Fields, which had absorbed the business of Phillips, Sampson, and Co. The books published a quarter of a century ago by James R. Osgood were no better in appearance than the average; but the books now published by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have unfailing distinction and grace, to be ascribed, I believe, mainly to the delicate taste and the tireless attention of Mr. George H. Mifflin. It is due, I think, largely to the elevating influence of the Riverside Press that the standard of bookmaking is so high in the United States. Equally potent was the founding of the Grolier Club in New York ten years ago, to afford a centre of communication between book-lovers and book-makers, between bibliophiles and collectors on the one hand, and, on the other, printers, engravers, decorators, paper-makers, and type-founders.

The old house of Little, Brown, and Co. always succeeded in giving solidity and dignity to the volumes bearing their imprint. Of late not a few of the books sent forth by Dodd, Mead and Co., have been worthy of praise. Mr. Marvin is responsible for the manufacture of the volumes issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, and he has been often very happy in the cover-designs he has employed. Harper and Brothers now give far greater attention to the decoration of their books than was formerly the case, and often with conspicuous success; among the volumes the have sent forth to delight fastidious book-lovers may be mentioned the series of books illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. Alfred Parsons, the elaborately adorned edition of the "Cloister and the Hearth" of two or three years ago, and the delicately decorated "Vignettes of Mahattan" of last year, with Mr. W. T. Smedley's satisfying illustrations. The new house of Stone and Kimball in Chicago is also doing its best to make books beautiful, Mr. Herbert L. Stone taking this department under his own care. His chief triumph so far is the edition of Poe, which I have already mentioned.

The correspondent of the Times singled out for praise a complete edition of Charles Lever's tales issued by Little, Brown, and Co., but this is only one of many similar series published within the past ten or fifteen years by different houses in New York and Boston. Little, Brown, and Co. are also responsible for complete editions, in English, of Victor Hugo's romances, and for editions (not complete, of course, but containing a score or more of volumes) of the romances of the elder Dumas. These were all illustrated adequately. In like manner Dodd, Mead, and Co. made sets of Anthony Trollope's "Chronicles of Barset" (published in London by different firms and in different forms) and of his Parliamentary novels—the "Phineas Finn" series. These books are well made, and they are intended for the private libraries of the well-to-do, who like to own full sets of standard authors. As a rule they are sold only in sets, and the usual price is about two dollars a volume, say $8. I need not say that Hugo and Dumas, Lever and Trollope were thus honoured only after the market had been supplied by Thackeray and Dickens, by George Eliot and Hawthorne.

By the sudden death of H. H. Boyesen, Columbia College loses one of its best known professors, and New York one of its most interesting figures. Professor Boyesen was a Norseman who wrote most vigorous English, and who translated American life and character into novels of vehement realism. He had the courage of his convictions, and he broke many a lance with Mr. Andrew Lang, who still defends literary forms that seemed to Boyesen hopelessly out of date.
THE GERMAN AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

The Association of German Authors (Die Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft) is a limited liability association, i.e., each member's liability amounts to £2 10s. at the most. It was founded in Berlin in October, 1891, and so well has it prospered that in June, 1895, it numbered already 650 members. The great object they propose to themselves, and which they keep steadily in view, is to elevate German authors and journalists to a better social and financial position. To attain this purpose several departments have been established, each designed to help literary men in one particular kind of trouble; pecuniary and judicial aid can be obtained here by the members of the association, and not only these, but all members of the profession are assisted in their dealings with editors, publishers, or managers of theatres.

First there is the banking department. It receives payments for the members, attends to the drawing in of money due, and makes advances on such, or grants credit on sufficient security. At another department judicial advice and information is obtained relating to all affairs of the profession, cases of dispute are settled by arbitration, and, if necessary, lawsuits are instituted. Then there is the literary bureau, where novels and novelettes in manuscript or in print can be handed in, and help is given towards their publication or their appearance in a daily paper or magazine. The dramatic agency represents dramatic authors, and maintains their rights in all their relations with the theatres. A further department acquaints journalists in want of employment with the vacancies that occur. Besides, the association undertakes the publication and sale of literary works, and effects the purchase of all publications that are desired, so that it carries on the functions of a publisher as well as those of a bookseller.

A fortnightly magazine, The Right of the Pen, most ably edited by Herr Martin Hildebrandt, is published by the association to uphold its interests and those of all German authors and journalists. It is forwarded gratis to the members.

Only persons engaged in literary or journalistic work are admitted as members. A person desiring to become one has to send in a declaration on a given form to the presidents (Martin Hildebrandt and M. von Reymond), expressing his unqualified concurrence in all the statutes of the association. This is published in the organ of the society, and four weeks later he is received a member, after payment of a fee of admission of 5s. The share of every member amounts to £2 10s., of which, if the whole sum is not paid in, at least one-tenth must be paid at once, whilst the rest can be paid in monthly instalments of at least 2s. To this amount, as I have said before, every member is liable for the association. For members who have obtained more than one share, the liability rises in proportion to the number of shares they have taken, i.e., a member's liability increases to £5 if he owns two shares, and so on. If a person wishes to cease being a member, he must give notice to the presidents of the association one year before the resignation takes place.

For members living in Berlin or visiting there, and also for persons not members of the society, a club was founded by the association, which is open from 10 a.m. to about 2 a.m. It was founded to promote unconstrained social intercourse among authors, journalists, artists, men of science, and other men in public life. The club is managed by a committee of five, of whom three are elected every year in the general meeting of the association from those club-members who are also members of the association. These three, within a week, have to call the yearly general meeting of the club, and in that the two other members of the committee are elected. Then a chairman is chosen, and notice is given to the presidents of the association of the fact. The committee has to maintain order in the club-rooms; it has to receive and to exclude members, to keep up the business communication with the presidents of the association, and to set down the regulations for the use of the arrangements of the club.

To become a member of the club one has to send in a notice to the presidents of the association on a given form, expressing one's wish, and promising to strictly follow club rules and regulations; and this must be supported by two members of the club. Then the committee makes the names of the candidate and his two supporters known by hanging up a notice giving their names for four weeks in the club, and, besides, they are published in the The Right of the Pen, the organ of the association. The candidate can be admitted only in the presence of at least three of the members of the committee, and the admission must at once be notified to the association. In case of admission being refused the candidate can appeal to the committee for a resumption of the proceedings, but this must be done within a fortnight.

The fees, which can be paid annually or quarterly, are very moderate. For members of the association, of the Union of German Authors (Der Deutsche Schriftstellerverband), of the Berlin Press Union (Verein Berliner Presse), and of the Literary Society (die Litterarische Gesellschaft),...
THE AUTHOR.

they amount to 12s. a year; for persons that are not members of any one of the societies mentioned, they are now £1 4s. annually. These latter also have to pay an extra fee of admission of 10s. The membership runs one year, and, unless notice to the contrary is given, is silently regarded as continued for another year every 30th of June. If anyone wishes to resign, he must give notice to that effect to the presidents of the association, in a registered letter, at least three months before the 30th of June, on which day the business season of the association closes. Exclusion takes place if a member acts in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, and is made known to the person in question by a vote from the presidents. An eventual appeal must be lodged with the committee within a fortnight, and, till the final decision, the membership is regarded as suspended.

At present the club occupies five pretty, tastefully-decorated rooms on the first floor of Kronenstrasse 61, in the best quarter of Berlin, in which house are also the offices of the association. The library and reading-room contains about 500 papers and magazines of all descriptions and from all countries. Refreshments can be had at any time between 10 a.m. and 2 a.m., but are not served in the reading-room, where also smoking is not permitted. Neither is it allowed to make cuttings from the papers, or to take magazines and books away.

Only members in possession of members' cards are admitted. They are allowed to introduce guests three times, but if a guest comes oftener he is regarded as having become a candidate for the club. The ladies of members are also allowed to visit the rooms. Dinners are given now and then, and every year a great feast is held under the auspices of the association for some benevolent fund; in the winter a ball is given. The principal object, however, is to provide a place of meeting free from social restraint, where men can stroll in and out just as they please, and that this has been successfully attained, no one can doubt that has even been in the rooms. The most interesting evenings are those after a "first night," when the critics congregate, and one can hear the sharpest tongues of Berlin give judgment for or against the new piece.

Among the members of the association are a good many ladies, but lady visitors are not so prominent in Germany as in England, nor are they so numerous, and though, e.g., Olga Wohlbbrück and Elsa von Schabelsky are well known enough here, I doubt that English readers have ever heard of them. Some of the best names, however, of present German literature are to be found in the members' list. For instance, Ernest von Wildenbruch, the poet, dramatist, and novelist; Hermann Sudermann, whose novels and dramas are acknowledged to be among the best our time has produced; and the veteran novelist, Friedrich Speilhen. Among others I may mention Oscar Blumenthal, owner and manager of the Lessing Theatre, the adapter of many English plays; Max Halbe, whose drama "Youth" (Die Jugend) had a run of over a hundred nights here; Maximilian Harden, founder and editor of the Future (Die Zukunft), a weekly publicaions, the best German journalist of the day; Gutavet Kadelburg, the successful actor and playwright; Carl Bleihtrn, John Henry Mackay, Alexander von Roberts, Georg von Ompiteda, Wilhelm von Polenz, and many others. Most of these are members of the club as well as of the association. Among the members of the club only I may mention C. A. Raida, the conductor and composer, some of whose compositions are well known in England; R. Alexander, the great comic actor; and G. Tielscher, who created the part of "Charlie's Aunt" here.

I could name a good many others who have made their mark in the world, but the names given show sufficiently that the association and its club are a great success.

Berlin. CLARENCE SHERWOOD.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE death of Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., which took place on Monday, October 21st, at the ripe age of eighty-two, removes from our lists one of our oldest and one of our most distinguished members. Mr. Reeve joined the Society as a vice-president at its foundation eleven years ago, and has remained a subscribing member down to the present year. He was not able to assist the Society by taking the chair at any of our meetings, but he always took an interest in our proceedings and sympathised with our methods and policy. At the outset of the Society it was a great thing for us to receive the adhesion of so distinguished a member of the world of letters as the editor of the Edinburgh Review. He is principally known by his "Greville Memoirs." He also published a translation of Guizot's "Life of Washington" and a series of essays on "Royal and Republican France," and in 1869 he received from the University of Oxford the degree of D.C.L. He was a companion of the Bath and commander of the Royal Military Order of Portugal.

We have not yet noticed the Authors' Journal of New York. It has advanced so far
as the third number of the second volume. The number for October, 1895, contains a paper by Mr. Charles Burr Todd on "Authors' Societies and their Work;" another on the Syndicate System; a "white list" of editors, i.e., a list of journals in which the contributor is always paid: a good quantity of 'personal' papers and experiences, questions and answers; and more personal notes. There is also a list of current literary articles. It is a practical and useful paper: it lacks, however, the element which is always found in the fore-front in these pages—the figures and the meaning of the figures. There is also a delightful column of Authors' own advertisements: "An observer upon the manners of the school girl would like to contribute to something." "A joke-carpet and all-round funny man offers his devices." Another "would do valentines or advising verse. Nothing makes so effective an ad." "Publishers should send for the crisp, fetching, irresistible things that I write." "Short, crisp, breezy sketches of life in wealthy, wonderful, wicked New York." "Entirely new and original plots furnished by a well-known author who has not time to work them up." With many more equally pleasant and suggestive.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the Times of Sept. 21, paid a tribute of recognition to the services of the late Professor E.L. Youmans, which should be copied in these columns. The New York correspondent of the Times, in speaking of the publishing house of Appleton and Co., a house which has done a great deal for literature in the United States, mentioned the fact that they were the first to introduce authorised editions of Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin to the American public, and that also originated the well known International Scientific series. Mr. Herbert Spencer thus writes:

While recognising the indebtedness of English men of science to the house of Messrs. Appleton, justice requires me to say that the "debt of gratitude" is in chief measure owed to my late friend Professor E.L. Youmans. The soundness of his judgment having been proved to them by experience, the Messrs. Appleton adopted to a large extent the suggestions made by him respecting English works to be republished. It was at his instigation that they undertook the publication of my works, the works of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin, and the works of various other scientific men. He was deeply desirous of obtaining for English authors a due share of the profits resulting from the sales of their books in America, and his desire met with a proper response from the Messrs. Appleton. How far the remunerative terms given to English authors must be ascribed to his negotiations and how far to the equitable feeling of Messrs. Appleton, it is of course impossible to say; but my own correspondence with him enables me to testify that his unceasing effort was to maintain authors' interests. For a period of thirty years, during which English works had no copyright in America, arrangements initiated about 1860 gave to English authors who published with the Messrs. Appleton profits comparable to, if not identical with, those of American authors. To the Messrs. Appleton great credit must be accorded for having loyally carried out these arrangements in my own case and in the cases of various of my friends, and I believe, in all other cases; but I cannot permit the part taken by Professor Youmans in the matter to be ignored.

To him, more than to any other American, the gratitude of English authors is due.

Let me also correct the statement of your correspondent respecting the International Scientific series. This was not "originated" by the Messrs. Appleton, but by Professor Youmans. Further, he was the originator of the Popular Science Monthly, for many years edited by him and now edited by his younger brother.

We have published one or two letters on privately publishing a book. I do not suppose that many will try this plan, but it is certainly far better and more economical than paying a publisher for producing it. For instance, there is the person who replies to the author of a MS. that "his reader has reported so favourably on the work that he is disposed to offer the following exceptional terms: The author to pay £100; if he will not, then £80; if not £80, then £60; and so on." That person must make his profit out of the transaction; it is not for doing so that one blames him. The author, however, can save that profit by printing the book himself. One correspondent has recently asked how an author is to introduce the book to the public. Well, there is but one way. He must send the book round to the Press; he must advertise it; he must offer it to the trade. The publisher can do no more. Probably the author would not make much of a success with his book; but if it is a good book, and one wanted by the public, he would, perhaps, do quite as well with it in this way as in any other. If it is a bad book, he would do no better with a publisher than without. The best advice we can offer to an aspiring author is the old advice: If publisher after publisher refuses your MS. put it away for a while; after a year or two read it again, and you will probably understand why it was refused. Never, never, never, pay for producing what publishers refuse. This advice is quite useless, and wasted, and thrown away. No candidate for the honours of authorship can be made to believe that his MS. is worthless. All I want, he says, is a chance. Produce me, give me to the public, on any terms. I will pay anything—only produce me. He is produced, and the wounds of that bleeding purse can no more be healed than the agonies of wounded vanity.

I have before me a little collection of stories published on the method indicated above. It is
a very little book in large print: the stories are wretched: the writer has no knowledge at all of the art: not the least: she is too young to have any experience of the world: she is not dramatic: she has neither imagination nor style—not one single thing to qualify her for writing fiction. She paid £40 in advance: she was told that she would not be liable for any further payment “in respect of the paper and materials for producing the book.” The book would probably cost about £20, for of course very few copies would be bound. There was a further clause stating that the money expended in advertising would be taken from the sales of the book. Well: the first thing that this honourable publisher did was to send a demand for £5 for advertising the book; this was sent; as an afterthought, a demand for money for corrections; this was sent; then a second demand for another £5 for advertisements; this was refused. Nothing more has been heard about the book at all. Of course, if people are so foolish as to accept such offers they only have themselves to blame. It is an old, old story.

The acumen of the country solicitor in such business as ours is very remarkable. A case was brought to me privately; one of the very common type, like that quoted above, in which an unfortunate aspirant agrees to pay a sum of money which he is led to believe will constitute his sole liability for the production of what is humorously called a Work. The said Work did not possess the smallest chance of any kind of success—a thing which the publisher's reader, if it was read, ought to have known perfectly well. However, the book was printed, and then more claims came in. And equally, of course, no sales. I told the victim that if he would send me all the papers I would give them to the secretary of the Society of Authors, who is a solicitor, and would obtain from him an opinion at least; perhaps, also, such action on the part of the Society as would make the creature disgorge. Meantime the victim had referred the matter to his solicitor, who wrote to me that, if any action were taken, this publisher “would have sufficient influence with the newspaper critics to get any future book issued by other publishers damned.” That is the exalted opinion of our critics by a country solicitor! On a previous occasion a certain country solicitor asked a man of letters in London for his advice concerning a certain little technical book he had recently published on his own account. The man of letters advised him to send copies to all the papers, and to advertise it in certain papers which would be most likely to bring his book before the people for whom it was intended. It appeared, however, that what this writer wished for was advice as to some secret and underhand way of squaring the Press, as with a “four” of gin—a thing which he assumed to be constantly done and easily managed. Therefore he went about showing the letter of advice to his friends. “There!” he cried, “I’ve known this man for forty years and this is all he will do for me!”

In the first of these two cases there was another point. The victim was charged about double the actual cost of production. The country solicitor states, as from his own wide experience and knowledge, that the cost of production was certainly quite equal to that charged.

The number of magazines and journals of which the contents are almost altogether, or wholly, devoted to fiction, is bewildering. A new venture is promised to begin this month with the opening chapters of eight new novels. Heavens! Imagine the simultaneous swallowing of eight opening chapters, and then waiting for a week for the next eight second chapters! It seems like taking eight dinners in so many weeks—the eight soups first week, the eight fish the next week, and so on. One would like statistics, if they could be obtained, showing the number of novels actually running at any moment. Thus, there are the monthly magazines, the great illustrated weeklies, the weekly newspapers, the weekly journals, such as Chambers’s, and so forth—those that appeal to a large audience; those that are nothing but a weekly story. If we could only obtain these statistics we should understand for the first time how enormous is the mass of those who read stories as their principal form of recreation. One is not talking here of critical readers, but simply of readers—boys and girls, working lads and factory girls, domestic servants, clerks, shop girls, and so on upwards, all reading, all buying their weekly pennyworth, all revelling in the woes, and the joys, and the anxieties of other people which make them forget their own.

Here is a curious illustration of the decline and fall of a great name, and of its subsequent revival. I have the story from the publishers of the novelist in question. For the last ten years this novelist has been suffering from eclipse partial to eclipse almost complete. Year after year the demand for his books went down, down, down—it seemed at last as if it was a matter of only a year or two before he would be quite forgotten. Then a new edition of two of his books
was produced. Suddenly, his name revived; the demand increased daily. Within three months more than 150,000 copies of each of these two new editions have gone off. If we may measure by numbers, the popularity of this writer is still far greater than that of any living man or woman—not counting Du Maurier, with his “Trilby,” in the States. The name of the novelist is Charles Reade; the two books are “The Cloister and the Hearth” and “It’s Never Too Late to Mend.” Why is Charles Reade so popular? Because he is dramatic; because he is full of humanity, and heart, and sympathy. Produce a book, my hero of half-a-dozen failures, with these qualities, and you, too, shall win the love of the world.

A correspondent (p. 147) points out that Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his earlier Indian stories adopted the dialogue or dramatic form of telling his story. This is quite true, and I ought to have remembered the fact; and I owe every apology to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for not remembering that fact. There is no living person who has a greater respect than myself for the genius of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, many of whose stories are, I think, simply unequalled by anything in our language, so that I am all the more vexed that I should be suspected of doing him an injustice. It appears to me, however, that the adoption of the dramatic form by Miss Violet Hunt and Mr. Anthony Hope is due rather to French influence than to imitation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose methods and treatment neither of these writers appears to me to follow. However, where we find attractive or charming work it makes very little difference where the form in which it is cast was originally invented or by whom it was suggested. The dialogue story has, I believe, “come to stay.”

WALTER BESANT.

ON SENDING OUT BOOKS FOR REVIEW.

It is stated in the Daily Chronicle that a novelist—Miss Marie Correlli—is about to discontinue the practice of sending out her books for review. This statement leads one to consider the utility of the present custom. First of all, it is notorious that, while authors of all kinds are continually grumbling against their reviewers, neither authors nor publishers cease to send their books for review. Obviously, therefore, the advantages of the present system outweigh the disadvantages, otherwise the books would no longer be sent. The press copies, if one considers what they mean, amount to a pretty heavy tax; they amount to about forty copies of every new book. Taking our usual unit of a six-shilling volume, this means a tax of about £7 on every work, if we suppose that these press copies would otherwise be taken by the trade.

In addition, of course, all the principal papers receive advertisements of the book. There seems a tacit understanding that the books shall be advertised in the papers which receive the copies—a thing which seems only fair. For publicity is absolutely necessary for a book on its first appearance. The papers give it a certain publicity in their advertising columns; but an advertisement, unless the writer is very well-known, is of very little help compared with a favourable review. In the hope of obtaining such a favourable review the book is always sent, and literature has this enormous advantage over every other marketable production—that it can look to receive, as nothing else can, what purports to be an open and unbiased opinion from a competent person who honestly reads the book before he reviews it. Again, the lift that a favourable review can give a book depends very much on the circulation of the paper, and on the weight and authority of its judgments. Everybody knows that a favourable opinion appearing in any one of the great morning papers is simply invaluable to a book. Therefore, unless these papers—which is not likely—lose their weight, or are allowed to become, like some existing organs, the channels for personal venom or incompetence, they will certainly continue to receive books for review. And, just as at present, those writers who are neglected, or treated with harshness, will continue to grumble.

But when authors take over the advertising of their books into their own hands, which will certainly be one of the reforms of the future, a change will take place as to indiscriminate advertising in papers which pay no regard to the character of the reviews. A journal which allows blackguard reviews, venomous reviews, and the introduction of personal enmities, will certainly cease to receive either advertisements of books or books to review. We consent to the heavy tax on the understanding of fair play; that is to say, there is an unwritten compact that every book reviewed shall be honestly read—not that every book sent shall be reviewed; and that the reviewer shall be a competent and large-minded person. Where this is not the case there can be no earthly use in sending the volumes, and there can be no desire to do what is possible in maintaining the paper by way of advertisements.

On several occasions in these columns attention has been drawn to the reviews of books in batches, in paragraphs of eight or ten lines each. This practice, as carried out in some papers, seems little
short of a breach of faith. For it is impossible to pass a judgment, that is, a critical judgment, with reasons, in a short paragraph. Further, if one considers what is paid for such a batch of notices, it is manifestly impossible for the reviewer to read all, or, indeed, any of the books. For instance, there are, or have been, cases in which a column of so-called reviews, despatching a dozen novels, is paid for at one guinea the column. To read and to pronounce a competent judgment on twelve novels would require at the very least six days. Can the reviewer live and pay his rent and dress his wife and family on a guinea for six days' work—this is, fifty-two guineas a year? The thing is absurd. There are, then, to repeat, four things that authors and publishers have a right to demand in exchange for the book and the advertisement: (1) that the reviewer shall honestly read the book which he undertakes to review; (2) that the reviewer shall be competent for the task he undertakes; (3) that the reviewer shall not be allowed to introduce personal animosities; and (4) that the book shall not be jumbled up in a batch. If there is no reasonable security that these four points are not safeguarded by the editor, why should we give a journal either advertisements or books? Further, there is another consideration which must be taken into account. Every paper which shovels its books together, by doing so, loses the whole of its literary authority. No notice of a book carries with it either weight or authority where the book appears as one of a batch. This treatment simply destroys the critical character of the paper. For, to the outside world it appears self-evident that the books of a batch must be all of slight importance; and by the critical world it is perfectly well understood that books so noticed cannot possibly be read, because there is no time for reading them. The author, for his part, humbly feels that if he is worth noticing at all he is worth noticing as a separate individual. Should it not—one ventures with submission to ask—be a great distinction for a book to be noticed by a great paper—a distinction which every author would desire? Would it not be the graceful part of a great paper to confer this distinction on the few books that deserve it? Such a paper has the power of "making" a book, and, therefore, the author. But it can only exercise this power by suppressing a great quantity of "notices" of less important books. There is— one knows—only room for a certain amount of critical matter; the question to consider is how to use that room for the advancement of the best interests of literature. Surely a half dozen slight and hasty opinions on books good, bad, and indifferent cannot advance any interests of literature.
made in England for organising journalism and their outcome—the Institute of Journalists, with 4000 members.

M. de Berazza, of Spain, in a most lengthy speech, then argued that the central bureau should be an association of individuals, and not of associations; but, after a long discussion, this was out-voted. How the bureau could deal with every individual seemed an impossibility. Upon the two questions of the number of votes each association should have, and the amount of levy to be made per member, a heated argument arose. England, with 4000 members, would have forty votes if one per 100 was accorded; but she would also have to pay an enormous sum above other countries if 1s. per member was the levy. Ultimately it was agreed that votes be allowed one in a hundred, Mr. Crosbie, with agreement of his confrères, agreeing that twenty votes should be the maximum allowed to any country, and 25 centimes was adopted as the levy per head.

Another subject that raised many voices was the composition of the committee of direction. One representative for 300 members was suggested, but this cut out all small States, even if several grouped together. The suggestion that each State should send one would not work, as three States in an Empire could then out-vote the Empire. Finally, it was settled—one representative for every 100 members, small States grouping together; and, upon this, there followed a discussion upon how these representatives be elected—at home or at the congress. Fierce and almost wild were the cries of Je demande la parole, and the debate was adjourned for each country to consult amongst themselves; and, on resuming, the compromise arrived at was, the delegates at the congress agree to elect the representatives on the central committee, according to mandate from their associations, for one or three years.

When the various statutes were passed for confirmation by the home associations, two warm debates arose on International telegraph tariffs and copyright in news and in literary style. A perfect babel being aroused, when Mr. Albert Batville, of the Figaro, asked if it was just for a provincial paper to copy in a few hours a costly telegram of a Paris paper. Qui on Non? The writer hereof spoke for the protection of literary style in news relation, and Messrs. Askell and Crauford, of Paris, and Mr. Hebaer all spoke, the latter most eloquently on this knotty question of news copyright.

The general opinion upon the Educational test for journalists was brought out by a paper by Mr. Heinzman-Tavino, but the discussion proved how sadly needed was a set of rules for debate; and a suggestion of such rules was given in by Capt. Gratwicke, to be discussed at the next Congress.

On re-electing the Central Committee, Mr. Crosbie and Sir H. G. Reid were chosen for England, with Mr. Fisher as honorary-secretary. The social side of the Congress was full of agreeable entertainment and charming surprises, and if our president, Mr. Crosbie, had distinguished himself by his calm suavity and pacifying speeches when presiding or assisting at the sessions of the Congress, he added to the impression created by his witty well-timed impromptu remarks at the breakfasts and banquets that were showered upon the Congressites.

Two excursions were arranged, one to Arcachon and one in the Medoc. At Arcachon carriages were in waiting for drives in the forests; yachts for excursions in the Bay after the sumptuous déjeuner; and in the Medoc at each chateau every kindness was shown the calvacade, that was headed by two huntsmen in red, sounding fanfares on their horses. At Boulac a déjeuner was spread, with a little wine list of 146 brands and vintages; and at the lovely Chateau Larose Pergauson Count Lakens received the Congress, a “lunch” of a very choice description, although it was 8 p.m., being spread on the lawn with the finest crus. The drive through the vineyards was the more charming, as the vintage had just commenced, and some picturesque groups of vintages were met en route.

The International Congress next year is at Buda-Pesth. It will probably be more polyglottic than this French one. The English members will do well to prepare their papers, decide upon their speakers, and arrange matters of precedent for all important matters; and also appoint a translator; as so often the very gist of an English speech is omitted or mistranslated. Continental rules of debate so differ from, and Continental customs at functions are so unlike our own, that preparation should be made for these differences, that our English journalists may take their proper position both in debate and socially.

JAMES BAKER.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.


HOW TO COUNTERACT THE “PENNY DREADFUL.” Hugh Chisholm. Fortnightly Review for November.

A LATTER DAY CRITIC AND GEORGE ELIOT. Mrs Mark H. Judge. Humanitarian for November.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH: The Scottish Walton. Alex.
Cargill. Pall Mall Magazine for November.
The Home of Thomas Carlyle. Marion Leslie.
Young Man for November.
THOMAS CARLYLE. Mrs. Mayo. Leisure Hour for
November.
The Homes of Thomas Carlyle. Marion Leslie.
Young Man for November.
HISTORIAN, POLITICIAN, NOVELIST: An Interview with
Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. Sarah A. Tooley. Young Man
for November.*
CHRISTABEL ROSE COLERIDGE. Sunday Magazine for
November.
The Advance of Advertiserment. Cornhill Magazine
for November.
LITERARY BOSTON THIRTY YEARS AGO. William Dean
Howells. Harpers' Magazine for November.
The Art of Translating. Quarterly Review for
October.
FREEMAN, FROUDE, AND SEELEY. Quarterly Review for
October.
The Novels of Maria Edgeworth. Quarterly Review for
October.
The New Drama. Quarterly Review for October.
SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN. Edinburgh Review for
October.
26.
The Poet's Function as Interpreter. Spectator for Oct.
19.
"BLUGGINESS." Spectator for Oct. 12.
BOOK PLATES. Builder for Oct. 19.
AUTHORS THEIR OWN PUBLISHERS: A Parisian Experi-
14.
NOTABLE REVIEWS OF OCTOBER.
Of Professor Walker's "The Greater Victorian Poets."
Speaker for Oct. 12.
Of Henry Arthur Jones's "The Renascence of the
Of S. R. Crockett's "The Men of the Moss Haggs."
Of Walter Peter's "Miscellaneous Studies." Daily
Chronicle for Oct. 23.

To counteract the "penny dreadful," Mr. Hugh
Chisholm urges, in the new number of the Fort-
nightly, that the Board School curriculum be
remedied to train boys thoroughly how to behave
themselves, and that Board School teachers
should have just as much control over their
charges as public school masters have over theirs.
He looks also, however, to some means of supply-
ing good fiction as cheaply as bad—perhaps populars
of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, the Kingsleys,
Marryat, Stevenson, and others:

Popular authors of ephemeral fiction now (he says) make
a great deal more money than their labours are really
worth, compared with the equal or greater efforts of workers
and artists in other lines. But when the inevitable reaction
comes they will be glad to reduce their prices, and make
their profit by means of an enormous cheap circulation.
Besides, as copyrights run out, the dead hand will compete
with the living, and an enormous mass of readable fiction
published in the last fifty years will of necessity bring the
new authors into a proper perspective.

Extracts from some hitherto unpublished letters
of the poet Burns to Mrs. Dunlop are given in
the paper on the subject in the Fortnightly, by
L. M. Roberts, who remarks that "we cannot
help feeling that the letters he had received from
Mrs. Dunlop were among the papers which the
dying man would fain have "put in a state of
arrangement" or buried in oblivion"; and that
Burns's complaints to her of the persistent
presence of his "old attendant, poverty," are so fre-
quent and so bitter as to lay him open to the impi-
tation of covert begging." Mrs. Judge, in her
article in the Humanitarian, defends the memory
of George Eliot against the criticism by Mrs. Lynn
Linton in a recent number of the Woman at Home.

The importance of the work of translation is
upheld by a writer in the Quarterly, as it was in
a much briefer article in Macmillan's last month.
The following words of the Quarterly reviewer
really represent the general view taken by both:

Much translation doubtless is produced by hacks, and
it is obviously poor enough. But such production is in
reality only like the other hack or journeyman work which
fringes true and living literature. Translation worthy of
the name has its proper place, and that no mean one, in the
hierarchy of letters.

And "the aim of a translation should be to
produce an impression similar, or as nearly as may be
similar, to that produced by the original." While, as to poetry, the last word is Dryden's,
"To be a thorough translator of poetry a man
must be a thorough poet."

Maria Edgeworth's novels occupy the con-
ideration of a Quarterly reviewer, who finds that
the novelist's faults arose from the "cardinal
defect" of moral teaching being her first object,
and literature, or the interest of her tale, only
second. But "in depicting scenes and characters
of Irish life Miss Edgeworth struck a new vein of
material for fiction;" and, thus interpreted, what
Sir Walter Scott called her "admirable Irish
portraits," were in truth the inspiration of the
Waverley novels; as they also were, on his own
admission, of Tourgenieff's pictures of the Russian
peasantry. Also in the Quarterly there is a
comparison of "Freeman, Froude, and Seeley,"
who, says the writer, were agreed only on one
point, i.e., in acknowledging the didactic view of
history. "None of them would be content with
mere literary brilliancy, nor with mere antiquarian
correctness. Each of them accepts for the his-
torian the duties and responsibilities of a political
teacher," though their method in carrying these
out was widely different.

Another article in the Quarterly is "The New
Drama," in which the writer says that psychology
has been during the last twenty years upsetting
our conventional ideas, but that the New Drama
is, as was the Elizabethan, a cosmopolitan drama,
"with the distinction, however, of self-conscious-ness." As to Mr. Jones's plea for literature in drama, the writer concludes:

Put into connection with all that is vital and preserva-
tive of English life," where is his "atmosphere" of literary
plays? If we have proved anything it is that we must no
longer hope for a school of national dramatists; there is no
point of union for a "school"; the "national" recedes
before the peep show of the soul. But this peep show has,
as we have seen, its limits. By respecting them we may
secure good plays; and occasionally great dramas like
"Heimat" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." . . . But
honest workmanship and healthy purposes are much more
vital than showy pretensions to literary immortality.

BOOK TALK.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is having a number
of his articles reprinted in volume form
under the title "East and West." The
book, with illustrations by Mr. R. T. Pritchett,
will be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. George Meredith's new novel, "The
Amazing Marriage" is to appear this month,
in two volumes, published by Messrs. Archibald
Constable and Co. Mr. Hardy's "Jude the
Obscure," due to-day (Nov. 1) from Messrs.
Osgood McIlvaine, was "for various reasons"
"abridged and modified in some degree" when
appearing serially, but will now be seen in its
full form.

Other principal works of fiction will include
Mr. Grant Allen's "British Barbarians," to be
published by Mr. Lane; "The Adventurer of the
North," by Mr. Gilbert Parker (Methuen); "The
Little Pilgrim's Progress," by Mrs. Hodgson
Burnett (Warne); Mr. Clark Russell's volume
of sea stories entitled "The Tale of the Ten"
(Chatto and Windus); a volume of stories by
Mr. Quiller Couch (Cassell); "The Herb Moon,"
by John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin); and Mr.
Kipling's book of jungle stories (Macmillan).

A psycho-physiological story entitled "An
Evil Motherhood," heralded as being "extremely
original in its treatment," is to be issued by Mr.
Elkin Matthews, the author of which is a new
writer named Walter Roding.

"Chapman's Story Series" is another new issue,
of course, from the old firm of Chapman and Hall.
It began a few days ago with a volume containing
"The Long Arm," the detective story by Miss
Mary E. Wilkins, which gained the Batcheller
Syndicate prize, and other stories. The second
volume will be "In a Hollow of the Hills," by
Bret Hart; Mr. Charles James is the author of
the third, and Mr. Oswald Crawford of the
fourth.

The "Pierrot Library," which comes from the
Bodley Head, is one of the latest series of novels
to be projected. The volumes will be 2s. 6d. net,
and Mr. Lane has engaged Mr. Aubrey
Beardsley to design title pages and covers.
"Pierrot," the first volume of the series, will be
by Mr. de Vere Stackpole; Mr. Egerton Castle
and Mr. A. T. G. Price will contribute the next
two.

The "Fleur de Lys Series" of novels emanates
from Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, the first story
being by Mr. R. D. Chetwode, entitled "The Lord
of Lowedale.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical romance,
"The Red Cockade," will be published at the
beginning of December by Messrs. Longmans.

"Sweetheart Travellers" is the engaging title
of Mr. Crockett's forthcoming book, which will
be illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. Messrs.
Wells and Gardner will publish it.

Short stories by various writers, intended to
show each at his best, is the plan of a volume
entitled "XX. Stories," which Mr. Fisher Unwin
is about to bring out. The contributors to the
book will include Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr.
Manville Fenn, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Brandon
Thomas, and others.

"Robert Louis Stevenson," by Annie Mac-
donell, is the forthcoming volume in the
Contemporary Writers Series, published by
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The important
"Vailima Letters"—the correspondence during
several years of the late Mr. Stevenson to Mr.
Sidney Colvin—is published to-day (Nov. 1) by
Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Colvin is preparing to
write the biography of Stevenson, though a year
or two will elapse before the work can be ready.
"Weir of Hermiston," the novelist's unfinished
work, will be published this season by Messrs.
Chatto and Windus.

Miss Marie Corelli has during the month issued,
through Messrs. Methuen, a new novel called
"The Sorrows of Satan," to which she prefixes a
notice stating that "no copies of this book are
sent out for review."

Two new novels by Mrs. L. T. Meade will
appear immediately, "The Voice of the Charmer,"
which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish;
and "A Princess of the Gutter," a story of
Christian Socialists' work in East London, to be
issued by Messrs. Wells, Gardner, and Co.

Life in Paris during the French Revolution is
the subject of a novel by Mr. Harold Spender,
entitled "At the Sign of the Guillotine," which
Mr. Unwin will publish in a few days. It is
woven round the love-romance of one of the
great revolutionists,
The biography of Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Keppel, which Messrs. Bentley are to publish, will have illustrations by the late Sir Oswald Brierley, marine painter to the Queen. This firm will also publish a new work by Miss Julie Sutter, entitled “England’s Greatest Problem.” This problem is poverty, and the author concludes that ours is pre-eminently the land of vagrants.

Among coming biographies is one of the well-known actor Mr. John Hare, written by Mr. Edgar Pemberton.

The Rev. C. H. Simpkinson, rector of Farnham, is the biographer of the late Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, who left a mass of material to work upon. Messrs. Isbister are the publishers.

“Comrades,” by Annabel Gray, is now published by Mr. Henry J. Drane, Salisbury House, Salisbury-square. Price 6s. 1 vol.

Mrs. Edmonds desires to state that the “Pappas Narkissos” of her friend Demetrius Bikelas was translated by her and published in a magazine four years ago, but not, as in the present case, “adapted” to meet the views of the S.P.C.K.

The “Life and Letters of Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan” is in preparation by his son, Mr. H. N. Sullivan, and the book will be published by Mr. Murray. Canon Rawnsey has written the biography of Dr. Harvey Goodwin, the late Bishop of Carlisle, which will come from the same firm.

Mr. H. D. Traill has written “The Life of Sir John Franklin” from documents hitherto unpublished, and the work will be published by Mr. Murray.

A new volume by Vernon Lee, entitled “Renaissance Fancies and Studies,” is to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. William Watson will be represented this season by a volume of verse, which, as yet, however, remains untitled. A volume of poems by Mr. C. W. Dalmon, entitled “Song Favours,” will be issued shortly also by Mr. Lane. Mr. H. C. Beeching has edited, and Mr. Walter Crane illustrated, “A Book of Christmas Verse,” which will appear immediately from Messrs. Methuen.

“Songs for Silverwig,” by Mr. Norman Gale, with illustrations by Miss Helen Stratton, will be published by Messrs. Constable. Before long the volume by the late Christina Rossetti may be expected from Messrs. Macmillan; while Miss Helen Fowler will issue a second book, “Verses Wise and Otherwise,” through Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. Reginald Blunt has written a book on “The Carlyles' Chelsea Home,” which is to appear from Messrs. Bell in time for the centenary of the birth of Carlyle a month hence.

The frontispiece is an unpublished photograph, of which the sage wrote, “The best likeness known to me.”

Five books of equal importance within the last four weeks were: “The Biography of Professor John Stuart Blackie,” by Anna M. Stoddart (Blackwood), and that of “Hans Christian Andersen,” by R. Nisbet Bain (Lawrence and Bullen); “Reminiscences of Thirty-five years of My Life,” by Sir Joseph Crowe (Murray); “Anima Poetae,” from Coleridge’s notebooks, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge (Heinemann); and Dr. Skelton’s reminiscences of Froude, Disraeli, Thackeray, and others, in his volume, “The Table Talk of Shirley” (Blackwood). In the last is this glimpse of how, in 1870, Froude regarded his critics: “Some day, I think, I shall take my reviewers all round, and give them a piece of my mind. I acknowledge to five real mistakes in the whole book—twelve volumes—about twenty trifling slips equivalent to ‘i’s’ not dotted and ‘t’s’ not crossed; and that is all that the utmost malignity has discovered. Every one of the rascals has made a dozen blunders of his own, too, while detecting one of mine.”

The literature of the Victoria Cross and of its recipients is to have an addition in a volume by Mr. D. H. Parry, which Messrs. Cassell will issue. Besides interviewing many of the heroes whose valour he tells of, the author has had resort to War Office documents in order to ensure accuracy.

The fruits of the past month in periodical literature were the Cosmopolis (J. T. Brown, publisher) and the Cycle Magazine (Cycle Press Limited) both illustrated sixpenny monthlies on generally accepted lines. A new international review, the Cosmopolis, devoted to politics, literature, science, and art, will be begun in January, the publisher to be Mr. Fisher Unwin, and the price 2s. 6d. monthly. The leading writers of England, France, and Germany are to contribute to it, and in each case the original English, French, and German will be printed. The short story is to be an “interesting feature,” and that in the first number will be from the pen of M. Paul Bourget.

What will doubtless prove a popular collection in these days of the exaltation of sport is “The Songs and Ballads of Sport and Pastime,” which Mr. W. W. Tomlinson has compiled for a volume in the Canterbury series published by Messrs. Walter Scott Limited. Present-day singers are represented by Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and others; while there are also selections from Fielding, Ramsay, Scott, and Charles Kingsley.
Mr. Alfred H. Miles is the editor of a book of "Anecdotes of Natural History," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is to be a study, in a popular form, of the habits and customs of animals, and suitable as a manual for teachers. Among other works announced are: "British Birds' Nests," by Mr. R. Kearton, with an introduction by Dr. Bowdler Sharpe (Cassell); "The Great Rift Valley," being an account of a journey to Baringo and Mount Kenia by Mr. J. W. Gregory (Murray); and a volume of hunting sketches in Africa by Mr. Frederick V. Kirby, entitled "From Kahlamba to Libombo" (Blackwood).

Mr. Joseph Hatton's new novel "When Greek meets Greek: A Tale of Love and War:" will be published or was published in London and Philadelphia on Nov. 14, by Messrs. Hutchinson and Messrs. Lippincott. It is running serially in the People on this side of the Atlantic, and in Leslie's Weekly on the other, and by arrangement with the author in Melbourne, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the Transvaal. Mr. Hatton appears to be satisfied with his "three-volumes-in-one" experience, his first experiment in that direction being with "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe." His new book appears in similar form, but he drops his yellow cover for something more conventional. It was "By Order of the Czar" that started the yellow craze, and Mr. Hatton hoped he had made it his trade mark, as if an author could rely upon any other individuality than that which belongs to the work itself.

The new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" devotes eight and a half columns to the life of the forgotten great Englishman, who was lately reintroduced to English history by Mr. James Baker in his volume upon the life of this hero. Peter Payne for four centuries has been forgotten and ignored by his countrymen. How singular a circumstance is it that this life of the great link between Wycliff and Luther should appear in the very year when such an onslaught is made upon Wycliff's teaching, and when England is again asked to step back under Rome's thrall. Justice is now done to Payne's self-sacrificing noble life. He says (one writer in the Dictionary) Peter Payne was the man who induced Sir J. Oldcastle to follow Wycliff.

Mr. Sydney Hodge's serial story, "When Leaves were Green," now running in the Argosy, will be republished in 3 vol. form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in January.

Mr. William Addison will have ready, early in November, to be published by Mr. Horace Cox, a new volume entitled "Crimean and other Short Stories."


"One Woman's Wisdom," the Australian story which Messrs. Routledge and Sons bought from Miss A. G. Murphy, will be published last month, is that lady's very first attempt at story writing of any description. She wrote it in one hour weekly from March to December, the actual time devoted to the work being thus only about forty hours. A special colonial edition is about to be published.

Mr. Daniel Chamier has written a handy volume entitled "Law relating to Literary Copyright and to Authorship and Publication of Books," which has been published by Mr. Effingham Wilson. Within the compass of 150 pages, Mr. Chamier has collected the law relating to copyright in literature as distinguished from artistic, musical, and dramatic copyright. The volume will be found to be useful and convenient to all concerned with literary property. It is intelligibly compiled, and deals succinctly with the mass of statutes, common law rules and precedents which make up the cumbrous code by which literary ownership is governed. Mr. Chamier has dealt usefully with a large number of recent decisions, but it is inevitable that the effect of his labours should be to once more demonstrate the urgent need for the consolidating statute on the lines of Lord Monkswell's Bill which was drafted by the Society.

"The National Portrait Gallery of British Musicians," edited by John Warriner, Mus. Doc., of Trinity College, Dublin, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. This ought to prove a very interesting volume to those interested in music and musicians.

"The Dowager Lady Tremaine" is the title of a story by Mr. J. B. Alliott (Elliot Stock).

"A Handbook of Theology," by the Rev. John Harries (Elliot Stock), is, as its name denotes, a volume of lectures or chapters on various points of doctrine. The writer apparently belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Work-a-day Poems, by Fanchon (Reveirs Brothers, Greystoke-place), is a little volume of simple verse. They should be confined to private circulation among the friends of the writer.

"Shiloh" and other Poems, by Reginald Tavey (Elliot Stock), are verses of a religious or meditative kind. They may be accepted as an early effort.
"Spring's Immortality," by Mackenzie Bell (Ward, Lock, and Bowden). We have learned to look for good work from Mr. Mackenzie Bell. The new volume is full of fine verse. The following sonnet belongs to the season:

OLD YEAR LEAVES.

Tossed by the storms of Autumn chill and drear,
The leaves fall auburn-tinted, and the trees
Stand leafless and bare, yet on the silent lea
The leaves lie drifted still—while cold, austere,
Storm Winter waits—while early snowdrops cheer
The woodland shadows—while the happy bees
Are wakened by the balmy western breeze,
And birds and boughs proclaim that Spring is here.

So lost hopes severed by the stress of life
Lie all unburied yet before our eyes,
Though none but we regard their mute decay;
And ever amid this toil and strife
Fresh aims and growing purposes arise
Above the faded hopes of yesterday.

"Translated" is the third edition of a touching little memorial of the life and death of a boy. This little book, too, is religious (Marshall Brothers).

The author of "Somnia Medici," Mr. J. A. Goodchild, appears with another volume of verse. Let us be permitted to quote one poem to show the "quality" of the poet:

VIOLIN SONG.

Gentle music murmurs low
In mine ear.
I am where the roses blow
Upon bushes set arow,
And anear.
Thrills and throbs a violin
At that casement, wherewithin
Sits my dear.
First an old-world song she played,
Sweet in tone;
Then a little pause she made
Ere in fairyland she strayed
On alone;
And aerial minstrelsy
Mazed my soul with melody
All her own.

From the chamber where she lay
Rose aloft
Such a music as a fay
Carols in the buds of May,
Sinking oft
To brief silence, whence again
Fluttered forth some newborn strain
Sweet and soft.
Ah, again that longdrawn note
Which prevails.
From the pairing throstle's throat
Never sweeter sound might float.
Nightingales,
Ye might never thus prolong
Such finale to your song.

Hush! It fails.

Mrs. Sitwell has just produced a children's story called "In Far Japan." The scene is laid in Japan as it was ninety years ago.
depreciation to which the publisher would listen is that of which the critic would know nothing—the demand for his rival's books.

III.—More on Delays.

J. S. M. adds another to the many complaints concerning certain London journals which invite contributions, and then neither return them nor answer any letters. He complains, further, of delays in sending proof; of delays in publishing; and of delays in sending the cheque. He also complains of the autocratic conduct of the editors, who place their own price upon a contribution. The demand for his rival's books.

More who would do the same thing, but it seems to me that if a few popular novelists like to put their heads together success would be assured without pecuniary assistance at all. If the "new" publisher with his solitary office and the boy can do so well, what a future should be before the English Authors' Guild!

F.

VI.—Why not a Competition.

I see that the Author invites suggestions; and it has struck me that a competition, once a year, of a literary kind, might do much to increase the attractiveness of a magazine that cannot be too well known.

Would it be possible for the society to offer a prize for the best short prose idyll and the best short poem by young authors who have published not less than one book or one set of magazine articles, not at their own expense? and, also, in the event of the MSS. reaching the required standard of merit, might the two successful papers be printed in the Christmas number of the Author? A nominal fee of £5 a year for four years in order to give the thing a fair trial. Doubtless there are hundreds more who would do the same thing, but it seems to me that if a few popular novelists like to put their heads together success would be assured without pecuniary assistance at all. If the "new" publisher with his solitary office and the boy can do so well, what a future should be before the English Authors' Guild!

F.

I am merely a hard-working magazine writer, and no novelist, if one is judged by the published-book standard, but, with an eye to the future, I am quite willing to increase my subscription to £5 a year for four years in order to give the thing a fair trial. Doubtless there are hundreds more who would do the same thing, but it seems to me that if a few popular novelists like to put their heads together success would be assured without pecuniary assistance at all. If the "new" publisher with his solitary office and the boy can do so well, what a future should be before the English Authors' Guild!
VII.—Music and Poetry.

In reply to Mr. Sherard, I would say that I think there need be no more mystery in the inability of so many musicians to be poets, or poets to be musicians, than of most musicians to be capable mathematicians, although the principles of melodious sound have a mathematical basis.

It seems to me that superexcellence is rarely to be found together in the spheres of both emotion and of reason. Hence we find the scientific insight of Darwin to be unaccompanied by much musical or poetic taste; the rhythmic talent of Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Gilbert to be remarkably destitute of a knowledge of musical melody, and the most sublime races of the East or of old to be deficient in musical harmony; while the encyclopedic information possessed by the late Professor Robertson Smith was unaccompanied by even average musical taste.

Music, in its present state, being the youngest of the fine arts, as well as the most artificial if not most original, it is natural to expect to find side by side in some of its exponents the emotional faculties peculiar to the "heir of all the ages," associated with the rational capacity characteristic of more primitive man, so long as evolution remains so one-sided. It may be that, in time, the man of genius will exhibit the loftiest qualities of the whole; but as yet this is generally unobservable.

I very much doubt the commonly received dictum as to Darwin having once possessed and afterwards lost, in the pursuit of science, even an average taste for music and poetry; as he presumably followed his bent, along the line of least resistance, for the one quality need no more interfere with the other, than love with genius. The one would rather supplement the other, and thus both prove mutually recreative—assuming both to be genuine. It is, of course, different in the case of a practising artist, whose manipulative skill would suffer by devotion to science alone; but, as regards mere passive appreciation, the culture of the more rational side of our complex nature need in no way interfere with the other. Similarly, while science may modify man-made theology, it cannot destroy Divine religion.

As music and poetry somewhat resemble each other in their qualities of rhythm, melody, harmony, and form, it would seem as if excellence in the one would imply success in the other; but, seeing how often philosophic poetry is popularly unpalatable if not unintelligible, while the more popular is comparatively superficial, we need not wonder if even the most popular music and the most popular poetry are so rarely producible by the same person. Both require a natural gift to be developed by an artificial culture; and life is generally too short, while art is usually too wide, or nature is mostly too chary of her best, to secure the highest qualities of head, heart, and will, or of science, music, poetry, and wisdom, as well as popular appreciation, in even the highest genius yet evolved.

The how seems simple enough, but the why is still sufficiently mysterious to rank among the profound problems awaiting solution by the coming science of the soul.

Phinlay Glenelg.

VIII.—Misquotations.

Mrs. Henry George Corbett writes to complain of misquotations in criticism. Her recently published novel, "Deb o' Mally's," has been noticed in a certain paper. A quotation from her book was printed in the notice. The passage as it stands in the book and as it was presented in the paper is as follows:

The girl was working in front of one of the many windows which lighted the huge room, and the westering sun was frolicking daintily among the wonderful luxuriance of her red-gold hair, enhancing its brightness till it became dazzling to look upon. Perhaps she had become aware that she was being regarded with unusual interest, for her heavily-fringed violet eyes had a look in them which would have been considered haughty, had her position been less humble, and the pearly purity of her complexion was suffused by a brighter tint than usual.

The following is the passage as it appears in the paper:

The western sun is frolicking daintily among the wonderful luxuriance of her red-gold hair, enhancing its brightness till it beams dazzling to look upon. Her heavily-fringed, violet eyes had a look in them which would have been considered haughty, had her position been less humble, and the pearly purity of her complexion was suffused by a brighter tint than usual.

It will be seen that the verb westering has been changed into the adjective western, and that the rules of grammar have been painfully violated by putting the auxiliary verb first in the present and then in the past tense. By substituting the word beams for the word became, my critic has managed to make the sentence unintelligible, and by omitting, firstly, two whole lines and, secondly, the verb "considered," he has produced a "quotation" which possesses neither sense nor cohesion.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSATION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:
4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the
experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month. All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitelhall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.
Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the “Cost of Production” for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher’s own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

The Secretary has in hand the preparation of clauses to meet the various points necessary for an agreement in any of the ordinary methods of publishing. He will be obliged for any suggestions on the subject from members of the Society.

Dr. Jurisconsult Ernst Lange, of Zurich, has prepared and presented to the Committee a paper on the “Contracts of Publishing” in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland. It has been resolved to print this pamphlet uniform with the “Cost of Production.” The best thanks of the Committee have been passed to Dr. Lange for this gift.

A somewhat interesting case has been before the Committee. It would have been more interesting had it been settled in a court of law by a friendly action. The case is one in which an author’s MS. was accidentally burned while in charge of a publishing firm. Of course this accident entails upon the author a great deal of labour. How far are the publishers liable in such a case? Did they take reasonable precautions in the matter? The case has been settled, one hopes to the satisfaction of both parties. But still the question of what constitutes reasonable precautions remains open.

G. H. Thring, Secretary.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Canadian Copyright.

Ottawa, Nov. 25.

The long-pending controversy on the copyright question was brought a long way on the road to a conclusion to-day by the adoption of a basis of agreement which was accepted by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Dalby for the British authors and publishers, by the Canadian Copyright Association, and by the Dominion Government. This satisfactory result is due almost entirely to the efforts of Mr. Hall Caine, who, in the face of the strongest opposition on this side, has largely succeeded, since he arrived in the Dominion, in removing the objections of the Canadian publishers to any interference with the Act of 1889, and has more or less secured their assent to an amended Bill.

Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Dalby, together with the representatives of the Canadian publishing houses, the Copyright Association, and the Press Association, held a conference to-day with Sir C. H. Tupper, Mr. Ouimet, and the sub-committee of the Privy Council appointed to meet them. Mr. Hall Caine recited the negotiations which have taken place during the past few weeks and submitted a draft Bill for the consideration of the Government. It was, he said, in the nature of a compromise, and, like most compromises, did not cover everything that both parties might desire, but it was the best that could be arrived at in the circumstances, and he thought he could say that they would all be well satisfied to see its general principles carried into effect. Speaking for the body which he represented, he fully believed that an Act framed on the lines of this measure would be acceptable to British authors.

Mr. Hall Caine continued:

"By this Bill the time within which a copyright holder can publish in Canada and so secure an absolute and untrammelled copyright is extended from thirty to sixty days, with a possible extension of thirty days more at the discretion of the authorities. Also, by this agreement, the licence to be granted for the production of a book that has not fulfilled the conditions of Canadian copyright law is limited to one licence, and this single licence is only to be issued with the copyright holder’s knowledge or sanction. Further, the copyright holder who has an independent chance of securing copyright for himself within a period of sixty days is to be allowed a second chance of securing it after it has been challenged and before it can be disposed of by licence; and, finally, the royalties of the author are to be secured to him by a regulation of the revenue to stamp an edition of a book on the issue of a licence.

"This is the ground of the draft Bill which the Canadian Copyright Association has joined with Mr. Dalby and myself in recommending to your Ministers, and on its general principle I have to say, first, about Canadian authors, that a Bill framed on these lines will not put them into a position of isolation among the authors of the world, and, next, about the authors of England and America and of all the countries having a copyright treaty with England, that it will secure to authors the control of their property, and put them all alike on an equal footing, and therefore it will not, I think, disturb the operation of the Berne Convention, so far as Canada is concerned,
or the understanding between Great Britain and the United States. The Bill is recommended to the Government with all modesty of intention, and with the certainty that they will use so much of it as they consider wise and good."

In conclusion, Mr. Hall Caine bore testimony to the spirit of conciliation and fair dealing with which Mr. Daldy and himself had been received in Canada, both by the Government and by the classes interested in the law of copyright.

Mr. Ross Robertson, president of the Copyright Association, followed. He said he believed that the conclusions reached dealt fairly and honourably with all parties interested, whether British, Canadian, or foreign, whether author or publisher. There had been concessions on both sides. He did not claim that the Canadian Copyright Association had got all that they wanted, or that they were entitled to. The body which he represented could not be accused of being unreasonable, and in saying that he did not pretend that Mr. Hall Caine had not shown every inclination to meet their views so far as he could without endangering the interests of British authors. The draft Bill would not be satisfactory to the extremists on both sides, but that might be regarded as a proof of its fairness.

Mr. L. W. Shannon, president of the Canadian Press Association, spoke in support of the general principles of the proposed measures.

Considerable discussion followed regarding the details of the amended Bill, and the question of the importation of colonial editions of British copyright works was raised and was discussed at length by a number of the booksellers present. The conference lasted two hours, and at its close the Ministers announced that they would lay the representations of the delegates before the Government, and that a decision would be reached at an early date.

Mr. Daldy, in the course of conversation with me to-night, said that the principal objection which he sees in the copyright measure as at present arranged is the proposal to prevent the importation into Canada of copyright books lawfully printed in British dominions. He thinks, however, that this can be arranged. — Times, Nov. 26.

II.—ADDRESS BY MR. HALL CAINE.

The following verbatim report of Mr. Hall Caine's speech at the dinner given to him by the publishers and booksellers of Toronto has been forwarded to us by a Canadian friend:

"The thing that has struck me most since I came to this continent is the loyalty of Canada. Your loyalty may not be deeper, but it is more vocal than ours in England. If I had to find a reason for your devotion to the Crown, I think I should ask myself if it did not come largely of your independent position as a self-governing Dominion. Some light is thrown on this matter for me by my knowledge of my own little island home, the Isle of Man. We are a passionately loyal people there, and we are a little self-governing nation. If we were to be merged into a county of England, I should not like to answer for the life of our loyalty. So, perhaps, with Canada. The best way to preserve her loyalty is to preserve her independent rights. Long may her independence last! Long may it be before there can be any serious talk of another condition!

1. But though you are independent of the old country, you have your ties and obligations to her. You are in the position of the son of a father who has many sons. There was no room for them and for their children under the parent roof. There was neither chance of life nor likelihood of peace. So the son goes out and marries himself, perhaps, to the strange woman. But because he lives under another roof he does not cease to be his father's son. He bears his father's name. He carries his father's blood. If he does wrong, the shame will be his father's no less than his. If right, the glory will be his father's too. He cannot dissociate himself from his father. And though he is fully able to look after his own affairs, there are things in which he looks to his father. He allows his father to give pledges for him, always reserving the power of withdrawing from them where they seem to him unwise. He does not withdraw from them if he can avoid doing so, even when they are not altogether to his taste. So Canada. She has her relations with England, and through England with the rest of the world. England enters into treaties or arrangements in her name and on her behalf. She will keep these treaties if she can. They are intended for the benefit of the whole family, and if they press a little hard here or there, she will still try to observe them, because of the bond of blood and of name, and because of the deep call of patriotism.

2. The bonds between Canada and England are many. There is the bond of the finest navy in the world, which you share with England; the finest army in the world, the finest diplomatic service in the world, the purest and justest jurisprudence in the world, building up the most free freedom in the world. But there is another bond between Canada and England, a less palpable but no less real bond—nay, a bond more real, more constantly present at your
nearths and homes, the bond of intellectual brotherhood. Our literature is your literature. It does not come to you through a veil as the literature of France does, as the literature of Germany does. It comes to you in your mother tongue, in the words you learned from your cradle. And the great masters of our literature are your brethren. You are bound to remember that Shakespeare was an Englishman, that Milton was an Englishman, and that the lesser masters of later days, who come even closer than these, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade—that these were your kith and kin. This is your inheritance—a great inheritance. You are not going to barter it away for any advantage of pounds, shillings, and pence. And just as you are proud of the literary giants of the past, so you want to hold on to them, to help them, to encourage them to increase in numbers and in strength, and to build up the conditions of life that will foster their growth and prosperity.

3. Now, gentlemen, the first condition of growth and prosperity to the man of letters is security in the exercise of his calling, and in the right he holds to the results of his labours. He must sit in his own house at ease; he must be in no fear of bombardment; he must know that for his own good and the good of all who set store by his skill, he can work at his own anvil, with the assurance that the laws of his country will keep the peace around him. The man of letters has not always been able to do this. The history of legislation on copyright is a miserable story of the struggle of the man who writes a book, to hold and protect it after it has been written. It is not so very long ago that the laws of modern nations (whatever may have been the case with ancient nations) recognised no rights of the author in the book he had produced. And when those rights were at length recognised, the period in which the writer of a book could control it was no more than seven years. It has taken nearly two hundred years to increase that term in England, from seven to forty-two, and only one country in the world (so far as I know) has yet made the author's right perpetual. It is only within recent times that literature has come to be regarded from the pecuniary view. For many ages the author was the one labourer in the world who was not considered worthy of his hire. And, meanwhile, the progress of legislation from the first nebulous condition has been clogged at every step—clogged in Parliaments, clogged even in the courts of law—by many interests that have had nothing to do with literature, or were at best, but accidental to its existence.

4. Gentlemen, it is not for me to say too precisely what those interests have been. Still less may I in this hospitable presence condemn them as wholly selfish and of retrograde tendency. I am willing to believe that they have sometimes been forced upon the classes who have been parties to them by a sense of duty to their own, in relation to other classes, and to their own nation in relation to other nations. But all the same they have impeded the rights of authors. You will allow me to tell you, gentlemen, that those rights are natural rights, that they are not primarily created by the State, that however necessary it may be to call in the help of the law for the protection of the rights of literary property, the author's right in the book he produces is a right of creation, and that by its nature it should never cease, and should never be divided with another. That it is so divided, divided with the reader, divided with the publisher, is a concession which the author makes in order that a greater force than his personal force shall protect what he has made. I am not pretending that this is the bearing of copyright from the point of history or of the law of nations. But it is the principle of copyright put down on the bed rock of natural law. Dr. Johnson put it down on this bed rock, and no man has ever been more sound on the rights of literary property.

5. Gentlemen, the progress of legislation in England, and throughout the civilised world, has been towards the recognition of this natural right. It has been a hard and long battle. Many a good man has fought for it. Since Johnson there have been Scott, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Lytton, and Wilkie Collins. And among living men, who are doing their best to establish the principle that the author has a right to control his writings, there are Mr. Lecky, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Sir Walter Besant, and your renowned fellow-townsmen, whom all Canadians agree to honour, Mr. Goldwin Smith. The crowning glory of that struggle has been the international agreement which we call the Berne Convention. This agreement recognises that the book is the absolute property of the author, and that this property is to be respected in every country that is party to the union. Briefly expressed, Copyright under the Berne Convention is like marriage in all civilised states, and just as the marriage that is good in the country where it is contracted is good in the rest of the world, so the copyright that is secured in the country of origin is secured over all the countries of the Convention. We consider this agreement a great triumph for literature, and many of the nations of Europe have entered in it. We should deplore anything that would imperil or limit its operation. Now:
I will venture to say that no Canadian desires to endanger the Berne Convention if he can see his way to preserve it without injury to the industries of his country.

6. And here, gentlemen, we come to the question at issue between us. There is one great country which has not yet entered into the Berne Convention, and that country is your neighbour, the United States. In the United States the recognition of the rights of literary property was for a long time limited to the recognition of their own rights. The universal rights of literary property were unrecognised in the States down to four years ago. The result was the practice of a form of piracy which demoralised trade, degraded literature, and nearly exterminated the profession of letters. When the good and true men in the United States at length prevailed over the dishonest traders the legislation they made had to be of the nature of a compromise. They desired to go down to the bed rock of natural right, but class interests were too strong for them. They were not fools, and did not attempt to run their heads against stone walls. They wisely remembered that half a loaf was better than no bread, and they accepted a limited copyright which allowed the United States printer to deny copyright to anybody who did not print on American soil. This limited legislation was only to be granted to foreign countries in exchange for reciprocal rights. England was asked for herself and her colonies she could not grant those reciprocal rights. She answered that she could. On that understanding the President issued a proclamation asserting the rights of British subjects to copyright in the United States subject to the conditions of the laws of the States.

7. Gentlemen, here lay the crux of your own difficulty. This great country is by the accident of its geographical position, the rival, the peaceful but dangerous rival of Canada. It was a large and powerful rival. It had sixty-five millions of readers against your five millions. It could afford to outbid you in the market for books. Your territory was soon flooded with literature which was no longer pirated as before, but authorised. Also it was still flooded with other books, which, not being copyright in the States, continued to be stolen. You could not compete and you could not steal—let us say you would not if you could. So you demanded the right to legislate for yourselves, and you based your claim to do so on a clause in the British North America Act of 1867. By this Act you wished to control every book that came into your dominion, just as you control every piece of merchandise that comes here. And your legislation was intended to say that before a book should have copyright in Canada it should be manufactured here. The manufacturing should be for a short period under the author's control, but after that period it should be under the control of the officers of the Dominion Parliament. Obviously this was legislation that did not agree with the spirit of the Berne Convention. Your own statesman, Sir John Thompson, found the Berne Convention opposed to the legislation you desired, and so he asked for an order in council giving Canada relief from the Union. Canada had a right to ask for such relief after an interval of twelve months.

8. Now, I am not here, sir, to discuss the constitutional aspects of the question. We have been doing that with more or less temper since 1889, and we might go on to the end of the century and "get no forrader." Whether the Act of 1867 gives you the right to legislate for yourselves on one aspect of international copyright, and whether the British Government are bound to grant to you, at your request, exemption from the advantages and obligations of the Berne convention, can very well be left to the decision of the law officers in London and in Ottawa. My presence here in Toronto as your guest, tacitly implies that we recognise that, rightly or wrongly, Canada has certain powers in this matter, and is likely to be allowed to exercise them. Don't let us drift away from copyright into a question of constitutional right. Don't let us obscure our true problem in the clouds of party politics. Don't let us encourage any able, vigorous, and patriotic young Minister to say that Canada has a right to misgovern herself if she likes. Let us keep this dispute down to the question of whether an author has a right to control his books absolutely, and if he has not, what measure of his control must be hand over to the State.

9. Gentlemen, the attitude of authors towards your Act of 1889 is very easily stated—we object to your claim to manufacture our books, whether we will or not, because the right of the author which ought to be shared with the reader only would be divided with the printer also, who ought to be no party to the copyright contract. On grounds of natural law there is only one party to copyright, the author. The laws of nations have agreed to allow a second party to come in, the reader, who is granted limited rights on stringent terms. You are now claiming, as the United States claimed, the admission of a third party, and if the first party does not like three to the contract, you are asking that there shall be only two, with the discontented party, the first party, the party of the author, left out. That is our objection to your Act of 1889 on abstract prin-
principles. On grounds of material fact we object to it because (1) it multiplies the places of manufacture, and so prevents the production of all but very popular books, and that will be a grievous injury to works of scholarship and research; (2) it puts a book into the position of merchandise coming to your shores, whereas no book will ever come here and ask you to manufacture it unless you first go deliberately over the water and fetch it across; (3) it allows of a period when a book is no longer under its author’s control, and that strikes a blow at the absolute spirit of copyright and demands a freer name, and finally (4) it requires that you should withdraw from the Berne Convention, which is the sheet-anchor of the hope of all who have fought for the security and dignity of literature.

10. Gentlemen, I have tried to state the case fairly, and without questioning your right to legislate for yourselves, I want to ask you a single question—What’s the good? What’s the good of the Act of 1889 to any party among the people for whom you legislate? What’s the good to your author? What’s the good to your reader? What’s the good to your printer? What’s the good to your publisher and bookseller? I say the Act of 1889, as it stands, is no good to any of these. It is no good to your author because it deprives him of copyright in all the countries of the copyright union, and reduces him to the isolation of his right of copyright in Canada. It is no good to your reader, because he gets his popular books at fifty cents, seventy-five cents and a dollar at present, and if he expects them any cheaper he expects what our readers in England never get and what he has no right to ask if he has any desire to leave bread and butter to the men who make his literature. It is no good to your printer (by that, I mean not the owner of your steam machines but your compositor) because your Act does not require that you should find labour for your poor operatives in composing your books (a claim that would have had our sympathy) but only that your publishers should import the plates that have been made by the labour of English operatives, and this, which has been claimed as a concession to England is really an injury to English authors because it will help you to produce books at less than the natural price, and that is an unsound commercial basis. And finally it is no good, and much less than no good, to your publishers and booksellers, because the unlimited licenses which it allows will cut the throat of the book trade, by reducing the prices of popular books from fifty cents to twenty-five and to fifteen and ten, until at length from the plates of a newspaper serial a novel will as formerly in the United States be produced by the soap merchant to wrap round bars of kitchen soap, and bookselling as a separate industry will in ten years’ time be gone from the face of Canada altogether. In short, sir, to use the idiomatic language of one of your own rude but wise and far-seeing legislators of the past, “There ain’t nothing to it no-how.”

11. But, gentlemen, do not suppose that I am blind to the difficulties of your position. While I have been in Canada I have learned a good deal. I have met some of your publishers in person; I no longer believe that their first and only purpose is any form of shameful confiscation, any invasion of the market of the United States, and however much I may think they are pursuing a mistaken and dangerous policy, I am entirely willing to believe that they wish to remain upright, honest, and high-principled men. Since I came to Canada I have seen some things which, while they do not excuse your Act of 1889 to an author, go far to explain its existence. On your bookstalls, for instance, I have found three different copyright editions of “Trilby,” the English copyright edition, the Colonial copyright edition, and the Canadian copyright edition. The anomaly and absurdity of the position of this book needs no comment, and neither does that of my own copyright book, the “Manxman,” which comes to Canada from England on payment of its six cents duty and from the United States subject (until lately), to the author’s royalty of 12½ per cent. thus paying me (nominally if not really) twice for the piece of work. Since I came to Canada I have seen some things which, while they have seen the necessity for the reform or the rescinding of Acts (like the Foreign Reprints Acts) made to meet a condition that is gone—the condition of general piracy in the United States down to 1891. And though I do not think the anomalies of your present copyright arrangements call for legislation of so radical a nature as you propose, I recognise the fact that your geographical position in relation to the United States, the absence there of an agreement with the Berne Convention, and the presence there of a manufacturing clause in favour of American printers, gives you a certain justification which no other English colony (such as Australia), could possibly have for a measure of self-control and for a limited right to make the books intended for your own market. I say this guardedly and after reflection, and always with the reservation that all your manufacturing clauses are objectionable to authors and a limitation of the principle of copyright, only to be allowed under peculiar and trying conditions. But as long as the United States keeps out of the Berne Convention, and as long as they insist on manufacturing their own books, just so long,
but not one hour longer, I would (speaking for myself alone), be willing to grant to Canada (divided as it is from the States only by an imaginary border which is easily passed), the right to make her own books under some measure of authors’ control. Given this authors’ control, I do not think your Canadian copyright should be any cause of offence to America or disturb the understanding on which the President made his proclamation. And I do not think it ought to be in opposition to the spirit of the Berne Convention, whose second article seems to provide for just such cases as your own. But everything depends on the measure of control which you leave to the author, and I must tell you at once that unlimited licensing under the direction of your Government would be entirely inconsistent with the idea of authors’ rights entertained by the signatories to the Berne Convention. Some form of licensing I should personally advocate for Canada under the peculiar difficulties of her present relation to the United States with its right to manufacture, but it must be single licensing, and it must take cognizance of authors’ control, and that will not only be best for us, but also best for you—best for you as authors, best for you as readers, and as printers and as publishers. It is not for me now to say more precisely what system of licensing under the author’s control I should urge my brother authors to accept. I have formulated a scheme which, as you know, I am submitting to your Government, and shall propose to my fellow authors without prejudice. I believe they will consider it fully and fairly, and I have every confidence that your Government will use as much of it as seems sound and wise.

12. Gentlemen, only one word more. Whatever law you make in Canada I personally mean to obey it, and the best of the authors in England, as far as they are able, will obey it also. Though it bear heavily on us we will submit. But I beg of you not to put us to too hard a test. Do not let us feel that foreign countries—France and Germany—can be more fair to us than our own colony. We are very proud of Canada. It is the youngest of the nations, and we think there is room enough for two great nations on this great continent. Canada has all the future before her. It would have been a joy and a source of pride if she could have led the way in this matter. We want to see her lead the way. We realise that in the time to come the greater England must be here beyond the sea—here among your great forests, your mighty waters, your now trackless wastes, that are waiting to spring up into yellow harvests. And we want to remember always that the men who are building up this newer England are our own kith and kin, our brothers who are far from home, our fathers’ sons.”

NEW YORK LETTER.

Several months ago the editor of the Author took occasion to praise the brisk and lively literary weekly called the Critic; and this paragraph suggested to me that some account of the various literary journals of America might be of interest to the readers of the Author.

The best and the best known weekly review in America is the Nation, which was founded some thirty years ago by Mr. E. L. Godkin, under whose control it still continues. The Nation is not a literary paper pure and simple; it was modelled probably upon the Spectator, and its first interest is, and has always been, in politics. But its book-reviewing has always been extraordinarily well done, better done on the whole than in any other journal in the English language, I think. From the beginning the literary portion of the Nation has been in charge of Mr. W. P. Garrison, a son of the anti-slavery leader. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Godkin were able to enlist as occasional reviewers the leading American authorities in science and in art, and in literature. Very little of the reviewing is done in the office, as nearly every book is sent at once to the special expert who is in the habit of reviewing every volume on the same topic. Twenty or thirty of the leading professors at Harvard, at Columbia, at Johns Hopkins, and at Yale, are on the list of the Nation’s contributors, and can be called upon each for his special knowledge. This gives great weight to the Nation’s opinion on all subjects where knowledge is of prime importance; in history, for example, and in every department of science. In its criticism of pure literature, of fiction, and of poetry in particular, the Nation is necessarily less authoritative; and, despite its best endeavour, it has not always been able to find reviewers able to do justice to contemporary fiction. But the Nation is not alone in this, for in no department of literature are their fewer open-minded experts than in fiction; and the average review of a modern novel in the Nation is likely to be as intelligent and careful as in any other journal.

From the beginning the Nation was fortunate in its friends. Lowell was for years an abundant contributor; and so was Mr. Henry James. Mr. Howells has recently told us in Harper’s Magazine how he served on its staff, until he
THE AUTHOR.

was tempted away to the Atlantic Monthly. Among Mr. Howells' successors were Mr. W. C. Brownell and Professor George E. Woodberry. For a long while Mr. James Bryce was the London correspondent of the Nation, and its Paris correspondent is still M. Auguste Langel. Some ten or fifteen years ago the owners of the Nation bought the chief afternoon paper of New York, the Evening Post, edited for half a century by the poet Bryant; and since then the most of the literary notes and of the book reviews of the Nation appear also in the Evening Post. Sometimes the Nation contains a scientific or a philosophical review so solid that it feels to be out of place in the evening paper; and sometimes, especially in the holiday season, the pressure of the advertisements in the columns of the Evening Post is so great that room cannot be found for all the Nation's book notices.

The Critic is now about fifteen years old, half the age of the Nation. As the nearest British analogue to the Nation is the Spectator, so the nearest British analogue to the Critic is the Academy, although the Critic has always given far more space to news than the Academy ever did. The Critic was founded by Miss J. L. Gilder, who had long been the New York correspondent of the Academy. She was aided by a younger brother, Mr. J. B. Gilder. The Critic has always paid special attention to the topics of the time, to the book of the hour, to the author of the day. It celebrated the centenary of Washington Irving's birth with a special number containing contributions from many of the leaders of American literature. Its London correspondent was for a while Mr. W. E. Henley, who could not keep his political prejudices out of his letters, and who was succeeded by Mrs. L. B. Walford. The London correspondent is now Mr. Arthur Waugh, who has been very happy in taking the tone of the paper and in supplying it with the latest news of literary London. Although the literary centre of the United States is now in New York, it was once in Boston, and it may be some day in Chicago; so the Critic has correspondents in both cities, thus retaining a hold on the past and keeping in touch with the future. Mr. Charles Wingate writes the weekly letter from Boston, and Miss Lucy Monroe supplies that from Chicago, not finding it easy sometimes to make bricks without straw. The Critic has always opened its columns freely to discussion of music and drama and the fine arts. I believe that Mr. Charles de Kay was once the writer on the fine arts; and that Mr. W. J. Henderson is now responsible for the musical criticism. Mr. Paul M. Potter, the dramatiser of "Trilby," was the first dramatic critic of Miss Gilder's paper. Of late this important department has been in less expert and in less intelligent hands.

It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that the columns of the Critic and of the Nation are absolutely free from the sickening self-puffery of their own contributors which disgraces certain of the London reviews. The Nation never criticises the books written by members of its office staff, and it is noted for the freedom with which it handles the writings of its occasional contributors. An American man of letters told me the other day that for twenty years he had written almost every review in the Nation on a certain important topic, besides contributing occasional articles on other subjects, and that he had seen more than once, in parallel columns to a contribution of his own, an adverse criticism of some book of his or of one of his magazine articles. No review has ever appeared in the Critic of any books of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder—solely because he is the brother of the editors of the Critic.

The Critic was at first a fortnightly, although it became a weekly more than ten years ago. A fortnightly still is the Literary World of Boston, a journal modelled on its namesake in London. Until recently it was edited by the Rev. N. P. Gilman, who was an authority on profit-sharing, and who was more interested in ethics than in aesthetics. Its New York correspondent was Mr. John D. Barry, for a while assistant editor of the Forum. The London correspondent of the Literary World is now Mrs. Hinkson (Katherine Tynan).

The Dial of Chicago is not a fortnightly; it is a semi-monthly, appearing on the 1st and 15th of every month. It is now a little more than ten years old, and it is still conducted by its founder, Mr. Francis F. Browne, who is assisted by Mr. William Morton Payne. Its New York correspondent is Mr. Arthur Stedman, the son of Mr. E. C. Stedman. The Dial is a serious and a dignified review; it is representative of all that is best in the intellectual life of Chicago, and its existence is evidence that there is an increasing appreciation of literature in that city of strenuous endeavour. All its more important reviews are warranted by the signatures of the writers.

Many years ago the importing house of Scribner and Welford (now merged in Charles Scribner's Sons) started a little trade monthly modelled on the Quarterly Notes of Longmans, Greene, and Co. It was called the Book-Buyer, and at first it served simply to announce the books of the house which published it. In time it added illustrations, and invited articles from writers of repute. It printed, for example, Mr. Laurence Hutton's interesting series of articles on American
book-plates. Its Christmas number always contains half a dozen signed and illustrated reviews of the chief holiday books of the year. Its editor is now Mr. Moody. Its London correspondent was Mr. Ashby Sterry, and he was succeeded by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

It may be fanciful, but it has always seemed to me probable, that it was the Book-Reader which suggested to Dr. Nicoll the starting of the Bookman—just as his Woman at Home was obviously modelled on the American Ladies Home Journal. Still this did not prevent Dodd, Mead, and Co. from arranging to publish an American edition of Dr. Nicoll's literary monthly. They engaged as editor Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, who very soon found that if the American Bookman was to be a success, it could borrow but little from its British namesake, since the literary interests of New York and London are often widely different. So it is that Professor Peck's Bookman contains a scant portion of the matter that appears in Dr. Nicoll's Bookman—little more than the letter from Paris and a review or two every month. Dr. Nicoll sends a monthly letter from London to the New York journal. Professor Peck has succeeded in making the American Bookman a brisk and lively review, abounding in gossip and trenchant in criticism, and he has altogether too much sense of proportion and too wide a knowledge of books to give up to the infusoria of contemporary literature the space they are allowed to fill in the Bookman's London namesake.

Space fails to consider here at length the Literary News, which issues monthly from the office of the Publisher's Weekly or Book News, which is published by Wanak-r, the universal provider of Philadelphia. Nor can I do more than note the clever and unconventional little semi-monthly Chap-Book, issued by the young firm of Stone and Kimball in Chicago.

H. R.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

I have been consulted on more than one occasion, recently, by authors who wish to produce their works, or rather translations of their works, in Paris. I may as well resume here what I have invariably answered when questioned on these points. The work must be produced at the author's entire risk. The cost of translation may be calculated at about 10s. a thousand words. This is very fair pay, considering the prices paid for literary work in Paris. (A Parisian publisher once offered me £12 for translating a 150,000-word story by Paul Marguerite. But no member of our society would, I hope, care to sweat a brother-littérature.) The cost of production of say 1000 copies of the ordinary 3 francs 50 cent. volume would be about £40. At least that is what a good publisher would demand. The cost of advertising the book would be enormous. There is little or no reviewing done in the French papers, so that the English author would have to make up his mind to do without this gratuitous publicity. The net receipt from each copy sold would be about two francs. (I am supposing the book to be issued at 3 francs 50 cents.) The sale of the book would probably be a very small one. I always dissuade authors from engaging in any speculation of this kind. The preceding remarks will explain why I do so.

The Parisian Society of Authors, who publish their own works, which I described in an article which was reproduced in last month's Author, has sent me the first book issued by the association. This is a collection of short stories, republished from various periodicals, entitled "La Grande Nuit." I cannot speak very enthusiastically about this first production. I do not refer to the literary or the commercial value of the tales, but to the book as a book. Its "get-up" is amateurish, the cover is a singularly unattractive one, a pale grey in colour, and the printing is not up to the mark. The importance of "get-up," cover-paper, printing, and general symmetry, never impressed themselves more vividly on me than in examining this book. In these matters experience, such as is possessed by publishers who know their business, appears indispensable. I suppose that the managers of the Société Libre will acquire it in time. In the meanwhile the lack of it seems likely to jeopardise the success of the undertaking.

What I wrote in recent numbers of the Author anent certain black sheep in our midst has brought me a quantity of abuse—all anonymous, of course—and what I wrote has been entirely misrepresented. One editor, who commended me to the attention of the mad doctors, represented me as having described as blacklegs "reviewers and people who read for publishers." Reference was made to some of the most revered names in English letters, and I was described as having levelled my attack against gentlemen for whom I have as much reverence and loyalty as I have contempt and loathing for the persons whom I had in mind. I never attacked the reviewers. It would be as basely ungrateful as it would be foolishly unjust for me to do so. My remarks were addressed to the prosperous writer of books who does not scruple to attack anonymously, for hire, the books of brother authors. I know persons of this description, and, as I
wrote, they would be tolerated in no other country but England. My remarks were also addressed to the prosperous writers who retail literary advice at a guinea the dollop to publishers, anonymously. The prosperity and the anonymity of the person constitute his claim to the title of literary blackleg.

It is a painful subject, and one that I am most loth to pursue, for the further one penetrates into the bas-fonds of literary society in England the sadder at heart he must be at the degradation of a noble profession. Here one finds false brothers of every variety, and a mass of malice, injustice, extortion, and oppression, which would surprise one amongst King Prempeh's merry men at Kumassi. The number of literary impostors at present before the public in England is no inconsiderable one, and a banquet of literary ghosts helden in London would bring together a large and unhappy attendance. There is So-and-so—I am speaking of an actual person—who has not written a single line of any of the books published under his name. And there are many like him. In fact anyone who takes the trouble to investigate the matter will find more people in the literary profession who are flourishing on absolutely false pretences than in any other profession in England. In France these Tartuffes are pointed out and at; in England they pass high in the public esteem.

A writer in The Critic of New York qualified as "colossal nonsense" a remark of mine in a recent number of the Author, in which I expressed disapproval of the conduct of a successful literary man, who, on behalf of a firm of publishers, was offering to well-known albeit unprosperous brother-writers terms very far below what in literary circles are considered fair rates. Another instance of the same kind has quite recently been brought to my notice. In this case a well-known novelist, whose work is acknowledged to be of the highest literary value, was asked to write an essay on a subject, involving great special knowledge, at the rate of twelve shillings the page of six hundred words. This offer was made in the name of a well-known literary man. I must be guilty of still more colossal nonsense, and repeat that I do not think it befits a man of letters to act as taskmaster in the interests of a commercial house to the prejudice of his fellow-authors.

It is not often that a novel written on a play achieves any very great success, and it is therefore worthy of notice that M. Edmond Lepelletier's version of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gène" is now in its eighty-seventh thousand. The great popularity of the play no doubt largely helped the sale of M. Lepelletier's novel.

Paul Deroulède's patriotic, Anglophobic drama, "Messire du Guesclin," which is being performed at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, is a very great success. It tickles the French Chauvin in the right spot. One result of this success has been to create a demand for M. Deroulède's volume of poems, and a collection of his most patriotic pieces has just been issued under the title "Poesies Militaires," illustrated by Jeanniot. It is selling extremely well. Though one does not altogether approve of M. Deroulède's extreme patriotism, bordering as it does on aggressiveness, one is very glad that success—and success of a financial nature—has at last come to him. His is a very noble character. He sacrificed everything in his loyal devotion to Boulanger, and was brought by his fidelity into sore straits. "Messire du Guesclin" is, I fancy, his first play; though as a nephew of Emile Augier he had from youth up every encouragement to try his hand at dramatic writing.

It is symptomatic of the popularity of the short story or nouvelle in France that a Society of Short-Story Writers, formed for convivial purposes, has drawn together a large number of members. The society held its first monthly dinner last week at a fashionable restaurant on the boulevard.

Mr. A. P. Watt was telling me the other day of an experiment he had tried on behalf of one of his clients. He sold a right of serializing a very successful novel to a provincial paper some months after the book had appeared as a volume. At the beginning both the author and Mr. Watt were rather anxious lest this serialization might not diminish the sale of the book as a volume. However the experiment was quite successful. That the serialization did not interfere with the sale of the volume was shown by the fact that subsequently a new edition of 10,000 copies was called for. In France, books are serialized over and over again, and in no case has this been found to affect the sale of the book as a book otherwise than favourably. At the time of writing, the "Count of Monte Cristo" is running as a serial in more than a dozen papers in France, and the book still sells as well as ever. It has been serialized hundreds of times. The same might be said of scores of other popular French books.

A translation of a book by a member of the Authors' Club, "An Original Wager, by a Vagabond," is about to appear in serial form in L'Echo du Nord. It is sure to be very popular. The book describes how, for a wager, the author supported himself in France for six weeks entirely by utilising his sporting capacities. He boasted, he swam, he bicycled, he taught billiards and tennis, he ran, rode, and walked, and won his bet in the end. The story is most entertainingly
THE AUTHOR.

Told and the book is fresh and novel. It is dedicated to the “sportsmen of France,” from whom it is sure to have a warm welcome.

Robert H. Sherard.

POPE AND GRUB STREET.

It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub-street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men’s wants; he gloats over poor Dennis’s garret, and flannel nightcap, and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curl’s authors, the historian at the tallow chandler’s under the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cock-loft in Budge-row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least, there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a minister, Prior an ambassador, and Steele a commissioner; and, Swift almost a bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of “The Dunciad.” If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his two-pence like a gentleman. It was Pope who dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be who reads it?) believe that a author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cow-heel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of “The Dunciad;” and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope’s libels and wicked wit. Thackeray.

WHY NOT GIVE THE NAMES?

It is sometimes asked why the Society does not publish the names in the cases detailed in these columns. It is sometimes even suggested that the cases are invented. Very early in the existence of the Society the method of publishing cases without names was adopted, advisedly, in the reports and papers of the Society. And in the very useful book issued by the Society, called “Methods of Publishing,” the agreements, &c., commented on were published without names. What are the advantages and what are the reasons of this line? One has not the authority of the committee to explain or defend their action in this place; but it is very easy to understand it. The case is brought to the secretary; it is very often an agreement carefully drawn up so as to impose upon the ignorance, not only of the author, but of the ordinary solicitor—see some of the agreements in “Methods of Publishing;” it is above all things necessary that the clauses should be explained to the author first, and to the public next, with full comment showing where there are traps laid and where the author is made to give away rights which he should have kept. But full comment is impossible when the names of both parties are given; one cannot call the author an ass for signing such a contract, nor the other side a sharp for asking him to do so. But one can point out anonymously with fulness the credulity of the one, and the sharp practice of the other; one can explain the meaning of things quite clearly and plainly without names. In the “Methods of Publishing,” a book which our younger members do not seem to study so much as they should, no one can complain that freedom of exposition—and exposure—is wanted. Every one of the agreements given there is a real agreement, just as every one of the cases quoted in the Author is a real case.

Now, the case having been set forth with the exact facts neither heightened nor suppressed, and with our comments, it remains for the person criticised or exposed to put the cap on his own head if he pleases. When Mr. Sprigge’s book, the “Methods of Publishing,” appeared, one was in great hopes that somebody would come forward and put the cap on his own head. Nobody did. That was four years ago. The book has been widely circulated and warmly praised. Nobody has stepped forward to say, “This is my abominable agreement.” On the contrary, the book has checked a vast number of abuses, and prevented many cruel swindles. Surely to check an abuse is a far more useful thing than to attack one out of many guilty persons.

But, in order to meet everybody’s views, the secretary makes through these columns the following proposal: Whenever a case is exposed in the Author, he is quite prepared to communicate to any member of the Society the name of the publisher concerned. That member may make any
use of his information that he pleases. It is, of course, understood that no case is published in this paper unless the secretary has in his hands all the documents—letters, agreements, accounts, &c.—connected with it.

It should be explained, in common justice, that the number of cases is much smaller than it was; in other words, those persons who thought they could go on "besting" the author with impunity find that it will not do. It should also be recognised that the persons who are still loud in their abuse of the Society are chiefly those who still practise the falsification of accounts, and the charging of advertisements for which they pay nothing.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The telegram published in the Times of Nov. 26, which is reproduced on p. 151 seems to show that the Canadian copyright question is solved by a compromise. It would not be reasonable to discuss the terms of the compromise until fuller information has been received. Let it, however, be noted here that whatever good has been attempted or achieved in this business is due solely to the action of Mr. Hall Caine; at great expense of time and trouble. Mr. Hall Caine has converted the Canadian people to a reasonable frame of mind; and he has saved, it is hoped, international copyright, which was threatened by the Canadians. For these services he deserves, and will receive, the best thanks of all who are connected with literature; and he has accomplished a work which will bring lasting honour to his name. It remains for us, whom he has represented, to arrange a becoming welcome for Mr. Hall Caine on his return.

Another thing of great importance must be noted. For the first time in history, matters connected with literary property have been intrusted to a man who creates literary property. When, until this year, have English authors ever been consulted on questions of copyright, i.e., on questions connected with literary property? Now Mr. Hall Caine goes out to Canada, the representative of the Society of Authors, i.e., of fifteen hundred men and women of letters, the only English literary association of any importance. He is also recognised as the representative of the Society, and is received as such, by Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies; and he is received and recognised as our representative by the authors of the United States and by the Copyright Association of Canada, and by the Government of Canada. Ten years ago whatever question of literary property might arise would have been handed over to some publisher; it would have been assumed that literary property belonged altogether to publishers; that literary men were their employés, their clerks, as necessary for the conduct of their business as the boys who put up the parcels.

As regards the conduct of this paper, I have to announce that "H. R.," who has acted as its New York correspondent for two years, is compelled to retire: a successor will be found. Mr. Sherard will continue as Paris correspondent: it is proposed to engage a Canadian and an Australian correspondent. Arrangements have been made for an accurate enumeration of new books and announcements as possible: there will be a monthly paper on the "literature" of the magazines; there will be an occasional feuilleton; and we shall repeat from time to time, for fear it should be forgotten, the true meaning of royalties, deferred royalties, and half profits.

It would greatly tend to the usefulness of the Author if members of the Society would lend it about, see that it is placed on club tables, and, should they not care to keep it, if they would give it to any person engaged in literary pursuits.

Mr. John Morley is reported by Mr. Stead to have recently estimated the number of readers among the forty millions of inhabitants of the country at one million. I cannot understand this estimate. There are, in these islands, nearly 300 public free libraries: most of them are lending libraries; at many of them there are visitors every day by the thousand. If only 10,000 readers frequent each library, there are 3,000,000 readers at once: but in reality there are many more than 10,000. Probably 25,000 would be nearer the average, which would give us 6,000,000 for the number of readers taken from the lower middle class or the upper working class alone, and not counting the very large class of wealthier people who use Smith and Mudie and other libraries, and buy books. I reckon these at 2,000,000, or 400,000 families. And my total of readers is 8,000,000, or one-fifth of the whole. If we allow for children under twelve the proportion is very much higher. I cannot think that Mr. John Morley has been following the enormous advance of reading during the last few years: of reading, I mean, as an habitual recreation: nor can he have observed the significance of the facts connected with the development of the cheap magazine; the turning out every year of readers from the Board Schools by their hundreds of
thousands; and the opening of new public libraries.

Professor Saintsbury, on the other hand, is reported to lament that we read too much and too fast; that we no longer take notes; and that commonplace books have gone out. There is published in a daily newspaper, he says, the matter of an ordinary 8vo. volume. There is more; in a certain number of the Times I reckoned there was the matter of three old-fashioned three-volume novels. The Professor assumes that the ordinary reader goes through the whole paper. There is his mistake; no reader goes through the whole paper. It is impossible. Different things interest different readers; some things are to some readers impossible. I am, myself, a person of very limited tastes. Political speeches I seldom read; nor debates in any of the many Parliaments. In their stead I read the leading articles upon them. Sporting news; financial news; the column from the London Gazette; ecclesiastical news; meetings of companies; stock and share lists; all these I pass over. I also pass over all the advertisements. So that, really, my daily Times does me very little harm, as I read no more than a sixth part of it. As for notes and commonplace books, no one except students ever did make notes or keep common-place books; and these do still. I have piles of notes on subjects concerning which I work most; they are not kept in a common-place book, but in brown paper envelopes on loose sheets of paper.

In fact this kind of talk ignores the real truth, that for ninety-nine out of a hundred, reading is for recreation, not for study. It is a recreation that permits and encourages the reading of serious and grave books as well as works of imagination. But it is recreation and not study. How should it be otherwise? Most people are not ambitious: they do not seek to rise; they are contented with a humble lot: they ask of life nothing but work not too hard; pay, not too low; rest, not too short. And books help them to rest better than any form of recreation ever invented. Certainly they are not going to make notes or to keep common-place books any more than they are going to swallow the whole of their newspaper every day.

Alexandre Dumas is dead. His last inarticulate words, according to the doctor standing at his bedside, were "like the closing of a book." What more fitting conclusion to his life?

An incident of which all literary Paris has been talking has again brought prominently to the front a question that has long been a sore point with French authors. The question is a quarrel of ancient date between writers and publishers, and the incident is the rupture that occurred a few weeks back between one of the most prominent Parisian publishers and a French author of world-wide renown, who is an Academician. The nature of the quarrel is the utter absence of any sort of control over the sale figures of their works, which the authors assert is the result of the publishing conditions at present in vogue in Paris. If the authors' tales are to be believed, there are publishers who print editions of which the profits never find their way into the writers' pockets, and of which the authors, indeed, are entirely ignorant of the printing. Another practice said to be common is the misrepresentation of the number of volumes comprised in an edition. The very celebrated author already alluded to fancied he had a grievance of this kind, and separated himself from his publisher. However, after negotiations that have lasted several weeks, he has been convinced that he was mistaken, and his books will continue to appear with the old imprint.

The above paragraph is reproduced from the Daily Chronicle. So far there has been no accusation—no suspicion, even—of such frauds brought against English publishers. Is it worse, however, than overcharging the cost of production—or than charging for advertisements which have cost nothing? These practices are all allied: they are tricks; they degrade the trade. There is only one course possible for honest men: it is for one side to demand, and for the other to offer, an audit when the accounts are sent in: and that as a regular thing, confessedly adopted on account of the tricks and cheateries of the dishonest.

An article appeared in last month's Nineteenth Century abusing the Society and the Literary Agent. It was, in fact, over due. Such an article used to appear once a month: then once in three months: now once in six months.

This article is written by a person who signs himself "One of the Trade" at the head of the paper, and "T. Werner Laurie" at the end. There is no "T. Werner Laurie" in the list of the trade. It has been ascertained, however, that a "T. Werner Laurie" is an employé of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Here are some of the things in this paper:
1. "Unlimited accusations" are now being hurled at publishers, presumably by the Society. What are these accusations? Publishers are going to "take up the matter seriously." Very good. Nothing could be better. 2. The Society, it appears, became a success because amateurs wanted to put letters after their name. No one has ever put any initials after his name that would connect him with the Society.
3. The promoters formed a Council, some of whom have "actually had MSS. published." The list of our Council is published with every number of the Author. Look at the names who have "actually had MSS. published."
4. The "Cost of Production" is a "pleasant romance." We thought this kind of impudence was finished. We once offered to take over on our own figures all the printing of a certain publisher who ventured to attack them. Then he sat down.

5. Publishers, it appears, who give royalties of 20 or 25 per cent. lose on these books. Do they? A publisher who was interviewed on this subject in the New Budget complained and wept over the fact that with such a royalty he could only get 7d. for himself on each copy—this after deducting all the office and advertising expenses. "That is loss, is it?"

6. Writers not so fortunate must suffer by the publishers' losses on the big royalties. Fudge!

7. The author is to be especially pitied for this rise in royalties. Poor author! He will doubtless go back joyfully to the sweet old terms.

8. The Society has destroyed the old friendship between author and publisher. Well; one looks round: one finds as many friendships between honourable publishers and their authors as ever.

9. The Society has not succeeded in "forcing" up royalties to this or that height. The Society does not try to force royalties. It shows what they mean: it throws light on the actual cost of producing and on the actual returns of a book. This, however, is enough to show the stuff of which the article is composed.

The rest of the article chiefly consists of abuse of the Literary Agent. The one short answer to this is—"We must either meet the publisher as one man of business with another, or we must appoint an attorney to meet him for us. All the railing with which this person fills his page about the literary agent's malpractices is rubbish and beside the mark. If it were true, it concerns the author, who has not yet, I believe, invited any publisher's clerk to protect him from his own man of business. Now it simply stands to reason that any publisher who refuses to treat with an author's man of business—agent—solicitor—can only do so because he declines to discuss business affairs with one who knows as much as he knows himself. And why? Why should he be unwilling to play an open game? The answer is quite obvious. One is always rejoiced to welcome such a production as this article. It gives ourselves the opportunity of stating once more our raison d'être and our performances. It shows the world the foolish misrepresentations by which the Society can alone be attacked: and it disposes of all the silly stuff which is invented for the purpose of attacking the Literary Agent.

An answer to the article appears in the December number of the Nineteenth Century. That part of it which concerns the Society is by our chairman. That which concerns the agent is by myself.

WALTER BESENT.

THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL AGAIN.

The question of the three-volume novel is not, it appears, closed. Miss Braddon has produced her latest novel in the old form, and Mudie's Library has refused to take it. Miss Braddon's views on the subject have been communicated to the Westminster Gazette, and were published in that paper. She defends the old form with the following arguments—not always novel—but, from a novelist of Miss Braddon's standing, commanding respectful hearing:

1. The old form was light to hold, of large and clear type; the one-volume novel is too often thick and heavy in the hand, with small and closely printed type, tiring to the eyes.

2. She would like a plébiscite on the subject from English novel readers.

3. Under the old system the new writer had a better chance.

The last seems at first a strong argument in favour of the three-volume form. Certain firms could command a subscription of any novel they issued—a subscription large enough to cover the cost of production. This cannot be done with a six-shilling book. On the other hand, however, is it necessary that the new writer should find the way so very plain and smooth for him? Is it not better that there should be some difficulty in obtaining an entrance? It must be confessed that many persons are now unable to produce novels who were admitted as novelists under the old system. A new writer will now find greater difficulty about acceptance. So much the better for literature. And it is not possible that, with so many publishers all wanting good work, any new writer who is good should be passed over.

4. The danger of encouraging slight and ephemeral stories. There is always that danger; but did it not exist before, when it was so easy to get a three-volume story published? And will the public buy the slight and flashy stories that Miss Braddon fears?

5. The danger of trying to attract attention by "sailing near the wind." But it has always existed—this danger. Besides, Mudie's Library professes to refuse admission to such books.

6. The weakening of the power of the libraries. That is, surely, a danger for the libraries themselves, not for authors, to consider.

7. A possible change to book borrowing from book buying. No. There cannot be any such change. Book buying depends upon income. It is entirely a matter of income. A great many people read at home at least a hundred books a year. That means, at 4s. 6d. each, £22 10s. a year. How many people are there who can afford to spend £22 10s. a year on the purchase of books?
8. The danger that the libraries will refuse to buy any expensive work. I do not think there is the least danger to be apprehended under this head.

9. The absurdity of the old "Procrustean length" argument.

Here Miss Braddon speaks common sense. There never has been any "Procrustean" length for the three-volume form of novel. Its length varied from 100,000 to 300,000 words. The six-shilling novel has just about the same limitations as to length.

On the whole, the one strong argument in favour of the three-volume form is that it is light to hold and easy to read. The loss of it may mean a great deal to invalids and old people.

The strongest argument against it is, in my mind, the fact that it locked up the work and kept it out of the hands of the general public for nearly a year. Was it not a strange anomaly that we used to publish a book twice—once for those who subscribed to the libraries, and then for the general public? For my own part, it has always seemed to me that the libraries resigned certain advantages in changing the system; but one is not obliged to inquire how the libraries conduct their business. Our concern is with our own business.

W. B.

THE NEW ZEALAND AUTHOR.

By Edith Searle Grossman.

(From the Canterbury Times, N.Z., Aug. 29, 1895.)

My subject, I am afraid, is a negative; authors, indeed, we have in plenty, but none of them have "prospects," or, at least their prospects are chateaux, like the Baron's "in Spain, or enjoy the most airy of situations." The matter might not be worth pen and ink but for the extraordinary illusions prevalent. It is really surprising that so small proportion of people should still imagine literature an easy path to wealth and fame. Almost every girl or young man who takes a high place in English during her or his school or university years dreams of a splendid career in authorship. No doubt this is true of England as well as of her colonies; but our delusion is fostered much longer, and we find it much harder to face actual facts. In the first place, the English novels of the day reach us only when they have made a great "hit" at home, and the new novelists we hear of are those favoured few who have happened to catch the fancy of the hour.

When we read of the rapid success of some colonial writer, like Rolf Boldrewood, our vague aspirations are fanned to a flame, and we do not reflect on the hundreds who have tried in vain. It is not with us as with English people. We have no struggling or moderately-successful literary class; no "new Grub Street" in our sight to warn us. There is no such thing as a literary class in the colonies. We know little of the mediocre writers of the day. But university students have at their fingers' ends the literary history of the first half of this century. Now this period was marked by the rise of the novel. If there were many failures then they are forgotten now; what impressed the young ambitious student was the brilliant success of a few.

The fact is that nowadays nothing is commoner than literary talent; nothing more uncommon than pecuniary success. Perhaps the proportion of talented people is greater in this colony than in England, because we have no really illiterate class; a few remnants there are of the old peasant immigrants; a few born colonials on whom education is thrown away; but every New Zealander of this second generation has a chance of cultivating his abilities. We have all the best books here, even the best of each year as it comes out; it is only the bad books that stay "at home"; most New Zealanders are educated "beyond their sphere"—as old-fashioned people would say—and the hard details of our business world, our restless struggle for our daily bread, or for pleasure or for show, fail to satisfy those reared among the abstract passions, the reverence, the enthusiasm of a university life. It is to escape from a meaner lot that we return with hope and courage to a literary career.

What is the end of it all? A return, sooner or later, to the old struggle to satisfy material wants. Unless some change takes place, there is no hope of literary success for a colonial. The sooner this is stamped upon the minds of all, the better. Courage, intellect, time, health, and temper are wasted in struggling against overwhelming odds. Sooner or later we must return to that practical life which the colony demands from us. It is in the world of action, not of thought, that the prizes lie. Doctor, lawyer, teacher, tradesman, all and each have prospects of brilliant success, and a certainty of avoiding absolute failure. Literature alone offers no field at all.

I shall not waste time over the efforts of that rapidly increasing throng who, each year, pay heavy sums to local publishers and get back nothing at all. We naturally consider ourselves superior to the inglorious crowd.

But untried writers do not understand what are the difficulties in their way. Every difficulty that an English author encounters is doubled for a colonial, because the great distance between us and London, and the impossibility of finding out
exactly how our own affairs stand, place us completely at the mercy of a publisher. But I think we can only get some glimpse of our troubles by considering the ordinary circumstances of publication. Suppose a novel ready after some months of work; we imagine all we have to do is to sell it for some price, large or small, to a publisher. Very likely the merest novice in London has got beyond this stage of ignorance; but certainly most colonials suppose, when they have given time, talent, and toil to a book, they have earned some return. Not at all; we find we are to pay a large sum down to the publisher, and may be very thankful if we ever get any of it back again. In short, we require an outlay of capital, and there is only the barest chance of any profit. In the first place there is the printer to pay, and then the publisher runs up sundries in a manner which would put any dressmaker to the blush. It is almost necessary to have manuscript type-written nowadays, and this is a preliminary trifle in the total expense. It will cost, say, between £5 and £10. Then, if we want to do the thing cheaply, the manuscript is offered to a local publisher. This is how we nearly all begin. Now, this is sheer suicide to any chance of success. It may be of service to repeat here the advice given—of course, too late—by the head of one of our leading publishing firms: “Do not try to publish any book in the colonies. If you cannot get it accepted by a well-known firm, do not publish it at all.” Booksellers pay more attention to the name of the publisher than to that of the author, especially when the latter is quite unknown. A novel published in New Zealand has no chance of circulation beyond New Zealand. The proportion of book buyers in each colony is so small that such a book is certain to be a failure. Book-buying is almost universally regarded as an extravagance. Suppose, then, that we have learnt this much wisdom from the first book; it has probably cost some £40 or £50 if the venture was a small one, and the agent tolerably honest.

Next we apply to the best English houses, who, however, will seldom accept books by unknown people. After a year of wasted hopes and vain suspense, we hear of some new or less important firm, and get our manuscript at last accepted. But these small houses compensate themselves for extra risks by taking extra profits. The author pays the entire cost of production. The Authors’ Society’s journal estimates this at a little over £100 for one thousand copies; a fair average sum paid by colonial writers for the printing would be £60 for five hundred copies. A common selling price for the modern novel is 3s. 6d., so that if every copy sold the profit would be about £27. But, of course, the author could not expect to get this; the publisher, besides all manner of extra charges secures his own profits, say two-thirds, so that, if the whole edition sold, the author would not be able to get a single penny (profit) in return; indeed, he might not be able to cover the original outlay. A sale of five hundred copies represents, say, ten times the number of readers; and it is not one colonial author in a hundred who will get a larger circulation than this, indeed, very few will get as many as five thousand readers. Of course, it is a consolation to reflect that one’s thoughts and ideas have become the property of so many people; still, from a business point of view, it is unprofitable. In the case considered, the author who has paid £60 is not at all likely to receive back more than £20, so that his book will be a dead loss of £40. I will take one case which did occur. The cost of printing a novel was £60; it was sold at 3s. 6d. a copy, and, when about three hundred copies were sold, the author’s cheque amounted to £7 13s.; the rest was taken up by mysterious trade discounts and charges for advertising. The account sent looked desperately accurate, though the author did not quite understand why trade discount figured twice. Still, there was clearly nothing to be done.

One reason why so few copies are sold is that circulating libraries supply the reading public with all they want. The only book-buyers in the colonies are country people, a few students, and a very few personal friends of the author. Most of the friends are in the habit of asking the author for the loan of his book, a custom on whose astonishing meanness no one has yet reflected. All are free to read or buy as they please, or to borrow from the library, but to ask woman or man for their own book is just as much begging for charity as to ask a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher for his services gratuitously. It is plain enough that literature, if persisted in, is more likely to lead to ruin than to prosperity. I wonder if the English authors, to whom we address our despairing appeals, feel anything more than astonishment at our ignorance of the world. Perhaps after all they would not pity us if they knew that we are in no danger of starving. There is some sort of active career open to all, at least to men, so we turn at last to manual labour, or to some ungenial profession; it is our minds that are starving and wasting away.

There are some who will write for their own pleasure, regardless of others. These have the true gift; and they will have the best, the purest joy of creation, but their creation and their joy will perish with them. If there be among colonials those who have so deep a passion, and who have also the leisure to satisfy it, let them write; and if they really believe they have some-
DINNER TO DR. BRANDES.

The Authors' Club gave a dinner on Monday, Nov. 18th, to Dr. Brandes. The chair was taken by Mr. Douglas Sladen. The following report of the speech made by the illustrious guest appeared in the Daily Chronicle of the 19th.

"Personally I am in debt to England for other more valuable impressions. I came as a young man to London. I got an impression of the strength of the English race. I saw in Hyde Park old men of seventy years ride on horseback with as jaunty an air as the youngest, with cheeks as red and fresh as the cheeks of a child. I began early in life to study English literature. I have written a big book in six volumes on the European literature of the first fifty years of our century, and the kernel of this work is the poetry of England, the hinge on which it turns. Though, as you perceive, I speak English very badly, still I assure you I can read it very easily. I know thoroughly Wordsworth and Coleridge, Walter Scott and Moore, Keats, Landor, Shelley, and Byron. Of all the poets of the century nobody has impressed me more deeply than Shelley. I read the 'Ode to the West Wind' with ecstasy and delight. I know the shorter poems line for line. There never was a lyrical poet greater than Shelley. I do not know his peer. In Westminster Abbey there is a bust of Southey, but I miss the images of Keats, of Shelley, of Byron. It has surprised me to find that this English people, which can certainly not be called an essentially military people, has honoured in its public places many of its generals, a few of its statesmen, but—except William Shakespeare in Leicester-square—very few of all those who have produced the great and glorious English literature. Yet foreigners return again and again to the study of this literature, and above all others Shakespeare commands the attention of every civilized being. Everyone tries to understand him better and more fully than his predecessors. And I must plead guilty to a continuous six years' course of him. In old times a critic was little esteemed of poets and authors. They believed him full of envy and malice, they believed he wore an abdominal belt of serpents. In our time people know that a critic is simply a man who can read and who teaches others to read—an art that is rarer than would be supposed. A critic is a man who is as pliant and supple when the question is to understand, as he is inflexible and firm when it is his task to speak out. He understands men and people who do not understand one another. He builds up bridges over the gulf that separates people from people, he is the true engineer of spiritual life. As he builds, so he clears away, and plants hedges and torches on the way. And as he builds up so he pulls down. 'Tis not faith that moves mountains, it is criticism that moves them—all the mountains of antiquated faith, of superstitions, and dead tradition. You do not know how fortunate you are to own a language that is understood all over the earth, so that you can appeal in your own words to your hearer. We, who have a language that is only understood by very few millions, are only known in translations. You are fortunate to have copyright in your work. Scandinavians have no literary agreement with other countries. Foreign publishers seldom send us anything for our copyrights, and often a copy of their piracies is even denied. And we are little translated. Of thirty volumes I have written, not a dozen are translated into German, and most of them in pirated editions made from texts that are twenty years old, and have in the meantime been entirely revised. These books bear my name, and have even been retranslated in many other languages, but I never have acknowledged them as mine. As I am on the threshold of an introduction to the English public, I am glad to be able to tell you that I have every reason to believe that it will be in a translation which for once I can be proud of. But it is not of my good fortune that I wish to talk. I want to repeat what I have said of yours. You are, indeed, fortunate in the possession of a literature such as yours is. I saw last Saturday in the Natural History Museum an enormous disk of a giant tree, many hundred years old. The tree was so old that its centre was marked as contemporary with the battle of Agincourt, and the different rings as contemporary with Shakespeare's birth, Newton's death, the accession of Queen Victoria, and so on. In spite of its age the stem had remained fresh and living until it was felled by human hand. Such a venerable tree is English literature, and it lives and flourishes to-day as of old. May never its woodman pass, and may it live and thrive and bear fruits!"
MR. STANLEY J. WEYM AN AS DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

Clifton has had the honour of producing Mr. Stanley Weyman's first dramatic piece, which was copyrighted on Nov. the 22nd by a company of amateurs playing under Mr. Forster Alleyne. The piece is "For the Cause," played very nearly as it appeared in Chapman's Magazine in May, but on the stage the quick terse conversation and epigrammatic dialogue have their full weight; and the intensely dramatic situations prove Mr. Weyman's power as a dramatic author. The piece is but of one act, but in the short time, about an hour, required to play it, the audience is moved by pathos, dread, and horror, and swayed to laughter. Legitimate situations excite a tension of feeling for the principal, in fact only, woman in the little play, Marie, the daughter of an old Huguenot who loves a Leaguer, who would have the Pope the only sovereign of Paris. The Huguenot is hiding the king in his stables, and Henri Quatre finds his way into the house as the stables are cold; and nearly surprises the young lovers. Marie has hidden Phillip, and to her anguish she learns this intruder is the king; and his friends join him, and in the room where the Leaguer who would hang them all is hidden, they unfold their plans to take Paris. Here the strength of the play gives grand scope to the actors, especially to Marie: she would die for her King Henri of Navarre; but she would save her lover; but he, if he escapes, will slay the king, her own father, and even destroy all hope for her faith. The King's plan is bared; a dumb stable boy comes in and points to where he saw Phillip hide, but is not understood; all are leaving; Marie in agony will give her heart for the King; he returns to say a word to her he has trusted, and she blurts out her secret, but immediately to passionately deny her words; but her lover is dragged from his hiding place. The King was played forcibly by Mr. Alleyne, and Miss Bryant did well as Marie, and Mr. K. Bryant also played with force and feeling as Phillip; especially when confronted with the sounds of the King's friend. The King rushes between them, and demands their sparing him almost in vain, until in passion he cries, "He does not die. France speaks." For the girl who sacrificed her lover, and her life for the King, as she now lies senseless at their feet, he shall be spared. In a short, powerful speech he tells Phillip to go. "The girl you love has ransomed you; go to leave a name that shall live for centuries and stand for infamy." The play should end where Phillip lifts up his Marie's body and bears her off; or he might be kneeling beside her as she half revives, as the curtain descends. What follows is de trop, and spoils the "Curtain"; but it is certain "For the Cause" will not be played for the last time at Clifton, and it may be the first, but can hardly be the last, acting piece by Mr. Stanley Weyman.

JAMES BAKER.

BOOK TALK.

This very day are published the "Family Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," edited, with a memoir, by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, brother of the poet. Mr. Rossetti was assisted in the work by suggestions from his sister, the late Christina Rossetti. Messrs Ellis and Elvey are the publishers.

Mr. Julian Sturgis has written a story entitled "The Master of Fortune," for Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.'s Zeit-Geist series.

Mr. Rider Haggard has written an African tale for the New Year number of the African Review.

A volume of short stories, by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggins, entitled "The Village Watch-Tower," will be issued soon by Messrs. Gay and Bird.

Miss Edith Sichel is the author of "The Story of Two Salons," which is concerned with French social life in the last century, and will be published by Mr. Arnold.

A new story from the pen of Mr. W. E. Norris, called "Clarissa Furiosa," will begin in the January number of the Cornhill Magazine.

Sir Edwin Arnold has signed one thousand portraits for the frontispiece of the autograph edition of "The Book of Good Counsels," which Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. will publish soon, with drawings by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Mr. Locker-Lampson's Memoirs, which Mr. Augustine Birrell is editing, will be entitled "My Confidences," and the work is expected to be ready at Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.'s early in the coming year.

Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, who wrote the notice of Mr. Parnell in the "Dictionary of National Biography," is now preparing a life of the late Irish leader, and asks those who can to send recollections or documents pertaining to his career.

A world tour recently made by the Rev. H. R. Haweis is to result in a two-volume book of "Talk and Travel," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish. Previously, also, the writer journeyed twice in America, and his impressions
and experiences then will of course be included
in the record.

Mr. Oswald Crawfurd has a volume in the
press for Chapman's Story Series entitled "The
White Feather." An adventure tale by Mr.
Clark Russell will also appear in this series.
Mr. Crawfurd has edited a collection of "Lyrical
Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria," a volume of
400 pages, which, like the others, will be pub-
lished by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Dr. Riccardo Stephens, of Edinburgh, has
written a novel called "The Cruciform Mark,"
which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish
soon.

The Carlyle Centenary, on the 4th inst., will be
marked by the opening, for about a month, of an
exhibition of pictures, MSS., portraits, &c., at
the house, Cheyne-row. Mr. John Morley (whose
leisure for literature will be curtailed should his
candidature for Montrose be successful) is to
preside at a meeting in Chelsea Town Hall on
the same day, when the title-deeds of the Carlyle
House will be handed over to the fund.

A full bibliography of Tennyson was prepared
by the late Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd. It is
now shortly to be issued to subscribers by Mr.
Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn,
W.C.

It is likely that another work of travel by Mr.
Henry Norman will be published soon. This will
consist of a reprint, with additions, of the long
series of letters written to the Daily Chronicle
by Mr. Norman during a tour of over two months
through the countries (so deeply interesting at
the moment) of the Balkan Peninsula. The
letters were entitled "Round the Near East," and
discussed alike the rulers and rule of Turkey,
Bulgaria, Montenegro, and the rest, and the
social characteristics of their peoples and cities.

Mr. Sidney Colvin writes to the Athenaeum
explaining that "The Great North Road," the
story by Stevenson which appears in the Christ-
mas number of the Illustrated London News, was
not one of the last undertakings of its author,
but belongs rightly to the year 1884. The tale
"Weir of Hermiston," upon which Stevenson was
engaged at the time of his death, will appear in
the new political review Cosmopolis.

An important collection of letters has been
brought to light, according to the Glasgow
Evening News, in an old Caithness castle. They
number several hundreds, including letters by
Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Dickens, all
addressed to Mr. George Thomson, the distin-
guished musical amateur, in connection with his
"Miscellany of Scottish Song," which he was
engaged upon at the end of last century. Some
of those more closely relating to Burns will be
published in the Centenary edition of his Life
and Letters, which Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson
are preparing. The publication of the letters as
a whole has been allowed exclusively to the
Glasgow Evening News.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard's book on "Little
Journeys," to the homes of famous people, will
be issued very soon by Messrs. Putnam. The
author disclaims giving biographies of the
characters or guides to the places, and merely
calls the articles outline sketches and impres-
sions. Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, Dickens,
Carlyle, Dean Swift, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Glad-
stone are among the subjects of the volume.

For the Jowett Memorial at St. Paul's School
over £800 has been subscribed, and a committee
is taking tenders for erecting an organ in the
Great Hall.

"Excursions in Libraria: Retrospective
Reviews and Bibliographical Notes," is the title of a volume
by G. H. Powell, which Messrs. Lawrence
Bullen will shortly issue. Some of the chapter
headings are: "The Philosophy of Rarity," "A
Shelf of Old Story Books," "With Rabelais in
Rome," and "The Wit of History."

Mrs. Oliphant's new work, "The Makers of
Modern Rome," will be published by Messrs.
Macmillan as a sister volume to her "Makers of
Florence." It is divided into four books—
"Honourable Women not a Few," "The Popes
who made the Papacy," "Lo Popolo and the
Tribune of the People," and "The Popes who
made the City." There will be illustrations by
Mr. Joseph Pennell and others.

Mr. F. G. Kenyon, of the Department of
MSS. at the British Museum, has written a
popular textual history of the Bible down to its
latest translation in English, with illustrations
showing in facsimile the characteristics of the
MSS. and the errors of the scribes. Messrs.
Eyre and Spottiswoode are the publishers.

In his book on "The Dover Road," to be pub-
lished immediately by Messrs. Chapman and Hall,
Mr. Charles Harper says that this stretch of
seventy-six miles is the most ancient and historic
highway in England. This is one of a series of
similar volumes by Mr. Harper.

Several interesting developments in periodicals
fall to be recorded. The Savoy, the new art and
literary quarterly, with Mr. Arthur Symons and
Mr. Aubrey Beardsley as editors, will appear this
month; and in disclaiming any school its pro-
spectus says: "For us all art is good which is
good art." M. F. Ortmans is to be editor of the
new monthly international review Cosmopolis.
The Arena reduces its price from five to three
dollars per annum; and the New Budget becomes a monthly instead of a weekly. A new political review, the Progressie, is announced for early in 1896, whose editor will be Mr. William Clarke, M.A. Secondary and higher education will be the field of Cap and Gown, a new weekly journal.

Mr. A. D. McCormick, whose spirited drawings were a feature of Sir W. M. Conway’s book on his expedition to the Karakorum Himalayas, has himself written and illustrated a narrative of the journey, striking, of course, more a personal than a geographical note. Mr. Unwin will issue the book, which is to be called “An Artist in the Himalayas.”

Many old book-plates, including that of Henrietta Louisa Jefferys, Countess of Pomfret, are to be reproduced in “Ladies’ Book-Plates,” by Miss Norna Labouchere, the forthcoming volume in the Ex-Libris Series of Messrs. Bell and Sons. Two other works in this series will be “The Decorative Illustration of Books,” by Walter Crane, and “Decorative Heraldry,” by G. W. Eve.

Among art volumes announced is one of drawings by the well-known American artist, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which Mr. Lane will publish. Mr. Paton will follow the subject of Mr. Wedmore’s recent book, “Etching in England,” with a volume to be published by the De Montfort Press.

Overshadowing all else in the rush of new books during November were the volumes of Matthew Arnold’s “Letters, 1848-1888” (Macmillan), and that of Stevenson’s “Vailima Letters” (Methuen). Much of the domestic kindness of Arnold’s character is brought out; apart, we glean his opinion of Thackeray as “not a great writer;” of Carlyle, that Johnson stood “a great deal better;” and of Tennyson, that he was “deficient in intellectual power.” Stevenson’s letters to his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin, are charming and very self-revealing. Much of his life may perhaps be interpreted through these two of his sentences: “The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards, and plenty of duties.”

A series of open-air books is a new departure which Mr. John Lane is making. It is called the Arcady Library, and the first volume, “Round About a Brighton Coach Office,” by Maude Egerton King, with title-page by Lucy K. Welch, is already due. “Life in Arcady,” by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, will be the second; then “Scholar Gypsies,” by John Buchan.

A German translation of Mrs. Edmonds’ “History of a Church Mouse” has been published in Berlin. The translator is Fräulein Helene Lobedian.

“The Romance of Rahere, and other Poems,” by E. Hardingham, and “Drifting through Dreamland,” by T. E. Ruston, are among the new volumes of Verse to be published by Mr. Eliot Stock.

Miss Cholmondeley, whose health has never recovered from the severe strain put upon it in writing “Diana Tempest,” will shortly leave England for Madeira, where she is advised to pass the winter, and where it is confidently expected that she will regain complete health.

“Diana Tempest” has reached its fifth edition in England and its tenth thousand in America.

“A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts,” being a reissue of the three series of aphoristic poems, cont ibuted by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge to the Sunday at Home, will be published shortly by the Religious Tract Society.

Three new volumes of stories are announced for publication by Mr. Eliot Stock. “The Story of the Old Oak Tree, told by himself,” by Thorpe Fancourt; “The Commandment with Promise,” by Hon. Gertrude Boscawen; and “Tales Told by the Fireside,” by a well-known living poet.

“Joseph the Dreamer,” by Robert Bird, author of “Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth,” has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. It is a plain Bible story of the life of Joseph paraphrased in such a way that it will appeal without doubt to the children for whom it is intended.


Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid’s new novel, “His Last Card,” will be published in a six-shilling volume, by Messrs. Ward and Downey, at the end of this month.

LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.

Author, Agent, and Publisher. T. Werner Laurie.
Nineteenth Century for November. (See p. 162.)
“Essen” and the Athenæum Club. Lady Gregory.
Blackwood’s Magazine for December.
The Homes of Thomas Carlyle. II. Marion Leslie.
Young Man for December.
Young Man for December.
Thomas Carlyle. II. Mrs. J. Fyvie Mayo. Leisure Hour for December.
**THE AUTHOR.**

**LIVING CRITICS. II.: THEODORE WATTS.** Frances Hindes Groom. Bookman for November.

**A BIT OF GEORGE ELIOT'S COUNTRY.** John Foster Fraser. Bookman for November.


**FAMOUS POETS. VII.: PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.** Charlotte A. Price. Belgravia for December.

**FRASER.** Bookman for November.

**CHARLES READE.** Elsie Rhodes. London Society for December.

**NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART. III.: HAMLIN GARLAND.**Atlantic Monthly for December.


**PORTRAITS OF KEATS FROM THE LIFE.** Athenæum for Nov. 16.

**THE CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.** Saturday Review for Nov. 9.

**A WORD ON THREE VOLUMES.** Miss Braden. Westminster Gazette for Nov. 6.

**DO PUBLIC LIBRARIES SPREAD DISEASE.** Scudder. Westminster Gazette for Nov. 27.


**MEMORIES OF STEVENSON: A TALK WITH MR. CHARLES BAXTER.** Daily Chronicle for Nov. 20.

**“HILL-TOP NOVELS” AND THE MORALITY OF ART.** Spectator for Nov. 23.

**NOTABLE REVIEWS.**


Of Mr. William Watson's "The Father of the Forest and other Poems." Spectator for Nov. 16.


Of Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." Athenæum for Nov. 23.

* * *

The Spectator article adopts Mr. Grant Allen's term "Hill-Top" as a name for a class of fiction, and is surprised that nobody has had the presence of mind to point out that these books, with their perverse didacticism, are quite as great sinners against the non-moral standard of literature as the old-fashioned goody tale. It sees, however, that the new school, though it will not admit itself wrong, is putting itself in the wrong. The writer discusses pointedly Mr. Hardy and Mr. Allen. But the really interesting question, he says, is whether a novel can be a work of art and not have a sound moral at the heart of it. As to which our contemporary proceeds:

"Because the moral tale done to order has often succeeded in being dully narrated, the idea got abroad—even among religious people—that there is some deep-seated and indestructible hostility between the beauty and truth of art and the beauty and truth of morality; and that to hold and confess the opposite opinion is to announce oneself a fussy Philistine. Whereas the truth of the matter really is that these inartistic moral tales are inartistic only because the writers of them lack some or all of the gifts that make an artist. It is possible to be very zealous for morality and yet have no imagination, no insight, and no style. This is a truth that no one is ashamed to utter. Why, then, should we be ashamed to say also that it is quite impossible to write a great poem or a great novel without a clear and true perception of the moral and spiritual laws of God, as manifested in the life of the world he has created?"

If the article on Tolstoi, by Mr. Dawson in the Young Man, were also to cross the reader's eye, he might wonder vaguely if the Russian novelist is pleasing in the sight of the Spectator critic. Mr. Dawson's definition of the true realist is "an artist who sees life steadily, and sees it whole," whereas most of our so-called realists, he says, do pick and choose:

"They choose the vile and abominable, and are as men whose one passion is to pick over a tray of diamonds in order to discover the one flawed stone. . . . They have lost the sense of proportion, and see life out of perspective. But with Tolstoi this rarely or never happens. Being an absolutely sincere man, bent upon depicting life as it really is, he sees life in its true proportion. He does not hesitate to paint evil if it comes in his way, and he paints it with tragic force; but he is always sensible of the widespread goodness, sweetness, and sanity of general life."

The Saturday Review on "Civil Pensions" is a protest against the lack of principle in the distribution of the fund. In her article on "Eothen" in Blackwood's, Lady Gregory recalls the Athenæum Club of "the days—or nights—of the round table, of which Hayward, Kinglake, Chenery, were the ruling spirits."

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

I.—HISTORICAL FICTION.

**THERE are probably not many authors in this country who see the Quarterly Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, and it is on this account that I venture to draw the attention of your readers to the interesting chronological index to historical fiction which is being published in the columns of this journal. This index, which includes prose fiction, plays, and poems, catalogues in chronological order all fiction relating to different countries. So far we have been given indexes to the historical fiction of America, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Switzerland, Netherlands, Scandinavia, Denmark, Iceland, Norway and Sweden. This index would doubtless prove valuable to British novelists, and those portions of it which relate to the British Isles might, if the editor permitted, be printed as a supplement to the Author. The publication of this index has suggested to me another which might be of general interest, viz., an "Index of Geographical Fiction." The compiler of such a catalogue would take each country
separately, and would classify, under appropriate divisions, those works of fiction which centre round some particular district, or which deal with life in certain countries. I should be glad to hear opinions as to the worth of such an index.

While upon this subject, perhaps you will allow me to refer to another bibliographical subject—the need for some "Encyclopædia of Bibliography" which would give the most important books on all subjects, including perhaps a few of the longest magazine articles. I am aware that there have been published compilations dealing with "the best books," &c., but these are but tentative attempts to deal with a vast subject. In Chambers's "Encyclopædia," an attempt has been made in some cases to give a guide to the literature of the subject, but this is very far from supplying the needs of the author, the librarian, the journalist, the professional man, and that mythical person—the general reader. With cooperation an "Encyclopædia of Bibliography" might be compiled, and a publisher found willing to undertake its publication. Herbert C. Fyfe.

Albemarle-street, W., Nov. 9.

II.—My Initials.

Is it allowable to use the Author as a medium for growling? If so, I ask to be allowed to state my grievance.

It was only a few days ago that I found out I had any grievance. My eyes were opened by reading an article in the Nineteenth Century by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, in which it is stated with regard to the foundation of the Society of Authors, that: "The idea of being able for a small sum per annum to put a few initials after their names, and obtain a sort of license to call themselves authors, tickled many hundreds of amateurs."

I ask then, Where are my initials? Of course everybody likes to have initials and to use them. Mr. Yawkins, the banker in "Little Pedlington," who could write after his name P.U.K.S., P.Z., and A.L.S.F.O., has always seemed to me much to be envied. Now Mr. Laurie would never have made the above statement unless he had certainly known of cases where letters signifying membership of the Society of Authors were used. This consideration makes it but too probable that there is some inner clique, connected with the management of the Society, who revel in secret in alphabetical ornaments.

This ought not to be. What is fair for some is fair for all. Let obscure members have their privileges. What are they to put after their names? Should it be the English full-length M.I.S.O.A., or more briefly, the initials of the Latin title, Auctorum Societatis Socius.

Anxiously awaiting a reply.

Illiteratus.

III.—Authors and Editors.

An author is in the habit of receiving from various editors a payment at the rate of, let us say, 30s. a thousand words. From a second-rate paper he receives a request to write an article at a very much lower rate, say about half. Is he acting fairly by the editors who pay him the higher scale if he does work for another editor at a very much lower rate? Is it not very much like a man who sells brooms, offering one broom to Jones for 6d., and another broom of the same character to Brown for 3½d.?

Or may we say that the custom of being paid various rates so largely prevails in journalism that the author would be justified in charging the different fees for his work to different editors? I should very much like to have your editorial opinion upon this point, and perhaps some of the readers of the Author would also favour us with their views on the subject.

X. X. X.

IV.—Co-operation.

Might it not be advisable to invite propositions from your readers with a view to co-operation and mutual protection. Someone must commence this, and, however impracticable they may be, I beg to offer some of my own ideas upon the subject, leaving you to publish them or not as you see fit:

1. That a central depot or storehouse should be created for the purpose of keeping and distributing literary work entrusted to it, its methods and appliances being similar to those common to all publishers. The manner of raising the capital necessary is detailed later on.

2. That the manager of the same should be appointed by the directors for the time being, who would exercise a general control, and would pass the periodical balance-sheets, subject to proper audit.

3. That a certain proportion of the directors should be elected by the subscribers of capital in the first instance, and, subsequently—that is to say, after repayment of the capital—that the whole body should be chosen by the literary clients of the said depot.

4. That the profits of the said depot should arise from (a) the sale of publications to the trade, (b) the rent of space occupied by the clients storing publications; less (a) expenses of management, &c., (b) the price paid to authors for publications sold, (c) the expense of issuing a
proper trade circular, (d) interest on capital until paid off.

5. That the profits on publications sold should consist of the difference between a fixed proportion of the price of publication payable to the author, and a higher fixed proportion to be claimed from the bookseller, the said fixed proportions being common to all the publications placed in the hands of the dépôt.

6. That as books are sometimes sold singly at somewhat higher rates than when a quantity are aken, and as the dépôt, when applied to directly, would be compelled to demand the full price from private customers, such a profit be called extraneous, and after payment of interest on capital and management expenses, be divided pro rata amongst those whose books had been sold during the period in question. Authors would thus receive their proper share of an amount which no publisher now accounts for. In the first instance this extraneous profit might be used to pay off the capital.

7. That if, after repayment of the capital and division of extraneous profits, as above, a system of book-keeping be adopted whereby a further profit is apparent, that this profit be used for repayment of rent for space occupied. If the necessary system of book-keeping were found to be too complicated this rule need not be insisted on.

8. That if, after repayment of rents, there is still a remainder, that this shall be distributed pro rata to the authors whose books have been sold during the term in question, or shall be carried forward or otherwise used at the discretion of the directors. This would account for the whole of the proceeds, all of which would go to the benefit of the authors, but would be subject to the same proviso as paragraph 7.

9. That every author be debited for the cost of advertisements inserted at his request, but not for notices in circulars issued by the dépôt. That he also be charged for the actual expenses incurred in the distribution of gratis copies to the Press, &c., and for shipping expenses to foreign countries.

10. That the capital should be raised by subscription amongst those willing to use the dépôt, and should in no case bear more than 5 per cent. interest.

11. That the capital should be repaid to the subscribers as soon as possible. The security offered to the finders of capital would lie in the list of names promising work to the company.

12. That after repayment of the capital, the whole profit should be divided amongst the clients.

13. That if more capital were afterwards required to work the business, such capital should be raised by fresh subscriptions, also repayable at the earliest opportunity. Such capital could easily be found, as it would constitute a first charge on a going concern.

14. That as the business would, if wound up after the repayment of its capital, still possess the amount of its original capital intact, the said amount should, after liquidation, be invested as a fund for the benefit of destitute authors, or should be otherwise disposed of as the directors or clients thought fit, or as might be beforehand determined upon.

15. That some of our most successful and best known authors be urged to encourage the formation of such a co-operative company by entrusting it with distribution of some of their work, and, when possible, by providing a portion of the capital.

16. That an experienced manager be secured at a fair and proper remuneration, who would be liable to instant dismissal were he shown to have appropriated printers’ discounts to his own use, or to have acted in any other way than as a bona fide agent.

By the above scheme it appears to me that all the profits must go to the authors, who are themselves able to regulate the price to be paid to them for copies, and the price at which copies are to be sold to the trade. It would not prevent private agreements with publishers, but would give every author a free hand in dictating the terms of such agreements.

The expenses of the dépôt can be approximately determined beforehand, also the amount of capital required. Except rent and expenses of management no risks are run by the dépôt, which would act merely as an agent. The subscribers of capital would be prevented from subsequently turning the company into a mere money-making machine. If advisable, the dépôt might act as the intermediary between the author and printer, charging a fixed percentage for its services. If not thought advisable, the dépôt might supply authors with a printed form giving details as to cost of production. Information on this subject might be gleaned from the pages of the Author. Where authors wished for independent opinion before undertaking the risk of publication, the dépôt or the Society of Authors might recommend a reader to them for this purpose.

The Society of Authors provides the required nucleus for some such scheme as the above, and, should its readers formulate something practical, could easily constitute a competent committee to thresh out the preliminary details.

In the event of this being done, I beg to sign myself

A Future Subscriber.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4. PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the
experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

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THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

The Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at 40 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.
Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

THE Committee beg to remind members that the Subscription for the year is due on January the First. The most convenient form of payment is by order on a Bank. This method saves the trouble of remembering. The Secretary will in future send reminders to members who are in arrear in February.

The Author will not be sent to members in arrear after the month of March.

G. H. Thring, Secretary.

ADDRESS OF ENGLISH TO AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

THE following Address has been sent out by the Society of Authors for signature. As soon as possible it will be forwarded to the United States. Its importance will rest entirely on the weight of the names appended: it is earnestly hoped that all those men and women of English blood who have made themselves respected by their writings across the Atlantic will sign the paper:

"At this crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, when two paths lie before us, and on the choice between them depends the future of that race, it seems to be the plain duty of us who sign this paper, being followers of literature in Great Britain, to address upon the subject of that choice you who follow literature in the United States.

"There are two paths before us. One leads us we know not whither, but in the end through war with all its accompaniments of carnage, unspeakable suffering, limitless destruction, and hideous desolation to the inevitable sequel of hatred and bitterness and the disruption of our race. It is this path which we ask you to join with us in an effort to make impossible. The present is neither the time nor the place, nor are we the persons to deal with the crisis on its technical issues, but it should not be difficult for any of us as men and women of reading and imagination, not liable to be carried away by political passion, to understand the general bearings of the case on both sides. We, on our part, are prepared to understand that the United States, as the greatest nation in America, looks with proper jealousy on the extension of European powers of influence and territory on the American continent. And you, on your part, will not fail to realise that European Powers in general, and Great Britain in particular, have never made any effort to enlarge their dominions on your continent at any time within the past hundred years.

"But it is not on grounds of political equity that we now address you. We are united to you by many ties, and the first and closest of our ties is the bond of blood. We are proud of the United States. There is nothing in our history that has earned us more glory than the conquest of the vast American continent by the Anglo-Saxon race. When our pride is humbled by the report of some things which you do better than ourselves, it is also lifted up by the consciousness that you are our kith and kin. We see very much of you, and you see much of us. During the last quarter of a century the influx of American visitors to these shores has been very great, while every year sends more and yet more of our people across the Atlantic. There is hardly a household in this country without its American relations, its American friends, without its sons and daughters settled in America; and everywhere in England the American people are settled in our midst. Our public men go to you for the inspiration of your youthful nation, and you receive them with boundless hospitality. Your public men come to us for the interest of our ancient institutions, and we welcome them as our brethren. There is no anti-American feeling among Englishmen, and it is impossible that there can be any anti-English feeling among Americans. For two such nations, then, to take up arms against each other would be civil war, not differing from your calamitous struggle of thirty years ago, except that the cause would be immeasurably less human, less tragic, and less inevitable.

"There is another tie that unites our nations, and more especially unites those of us who sign this paper and you who receive it—the tie of literature. Party problems may solve or exhaust themselves, burning questions may burn them selves out, but the literature which a great race, divided into two nations, holds as a joint inheritance will live on after the fever of political strife has passed away. But though it will live it may also suffer, and from nothing can a people take such injury to its moral nature as from the wounds and scars of its literature; if war should occur between England and America, English
literature would be dishonoured and disfigured for a century to come. The patriotic songs, the histories of victory and defeat, the records of humiliation and disgrace, the stories of burning wrong and unavenged insult, these would be branded deep into the hearts of our peoples, they would so express themselves in poems and novels and plays as to make it impossible for any of us who had lived through such a fratricidal war to take up again the former love and friendship.

"For the united Anglo-Saxon race that owns the great names of Cromwell and Washington; of Lincoln and Nelson; of Gordon and Grant; of Shakespeare and Milton; there is, we trust, such a future as no other race has yet had in the history of the world—a future that will be built on a confederation of Sovereign States, living in the strength of the same liberties. We ask you to join us in helping to protect that future. Poets and creators, scholars and philosophers, men and women of imagination and of vision, we call upon you in the exercise of your far-reaching influence to save our literature from dishonour and our race from lasting injury."

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MR. HALL CAINE'S MISSION.

I.—CANADIAN RECEPTION.

It is gratifying to record that Canada has herself been the first to acknowledge the work of our ambassador. On the night before Mr. Hall Caine left Ottawa he was entertained at a dinner, which was first conceived of as a tribute to him as a man of letters, and ended by being in all senses a ministerial farewell. Nearly all the Ministers of the Dominion Government were present, and the Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, was in the chair. In proposing the toast of the evening he said that his presence side by side with the guest would be a sufficient answer to the reports so industriously circulated that the question of Canadian copyright had made them public and personal enemies. Nearly all the Ministers of the Dominion Government were present, and the Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, was in the chair. In proposing the toast of the evening he said that his presence side by side with the guest would be a sufficient answer to the reports so industriously circulated that the question of Canadian copyright had made them public and personal enemies. Nearly all the Ministers of the Dominion Government were present, and the Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, was in the chair. In proposing the toast of the evening he said that his presence side by side with the guest would be a sufficient answer to the reports so industriously circulated that the question of Canadian copyright had made them public and personal enemies.

The other speakers were Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, and Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior.

II.—FROM MR. RIDOUT.

Toronto, Nov. 18, 1895.

I now inclose a copy of a resolution passed by The Ontario Society of Artists which has been forwarded to the Minister of Justice, Ottawa. I also inclose you a copy of the resolution passed by the Canadian Institute, on Nov. 16 last, which has also been forwarded to the Minister of Justice, Ottawa.

The Canadian Institute is an old and well-known institute, and representative of Canadian art, literature, and science. The resolution from this institute will no doubt have weight with the Government. As an old member of this Canadian Institute, I succeeded in getting the resolution passed. It would be well if a petition were also presented. Mr. Hall Caine mentioned to me that such a one was going to be passed round for signature. I have not seen it yet.

JOHN G. RIDOUT.

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III.—THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

Toronto, November 14, 1895.

At the monthly meeting of our Society held on Tuesday last the following resolution was adopted:

"That this Society is of opinion that the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889, now before the English Government for ratification, is detrimental to the interests of artists in Canada, and would much regret the withdrawal of Canada from the International Copyright Convention."

ROBT. F. GAGEN.

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IV.—THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of this Association, held on Saturday, Nov. 16, 1895, a resolution was passed that the Canadian Government be memorialised to remain within the Berne Convention.

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V.—FROM MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—Thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Hall Caine, who spoke admirably well, and to his diplomacy combined with that of Mr. Daldy, it appears that we have arrived at a settlement of the copyright question; though I do not myself believe that any settlement will prove in the end satisfactory except that of a uniform copyright for the whole Empire. Our retail booksellers are still in arms against the article of the agreement interfering with the importation of editions
THE AUTHOR.

A SHORT ACCOUNT (from the point of view of the English author) of the Draft Act agreed upon by the Canadian Copyright Association, the Canadian Publishers' Association, the Canadian Press Association, on the one part, and Mr. Hall Caine, representing the English Society of Authors, on the other part, and submitted by them to the Dominion Ministers at the Copyright Conference held at Ottawa, Monday, Nov. 25, 1895.

1. That when an English author is about to publish a book simultaneously in England and a foreign country he shall enter its name and deposit a copy of it at Ottawa, or (by payment of a higher fee) at the Canadian High Commissioner's Office in London.

2. That by this registration he shall undertake to print and publish that book in Canada within sixty days, or, if he can show cause for delay, within ninety days, of its first publication.

3. That printing in Canada shall mean the printing from plates made elsewhere.

4. That if a nation has not published simultaneously in England and a foreign country (that is to say, if he has lost his American copyright) his copyright in Canada shall remain as at present (under English law) until his book has been published without copyright and authority in, say, America. Then it shall be within the right of a publisher in Canada to apply to the Minister for a licence to publish it in the Dominion.

5. Or if an author has not fulfilled his undertaking to publish in Canada within the time prescribed it shall be within the right of a publisher in Canada to apply for a licence.

6. But before the licence can be granted by the Minister the author must be informed of the application and given his choice of accepting it or of publishing for himself within sixty days.

7. Publishing for himself means publishing in his own name, in the name of his agent, of his English publisher, or of his foreign publisher.

8. If he should elect to accept the application for a licence he must receive at least 10 per cent. on a book published at not less than 25 cents, with not fewer than 500 copies to an edition, his royalty must be paid in advance, and there must be only one licence granted for one book.

9. An author who is about to publish a serial story in England and in a foreign country (say America) may protect it during the time of its publication in parts by entering its name, a general description of its length and character, and his own name, &c., at Ottawa or (by payment of a higher fee) at London.

10. That if he does not do this, or if he does not publish in a foreign country (say America) and his serial is stolen there, the proprietors of any number of Canadian newspapers may apply to Ministers for a licence to print it.

11. The author may stop them from doing so by undertaking to arrange for the publication in Canada within sixty days.

12. Or he may accept the applications, and in that case they must bring him small payments of twenty-five dollars from newspapers published in towns of under one hundred thousand inhabitants, and fifty dollars from newspapers published in towns of over one hundred thousand.

13. There are various penalties for violation of copyright, &c.
14. The rights enjoyed by English authors are to be enjoyed by American authors and by the authors of every country having a copyright treaty with England.

VII.—LETTER FROM MR. HALL CAINE TO THE TIMES.

Sir,—With the knowledge and goodwill of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, the Minister of Justice at Ottawa, and with the consent and sympathy of the Canadian Copyright Association and the Publishers' Association of Toronto, I wish to make a general explanation of the draft Bill which authors and publishers recommended to the Dominion Government yesterday as a basis for any fresh legislation on Canadian copyright which in the exercise of their judgment they may, perhaps, submit to the Canadian Parliament. The object of making this draft Bill public at the present moment is to afford to English authors, publishers, and owners of copyrights a proper and timely opportunity, before the Dominion ministers have attempted to give shape to new legislation, of saying if they foresee any serious disadvantages in the operation of a Canadian Copyright Act which should be founded on these lines:—

SYNOPSIS OF DRAFT ACT.

1. Any citizen of any country which grants copyright to British subjects may secure copyright in Canada for forty-two years.

2. The Act is not retroactive.

3. Any work hereafter issued that may have copyright under this Act shall have copyright in Canada without printing in Canada, subject to certain restrictions in the case of a book.

4. Any such work, and any work first produced in Canada, may secure exclusive copyright in Canada.

5. Every book published in a foreign country, simultaneously with its publication in the British Dominions, must be registered simultaneously at Ottawa. If the book is published in the country of origin only, the owner may register at Ottawa at any time until a licence has been applied for. If a book is to be or is first published in Canada, it must be registered on or before day of publication.

6. Three copies of every copyrighted book or work, printed or produced in Canada, must be delivered at Ottawa.

7. From the day of registration importation must cease, except as to two copies which any person may import, and except as to copies of the book printed and published for circulation in the United Kingdom, which may be imported for thirty days after issue of licence, when the Canadian edition is to be ready.

8. Application to print a book under licence, stating the proposed retail price, may be made to the Department:

(a) When the book is registered at Ottawa and is not produced in Canada within sixty days; or,

(b) When the book is published in the country of origin only, and is published or announced for publication, without copyright, in a foreign country.

(c) When the book is published simultaneously in the British Dominions and in a foreign country, or vice versa, but not registered or published simultaneously in Canada.

9. The registration mentioned above may be made at Ottawa; or, for the convenience of authors abroad, it may be made at the office of the High Commissioner of Canada at London, provided the author pays the cost of cabling the fact of registration to Ottawa.

10. This registration involves an undertaking to print and publish an edition of the book in Canada within the sixty days following.

11. It will be seen that the author has already been given one opportunity to secure exclusive copyright in Canada. He is now given a second opportunity as follows:

12. On receipt of the application for a licence, the Minister is to telegraph or cable particulars to the publisher of the book in the country of origin, offering the choice of two plans, as follows:—

(a) The copyright owner may accept the application, in which case the licence will issue forthwith; or,

(b) He may refuse the application and decide to retain the copyright himself, in which case he must register within seven days of the notice from the Minister, and must produce the book in Canada within the sixty days following.

13. Should no answer be received by the Minister within seven days, the licence is to issue. All licences are to be given on certain conditions, as follows:

14. The applicant to agree to publish without alteration or abridgment, to pay the author a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price, which royalty is in no case to be less than 2½ cents. on each copy, and to pay the royalty on editions of 500 copies at a time, each copy of each edition to be stamped by the Department of Inland Revenue before being in any way disposed of.

15. The licence may be cancelled should a new edition with material alterations or additions be produced in the country of origin. The author is entitled to copyright on the new edition as though it were a new book. Should the author not register the new edition, the licence shall revert to the original licencee.

16. Importation cease in the case of application for licence, the same as in the case of registration for copyright.

17. A copyright book going out of print must be reprinted within sixty days, otherwise a licence may be issued.

18. Books to be published under licence are to be printed within thirty days after issue of licence.

19. The Minister may, for cause, allow an extension of thirty days beyond any term specified as that in which a book must be printed in Canada.

SERIAL COPYRIGHT.

20. The author has the right to arrange for exclusive serial publication in Canada. Also by registration at Ottawa he may protect his serial while it is in course of publication in any country.

21. Should he fail to do so, application for a licence to publish serially under licence may be made. Here, again, the author is given a second opportunity to retain exclusive copyright, as follows:—

22. On receipt of the application for a serial licence the Minister is to telegraph or cable particulars to the publisher of the paper publishing the work in the country of issue, offering the choice of two plans, as follows:—

(a) He may accept the application, in which case the licence issues forthwith; or,

(b) He may refuse the application, and decide to arrange for serial publication himself, in which case he must register within seven days of the notice from the Minister,

* See P.S. to this letter.
THE AUTHOR.

and arrange for serial publication of the work within sixty days.

23. Should no answer be received by the Minister within seven days the licence issues forthwith, on conditions as follows:

24. The publisher agrees to publish the work in full.

25. The licence conveys exclusive right for the city, town, or village for which issued.

26. The licensee is to pay fifty dollars for papers in cities of 100,000 population or over, and twenty-five dollars for cities, &c., of less than 100,000.

27. Thereafter, a licence is to be issued to all applicants on above conditions without further cabling.

28. Every registration for copyright or serial copyright and for every application for licence is to be published once in Canada Gazette.

29. This serial licence gives no other right to print and publish the work in any other form whatever.

I now submit this draft Bill, with respectful homage, for the consideration of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, of Sir William Martin Conway and the Society of Authors, and of English publishers. It is a Bill to which the Canadian Copyright Association and other interested classes in Canada pledge themselves, and it is a basis on which, I have the best reason to think, fresh legislation might, perhaps, be framed, agreeably to the wish of the Canadian Government. I shall not traverse the points at which it seems to me better for English authors than the proposed Act of 1889, or attempt to show the particulars in which the interested parties in Canada have made concessions to our claims. Neither shall I discuss the constitutional question of Canada’s rights to legislate so as to cover the interests of English authors, or yet touch the vexed problem of manufacture as a limitation of the principle of copyright. But I will try to indicate the operation of an Act which, in the wisdom of the Dominion Government, might, perhaps, be based on these general lines:

1. Such an Act would be limited in its operation to the works of the popular authors. This would meet one of the objections of Mr. Goldwin Smith to the clause requiring that a book should be printed in the Dominion.

2. If a book would not pay to print and publish in Canada, it would not therefore fail of copyright there. The original edition could go into the Dominion, as at present, during the whole term of its copyright in the country of its origin. This would meet the case described in the valuable letter of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

3. Though a new writer might lose his copyright in America by failing to comply with the American Copyright Act, he would not therefore lose his copyright in Canada, where he would hold it absolutely until the end of his term. This would meet the painful case of such young writers as Miss Beatrice Harraden.

4. Such an Act would not exclude from Canada the English book which had been copyrighted in the United States, but never registered or licensed in the Dominion, but it would exclude the American reprint of a book which had been registered or licensed, and it would also exclude the English colonial reprint, which was meant to meet a condition that is gone—the condition of general piracy in the United States—and would then be useless and mischievous; and it would also exclude the English edition after the publication of the Canadian edition.

5. Our understanding with the United States would not be endangered, because American authors would enjoy the same privileges and be under the same obligations as English authors.

6. Such an Act would not imperil the great advantages to English authors of American copyright, because it would put it within the author’s control (both under the condition of registration and under the condition of license) to see that his American market could not be injured in Canada.

7. Such an Act should not be inconsistent with the spirit of the Berne Convention. As the excellent report of the departmental representatives (1892) very properly says: “The Convention merely stipulates that foreign copyright owners are to be entitled to the same rights and privileges as British copyright owners, and if the rights of British copyright owners are cut down by such licences, foreign copyright owners are not entitled to complain of their rights being cut down to a similar extent.

8. Such an Act ought to enable the Dominion Government to withdraw its application to denounce the Berne Convention, and so to remove the danger under which Canadian authors now stand of being put into a position of isolation.

9. The interposition of a Government department (the Department of Agriculture) in the publishing industry of Canada—now perplexed by the uncertainties of the Foreign Reprints Act, and threatened with the intricacies of the proposed legislation of 1889—would be confined to a single and simple transaction, which would probably be the less frequent form of arrangement.

In conclusion I venture to counsel my brother authors not to inquire too curiously into the constitutional question involved in Canada’s demand to legislate for herself, and I promise them, after yesterday’s public conference with the Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and the Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, as well as with the representatives of the publishing, printing, and bookselling industries throughout the Dominion, that Canada is at this moment in
the mood to deal with us, if we are conciliatory
and reasonable, not only justly, but generously.

In the last word I desire to make acknowledgment of the valuable assistance of Mr. F. R. Daldy. I must not charge him with any responsibility for the principle of this Bill, which must be laid to my own account entirely; but I should be very wanting in gratitude if I did not say how much I owe to his special knowledge of copyright law and to his warm sympathy and untiring help. Mr. Daldy is to remain some days longer in Ottawa, and he will, I am sure, obtain some further concessions on points of detail.—

Yours very truly,

Hall Caine.

Ottawa, Nov. 26.

P.S.—Since writing the foregoing Mr. Daldy and I have heard from the Dominion Ministers that they cannot propose to exclude any English book except the colonial edition after publication of the Canadian edition. The exclusion of the English edition was a concession made by me to secure certain of the authors' rights. To-night (Tuesday) the Canadian Copyright Association writes asking me if I would agree to the withdrawal of the prohibition on English editions. I have answered that I would agree. Therefore, this clause of the foregoing draft may, I think, be read as abandoned.

Hall Caine.

Dec. 5, 1895.

VIII.—Canadian Copyright Legislation.

Canadian copyright legislation has been advanced by another not unimportant stage. The draft Act which Mr. Hall Caine brought back to England as the basis of compromise which had been submitted to the Dominion Government has been reported upon by the home authorities and revised by Parliamentary counsel, and will probably be returned to Ottawa at an early date. It is understood that the revision consists in the main of technical changes which are intended to bring the Act into harmony with the terms of Imperial legislation, and that it removes the prohibition on books lawfully printed and published for general circulation in countries of the Berne Copyright Union.

This change will no doubt meet the only objection urged against the Bill in Ottawa on behalf of Canadian readers and retail booksellers, and it is therefore not unlikely that the Minister of Justice will put the Act in hand before the dissolution of the Dominion Parliament in the spring. In that event it seems probable that there will be no further opposition in this country.—Times, Dec. 23, 1895.

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EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

A meeting of the committee of management held on Monday, Dec. 9, a sub-committee was appointed to investigate and to report upon the question of the publishing of educational works. The sub-committee will be extremely obliged if members of the Society will interest themselves in this important work and forward to the secretary their own experience, or that of their friends, with the accounts and the agreements. It is understood that no cases will be published with names unless by permission of the authors concerned.

The following, for instance, is the experience of one writer of educational books:

"For my first book I agreed with my publisher to receive a royalty of 10 per cent., to begin after the first thousand were sold. This book has done extremely well—so well that I think the publishers ought to have gone beyond the agreement and paid me royalties as from the beginning. I have done two other books for the same publishers on 10 per cent. from the beginning; the work was of a kind which necessitated considerable sums of money spent in copying books and other payments, amounting to about £50 in all. This money has been paid by me, not by the publishers. I do not know what proportion of profit has been taken by the publishers and what has gone to me.

"I next made arrangements with a general editor of a certain firm to edit a book for which I was to receive a certain sum—quite a small sum. I worked at this for nearly a year, and had done about half the work, when the general editor resigned, and his place was taken by another man who refused to accept the work on which his predecessor had engaged me, and which I had already half finished. I have done another book for an educational series for which I am receiving a royalty of 7½ per cent. on the published price. With regard to this book, I made it a condition when I contributed it to the series that it should be planned in a certain manner.

"This was agreed to, and I spent a year's hard work upon it. This summer, however, without any warning to me, the publishers have issued in the same series an 'alternative' book to my own. It is a work closely modelled on mine with certain changes. I should like to ask whether there ought not to be some protection for contributors to an educational series against the introduction of 'alternative' volumes embodying, as far as may be convenient, the fruits of their labour."

This case illustrates the need for the inquiry of
the newly appointed sub-committee. The royalties are simply sweating. As for the introduction of an "alternative" volume, this extraordinary statement demands further investigation.

OFFICE EXPENSES.

The question whether a publisher is entitled to charge for office expenses is growing larger and more important. In fact, the relations between author and publisher cannot be discussed, to say nothing of being settled, until this question has been thoroughly thrashed out.

Every honest man is agreed that there must be no secret charge of any kind; that to spend £80 and to tell the author in the accounts that £100 has been spent is—but it is quite unnecessary to say here what that is.

We wish to speak of agreements and terms of partnership between two honourable men, both of whom desire nothing more than is fair, and both of whom would scorn the dirty tricks of secret profits and lying returns.

Let us set forth the conditions of the question as fairly and as dispassionately as possible.

We will here consider only that kind of book which carries with it no risk. By this we mean a book which is certain to pay for the actual cost of production with some margin, great or small; a book of which the publisher knows that he can dispose of a certain minimum which will at least clear his liability, and which he hopes will greatly exceed that sum. In every branch of literature there are a great many authors whose books fall under this head—books without risk.

Of course we cannot admit that kind of risk incurred when a publisher, for the sake of saving a little on the cost of production, issues a much larger edition than he can depend upon selling. Thus, if a writer has recently written a book which has gone through an edition of 2000, the publisher would not be justified in complaining of the risk he had undertaken if he were to begin with an edition of 4000.

Let us, as usual, deal with our customary example, the 6s. book; not necessarily a novel.

There are three methods of publishing: that of purchase, which is perhaps the best of all if the author obtains the proper price; of profit-sharing, also very good if the author gets his proper share; of royalties, which is very good if the author gets a proper royalty.

Now, when any one of these methods is discussed, the publisher, too often, objects, generally putting the two together, the cost of advertisement, and his enormous office expenses.

As regards the former, that forms part of the cost of production, and is only mentioned here because it is sometimes lumped together with office expenses in the desire to pass the latter because the former cannot well be disputed. One word regarding the cost of advertising: It is as well to remind the reader what it means. Thus the expenditure of £10 on advertising means:

On the first thousand copies an addition of ............................ 2½d.
On the first two thousand ........................................... 1½d.
On the first three thousand ........................................... 3d.
Of the first ten thousand ........................................ 2½d.
to the cost of every volume.

So that if £30 is spent on advertising a book which has a sale of 10,000, the cost of production is increased by 1½d. for every volume. Of course this does not include advertising in a publisher’s own newspapers or exchanges, either open or concealed.

Let us return to the clause for charging office expenses.

It is a new thing. Formerly a publisher agreed, if he thought a book likely to succeed, to take the risk and give his services in consideration of half, or one-third, of the profits. The word “profits” was understood to mean the difference between the gross receipts and the money spent on production. This point is established by Charles Knight, who gives the accounts of Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall,” on a profit-sharing agreement (see p. 183). Knight wrote fifty years ago, but he calls attention to the tampering with accounts which had then become too common a practice.

The point, however, is this: that a hundred years ago a profit-sharing agreement in which the publisher gave his risk and his services in return for an agreed share of profits did not allow him, nor was it ever thought of, to deduct his office expenses, and then begin to share. The bargain was that in return for his share he should take the risk and give his services. Now his services meant then, and they mean now, the use of the whole of his machinery.

We have here eliminated the question of risk. That is to say, we are considering only that class of books, now become very large, in the production of which there is no risk.

The services of the publisher remain; and for these services he must be remunerated on such a scale as will pay him a fair margin over and above his office expenses.

What are these services? That is the question on which depends the adjustment of the relations between author and publisher. What does the publisher actually do for the book? His own
personal work lies first in giving the machinery of his office and clerks whereby the book can get printed, and bound, and distributed, and the accounts collected. All this is pure routine, and is the daily work of clerks, accountants and travellers. There is not the least mystery or difficulty about it. Knowledge there must be, viz., as to the proper charges for printing, binding and paper; but knowledge that the clerks and accountants may possess as much as the principal. There is, next, the decision as to the best number to start with, a difficulty easily met in the case of the book we are considering—a book that carries no risk. Then comes the amount of expense that the book will "bear" in advertising—a point as to which all publishers differ in practice.

One does not desire in the least to undervalue the personal work done for the book by the publisher; but can anyone find any other contribution to the success of the book? In other words, what does a publisher do for a book whose production carries no risk, more than has been stated above?

Yet for doing this simple routine work by the hands of his clerks some publishers claim the right of charging first for office expenses, and then actually going halves—if not worse—with the owner and creator of the property!

On what grounds can this claim be allowed?

Do other people—agents — stewards — tradesmen—ever make such a claim? What would be thought of a rent collector—a solicitor—a land agent—a house agent—demanding first a deduction for the office expenses, and, next, half what is left for himself? The thing would be monstrous. In all work done for other people, of whatever kind, the office expenses must be met by the man who does the work. It is his affair. He has got to make his own machinery; to buy his own tools. The doctor does not charge for the carriage in which he drives about: the solicitor does not charge for his rent and his clerks; on the contrary, the charges of all these men are uniform, and on the same scale, whether there are few clerks or many. There cannot, in fact, be named any kind of trade or profession, except that of publishing, in which it is pretended that the shop or the office is charged for separately.

That there must be a first charge on the shopkeeper's returns for rent and servants is obvious; and there must be a margin, otherwise the shopkeeper could not live.

Some time ago an interesting interview with a publisher, already referred to in these columns, appeared in the New Budget. This publisher, speaking of a popular six shilling novel, lamented bitterly that the author got eighteenpence a copy, but that he himself, after deducting the cost of production, the advertisements, and his office expenses, only made sevenpence a copy. Only sevenpence! Poor man. It was a very popular book. It sold a great many thousands. If it sold 40,000 copies this publisher received, therefore, no more than £1166 in three months for doing—what? We have seen above all that he did. His figures, besides, require auditing.

Since, however, it is desired to decide upon a fair adjustment with the publisher, one which shall include office expenses and leave a proper margin, there are two or three other things necessary to be considered. Thus, we must ascertain what are office expenses, and what proportion they bear to each book. In order to do this it would be necessary to have access to the publisher's books—all his books—a thing not easy to get. Yet without these books it is impossible to arrive at any answer.

The expenses include rent, taxes, readers, clerks, servants, fire and lighting, travellers, stationery, and all the ordinary expenses of an office. In the case of the new publisher, with his two rooms and his two boys and no traveller, these expenses are not, of course, considerable; a few hundreds a year would cover them.

In the case of a great house they are, naturally, very large indeed. One is quite willing to admit the fact. The question is, first, how much are they, year by year, on an average as shown by the books? Next, what are the average sales, year by year, of all the firm's publications, as shown by the books?

For instance, the publisher above referred to calculated the office expenses on each volume at something like 5d., i.e., the share of office expenses on that one successful book would be—putting the circulation at 40,000—£833 for three months! If one book out of all those in his list cost £833 for three months to distribute, how terrible must be his office expenses taken as a whole and divided among all the books! The figures are the publisher's own—not ours. But does this include the advertising? Yes; but the sum of £1000, which is enormous, spent in advertising would not mean so much as three farthings a volume. However, let us take a more reasonable view of things. We will suppose that the sum of £3000 covers all office expenses. There are houses where, no doubt, this sum would not nearly cover expenses; there are also smaller ones where this sum is not nearly reached. We may fairly consider that one volume may be taken with another. That is to say, there is as much trouble and work over the distribution of a half-crown volume as over a half-guinea volume. So that if, for instance, the whole sales of the year amount to 240,000 volumes, we have to divide the office
expenses by this number of volumes in order to arrive at the share of each.

Now £3000 divided by 240,000 gives the sum of 3d. for each volume, i.e. if 3s. 6d. be the trade price of the volume, 7 per cent. on the gross receipts will be wanted for office copies. But these figures are purely imaginary. Nor can any general percentage be arrived at, because the proportion must vary with the business done by any house.

The next consideration is very important. It is this. If the office expenses of the publisher are to be charged, those of the author must also be charged as well. Now, the office expenses of the author are sometimes very heavy indeed. A case was recorded in these pages some time ago in which an author who wrote a small book for a sum of £100 found it necessary to make three journeys at a cost of £35 in order to verify certain points. Were not these office expenses? Then there is the rent of his study; the payment of the typewriter; that of the occasional or regular shorthand writer; the cost of fire and lights; the share of servant's work; paper; books bought—often an extremely heavy outlay; sometimes research and copying to be done and paid for. Are not those things as much office expenses as the publisher's office? Of course they are. Think what they mean. The rent of the study can hardly be placed at less than £30; the typewriter takes perhaps £10; the shorthand writer may perhaps be had for part of the time at, say, 10s. a week, or say only £20 a year; books, paper, and other things easily rise into another £20 a year. His office expenses, therefore, amount to £80 a year, say £80 for the one book.

We are sometimes told that office expenses mean 10 per cent. of the gross receipts: we are not informed how that figure has been arrived at. Let it pass, however. Now, 10 per cent. on a 6s. book means 10 per cent. on 3s. 6d., or 43⅓d. If a writer of whose book 3000 copies are sold received the same allowance he would still be a loser, because he would only receive £52 10s. for his office expenses. In other words, if a writer is to receive 10 per cent. on the returns for his office expenses, he must have a sale of 4000 before his office expenses for one year are paid.

To sum up. First of all, a claim for office expenses is a new thing invented of late years. (2) The publisher's services, for which alone, in a book without risk, he can claim anything, mean the use of his office, which can no more be considered separately, in such a book as we are considering, than it is when dealing with a solicitor, a doctor, a barrister, a printer, a carrier, a rent collector, an agent, or one who does any kind of work for any other man. The publisher and his office are one. (3) If the publisher's office expenses are to be charged to his account separately, so must the author's. (4) The real office expenses, together with the average number of volumes sold, cannot be arrived at without examination of the books, and no charge can be allowed in any kind of account or bill which cannot be audited and verified.

Two methods are possible. The first is for both author and publisher to take a percentage—the same—on the receipts, or on the cost of production, for office expenses, and then to proceed with the division. Of course this is the same thing as taking no notice of them—the old plan. The other method is for the author to have nothing to do with the publisher's office expenses at all, but to give him a royalty as remuneration for his services which shall include office expenses with a fair margin for himself.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following extract, taken from Knight's "Shadow of the Old Bookseller," shows what was meant a hundred years ago by a profit-sharing agreement—two-thirds of the profits to go to the author and one-third to the publisher; the actual cost of production to be taken from the gross returns; the publisher's remuneration or share to include his services, i.e., his office, clerks, and general machinery. What else, indeed, could the publisher of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" do for the book?

"State of the account of Mr. Gibbon's "Roman Empire." Third edition. 1st vol. No. 1000. April 30, 1777.

£ s. d.

Printing 80 sheets at £1 65. with notes at the bottom of the paper ........... 117 0 0
180 reams of paper at 19s. .......... 171 0 0
Paid the corrector extra care ..................... 5 5 0
Advertisements and incidental expenses ........... 16 15 0

310 0 0

£ 8. d.

1000 books at 16s. .................. 800 0 0
Deduct as above ..................... 310 0 0

Profits on the edition........... 490 0 0
Mr. Gibbon's two-thirds is .................... 326 13 4
Messrs. Strahan and Cadell's .................. 163 6 8

490 0 0

I should be unwilling to raise any invidious comparisons between the publishers of the eighteenth and those of the nineteenth century; but, if I am not mistaken, the ordinary profits would—say twenty-five years ago—have been taken upon a different principle, and the account...
THE AUTHOR.

would have assumed something like the following shape:

_Hypothetical account, upon the half profit system, of a book which cost £310._

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
<th>d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1000 at 16s.</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less 10 per cent. for publisher</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Deduct as above: 720 0 0

Half share to author: 205 0 0
Half share to publisher, with £80 commission: 205 0 0

By "five and twenty years ago" Knight clearly means his own time of writing, which was about thirty years ago, when cookery applied to publishers' accounts was already one of the Fine Arts. Let us give another hypothetical case showing a modern account not worse than has been found in certain cases brought to the Society within the last ten years. Of course the process of cookery was not shown in the account rendered.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>True Cost.</th>
<th>Charge.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>£</td>
<td>s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corrections</td>
<td>5 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertisements</td>
<td>16 15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. in publisher's own organ</td>
<td>33 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage, &amp;c.</td>
<td>382 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profit on editions</td>
<td>319 4 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Receipts.

| 1000 books at 16s. | 738 9 0 |
| Less 5 per cent. for bad debts | 36 18 5 |
| Profit to author to publisher | 159 12 5 |

True profit to publisher, £241 18s. 5d. So that in a "half-profit" system the publisher would get by these figures £82 6s. more than his partner.

NEW YORK LETTER.


MR. HALL CALNE will have reached your shores long before this letter leaves New York, and he will be able to report in person the success of his mission to Canada. The most of the authors and the publishers with whom I have chanced to talk about the new Canadian bill do not approve of it. They are in favour of leaving things as things are now. The authors for the most part care very little about the matter, for the Canadian market is not large, and it seems to prefer British books to American. The publishers feel very keenly on the subject, as
they have reason to fear that the Canadian re-printer is already making arrangements to pour into the Western States, through the post-office, a mass of books copyright in the United States.

One would think that the Canadians who do most of their trading with us would not be in favour of anything likely to tighten the restrictions which already interfere with the liberty of commerce between the two countries. It must be remembered always that Canada, although the nearest neighbour of the United States, is not very friendly to us. This unfriendliness is due in part to an inheritance of hate brought into the Dominion by the exiled loyalists who had to leave the United States after the Revolutionary War. And the element in the Canadian people free from this unfriendliness, the element most in sympathy with the life and the ideals of the people of the United States, is not large, and is never likely to be, since the Canadian who likes the United States is prone to immigrate here. I heard the other day that there are now more native Canadians residing in the United States than there are native Canadians residing in Canada. The temptation must always be very great to the strong and the energetic to go to the place where they can better themselves, and therefore to abandon a native land which is bleak, and infertile, and heavily in debt.

But this has nothing to do with Mr. Hall Caine's experiences here, or with the pleasant impressions he left behind him. The Aldine Club, composed chiefly of members of the publishing trade, gave him a dinner. He spoke one evening last month before the Nineteenth Century Club on the "Moral Responsibility in the Novel and the Drama," having a manuscript before him but using it only occasionally. He illuminated his discourse with two or three Manx anecdotes, capitaly told; and he illustrated his assertion that this present century is far and away the most romantic and interesting of any yet known to mankind, by an American anecdote of a telegraph operator, narrated with knowledge and sympathy and point. Another British author, Mr. Gilbert Parker—if he is to be called a British author, in spite of the fact that he was born in Quebec, I believe—has been spending the autumn months in New York. He was married last week to a young lady of this city, Miss Vantine; and the happy couple propose settling in London next month, I understand. Yet a third British author is here, "John Oliver Hobbes," and here I am even more in doubt as to the nationality since Mrs. Craigie was born in the United States, but brought up and married in England. Mrs. Craigie is being much entertained and frequently interviewed by all sorts of newspapers. She has arrived here in time to be present at the first performance of her little play, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," by Miss Ellen Terry at Abbey's Theatre this week.

The performances of Miss Terry and of Sir Henry Irving and of the London Lyceum Company have been attended as faithfully as they always are here in New York. At the request of the Shakespeare Society of Columbia College, Sir Henry delivered a lecture on the "Character of Macbeth," before some thousand or so of the officers and students of the University. It was a brilliant gathering which Sir Henry addressed in the lofty and beautiful library of Columbia, from which the tables had been removed, and on the bookcases of which many of the younger students had perched themselves picturesquely. And Sir Henry's lecture was worthy of the occasion. Of course it was to some extent an explanation of that reading of the character which the actor follows in his own performances of Macbeth. The address was beautifully delivered and it was most cordially received.

As I have seen more than one reference in the pages of the Author to the New York society called the "Uncut Leaves," at the meetings of which authors read their imprinted writings to appreciative audiences, it may be of interest to record here that Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln, the originator of the scheme, has issued his circular for the winter of 1895-6. Readings for the fifth season will be held at Sherry's Rooms on Saturday evenings, Nov. 23, Dec. 21, Jan. 25, Feb. 29, March 28, and April 25. In response to many requests, an afternoon series will be held at Sherry's on Tuesdays, Dec. 17, Jan. 7, Feb. 11, March 10, April 7 and 28, at 3.30. At these meetings prominent actors, whose presence would be impossible at the evening meetings, will take part, as well as authors. The subscription for either the evening or afternoon course will be ten dollars, admitting two persons to each reading. For both courses the subscription will be seven dollars, admitting two persons to each reading. For both courses the subscription will be seventeen dollars for two persons. An initiation fee of five dollars will be required from new members for the evening readings. It is to be recorded that the authors who read are always well paid for this labour.

The London Spectator not long ago, in noticing the fact that Macmillan and Co. had become the British agents of the Century Magazine, expressed the hope that they would soon abandon the so-called American spelling. Of course this was written in ignorance of the fact that the London agents of the Century, of Harper's Magazine, and of Scribner's Magazine have nothing whatever to do with the management of those
magazines; their sole function is to sell a certain number of copies consigned to them. These three magazines are edited here in New York and for American readers with but little thought for the British reader, since the circulation in Great Britain of any one of the three is probably not one-fifth of its total circulation. And the habit of advertising in magazines is not so far developed in Great Britain as it is in the United States; the Century and Harper's appear here frequently with more than one hundred pages of advertisements all carefully classified. Obviously it is on the American reader and on the American advertiser that the American magazine must rely; the circulation it may gain in England it is glad to have, for these sales in London are so arranged as to be almost clear profit with little or no risk in most cases.

So far from being any probability that the American people as a whole will give up their simplifications of English orthography, any keen observer can see that the simplifying movement is steadily advancing. The latest symptom of this is the organisation of the "Orthografic Union," the object of which is to secure the simplification of English orthography. The president of this new society is Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, the managing editor of the "Century Dictionary;" and among the vice-presidents are Francis J. Child, Professor of English in Harvard University; Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Yale University; Francis A. March, Professor of English in Lafayette College; Brander Matthews, Professor of Literature in Columbia College; William R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago; Alexander Melville Bell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Dean Howells, Edward Eggleston, Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell University.

The Orthografic Union has issued a circular calling for further advance in spelling reform. As this is a subject in which all authors are interested I append the modifications the society suggest:

The Orthografic Union aims to organise effort for the adoption and persistent use of uniform improvements in English spelling. In the first series of improvements, consisting of the three classes given below, are introduced only such changes as there is reason to believe a considerable number of eminent authors, editors, and publishers are ready to unite in using.

The first and second classes of improvements selected, and most of the words in the third class, have been recommended by the Philological Society of England, the American Philological Association, and the Modern Language Association of America, and are recognised in the columns of "A Standard Dictionary," and in lists given in "The Century" and "Webster's International" dictionaries.

The Orthografic Union recommends the following improve-ments for immediate use in books, journals, commercial and private correspondence, &c.:

Class 1. Final ed pronounced as t: after a short vowel or diphthong, spell simply t, and simplify preceding double consonants, as: blest, exprest, past, backt, lookt, wisht, slipt, patcht, toucht.

Class 2. Silent final c: in words ending in -ide, -ile, -me, -ite, mme, -tte, and -gve, omit the e and preceding silent letters, when the change will not suggest another quality for a preceding letter, as: chlorid, fertil, glycerin, definit, definitly, gram, program, quartet, catalog, dialog.

Class 3. Special cases: (a) Miscellaneous words: spell according to the simpler forms given in the columns of "Webster's International," "The Century," "A Standard," or other good dictionary, as: ax, theater, mold, rime, maneuver, hemorrhage, esophagus; (b) Chemical terms: as recommended by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and "A Standard Dictionary," and as largely used in the text of "The Century Dictionary," as: bromin, bromid, sulfur; (c) Names of places and peoples: as recommended by the Royal Geographical Society, or the United States Board of Geographic Names, and given in "The Century Cyclopedia of Names" and "A Standard Dictionary," as: Bering, Korea, Fiji.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The election of an Academician to fill the fauteuil vacated by the death of Alexandre Dumas will take place at the French Academy in May, when Pasteur's fauteuil will also be filled. At the next elections, which will be held directly after the reception of M. Jules Le maître, the fauteuils of MM. de Lesseps and Camille Doucet will be balloted for. For the de Lesseps fauteuil there are now five candidates (not including Zola, the perpetual candidate). These are Francis Charmes, Desjardins, Barboux, Jean Aicard, and Anatole France. The fauteuil will go to one of the two last named. My opinion is that Anatole France will be elected. Camille Doucet's fauteuil will be filled either by Emile Deschanel or the Marquis Costa de Beauregard. One is inclined to think that the latter will be the successful candidate, as the Dukes (le parti des Ducs) will probably give the preference and their votes to the grand seigneur. The Marquis has also substantial claims as a man of letters, his "Un Homme d'Autrefois" having been "crowned" by the French Academy. Deschanel, however, has a large following, and it is possible that the election will have to be postponed for want of an absolute majority. The most interesting election will be the one to fill the fauteuil Dumas, the candidates being Henri Becque, Jean Richepin, and, of course, Emile Zola. I should back Henri Becque, for his "Les Blasphèmes" are against Richepin, and Zola has not, I think, any chance, in spite of the campaign in his favour in the.
principal papers. I see that Daudet is mentioned as a candidate also. He has told me that he is no candidate, and that he never will be one, and I believe him.

Whenever I am asked, as I often am, in Paris about les jeunes in English literature, I invariably tell my questioner that the author who, in my opinion, is most worthy of attention amongst the newer men is Morley Roberts. Roberts, I explain, has not so far attained the great popular success which should certainly be his, in consideration of his wide—almost universal—knowledge of the world and life, of men and places, his fine unique style, and a profundity of human sympathy which puts him on a level with men who on this score alone are eminently successful in the commercial sense of the word. I have recommended his “Question of Instinct” to the translators. It is a book which would be better understood—and therefore more appreciated—in Paris than in London, and I shall be curious to watch its reception. There are also many of his short stories which would be very popular in France. I do not think his “Western Avernus” would meet with much sympathy in Paris. "Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galerie" would be the general remark. The French do not travel, and do not believe in travelling stories. "A beau mentir," &c. They do not sympathise with travellers’ woes. “Let us have no meandering,” they say with the old lady in “David Copperfield.”

I hear on very good authority that since the death of Victor Hugo the receipts from his works have totalled up to close upon seven and a half millions of francs (£30,000). I agree with the editor of La Plume that under these circumstances it is rather strange that the £2000 necessary to complete the sum required for his statue are not forthcoming. Of the £8,000 required, only £6000 have been collected during the ten years which have elapsed since his death.

At a recent sitting of the Académie de Médecine, two doctors, MM. Cazal and Catrin’s communiqué to the Academy of Medicine.

I heard a French man of letters express the opinion that much of the Anglophobia which has recently manifested itself in America may be the effect of the mass of Napoleonic literature, almost entirely of a pronounced Anglophobic nature, which has recently been circulated in the States. I should not be surprised to find that this opinion could be largely corroborated.

The Figaro has resumed its weekly column of literary gossip, which is now published in the Wednesday issue. It is, however, no longer edited by M. Jules Huret, who has taken over the daily column of theatrical gossip, known as “Courrier des Théâtres.”

The famous Journal des Débats no longer appears as a morning paper, the recently founded evening edition alone appearing. It is to be hoped that it may fill a real want in Paris—that of a good evening paper containing news. Such a paper does not exist in Paris at present. My opinion is that in the future it will be the evening paper which will have the largest chance of great success. In Paris most people get up late—at an hour when the morning papers are already out of date. The Débats continues to be the one paper to which one looks for sound and useful literary criticism.

M. Jean Aicard’s translation of “Othello” has been received à l’unanimité by the Comité de Lecture of the Comédie Française, and the play will be eventually staged there. It has never been performed in its entirety, though portions of it have been played, with Mounet-Sully as Othello and Sarah Bernhardt as Desdemona.

Sarah Bernhardt is making good progress with her Memoirs. She is said to be receiving the most brilliant offers from syndicates for their publication in serial form.

Emile Zola’s libretto for M. Bruneau’s new opera “Messidor” is not, as has been stated, based on the author’s novel “La Terre,” but is an entirely original work. M. Bruneau hopes to finish his music in time for the production of the opera next autumn.

M. Jean Ajalbert has discovered a new poet, a new Mistral—the Mistral of Auvergne. This is interesting, as Auvergne of all countries is the least likely nurse of any poetic child. The new Mistral, whose personality and work are attracting great attention in literary Paris at present, is a wine-seller, Arsène Vermenoize by name, who lives at Aurillac. His volume of poems, written in the ugly Auvergnat patois, which is familiar to Parisians as the language of the coal-men and
hawkers of roasted chestnuts in the capital, is called "Flour de Brousso" (Gallicé, "Fleur de Bruyère"). Says Jean Ajalbert: "Lamartine wrote of Mistral that he had made of Provence a book. *Toutes proportions gardées*, Vermenouze has made of Auvergne a book also." The question is, Was Auvergne worth making into a book? It is a terribly ugly, uninteresting country. Apropos of the publication of a very interesting "History of the French Novel during the 19th Century" ("Le Roman en France pendant le XIXe Siècle," par Eug. Gilbert) by Plon, it is to be noted that, with the exception of a few writers like Zola and Daudet, literary men in France are generally expressing the opinion that as a vehicle of thought the novel is quite "played out"—*archi-usé* is the expression generally used. Quite so; and high time it is (pace Zola) that the novel with a purpose should be played out. Mr. Gilbert's book, by the way, merits attention by students of French literature. I should like to see it translated into French.

I receive quite a number of letters with reference to my remarks on the blackleg genus. I am glad to find that in more senses than one these remarks seemed to have touched the spot. I do not want, however, to say anything more on the subject. A country has only the literary blacklegs which it deserves, and, if English people like to tolerate these *farceurs*, *tant pis pour eux*.

It is always interesting to hear what an author considers the best scene in his book, and accordingly I was interested to hear from Nordau that in his opinion the best touch in his "Comedy of Sentiment" was where the hero finds out that Paula, who has come to Dresden "to be separated from him again only by death," as she says, had supplied herself with a return ticket, for use in case her blandishments proved unavailing. By the way, speaking of return tickets, I never take one without a shiver as I remember how Mme. Fenayron, conducting Aubert to the house at Pecq, took for herself a return ticket, but for the intended victim a single only. *He* was not to return, nor did he. This horrible detail was proved at the trial, and went far to establish the premeditation of the crime.

R. H. Sherard.

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**NOTES AND NEWS.**

Mr. Hall Caine has returned. It is premature to congratulate ourselves upon the success of his mission until the question has been brought before the Canadian Parliament and decided. But it is not premature to congratulate ourselves upon the masterly ability displayed by Mr. Hall Caine in the whole conduct of his negotiations. Any blunder might have been followed by consequences the most disastrous to literature. The Canadian susceptibilities have been respected: their claims have not been disputed: a way has been found: and the goodwill of Canada has been apparently secured. These are the services of Mr. Hall Caine. Let us hope that the welcome with which he is to be received will be worthy of the occasion.

I wrote the above from the communications and letters which have appeared in the papers during the last three months. Since this paragraph was set up in type, I have had no opportunity of hearing from Mr. Hall Caine's own lips an account of the whole mission. It is a story which must be told by himself at his own time and in his own way. Meantime it may be permitted to say in this place that the words used above are not strong enough to express my own sense of his work. The difficulties which existed have not been understood here; the conflicting interests have not been studied. Not only the goodwill of the Canadians has been secured, but that of the Americans. Especially admirable has been the manner in which Mr. Hall Caine was received by the Canadians. Last, but not least, Mr. Chamberlain has addressed a letter to Mr. Caine, recognising amply the value of his services and the skill of his diplomacy.

It is proposed that Mr. Hall Caine will address a general meeting of this Society some time this month. He remains in town for some weeks on business connected with his mission.

It ought I think to be generally known that Mr. Hall Caine has most generously *given* to the Society three months and more of very hard and trying work; he has also *given* to the Society the whole of the expenses incurred in this long journey. With these munificent gifts in our mind we shall not be so ready to accuse men of letters as selfishly pursuing their own interests alone. Two objects were in view: the first was to save the American Copyright Act of 1891; the second was to show the world that men and
women of letters have seriously united for the defence of their own affairs, and are competent to defend them. From my own point of view I do not know which is the more important of these two objects.

It is now two or three months since I cut a paragraph out of a certain newspaper for comment in these pages. I put it aside, however, so that my remarks might not be taken either as an attack upon any publisher, or as an attack upon any author. Now that the subject has been partly forgotten, one may speak. Let us put the case in general terms. The paragraph made the following assertions:

(1.) That should a successful author offer the administration of his property on the terms of a royalty of 2s. on a six-shilling book, it would be necessary for the publisher to sell 30,000 copies before getting any profit at all for himself.

Now, the cost of such a book, including advertisements, does not, under ordinary circumstances, amount to more than 1s. The average price paid by the trade may be taken as 3s. 6d.—though it is really more. The profit to the publisher therefore would be 6d. a volume; or, on 30,000 copies, the profit would amount to £750. Does anybody in his senses believe that it would cost £750 to distribute, by the ordinary machinery, 30,000 volumes and to collect the accounts? But just observe what a very simple little sum in arithmetic it requires to knock over this loose and misleading assertion.

(2.) The paragraph says, further, that at all events the novelist in question “has not much to complain of in regard to the remuneration of novelists.” How much longer will it take to make people understand that literary property belongs to the creator, not to the middleman? A successful writer creates a property; it is his own property; he may sell it or do what he likes with it; but it is his own property. In the case before us the writer says, “If you like to administer my property for me on the terms of paying me 2s. for every volume you sell, you shall have it. If not, somebody else shall have it. But understand that it is my property. When I take that royalty I am taking my own property; I am not remunerated. I am receiving my rents, of which you are the steward.”

Some day, I suppose, we shall get these simple and elementary facts recognised and acted upon.

I am informed, by one who knows of one case at least, that an attempt is still being made to induce an author to sign contracts to publish with one firm only for a term of years. It is difficult to believe that anyone can be so incredibly foolish. What? In the face of all the dangers and the tricks exposed—of secret profits, of charges for advertisements got for nothing, of one-sided agreements, of broken agreements—a miserable author is to bind himself to the man who has the power to commit these acts? He is to give that man a free hand to do what he likes with his victim for a term of years. Was anything ever proposed more monstrous? Consider a parallel case: does the medical man dare to bind his patient to remain with him, whether he treats him skilfully or not? Does the solicitor? Does any professional man? Nay—does any employer of labour make his hands bind themselves for a term of years? But it is difficult to believe that any author can be so incredibly foolish after all the light that we have poured upon the methods of publishing. Perhaps, however, one way might be found out of such a contract.

A second paper on the Literary Hack and his work has appeared in the Forum. It is extremely interesting, but I fail to see where the Literary Hack comes in. Does he exist in this country? If so, I do not know him. A Literary Hack—as I understand it—is a person who executes literary jobs of any kind without regard to his own convictions, if he has any; or to his own fitness; or to his own special knowledge. He is a man who, being a Conservative, writes leaders for a Radical paper; or, being a Radical, writes leaders for a Conservative paper. He is a man who makes and compiles books to order on any subject, being equally ready to produce a dictionary of the English language, or an account of Polynesia. The bookmaker to order at so much the job is very nearly extinct. One hears of him from time to time, but he has grown very scarce. The old-fashioned hack, who wrote up a party to order, simply no longer exists. He is as dead as a door nail. The Conservatives can find plenty of Conservative papers; the Liberals can find plenty of Liberal papers; while there are hundreds of men who write for the newspapers on topics not connected with politics, so that they need not concern themselves as to the opinions of the journals for which they write.

A cutting from the British and Colonial Printer has been sent me. It contains an appeal based on practical figures for a shilling edition of a popular book. The writer argues that a shilling, not a sixpenny, edition is wanted at the present time. For sixpence we cannot get such a book as we should like to put upon our shelves; but a book can now be produced by the new pro-
cesses, well printed and well bound, at so small a
price as to render a shilling quite a practicable
price to put upon a volume. The writer supposes
a book of 240 pages printed upon a "think-
handling twopenny" paper. The cost would be,
says, as follows:

100,000 Edition.

- Linotype composition at 2½ per 1000—say—20
- Paper lb. per copy at 2d. ................... 850
- Machining and folding ...................... 75
- Pulp corrugated cases ...................... 110
- Making up and casing ....................... 220
- Incidents ..................................... 50

£1325

Which comes to less than 3½d. a copy. In
other words, if the retail price of the book be 6d.
and the booksellers allow no discount, the value
of the author's estate as represented in this book
may be taken at 4½d. a copy; out of which he will
have to remunerate his publisher, if he have one.
Or, to look at it another way, he must sell 40,000
copies before he clears his expenses. The remain-
ing 60,000 would be clear profit.

But how to get at the people who are to
buy books in this wholesale manner? How to
persuade them, if they can be persuaded, to take
a hundred thousand? The present machinery
is, as everybody can understand, antiquated
and unequal to the task. The booksellers' shops
must add to their machinery the house-to-house
retail vendor. This, in fact, is the only way of
bringing books within the reach of the people.
Shops cannot do it; advertisements cannot do it; the last thing in the paper read by the
common people is the column of book adver-
tisements; books must be brought to the very
door. That this method will be adopted by the
trade before very long it is not difficult to
prophecy. The book-selling of the future will
be largely carried on by the house-to-house
vendor. One only hopes that those who take up
this method will provide really good literature,
such as our public libraries are now teaching
the people to demand.

The following magnificent offer was recently
made by a firm of publishers of no small note.
It illustrates the necessity of knowing above all
things the cost of production.

They offered to bring out the book at 38. 6d.
The first 500 copies were to go to the publisher.
The author would then receive 5 per cent. royalty.*
After the first 1000 copies the author was to
receive 10 per cent.; after that 12½ per cent.

How does this work out?
The first edition would be probably of 2000 at
a cost of (say) £100.

Results of first edition of 2000 copies:—

- Sale of 2000 at say 28 .................. £200
- Cost ........................................ 100

- Profit .................................. £100

Of which the author receives 22 7s. 6d.
And the publisher ...... £77 12s. 6d.

If another edition of 2000 goes off the whole
profit will be about £130, of which the publisher
will take £86 5s. and the author £43 15s.

Did the publisher explain what proportion of
profit he proposed to take? If so, he was within
his rights. If he relied on the ignorance of the
author, he was within his wrongs.

The risk actually incurred was the difference
between the first six months' subscription and
the cost of production, which would have to be
paid six months after publication. In order to
meet this bill there must be sold about a thousand
copies. How great was that risk? Probably
not much, since the book had been so well re-
ported on by the reader as to be taken without
hesitation...

The death of George Augustus Sala has called
forth a notice in every newspaper in this and
perhaps in all other English-speaking countries.
He had come to be regarded as the representative
journalist. Certainly there was no one like him
as a correspondent, or as a writer of those social
articles in which he showed so marvellous a grasp
of facts and such an endless command of anecdote.
He was a member of the Society from the begin-
ning, one of the honorary members who were
elected at the outset as vice-presidents. He took
no active part in our proceedings, but was present
at one or two of our dinners. He delighted in
the gathering together of men and women
engaged in the literary life, but I think he never
understood the serious side of the Society. He
belonged to the old Bohemian school, with whom
a publisher was regarded as the natural enemy,
who would certainly screw the most work out of
an author for the least pay, and whom it was
laudable to scathe with epigrams. That there
was any practical way of having one's property
administered with equity, or that a writer's work
was his property, never occurred to the Bohemian
which Sala was the last surviving representative
has been well described by Vizetelly in his Recollec-
tions.

The literary contest invented by the New
York Herald has been decided. Prizes were
offered for the best novels, the best "novelette,"
the best short story, and the best epic poem.
There were sent in eleven hundred novels, a thousand novelettes, between two and three thousand short stories, and nearly a thousand poems—all epic? Imagine a thousand new epic poems all sprung upon a bewildered world at the same moment—a thousand Miltons, inglorious as yet, but not mute! It is pleasing to note that the prizes, with one exception, were carried off by professional writers. The first prize for novels of £2000 fell to Julian Hawthorn: the second, of £400, to the Rev. W. C. Blakeman, before this event unknown: the third, of £200, to Edith Carpenter, said to be known in America. For the novelette the only prize of £600 was awarded to Miss Molly Seawell, already well known: for the short story, the only prize of £400 was given to Mr. Edgar Fawcett, also well known. The epic, or "Abraham Lincoln," fell to an unknown pseudonym. WALTER BESANT.

THE AUTHOR.

THE December number of the New York Authors' Journal lies before me. The number contains two or three papers of advice to literary candidates—advice for the most part of the obvious kind—but then there are plenty of people who always want directions of the most obvious kind, so that it is not probably advice thrown away. There is a full account of the literary competition invited and carried out by the New York Herald. A meeting of the Authors' Guild is reported. They elected twenty-three members; they received a letter setting forth a "case" against certain publishers; and they ended the meeting with recitations and speeches. There is a paper on "Public Taste in Literature," and another by Mr. Hall Caine, probably the paper referred to in our New York Letter, on the "Moral Responsibility of Novelists." There is a paper on the "Editor's Point of View"—very good; there is the complaint of the contributor that the editor will not explain why a paper is rejected. The contributor never can understand that an editor simply has not the time to become a critic; he can only say Yes or No. We have the same complaints here. There is an article on writing advertisements which in America has become one of the fine arts. There are notes and replies, and paragraphs and poetry. Altogether it is a pleasant and agreeable journal, useful to its readers. We might with advantage borrow some of its features.

Its advertisement columns present one feature, at least, which is absent from ours. It is this: while it is everywhere and well known and notorious that the American editor is more pelted with MSS. than even the London editor, it seems to pay the American writer to advertise himself and to offer his work for sale. Here, it is true, we see occasionally an advertisement offering a novel for sale, but no one ever heard that any response was received. For instance, here are two or three advertisements cut out of two columns:


WRITE one act Curtain Raisers, between two thousand and three thousand words. Also short stories for children. Glad to receive orders. AMY D'ARCY WETMORE, 859, Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

WRITE verse, humorous and sentimental. Would do Valentines and adv'g verse. Nothing makes so effective an ad. Also write short stories, sketches, &c. Would conduct a column of book and magazine reviews. Editors send me copies of papers containing your prize competition offers. BYRON HOWARD, Esperance, N. Y.


These are practical and to the point. Yet one would rather not advertise one's own work or one's own literary powers in a newspaper. The third advertisement, that of Mr. Byron Howard, makes one long to see more of his work, his sentimental verse, for example.

LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.

FREEDOM IN SPELLING. Leading article in Times for Dec.


UNTO THIS LAST. Frederic Harrison. Nineteenth Century for December.


MR. WILLIAM MORRIS. Interview. Bookselling for December.

PUBLISHERS AND THE ASSOCIATED BOOKSELLERS. Bookseller for December.


for the spelling of doubtful words. "Language is a product of life," writes Professor Earle, "and if not exactly a living thing it certainly shares the incidents of life. Of these incidents none is more pervading than abhorrence of fixity." In its articles on the letters the Times says most people will be convinced of the reasonableness of what may be called constitutional freedom in spelling, while in a private letter latitude is permissible without inconvenience. An author must be consistent in spelling if his pages are not to be unsightly and perplexing. The article thus concludes:—

Voltaire, who derided the orthography of the French books of his time as ridiculous—adding that English orthography was still more absurd—described the ideal system when he said: "Writing is the painting of the voice; the closer the resemblance the better the picture." Unfortunately the perfect likeness is not attainable; and it is found more convenient to agree upon a conventional representation than to circulate a multitude of bad copies unlike each other.

The Bookseller agrees that there can be no two opinions about the desirability of forming a Publishers' Association, but is not satisfied with the non possumus attitude taken up at the publishers' meeting towards the booksellers. Our contemporary thinks the "paramount necessity in these matters of a combined and consistent policy, such as exists in Germany, was not sufficiently recognised."

The Nation article deals with the "sudden and great popularity" of the Scotch story writers, finding the explanation merely in the love of constant change in the novel-consuming public. "We observe," it says, "that the canniest of them are themselves persuaded that their day of grace may soon be written away, and are thriftily gathering together every available bit of plunder before being compelled to retire to their fastnesses beyond the border." Mr. Wallace's article, comparing Scotch novelists of the day, places Mrs. Oliphant first, though he would have done so more outright had she written but a fifth of what she has written and made that fifth perfect. Even as things are, he gives "Kirsteen" first place among recent Scottish novels.

A statement made by the way in Mr. Morley's paper is worth noting in these days of biographies of everybody. "There are probably not six Englishmen over fifty now living," he said, "whose lives need to be written, or should be written." This relative to the prohibition of a biography by Arnold, who was not, says Mr. Morley, a great correspondent beyond his own family. He was one of the most occupied men of his time. "He was not the least of an egotist, in the common, ugly, and odious sense of that
THE AUTHOR.

terrible word”; unselfish, he had not a spark of envy or jealousy, and he took the deepest and most active interest in the well-being of his country and countrymen.

In a comprehensive paper on Flaubert, Mr. Ernest Newman says that with the knowledge of the nervous malady from which he suffered we have the key to his life and art. His philosophy was not pessimism or cynicism; he keeps his characters and their motives in the ideal atmosphere of art, and never allows that personal note of contempt and bitterness to be heard that sounds so frequently in the work of Maupassant. As to his method:

Where a novelist keeps himself so sedulously in the background as Flaubert does, it requires all the more assiduity on the part of the reader to combine the multiform portions of the picture. An inartistic novelist like George Elliot, who is continually obtruding herself among her characters, may annoy us by the obvious clumsiness of her method, but she at least saves every man the trouble of being his own artist.

BOOK TALK.

THE name of Mr. F. Marion Crawford’s latest novelty is “Taquisira.” It will appear serially in the Queen, beginning this month.

The Hon. Frederick Moncrieff has written a Scottish romance of the time of James VI., entitled “The X Jewel,” which Messrs. Blackwood and Sons will issue immediately.

Mr. G. W. Appleton, author of “The Correspondent,” has written another novel entitled “A Philanthropist at Bay,” which Messrs. Downey and Co. will publish.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has gone back to California, and in the course of the year she will write a series of short stories of Californian life. A novel from her on English topics will, however, appear earlier—probably in the spring.

Mr. A. H. Norway has written a “History of the Post-Office Packet Service, 1793-1815,” which Messrs. Macmillan will issue in a few days—a somewhat romantic subject, and one not much remembered about in these days. The post-office kept a fleet of fifty to sixty armed ships for a century and a half, the principal station being at Falmouth, where, from 1688 to 1823 there were packets solely under post-office control. Much stuff fighting was done by them too—in the three years 1812-15 no fewer than thirty-two actions with American privateers were engaged in by the Falmouth packets. Mr. Norway has had access to official records in preparing the work.

A volume of reminiscences by Mr. Charles Bertram, prestidipitateur, will be published at an early date by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., with illustrations by Mr. Phil May, Mr. Courvoisier, and others. The title will be “Isn’t it Wonderful? A History of Magic and Mystery.”

Mr. Robert W. Chambers has written another story of Paris life, this time selecting the period a quarter of a century ago, when the city was in the hands of the Communists. The title is “The Red Republic,” and Messrs. Putnam’s Sons will issue the work very soon.

Mr. Egerton Clairmonte, husband of “George Egerton,” is the author of a volume which Mr. Fisher Unwin is about to publish, entitled “The Africander: a Plain Story of South Africa.”

Louis Stevenson’s work “Fables” will be published on an early day by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

A dictionary of the musical artists, authors, and composers of Great Britain and the Colonies is being prepared for issue to subscribers by Mr. J. D. Brown (Librarian, Clerkenwell Public Library) and Mr. Stephen S. Stratton, under the title “British Musical Biography.” Mr. Brown invites information as to any of the above professions likely to have escaped his notice, so that the work may be as complete as possible.

The “Life and Letters of George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D.” is in preparation by Mrs. Romanes for issue by Messrs. Longmans, but will not be ready for some time. There will be a portrait and other illustrations.

Mr. T. L. Southgate read a paper before the Musical Association on the 10th ult., on “The Treatment of Music by Novelists.” He gave instances from the works of many leading authors to show the ignorance they displayed of music.

In a paragraph report of the lecture the Times said it lost much of the weight which might have been attached to it because nearly the whole of Mr. Southgate’s examples were those in which ignorance played the chief part, while “there exist very many instances of equally great blunders perpetrated by professional musicians;” and, furthermore, “after all is said and done, the errors of novelists in regard to music are perhaps not greater than those of musicians as a class with regard to other arts.”
Mr. Ernest A. Gardner, formerly Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, is engaged on a two-volume "Handbook of Greek Sculpture," in which he distinguishes the different schools and periods, and selects typical examples to show the development of each. The first volume will appear this month, and the second some time later.

Mr. Thomas March is writing a "History of the Paris Commune of 1871," which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will issue this month, with two maps of the city at that period.

Mr. Thomas MacKnight, an Irish editor, has prepared two volumes of reminiscences and experiences, which will be published under the title "Ulster As It Is," by Messrs. Macmillan.

Miss Kingsley, who made a daring and remarkable journey through West Africa some months ago, has submitted her diaries to a London publisher, and the work will probably be ready in the spring. It will be illustrated with the author's sketches and photographs.

Mr. Standish O'Grady has written an Irish romance of the reign of Elizabeth, which is to be issued by Messrs. Downey, probably under the title "Ulrick Ready." He will present the last stand of the Irish chieftains from the Irish point of view, in contradistinction to Froude's "Chiefs of Dunboy" from the British.

Mr. Stead is launching a series of "Penny Novelists" on the same lines as his "Penny Poets," which has proved a very popular enterprise. The idea of the novel series is to counteract or abolish the "penny dreadful" type of boys' literature. A better beginning could not be made than with Mr. Rider Haggard's "She."

The Commonwealth is a new monthly magazine, at threepence, edited by Canon Scott Holland. Messrs. Innes and Co. have transferred the Minster magazine to the Artistic Publishing Company, who are going to introduce new features into it.

An adaptation of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," which has successfully appeared in New York, will be produced at the St. James's Theatre early this year. Another dramatised adaptation to be given in London soon will be by Mr. Joseph Hatton, of his recent novel "When Greek Meets Greek."

The members of the Savage Club, men of letters and artists, are contributing to a volume of "Savage Club Papers," to be issued in the spring, under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Muddock. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are the publishers.

A Burns Exhibition of MS., pictures, and other relics, and also portraits and pictures of the people and places who figure in his works, will be held in Glasgow in celebration of the centenary of the poet's death. Lord Rosebery is hon. president of the Exhibition, and Sir James Bell (Lord Provost) president, while the other office-bearers and patrons include many of the foremost literary people of the day.

Mr. James Baker will lecture at the Imperial Institute, on Feb. 3, on "Egypt of to-day; Her People and their Country." He was up the Nile as special correspondent last winter, and will illustrate his lecture with over sixty photographs, taken by himself, of the natives and their religious ceremonies, &c. He takes the chair at the Author's Club, at the first dinner of the New Year, on Jan. 6.


Mr. Gladstone is writing a series of articles for the North American Review on "The Future State and the Condition of Man In It," the first appearing this month, also a series on Bishop Butler for Good Words, beginning in February.

A Library Edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels is being arranged for, its issue to begin, probably, in the summer.

At a sale of rare books held by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, the "Album" of Giacomo Lauri at Rome, 1608-29, continued and extended by Anne Le Febvre in 1687-88, and comprising letters and signatures from many of the most eminent persons of the time, brought ten guineas; "Rime di Antichi Autori Toscani," Venice, 1532, Lord Byron's copy, with his autography on the title and the date 1820, £6 10s.; and a fine copy of the first edition of Chapman's translation of Homer's Odyssey, 1614, £11 10s.

Mr. W. M. Noble has investigated the material concerning how the county of Huntingdon prepared to meet the 1588 invasion, and a volume by him on the subject will shortly be published by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title "Huntingdonshire and the Spanish Armada."
The most important books of December were the first volume of "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise (Hodder and Stoughton); Mr. John Davidson's second series of "Fleet-street Elocogues" (John Lane); Dean Stanley's "Letters and Verses," edited by Mr. R. E. Prothero (John Murray); and "Ironclads In Action," by H. W. Wilson (Sampson Low).

In one of his letters Dean Stanley gives this impression of Renan, whom he met at Paris with Turgeniev: "He showed a curious mixture of interest and want of interest; had not been to Damascus because there were no monuments there; was disappointed in Jerusalem, because there were so few monuments; had made every effort, with special recommendations, to enter the mosque, but found it totally impracticable unless by storming the town."

In the list of articles quoted in "Literature and the Periodicals" of last month's Author, a valuable paper by Miss Alice M. Christie on Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poetry" was omitted. It appeared in the October and the November numbers of the Monthly Packet.

Mrs. Marshall's last historical story The Master of the Musicians, was published by Messrs. Seeley in November. The White King's Daughter, by the same author, published by Messrs. Seeley in May, has reached its 3000, and is included in the Tauchnitz edition, making the twentieth volume of Mrs. Marshall's works which have appeared in that series. Many of Mrs. Marshall's books are translated into German and French.

Mrs. Rentoul Esler's new book, just issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., is entitled "Mid Green Pastures." In an exhaustive and literary review of this book The National Observer says: "Of all living writers Mrs. Esler is probably the nearest we now have to the author of "Cranford."

Whatever else may go out of fashion, detective literature does not seem on the wane. According to a recent return of the output of vernacular literature in India several of the well-known Dick Donovan's volumes have been translated for the benefit of "Tamil-speaking Christians." The detective story seems to be as popular in India as it is in this country; but we believe that Mr. Donovan is the first author of this class of literature who has ever had the honour of being translated into Tamil.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have just issued Dick Donovan's entertaining romance of "Eugene Vidocq." The story deals with the life and adventures of that extraordinary character, who was in turn soldier, thief, spy, detective, and lecturer. Reviewing the book the other day the Glasgow Herald said: "None of Dick Donovan's rivals in this class of literature have yet outstripped him."

Early in January Chatto and Windus will issue yet another Dick Donovan volume entitled "The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace."

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Notes and Common-place Books.

No one except students ever did make notes or keep common-place books, and these do so still. True, yet your paragraph shows that your own "common-place book" is not a book at all, and how can it be in these days? To get the book and turn the pages requires too much time. And then the A pages, the M's, the SS get filled up too soon, while O and K are still nearly empty. Besides there are so many newspaper cuttings in these days. So for notes we catch up the nearest half-sheet of paper, and for the disposal of notes and cuttings we devise a suitable receptacle. Your own plan is a good one, loose sheets of paper put into brown paper envelopes. Mine is different and may be useful as an alternative. At a shopfitter's I bought a frame of boxes such as is used by grocers for their teas or ironmongers for brass nails and tin tacks. "With five rows and six in a row, it is convenient to make the vowels lead the files, and then everything is easily found. Four boxes are still available for special notes. The compositor's arrangement would not do for the student, and I think the plan below is even better than that of the poste restante.

Cardiff, Dec. 11, 1895.

Geo. St. Clair.
II.—Provisional Copyright Registration.

The idea contained in this letter is due to the suggestion of Mr. George Haven Putnam, mentioned in the article "The Working of the Copyright Law," on p. 6 of the Author of June, 1894. Mr. Putnam's suggestion is to the effect that the title of a work may be registered, and copyright in it be thereby acquired for a period of six months from the date of registration; and that, if by or before the expiration of that period, the work be completed, copyright for it shall date from the day on which the title was registered.

This is an excellent suggestion, and one with which I entirely agree. It is the equivalent in the literary sphere to provisional protection for an invention or discovery under the patent law. In that, by filing a provisional specification describing the invention in general terms, and then, within a limited time thereafter, filing a complete specification describing it in detail, the patent is obtained from the date of the provisional specification.

My proposal is to draw this parallel still closer, and to extend this proposed provisional protection to something more than the title. However useful and valuable a title may be, it is useless without the work, and one may protect the former by the simple process of not communicating it to any one. My proposal deals with a more practical question of publishing, where, besides the title, the style and arrangement of the work is fixed upon; where, by the nature of the case, one is bound to disclose them; and where, therefore, one cannot protect them by the simple process of silence.

In the case of the proposed publication of some periodical which, though printed matter, cannot truly be classed as literature, a work in which composition does not enter into the question—as, for instance, a time-table or other work of reference, in which the arrangement is the most important point, more important even than the title. In such a case, where the outlay of capital has to be considered, it may be desired to ascertain, before going to much expense, what prospect there is of the venture's meeting with success; and, therefore, it may be necessary to issue, considerably in advance of the first serial number of the proposed publication, a specimen number thereof, with a view to ascertaining what support can be obtained for it. The arrangement and design of such a work cannot be protected under the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, and, though one might register it under the existing Copyright Law, one would have secured copyright only for the specimen number, and not either for the title or arrangement of the actual publication at all. That comes because, under the existing law, registration at the Copyright Office affords no protection until the actual work is published. In such a case as this, the contents of the specimen would be bound to be old or fictitious, as it would be impossible to insert the matter that number one of the proposed publication would contain, for the simple reason that it would not be ascertainable so long in advance, besides which there is no copyright in it.

This, then, is what might happen under the existing law, that, as copyrighting the specimen afforded no protection to the actual work, anyone else (perhaps more favourably placed) having seen the specimen, might arrange to issue No. 1 of such a publication before the date announced by the person issuing the former; and there would be nothing whatever to prevent his adopting the title and arrangement, and securing copyright for them both to the exclusion of the person with whom they originated.

What I propose is, that there should be provisional protection for such a specimen number, securing copyright in the title and arrangement for a period of, say six or twelve months from the date of registration; and that, if No. 1 of the actual publication be not issued before or by the expiration of that time anyone else should be at liberty to make use of either or both of the ideas, but no one be able to obtain copyright in either of them. It would not be necessary, as with provisionally protected inventions, to demand a second fee, as no second description would be filed.

It is suggested in Lord Monkswell's Bill that the Copyright Registration Office might be combined with the Registry of Designs and Trade Marks; as designs and trade marks are under the same administration as patents for inventions, perhaps they may all, eventually, come under the same control, and, as each deals but with a different way of expressing ideas, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

It is stated at the end of the article above referred to that provisional protection of a title is provided for in this Bill. I have read it through carefully, and, having failed to find any reference to it, shall be glad to be informed which clause covers that point. This seems to me to be the only omission from an otherwise perfect Bill.

Hubert Haes.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the
experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple
to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually
engaged upon such questions for us.
3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past
accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is
in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agree-
ments, and the results to author and publisher respectively
so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any
agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The inform-
ation thus obtained may prove invaluable.
4. If the examination of your previous business trans-
actions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should
take advice as to a change of publishers.
5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the pro-
posed document to the Society for examination.
6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in
the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publish-
ing firm in the country.
7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you
are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are
reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing
the best interests of literature in promoting the indepen-
dence of the writer.
8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything
important to literature that you may hear or meet with.
9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of
members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof
safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as con-
fidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who
will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1)
To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To
stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon
them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments
due according to agreements.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:
1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of
the business of members of the Society. That it
submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agree-
ments, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, gene-
 rally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business
details.
2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured
will be forwarded upon detailed application.
3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those
members of the Society whose work possesses a market
value.
4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations
whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotia-
tions are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all com-
 munications relating thereto are referred to it.
5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by
appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days'
otice should be given.
6. That every attempt is made to deal with all commu-
ications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent
to defray postage.
7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS.
without previous correspondence; does not hold itself
responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that
in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray
postage.
8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for
lectures by some of the leading members of the Society;
that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and
purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register
of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to
communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services
will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It
is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the
Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in
the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the
Society that, although the paper is sent to them free
of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very
heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great
many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest
6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and
communications on all subjects connected with literature
from members and others. Nothing can do more good to
the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive,
and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this
work send their names and the special subjects on which
they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor
not later than the 1st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether
members of the 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 under-
stood that the Society does not, under any circumstances,
undertake the publication of MSS.

The Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at
3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary
for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's
order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the
trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the
warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a
most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding
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 them

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are
requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15
per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble
of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the
"Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we
have not included any sums which may be charged for

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged
in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we
have not included any sums which may be charged for
inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

THE Committee beg to remind members that the Subscription for the year is due on January the First.

The most convenient form of payment is by order on a Bank. This method saves the trouble of remembering. The Secretary will in future send reminders to members who are in arrear in February.

The Author will not be sent to members in arrear after the month of March.

At the end of the year the three retiring members of the committee, Sir W. Martin Conway, Mr. Arthur aBeckett, and the Hon. John Collier submitted their names for re-election and were duly re-elected members of the committee. At the meeting of Jan. 27th the committee proceeded to elect a chairman in the room of Sir W. Martin Conway, whose year of office expired on Dec. 31st, 1895. Mr. H. Rider-Haggard was unanimously elected chairman.

G. H. THRING, Secretary.

THE ADDRESS TO AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THIS address was published in the January number of the Author. It appeared in a great many papers, both of this country and the United States, on the morning of Dec. 25. It was sent out for signature to a list of English men and women of letters, not necessarily members of the Society.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held on Jan. 10, 1896, the following resolution was passed:

"The Committee of Management of the Society of Authors, having investigated the circumstances under which the address to American authors and its covering letter were issued from the Society's offices, have unanimously found that the address expressly purports to proceed from its signatories alone; that it was neither printed nor circulated at the expense of the Society's funds; and that the use of the Society's letter-paper in soliciting signatures was unauthorised by them. The Committee, while entertaining all friendly feelings possible towards their American brethren, are of opinion that action on international questions does not fall within the scope of their corporate powers."

This resolution dissociated the Address from the Society. That is to say, it was within the powers of the Committee, had they chosen, to adopt the Chairman's action, and to make it their own. Since they did not do so, the address was sent out by Sir Martin Conway.

After this resolution was sent round there appeared several letters in the papers. To these letters Sir Martin Conway replied by a letter to the Times on the 21st. The following is that part of his letter which refers to the address:

"I was asked on Saturday, Dec. 21, whether I would permit the use of the Authors' Society organisation for the purpose of procuring signatures to a friendly address to American authors. I replied affirmatively, with the reservation that the address must not be sent out as from the Society, nor at the Society's expense. A draft address was sent to me that night. I returned it the same night, saying that it was too long and went into too many details. I added that all we wanted was something brief and friendly. Here ends my knowledge."

The statement in the Author that the address had been sent out by the Society was passed by inadvertence.

The introductory paragraph which appeared in some papers was not a part of the address. There was no such paragraph when it was given to the secretary.

The number of authors who responded to the invitation and signed the address is 500.

W. B.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

1.—Mr. Hall Caine's Report on Canada and the Copyright Question.

After his mission as delegate of the Society of Authors to the Dominion Government, Delivered at the rooms of the Royal Medical Society, 20, Hanover-square, Monday, Jan. 27, at 4.30 p.m.

Copyright an Imperial Question.

At a moment when the air is full of wars and rumours of wars, it may appear untimely and almost presumptuous that English authors should intrude upon each other and upon the public a subject so limited in its class interest as the Canadian copyright question. But, in truth, this subject which concerns ourselves so closely is very heavily charged with Imperial issues. There is nothing in the Venezuela trouble, and certainly nothing in the trouble in the Transvaal, which is more liable to breed serious international and colonial dispute. Let me explain. The Canadian Constitution took shape in the British North America Act of 1867. By that Act Canada
secured legislative independence, subject to a veto to be exercised by the Imperial Government. During these thirty years the Imperial veto has been practically a nullity. Like the veto of the British Sovereign over British legislation, it is never exercised. Competent judges are heard to say that let Canada do what she will the colonial office will not interpose. Canadian statesmen appear to have regarded the Imperial veto as a thing not to be reckoned with. They think of it in that light in this instance, and demand legislative freedom. If the veto were exercised it is probable that they would ask for the reconstruction of the Act of 1867. If the Imperial sanction of their demands were merely withheld they might (after the proper lapse of time) call upon their Governor-General to promulgate the legislation of Canada. The Governor-General would then be compelled either to obey his constitutional advisers, the Premier and Cabinet of Canada, or to go home. There is no instance on record, so far as I know, in which the Imperial Government has advised the Governor-General to resist the will of the Canadian ministry. The Imperial veto would be like the Crown veto, a force constitutionally divested of its power. But what would be the result? We should begin to ask ourselves whether a dependency which never brings us any revenue, which involves us in military and naval responsibilities, gives us no commercial advantages, and disregards our will on Imperial questions, is a dependency worth having.

Such is Canada's power, and such the power of this copyright question over our Colonial relations, but its power over our foreign relations is no less serious. In 1891 America passed a Copyright Act, giving copyright to the subjects of all nations which gave reciprocal advantages to Americans. The President asked our Foreign Secretary if the British Empire granted such reciprocal advantages, and our Secretary replied that it did. Thereupon the President made a proclamation that there was copyright in the United States for all subjects of the British Crown. But if Canada were to enact a copyright law which Americans, rightly or wrongly, thought injurious to American interests, is it not likely, is it not certain, that they would demand the taking down of that proclamation? I know it is said that it is to the interests of America to preserve her copyright arrangement with Great Britain. It is to the interest of her good and true men to preserve that copyright arrangement; but no traveller in America can fail to see that besides the legitimate publishing trade in copyright books there is a vast and most active illegitimate trade in non-copyright books. The American Copyright Act was wrested after the most zealous effort, and by the narrowest majority, out of the American sense of fair-play, against the machinations of a powerful class of unfair traders. That class has not grown less since 1891. It consists of a multitude of printers who would eagerly clutch at any hopeful chance of tearing down the President's proclamation at any cost to honest trade. And if it were torn down, if we lost American copyright, as a result of Canadian legislation, the quarrel would be England's quarrel first and only Canada's quarrel afterwards.

This much by way of explaining why we who are authors have asked public opinion to help us to escape from a legislative deadlock. Every stitch we make now will save nine later on. If we can settle this dispute with Canada on terms which are anything like satisfactory—satisfactory to ourselves, to the signatories to the Berne Convention, and to America—we may fairly claim the sympathy of the English people in removing a probable and even imminent danger of colonial or international quarrel.

THE CASE FOR ENGLISH AUTHORS.

You will see that I regard Canadian copyright as an Imperial question in its ultimate issues, but in its immediate bearings it is of course a domestic and even a trade question. Our chief objections to the Canadian Act of 1889 were, first, that it was opposed to the principle of copyright by allowing that the publication of a book might be outside its author's control; next, that it required the multiplication of places of manufacture and so limited literary activity; next, that it fostered a scheme of license which seemed to us to be little better than legalized piracy, and paved the way for the ruin of the trade of bookselling; and, finally, that it offered temptations to dishonest traders from all parts of the world to makeCanada, the ground for invading the copyright territories of other countries. Such was our case against Canada, and you know what we did to support it. With the co-operation of the Copyright Association and the London Chamber of Commerce we petitioned the Colonial Office to exercise its Imperial veto. The results were what we, as students of history, should, perhaps, have foreseen. Our Colonial Office tried to make peace between Canada and ourselves. It sent for a representative of the Canadian Government, and he came to London last summer. It sent for Mr. Daldy as the representative of English publishers, and when the Society of Authors authorised me to act for it, the Colonial Office also sent for your representative. After hearing the case for every party, it proceeded to frame a number of modifications of the Canadian Act of 1889. It was a
THE AUTHOR.

well-meant and indeed an able effort. There were three several documents, but I have not submitted any of them to the Society. I knew they would not do. They were ingenious but not very practical. Yet it was with these suggested modifications in my pocket that I went to Canada. I had got my own plan of compromise, which I had formulated in a letter to Mr. Chamberlain. He had given me a letter to the Governor-General, and the chiefs of the Colonial Office had told me in effect to convince Canada and then come back to them.

THE CASE FOR CANADA — THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

You know, Sir, that time and again Canada has told us that in this matter, as in nearly every other that concerns the relations of England to the Dominion, we have not understood Canada's case. On going to Canada I made it my first duty to see this question from the Canadian point of view, and I must frankly tell you that I had not been many days there before I realised that there was much truth in Canada's complaint. I went to Montreal, searched Canadian newspapers for months and perhaps years, visited printers, booksellers, authors, and men in other walks of life, and came face to face with many startling facts. The first of them was this, that notwithstanding reams of writing, both there and here, Canadian copyright was a subject of which the Canadian people cared nothing at all. More, Canadian copyright was a subject for which the Canadian people cared nothing at all. What Canada did know of and care for was the constitutional question of whether Canada should enact that law she pleased, or whether England should interpose to prevent her. This, and not the disputes of English authors and Canadian publishers, was what had made a five years' outcry in Canada; this, and not a desire to denounce the Dominion, we have not understood Canada's case. On going to Canada I made it my first duty to see this question from the Canadian point of view, and I must frankly tell you that I had not been many days there before I realised that there was much truth in Canada's complaint. I went to Montreal, searched Canadian newspapers for months and perhaps years, visited printers, booksellers, authors, and men in other walks of life, and came face to face with many startling facts. The first of them was this, that notwithstanding reams of writing, both there and here, Canadian copyright was a subject of which the Canadian people cared nothing at all. More, Canadian copyright was a subject for which the Canadian people cared nothing at all. What Canada did know of and care for was the constitutional question of whether Canada should enact what law she pleased, or whether England should interpose to prevent her. This, and not the disputes of English authors and Canadian publishers, was what had made a five years' outcry in Canada; this, and not a desire to denounce the Berne Convention, had produced that marvel.

Another was the more severe but no less salutary lesson. It chanced that on my arrival at New York I had been the guest of my friend and American publisher, Mr. W. W. Appleton. It also chanced that Mr. Appleton was chairman of the Publishers' Copyright League of America. Again it chanced that I became unwell, and went with Mr. Appleton to Buzzard's Bay to recruit, and once again it chanced that my host's neighbour was Mr. Cleveland, and that I sometimes met the President while out fishing on the bay or drinking tea indoors of an afternoon. Finally it was known that Mr. Goldwin Smith had done me the honour to invite me to make his house my home in Toronto. A result of this series of circumstances was that immediately on setting foot in Canada I was met by an alarming and certainly plausible charge of having dallied in the United States to hold conferences with American publishers, of having visited American Ministers to intimidate Canadian Ministers, and of having cast in my lot with the avowed champions of annexation, thus insulting the Government I had been sent by my brother and sister authors to conciliate, and outraging the classes whose interests I had come to investigate. Although this accusation did not convict me of nondiplomatic conduct, it opened my eyes to a great secret of the Canadian copyright agitation, by showing me that the agitation, which seemed to be merely a class dispute, came out of the national spirit absolutely, that it was a clear legacy of the old trouble with America, which found expression long ago on Queenston Heights and more recently on the Behring Sea. It also showed me, what was very helpful, that no appreciation of the Canadian view could be satisfactory that did not take account of Canada's relation to the United States in the trade and industry of book publishing. Following that trace I found much to make me sympathise with the Canadians, and something to explain their policy where it did not justify it. During the period of general piracy in America before 1891 Canadian publishers, like some English publishers, had retaliated wrong for wrong. If American publishers appropriated "David Copperfield," English publishers appropriated "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Canadian publishers appropriated "Ben Hur." But there was this difference, from the American point of view, between the appropriation by English and by Canadian publishers. The English appropriation being made from the other side of an ocean only affected the authors, and they were then (as they are now) an ineffectual if rather vocal race; but the Canadian appropriation, being made merely on the other side of a boundary not marked off by nature, affected the publishers as well, and they are a race less given to clamour and more capable of reprisals. It was a bad, mad game of grab on both sides. English copyright books pirated in the United States went into Canada, and American copyright books printed in Canada went into the United States. Canada made a show of taxing the stolen English books in the interests of English authors; America only taxed the stolen American books in...
the interests of American revenue. Then came the American Act of 1891, and Canada went out, as they say, at the thin edge of the wedge. American copyright books being easily copyrighted in England, became thereby copyright in Canada also. English non-copyright books might still be appropriated in America, but in Canada they continued to be protected. The Act of 1891 had left half the game of grab to the American pirate, but not one scrumpy handful of it to his Canadian brother. Perhaps this does not command your sympathy for Canada, but there are other disqualifications which will do so. When the good and true publishers in America at length and with noble effort put to rout the unfair traders of their own country, they also stole a march on the good and true publishers of Canada. Partly from distrust of Canadian publishers, partly from a settled conviction of the American publishing mind that New York is the natural centre of book distribution for the entire American continent, the American publishers began to ask English authors to give them the Dominion of Canada into their bargains. The authors gave it. When I was charged with this in Canada I answered that neither were we to blame, nor were the American publishers. The American publishers came to our doors in London, the Canadian publishers were always three thousand miles away; the American publishers were many, the Canadian publishers were few; the American publishers had great constitutions and could give us good terms; the Canadian publishers had small constitutions and could promise us little or nothing. But all the same Canada suffered, and the Canadian publishing interest visibly declined, with the passing of the American Act of 1891. Therefore it is the truth when Canada tells us that its publishing trade, both legitimate and illegitimate, has for the past five years been the victim of a policy of extermination. It is the truth when Canada says that whatever the justice of the Act of 1891, Canada as a book publishing country has paid heavily for the advantage to British authors.

No doubt the ultimate truth is, as the American publishers say, that Canada suffers from the disadvantage of the smallness of its area as a reading country. Canada is not a literary but a political expression. From the point of the English author Canada is almost limited to the province of Ontario. When we speak of the five million readers of Canada we include some two millions of French who do not read English. Of the remaining three millions a great part do not read new books. They read the American magazines, two or three good magazines of their own, and their own excellent newspapers. And taken as a whole Canada, as a book publishing country, has suffered by the accident that while living under the shadow of English Imperial Copyright she has at the same time been made the scapegoat (perhaps the inevitable scapegoat) of American copyright law.

Canada too much governed.

I had to learn a third lesson, Sir, before I was long in Canada, and it was that Canada in this matter of copyright, as in some other matters, was ridiculously over-governed. Whether it is true or not that there is too much governing going on in Canada, it is the fact that there is too much copyright law in operation there. Every author knows that when a publisher in London makes a contract with him for a book he asks for the sole and exclusive right to publish it in the United Kingdom. That is as it should be, but although Canada has its own copyright law, the sole and exclusive right to publish in Canada is more than any Canadian publisher can demand. When I reached Canada I found three copyright editions of “Trilby” on the bookstalls and three of “Marcella,” the American edition, the ordinary English edition, and the special Colonial edition. What possible chance was there for a Canadian edition without these could be expelled! Sometimes a Canadian publisher makes an effort to live even under the shadow of English and American copyright. The Methodist Book Company of Toronto bought the Canadian copyright of Mr. Crockett’s “Raiders,” and published an edition at a dollar and a half. But presently there came the colonial edition from England at fifty cents, and the Canadian book at a dollar and a half was ruined. The Canadian publisher had purchased a territory which he could not hold. Why? Because Canadian law was living under the shadow of British copyright.

Attitude of the Canadian Ministers.

Such then were the lessons I learned in Canada, but they did not at all convince me that the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 was a cure for the evils of the Canadian publishing trade, or the difficulties of Canada’s position in relation to England and to America. The more I thought of that Act the more sure I became that while of inestimable danger to us it was no good at all to Canadians. Going up to Ottawa I saw first the Prime Minister, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and tackling him at once as an old printer, I urged that the Act was no good to the printing interest. He agreed, and he introduced me to the Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. Sir Charles is a stout and able upholder of Canada’s right to
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rule herself, and I told him at once that I was not come to question her right to do so, but only to urge that she should not legislate to our injury and her own. Then I called together the interesting group of men of letters at the Capital and showed them that the Act would put them into a position of isolation among the authors of the world. Finally, I did my best to convince the booksellers that a scheme of unlimited licensing would in ten years' time exterminate the trade in books. I found the Premier and Sir Charles H. Tupper entirely sympathetic, fair, and openminded. They promised that the Act of 1889 should not be brought forward again, and they urged me to go on to Toronto, make my peace with the interested classes there, and then return with a concerted scheme to Ottawa.

THE INTERESTED CLASSES IN CANADA.

When I got to Toronto the Canadian publishers and Copyright Association were waiting to receive me. It was not altogether with pleasant feelings that I entered the room at the hotel which they had engaged for our meeting. I remembered that in this very house, not long before, I had christened them a gang of rogues and pirates. It did not remove my uneasiness when they began by telling me that, owing to my behaviour in the United States, they had passed a resolution that they should not consult with me. "Very well, gentlemen," I said, "in that case I will go home, but I leave you to decide for yourselves if it is good policy to send me back unheard." To tell you the truth, I found my so-called pirates and rogues very good fellows indeed; very companionable, with a good deal to say for themselves, and capable of saying it in a highly efficient way. Next day, they rescinded the resolution not to meet me, on the ground that an English author appeared to be a reasonable scheme to Ottawa.

ATTITUDE OF AMERICA.

There was still America to reckon with. The gravity of the Canadian copyright claims lay not so much in what we were to lose in Canada, for the real Canadian book market is still a thing of the future; not so much in the possible injury to the Berne Convention, for much as we prize its principle as the ultimate charter of our craft, its practical value is not great; but in the effect on the American Copyright Act of 1891, which has
increased the earnings of many authors by 20 or 30 per cent., and of a few by 80 and 100. I felt that my work would not be complete until I was in a position to return to my brother and sister authors in England with the assurance that if Canada adopted the compromise which we had proposed their market in the United States would no longer be imperilled. Therefore on our way home through New York Mr. Daldy joined with me in asking the two Copyright Associations of America to say if the proposed measure removed the objections which they had urged so strongly against the Act of 1889. The answer was generous, prompt, and satisfactory. Through Mr. Putnam, representing the Publishers' League, and Mr. Underwood Johnson, representing the Authors' Association, we received resolutions of congratulations and general approval.

MORE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

We brought the Draft Act back to the Colonial Office, and Mr. Chamberlain expressed his gratification at the prospect of an amicable adjustment of what threatened to be an awkward question. Parliamentary counsel has revised it with great insight and wisdom, and it has been returned to Ottawa. Since our return to England, however, there has arisen in Canada a ministerial crisis of some gravity, involving two changes of importance to our interests. Dr. Montague has become Minister of Agriculture (the official who has charge of copyright), and he is a man of much literary culture, in whose hands the interests of authors will, I trust, be safe. But Sir Charles H. Tupper, who has spent great energy on the copyright question, has resigned his position as Minister of Justice. He promises, however, that he will give all the help he can to authors' interests consistent with the just claims of Canada. If I might perhaps tell you more if this were a private meeting of the executive committee, but it may be enough to say that we can fairly wait for the new Copyright Bill that is now being drafted by Mr. Newcombe, the Canadian Deputy Minister of Justice, with the assurance that it will embody the substance of our claim. Meantime, after five years' fruitless agitation, I think we may congratulate ourselves on some results. We have secured the abandonment of the Act of 1889, we have shown Canada a way to protect herself and yet hold on to the Berne Convention, and enable us to retain the substantial advantages of American copyright, we have come to terms of peace and goodwill with the interested classes in the dominion, and above all we have held fast to the great principle that an author has an inalienable right to the property he creates in books.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

I have a last word to my brother and sister authors, and it is a serious one. If this compromise makes certain concessions to Canada, and it does, let us remember that Canada has claims upon us. She is an important section of our empire, and will inevitably play a great part in our future. We who are men and women of letters in England are only a little handful of people, and it is a grievous responsibility to ask England to exercise on our behalf her Imperial veto against a colonial kingdom. If we had to do so again, and England listened to us, the speedy result would be a re-adjusting of the British North America Act of 1867. When I met Mr. Goldwin Smith in Toronto he said he was all for one copyright for the whole empire, and for appealing to the Privy Council. One copyright for the whole empire will be our watchword, too, the morning after America abandons her manufacturing clause and joins the Berne Convention. But for the present I beg respectfully to answer Mr. Goldwin Smith out of his own mouth that it is a fallacy to be shunned, especially when the horoscope of Canada is being cast to treat the empire in a lump, to take it for granted that the destiny of all its parts must be the same, and to forget that Canada is under the disadvantage alongside the United States of falling under British copyright law. After travelling in our colonies I am no believer in the Imperial veto, and it is no terror to me that the veto is fast becoming a nullity. If Canada were to do what she liked within herself, even if she chose to indulge in civil war, I am by no means sure that it would be necessary for us, three thousand miles away and without special knowledge of her difficulties, to interpose. In short, I am convinced that the strength of our dependencies, as well as England's strength in them, will be in the measure of their self-control. I think they should be encouraged in habits of self-reliance and in a sense of responsibility. And if you ask me what is to be the good of dependencies which do not undertake to obey us, I say it should consist in the bond of blood, in allegiance to our flag and in the hope (which Mr. Chamberlain's wise circular encourages) of calling into existence an inter-colonial trade.

CANADA AND ENGLAND.

But I have a word to Canadian legislators also, if they will permit me, and their fair reception of your representative leads me to believe that perhaps they may. If we have solved this copyright question solely as a Canada-American question (which it is in the main), we have recognised at the same time that it is only one of the dangers
that lie between two countries whose geographical relations may be the cause of many dangers. It is hard to conceive of a just war between England and the United States. But if anything will ever make a war between England and America, or encourage a war otherwise made, it will be the friction of our great Dominion and the States alongside of it. An Englishman cannot cross the Niagara river without realising to his great pain that the fire that burnt so fiercely on Queenston Heights smoulders still on both sides of that turbulent water. The United States will never annex Canada politically until she has annihilated the Canadians, and hence the connection of Canada with England lays on Great Britain a heavy responsibility. Nowhere else in our Dominions, so far as I can see, are the burdens and perils of our empire so great. The more reason, therefore, that the relations between England and Canada should always be of the closest. Canadian loyalty to England is deep and strong, but there should never be a moment when England’s good feeling towards Canada ought to be strained; there should never be a moment when Englishmen ought to feel that the dependency which involves them in grave military and diplomatic responsibilities and exposes them to misunderstanding with a great and friendly family of the Anglo-Saxon race, is unmindful of the wish and welfare of the mother country; there should never be a moment when Canada any more than England should forget there ought to be a community of interests in “all our glorious empire round and round.”

II.—The American Copyright Act.

Mr. Moncure Conway said that, as a representative of the only purely literary guild in America—the American Authors’ Guild, founded four years ago, incorporated one year ago, numbering some 300 members—he desired to make a brief statement. While feeling admiration for the tact and ability with which Mr. Hall Caine had fulfilled his mission, he felt that in his narrative certain things were passed over, perhaps through feelings of delicacy to misunderstanding with a great and friendly family of the Anglo-Saxon race, is unmindful of the wish and welfare of the mother country; there should never be a moment when Canada any more than England should forget there ought to be a community of interests in “all our glorious empire round and round.”

The American book trade has had an unusually successful Christmas season, in spite of all the rumours of war with our kin across the sea, and in spite also of the sudden confusion wrought in the money market by these rumours. That the sober sense of the two great peoples who speak the English language would come to the rescue sooner or later and put an end to violent talk, everybody knew who understood the real feelings of the inhabitants of Great Britain and the United States. The address of certain British men of letters to the American people was telegraphed here at once; and it has been well received. The Chicago Dial declares that this manly and brotherly appeal cannot “fail of being a great influence for good in any future emergency threatening the peaceful relations of the two countries.” The New York Nation says that the letter is “but an echo of Tennyson’s message, an expression of the real continuity of life that still binds this country to England, and a conviction that our best civil life and ideals are due to ‘that deep chord which Hampden smote.’”

And yet for a while the crisis was serious; and even now no one can see just how a way out of the difficulty is to be found. It is well for the British people to understand that the feeling in the United States in regard to the increase of the holding anywhere in America, North or South, of any European power, is quite as strong as the feeling in Great Britain in regard to the taking of Constantinople by Russia. Whether or not this was the original Monroe doctrine is a mere academic question of no real importance; it may
be called the Cleveland doctrine or anything else; it is none the less a fact to be reckoned with. Whether or not Great Britain is trying to extend her boundaries in South America is a question which only an impartial tribunal can decide; and that is why all the American friends of England regret so sincerely that Her Majesty's Government has refused to leave the matter to arbitration.

It may seem to some that this is not a subject for discussion in the pages of the Author; but we who hold that literature is among the most powerful forces which mould the opinions of a free people, must avail ourselves of every opportunity to bring about a heartier understanding between the writers of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. And this is particularly a time for plain speaking. I offer no apology, therefore, for considering further two of the sentences in the appeal of the British authors to the American people. One of these declares that “there is no anti-American feeling among Englishmen.” I hope this sentence is true; but if it be true why was it necessary for Mr. William Archer to write his eloquent appeal to the British Press “not to embitter American feeling . . . . by untimely and unseemly taunts and gibes?”

The second sentence I have to quote follows the first: “It is impossible that there can be any anti-English feeling among Americans.” I wish this sentence were true; but I know it is not. There is anti-English feeling among Americans, not among all, of course, but among most. It is proper that the English should know this and understand its causes, for it would do much toward the future peace of the world if this anti-English feeling of Americans could be changed by a removal of its causes. Some of these causes can be removed, and that is why I write this letter to the Author.

“Why is it,” asked Colonel Higginson in a recent temperate essay on “Anglomania and Anglophobia,” “why is it that if no sane American could soberly contemplate the prospect of a war with any nation on earth, there is no question that a war with England would be more popular than any other in almost all parts of the United States?” Undoubtedly there are many causes. “There are the long traditions of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812; and the instinctive dislike toward England of Republican protectionists and of Irish-American Democrats.” The long traditions of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812 have a weight few Englishmen suspect, for those wars were not fought on British soil but on American. They took shape, for example, in the training given to the late Townsend Harris, whose biography has just been issued in London by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., and who opened Japan to the world; he was brought up by his grandmother to “fear God, tell the truth, and hate the British,” for her house had been burnt over her head by British soldiers. But these are hostile traditions, which will die away in time; and so also will the other causes Colonel Higginson mentions, although these latter will go very slowly, I am afraid.

The fourth reason Colonel Higginson gives for this anti-English feeling in America is the keen recollection of the British attitude towards the United States all through the Civil War. What a broad-minded and patriotic American thought and felt at that time is preserved for all time in that most vigorous of the “Biglow Papers” called “Jonathan to John.” “Add to this,” says Colonel Higginson, “the long series of insults so ingeniously brought by”—certain newspapers—“all studiously working to detach, to destroy, all English sympathy in the minds of that literary class in America which should be in case of need most friendly to England. It is impossible to estimate how much this mean literary antagonism has done to furnish fuel for the so-called Jingo side in a world where the gospel of turning the other cheek to the smiter is yet imperfectly established.”

Now here is a cause of American anti-English feeling which it is in the power of English men of letters to remove. Here is where Colonel Higginson is at one with Mr. Archer. Here is a way in which the writers of Great Britain can show the friendly feeling which they protested in their recent appeal to the American people. Here is a state of affairs which can be remedied at last, and which is in as great need of remedy now as it was in 1819 when Washington Irving—than whom no American was fonder of England—wrote in the very first number of the Sketch Book an appeal to “English Writers on America” that they refrain from their brutal abuse of the United States. I wish that the Author could find room in its columns to reprint the whole of this sensible and kindly essay of Irving’s, an essay of which Mr. Archer’s letter was an unconscious echo. Irving himself felt so sharply on the subject that he refused to write for the Quarterly Review because it had so abundantly vilified America, and he refused this proffered literary work when he was in great need of money.

Manners have mended in both countries since Irving’s day, when the Quarterly Review vied with Blackwood’s Magazine in blackguardly abuse of their opponents in politics and literature; and with the improvement in politeness the language used in British journals in discussing American
THE AUTHOR.

subjects is now more choice than it was then, yet it still leaves much to be desired. Of course there is not a little vulgar abuse of Great Britain in some of the inferior newspapers of the United States; there is far too much of it. But the better the newspaper in America is, the higher its standard of taste, the more courteous it is in its treatment of England and of English authors. Not in the Nation, not in the Dial, not even in the Critic, has any British man of letters found himself held up to ridicule because he was an Englishman. On the other hand what has been the treatment of American authors by the English press? How often have American writers been sneered at in London reviews of high standing, because they were guilty of the crime of being Americans?

Why, to take a personal example, I could name one of the most accomplished of London journalists who writes about Mr. Howells with a careless insolence he would be ashamed to show toward M. Bourget. No American journalist of a position at all equivalent to this writer's is guilty of gibes and taunts like his. Gibes and taunts there are enough in American newspapers, but they are not written by gentlemen and scholars. Perhaps another example will make my meaning plainer still. As it happens, two American authors of high rank have written books about England, and one British author of high rank has written a book about America. But compare the tone of Emerson's "English Traits" and of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" with the tone of Dickens' "American Notes." No finer tribute to the best qualities of another people has ever been written than Emerson's; and the very title of Hawthorne's work reveals his feeling toward England. What a contrast between the delicacy and the distinction of these two books and the underbred manner of Dickens! Probably the matter of his book is accurate enough; very likely he was far nearer to the truth than we were willing to admit. But what of that? Considering the welcome Dickens had received in England, and one British author of high rank has written a book about America. But compare the tone of Emerson's "English Traits" and of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" with the tone of Dickens' "American Notes." No finer tribute to the best qualities of another people has ever been written than Emerson's; and the very title of Hawthorne's work reveals his feeling toward England. What a contrast between the delicacy and the distinction of these two books and the underbred manner of Dickens! Probably the matter of his book is accurate enough; very likely he was far nearer to the truth than we were willing to admit. But what of that? Considering the welcome Dickens had received in the United States, "American Notes" was a book no gentleman would have thought of publishing.

Mr. Archer very sensibly pointed that the community of language which exists between the United States and Great Britain, and which we rely on as "the strongest of bonds between us, is, from another point of view, a source of danger," since it enables each people to understand what the other may say against it. And he suggests that we Americans are very sensitive. We were, no doubt; and we are still, although in a far less degree; and our skin is toughening yearly. Whether or not we are not as sensitive as you are is an open question, which need not be discussed. It is best for both sides to remember always that the courtesy of the debate is binding, and that personalities do not help the public business. In the speech which Lowell made at the first dinner of the Incorporated Society of Authors he said, you may remember, that "we Americans have sometimes been charged with being a little too sensitive; but perhaps a little indulgence may be due to those who always have their faults told to them, and the reference to whose virtues perhaps is somewhat conveyed in a foot-note in small print. I think that both countries have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to have a fairly good one of each other."

X. Y. Z.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

"T"HE man who lives without folly," de la Rochefoucauld said it, "is not so wise as he imagines himself." I wonder how much harm the mischievous old cynic did by printing this maxim. It must have served as an excuse and a palliation for folly, and worse than folly in thousands of cases. Possibly, probably, it consoled poor Paul Verlaine on many an occasion. Writers have an immense responsibility. How few of them realise it.

I have written of Verlaine elsewhere. I cannot boast a great acquaintance with him, for I avoided his company rather than sought it. By the time when I first met him I had learned this wisdom of life, that it is a good thing always to avoid painful impressions. I believe that these leave on the mind cicatrices, if not bleeding wounds, the effect of which is felt all through life. I remember holding forth on this subject, by the side of the guillotine, one night in Paris, to a fresh young American who had come for the awful spectacle of a capital execution. He was very excited, and showed keen interest. I told him he would regret it. The memory of the hideous thing would haunt him, coming to him in happy quiet moments to disturb, to appal. He laughed at me then; but since he has written to me, "You were quite right," he said. "I wish I had never seen that horrid thing. It comes upon me at the strangest times and always makes me miserable." In the same way, I now always avoid painful books. One has a burden of sorrow ample enough to bear, without adding to it the woes of imaginary people. I do wish now that I had never made the acquaintance of little Dombey, or of the child in "Misunderstood," or of the hundred and one pale pain-drawn phantoms
who haunt me. The other day—it was a glorious sunshine day—I was walking amidst most beautiful surroundings, and should have been happy if only to be living and moving then and there. A heavy feeling of oppression, however, weighed upon me. "What is it?" I at last asked myself, "that is so distressing me. Is it debt? No. Is it remorse for anything? Not at present. What then?" Suddenly I remembered. It was poor Tess. A dull feeling of sorrow, the ache of the old wound which Hardy had inflicted on me when I read his book, and was so sorry for la Durbeyfield. It was not till I had impressed upon myself that Tess, after all, had never really lived, that I was able to shake off the feeling of depression that haunted me.

Léon Daudet is a most energetic young man. It seems but yesterday that he was telling me, over a déjeuner in Brown's Hotel in Piccadilly, of his intention of writing a book describing an imaginary journey by William Shakespeare in the North of Europe. The book has now been written and is out, and, like all Léon Daudet's books, is "bien étoffé." Léon Daudet differs from most young French littératours in this respect; he does not only speak of his books, he writes them. There are so many "young masters" who, in the words of Balzac, "spend their lives in talking themselves," i.e., without working. Young Daudet seems to be taking after Zola, and to have adopted the latter's plan of doing so much work a day. It is a wonderful system, but unfortunately not one that agrees with the constitutions of most writers.

Three of the most prominent contemporary Parisienne journalists are now in Mazas prison, under the infamous charge of blackmailing, their victim in this case having been the unfortunate young millionaire, Max Lebandy. There seems to be little doubt that they did obtain money from the young man, but whether any jury will convict them, seeing that the party, alleged to be the victim in this case having been the unfortunate young millionaire, Max Lebandy, had supped there with someone who was not her husband for certain letters written by a foolish wife. The husband had paid the money, but had also given the man "what for," and had helped him down stairs. Little did the blackmailer care. He was the hero of the evening. Eighteen thousand francs, you know, are not to be found in a mule's hoof, as the saying is in France. I subsequently learned a good deal about this man's methods. Not being fortunate enough to own an influential organ of his own, he was forced to share profits with such newspapers as would allow him to use their columns for his purposes. This is how he would proceed. Having heard from one of his spies, a waiter, say, at one of the restaurants which keep open all night, that some lady, in a foolish moment, had supped there with someone who was not her husband, he would begin operations by causing to be inserted in one of the newspapers a paragraph somewhat as follows: "A little bird whispers to me that two nights ago a fair lady, &c., &c. I understand that the initial of her Christian name is M. Who can she be? And what does her husband, poor fellow, think of it?" And so on. The lady would then be approached. As a rule, however innocent her freak might have been, she would pay what was demanded. If not, a second paragraph, giving a much closer description, would be printed, with the threat that full particulars and details would shortly be forthcoming. This sort of thing is constantly being done. Even the demi-mondaines are laid under tribute. Everybody knows these things and nobody cares. De Lesseps entertained me one afternoon for a couple of hours with stories of
the attempts made to extract money from him and from his wife. The most infamous stories were printed about Madame de Lesseps, that model of womanly virtues. She has often told me of them, and we have laughed heartily. One gets indifferent in the end, and it is because of that feeling that these abuses flourish in France. I remember seeing a Parisian editor pocket 3000 francs, payment for the insertion of a most scurrilous libel. It only struck me afterwards that the man deserved to be kicked. Still there is some excuse for the journalists. They are underpaid and poor, and yet are forced to mix in the best society, to dress well, to go everywhere, to entertain, to spend largely.

I was amused the other day in reading the appendix to "The Wandering Heir" to find that most of what I recently said in reference to the blacklegs of our profession had already been said, and much more eloquently, by Charles Reade.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke is still at Grasmere, confined to his room. He has been ailing since October, but is now much better, and is able to write for some hours every day.

S. R. Crockett writes me that he expects to be in London towards the end of February. He will spend a week or two in town and will then go to Holland for a few weeks. He is working as hard as ever.

A young American artist, named Ralph Goddard, has settled down in Paris and is engaged in modelling the portraits of our leading writers, for casting in the form of bronze medallions. Mr. Goddard has already completed a set of twelve medallions of the best-known English and American authors. He is very enthusiastic over his work.

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, a popular member of the Authors' Club, is now staying in Paris and is working hard at a novel on the turf, which promises to be a book of very great interest. Mr. Cooper spent several weeks at Newmarket studying his subject, and collected quantities of notes to work upon.

I am afraid that our three friends of the Authors' Club, who went out to Ashanti with the expedition as "special correspondents," must have been rather disappointed with the course of events, or rather, want of events, out there. Still they have shown their pluck, and are a credit to our club. And peace is the preferable thing.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.
THE AUTHOR.

become possible at length to arrive at a plan of publishing which may be recognised by men of honour on both sides as fair and reasonable. I do not think that our side will be found backward in advancing an end so eminently desirable. One will, perhaps, be able to speak of the subject with greater fulness in following numbers.

In another column will be found a statement of facts connected with the Address to American Authors. Speaking as one who strongly approved of the Chairman's action, it is very satisfactory to learn that the response amounted to 500 signatures—that is to say, to more than one-third of those to whom it was sent. To persuade 500 authors to joint action is extremely creditable. That some writers would disapprove of any address at all was foreseen; that some would disapprove of the form and style was also inevitable; and that the appearance or suggestion of any difference in opinion would be hailed as a chance of making an attack upon the Society was also inevitable.

In point of fact those who received the address were simply invited to sign it if they approved; if they did not approve, then not to sign. That the invitation was sent out on the Society's paper against what now appear to have been the Chairman's orders may perhaps be explained by the circumstances of the time—being Christmas week—with the secretary absent for four days.

Our New York correspondent, it will be seen, speaks highly of the effect which the address produced in the States. This was expected. Not one single word of adverse criticism to the style or the sentiments of the paper has come over, to my knowledge. I thought at the time, and I still think, that the address as amended from the first rough draft was admirably calculated for its purpose. My own name and that of another writer have been freely tossed about by our friends the critics. We have kept silence because there was nothing to say except that, whatever part we took in the matter, we should, under similar circumstances, act in exactly the same manner again; that we are both perfectly satisfied with that part; and that we think the action of the Chairman was wise, generous, and opportune. And so, I believe, think the five hundred who followed his lead.

Private letters from America entirely confirm this view. Here, for instance, are some lines which came with a private letter, expressing the pleasure which the address gave the writer:—

LET US HAVE PEACE.
Flash the words under the wave,
Let us have peace.
What though the impotent rave?
Let us have peace!
Leave it for barbarous hordes
To brandish their sabres and swords,
Ours but the weapons of words,
Yet words may condemn or may save.
Straight from the heart and the brain,
Ring out the anthem of peace!
PENS of the island and main,
Flash out the written word, PEACE!
Dipped in your heart's blood, still write,
Till nations shall stand in their might,
And brothers with brothers unite
To banish this spectre of Pain!

Johnstown, N.Y., Jan. 8, 1896. J. OLIVER SMITH.

The attacks upon the literary agent have been renewed in various magazines. I wonder if the writers think they can abolish the literary agent by abusing him. Here, for instance, are three reasons absolutely unanswerable to show why he will continue and flourish so long as his clients have confidence in his integrity and ability. (1.) He has been proved to be extremely useful to writers whose works mean literary property. (2.) It is to most of such writers the greatest relief to have the commercial side of their work taken off their hands. (3.) All writers will continue, whatever the papers may say about the agents, to exercise their undoubted right of managing their own affairs in their own way. In other words, no one has the slightest right to interfere, whatever way a man chooses for the conduct of his own business.

A free library has been started at Nuneaton, George Eliot's birthplace. It is proposed to set apart one room for the preservation of the MSS. and letters and relics of George Eliot. Should there not also be a collection of all her works, including the article which she wrote for the Westminster Review? These could all be recovered, I suppose, by the help of the editor's papers and accounts. WALTER BESANT.

FEUILLETON.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

I THINK it may become a man's duty to present himself as an object-lesson—an awful example. I am a peculiarly atrocious example, of fifteen years' standing. I append my balance-sheet in illustration of the statement.
I began to write in 1880. I was an undergraduate member of a venerable University at that time—Christminster, in fact. I wrote plays. Shortly afterwards I came into a little money and removed to London. My dramatic work was freely rejected. One acting manager, indeed, spoke of trying to get a lever de rideau put on for me; I went to see him—I was young, and I omitted to sketch out his own share in the financial dealings. That piece was not played. I thought the systematic rejection might be due to my handwriting; so I had my three plays very beautifully printed and bound. Two of them were quite short, and the cost was about £36. They yet await representation.

Then I determined to give a matinée. I engaged a secretary, and we wrote to one or two leading actors, and drew up a form of invitation to the Press. One of the leading actors came to see me. He sat upon my play, and I in turn repressed the secretary and the matinée. Then I thought I ought to qualify as a playwright by going on the stage. I did go round the provinces for about two years; and have come to the conclusion that this sort of anxious qualifying is almost invariably a mistake.

After this I went to Paris. Then I went to live in the country. Here that temptation assailed me which has completed me as an awful example. I felt that I could write a novel. I wrote it—it was a Cornish story—and I hit upon a capital title for it. It did not seem worth while to sit and wait for its recurrent rejection, so I sent it round as a novel that I would publish at my own cost. On these terms it was accepted. My own solicitors drew up the agreement, and I paid £60. The novel appeared in due course. The publishers went bankrupt in due course. I bought the last shop-worn examples myself. Two of them were quite short, and the cost was about £36. They yet await representation.

Those Press notices (there were some nice Scotch and Irish ones as well; though I must admit one reviewer called me not only mad, but a woman) more than outweighed the cheque to debit. And I tried the drama again. I failed. My own solicitors drew up the agreement, and I paid £60. The novel appeared in due course. The publishers went bankrupt in due course. I was out of pocket. But the Athenæum said a good word for the booklet, the Daily Telegraph gave it a little breeze after, and the Morning Post—O unexpected friend!—spoke of it with enthusiasm. A thousand copies were sold—in five years. I bought the last shop-worn examples myself.

I concluded that I would write another novel. It cost me eighteen months' hard labour and an illness. Two publishers rejected it; the third accepted it. He offered me £30 for the copyright, or a royalty of 2s. 6d. per copy. I chose the latter, and signed the publisher's form of agreement. After many months the book was published. Again many months and I received £8. Soon afterwards the publisher allowed his business entity to fail and be reconstituted. This time the Saturday Review complimented me; so did the Scotsman. I thought I had a start. Of course I got nothing more for the book. I believe it still has a small sale, but I have no claim on it. The publisher parted with it as a "remainder."

I wrote another novel, and nobody would have it at any price. I suppose that was just; for it did not clearly make for righteousness. Then came a morning when I awoke to find myself not famous, but ruined. The thing was not half done, it was rounded and complete. Of course everybody but myself saw that it was entirely my own fault. I could not see that, and do not; but then this only shows my density. Some men would have blown their brains out. But it is an uncanny manoeuvre at best—I did contemplate it. And though I can understand a single man justifying it to himself, I do not see how a married man with a couple of lads could come at the justification. More especially if his wife is his best friend, and has even so failed in the obvious duty of woman as to refuse to stifle her regard for her husband with the baby, when invited to do so. I took the less easy course, and learned shorthand and typewriting, and furbished up the languages I had learned for pleasure for business weapons. England being the land of stanch relations, nearly all my acquaintances and the large majority of my friends dropped me at this time.

When I had duly prepared myself to enter the writhing mass of those competing at the foot of the ladder, I found I was still a failure. I was thirty years of age, and I had no business references or experiences; so I could not get employment, and there really seemed nothing for it but a retreat to the quiet of the cemetery or the society of the workhouse. I was sitting one day in a cheap eating-house, contemplating this dismal alternative, when a Spaniard of my acquaintance came in, hurried up to me, and, with tears in his eyes, told me he had found me work, and wrung my hand. The friends of my adversity have been a Spaniard and a Scotchman. It was hard work, and began at the rate of £6 per annum. I had not only to write shorthand and work the Remington, but translate French of all sorts, German of all sorts, Spanish and Portuguese of all sorts; interpret French evidence in court; stumble through Danish, Swedish and Norwegian letters, and typewrite Italian. My hours were from nine in the morning to six nominal (this
means seven) in the evening. But it was not the workhouse, nor was it the cemetery. And I was earning my living at last. Besides, I was to have all the Bank holidays except one, I had very seldom to work on Sunday, and—after the first year—I was to have a fortnight in the autumn away from work. Soon I was “raised” to £120 a year; then I was actually offered £150, if I would sign a “stringent contract” for three years. For certain reasons not here to be discussed, the life I then endured was so exactly like what I imagine the life in hell to be that I refused this opportunity, raised my shorthand to £140 words a minute, and strove to get a foothold in journalism.

In this I failed again. Then, by a singular fluke, I became secretary to a well-known man of letters, since dead. He was alternately brusque and kindly; he had seen a great deal of life and plenty of fighting, and it seemed to me that he was far more interesting than the popular romances which he dictated to me. I got 35s. a week, plentiful leisure, and a number of wrinkles from him.

Then I became a ghost. This subterranean passage in my life cannot be opened up to mortal eyes, for obvious reasons. I found that when I wrote a book, lock, stock, and barrel, and another man put his name on it, it was worth over £300 (this money was actually paid), and when difficulties arose, and it became known—long after the book’s acceptance—that my ghostly name ought to figure on the title-page, this same book was returned by an important syndicate to the first purchaser as a thing worthless. And yet this very syndicate had read it and valued it as above—when the other name was there. I cannot help thinking that there is good material for reflection in this, if one could only get at the right point of view.

Next I tried collaboration. I collaborated with a man who, I was told, “sold well.” I had seen more than a column of big type given to a work by him in a leading London daily. We wrote three stories together, and they satisfied my experienced collaborator. But my particular Nemesis was not tired of following me—had not sat down to rest for a time even. Those three stories are still for sale.

Balance-sheet of fifteen years’ literary work:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Printing three plays</td>
<td>£2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of publishing one novel</td>
<td>£60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A story in Tinsley’s Magazine, Dec., 1868</td>
<td>£8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From a 2-vol. novel</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A “Ghost” story sold for £60; actually received</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net result, £63 loss</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

You suppose I am cured? No. “As flies to wanton boys are” authors “to the gods.” I still have manuscript going the rounds. But may others profit by me!

“Mr. Broomielaw.”

LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.


AN AUTHOR’S COMPLAINT. George Redway. Athenæum for Jan. 18.


AUTHORS AND POLITICS. Speaker for Jan. 18.

RECEDES OF THE BRONTË FAMILY. Herbert E. Wroot. Good Words for February.


THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO WRITE. Coulson Kernahan. Young Man for January and February.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS. L.—CHARLES DICKENS. W. J. Dawson. Young Man for February.


PARALYZERS OF STYLE. Frederic M. Bird. Lippincott’s Magazine for February.

THE ADVANTAGE OF FICTION. M. G. Tuttiett (Maxwell Gray). Nineteenth Century for January.


LANCASHIRE NOVELISTS’ SERIES. III. —WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Edmund Mericar. Manchester Quarterly for January.


ACCRETIONS TO THE TROY-MYTH AFTER HOMER. Wm. Cranst-Lawton. Poet-Lore (Boston) for January.


RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Blackwood’s Magazine for January.

HOW AMERICAN HISTORY IS WRITTEN. Blackwood’s Magazine for January.


WORDSWORTH’S “PARSON SYMPSON.” Temple Bar for January.

HOW I BECAME A NOVELIST. Edna Lyall. Good Words for January.


THE AUTHOR.

THE OLD NURSE IN FICTION. Spectator for Jan. 4.
CRITICISM AND IDEALS. Speaker for Jan. 4.
JAMESON’S RIDE. First Poem by new Poet-Laureate. Times for Jan. 11.
The Ethics of Mr. Swinburne’s Poetry. Saturday Review for Jan. 25.

NOTABLE REVIEWS.
Of Professor Sully’s “Studies of Childhood.” Athenæum for Jan. 4.
Of Recent French Novels (Works by Jules Case, Georges Ohnet, Edouard Rod, and Alphonse Daudet.) Blackwood’s Magazine for January.

* * * *

In the new little monthly review, To-morrow, Mr. L. Simons discusses the whole subject of bookmaking, and tries to point the way to a better state of things. He holds the balance between author and publisher. “The accusation of ‘greediness’ (he says) brought against some modern authors, as certainly holds good against some publishers.” The publisher may wish to give an author or an artist a push, but in the end he will have to look at financial results, and—

The successful author has no doubt to pay for his still struggling colleague, and if he refuses to do so the end of the latter has come. If to-morrow the Society of Authors were to become a huge co-operative publishing establishment, would the case stand differently?

Mr. Simons depletes the literary agent’s function—of dealing with literature as though he were selling bread and cheese; and he instances the arrangement between M. Zola and his publisher as a lucid example of an author taking his work as a profession in the best sense of the word. But if the publisher’s share be largest at the beginning when he has full risk, and the author’s largest when the public buy him in appreciable numbers — that system, roughly, thinks Mr. Simons, would meet the cases; and he concludes thus:—

The moment to turn “bookmaking” into a profession again, helping it out of the trade groove into which it has fallen, has never been more opportune. The English publishers, who have been undermining each other by a competition such as would have been thought entirely unworthy of their position by their foreign colleagues, are at last going to unite. It will probably be the task of this new union to come to an understanding with the Authors’ Society and fix the rate of royalties to be paid to authors for various class of works, according to the sales. Then the author will find his reward in the number sold and therefore in his popularity; there will be no more bargaining or undermining; the author will simply choose the publisher in whose integrity, taste, and “push” he will have most confidence, and the competition between publishers will once more become a matter of “fair sport.”

A novelist—Miss King—stated recently in the Athenæum that her book, price 3s. 6d., was being sold by the booksellers as if it were published at 6s., its outward appearance probably inducing them to ask the higher price. On this complaint is based Mr. Redway’s article, which is a plea for the abolition of the discount system. (Though Mr. Alfred Wilson writes, in the same journal on the 25th ult., doubting whether Miss King’s novel, while being ticketed at 4s. 6d., was sold at that). “If it can be demonstrated that the public will as readily pay 4s. 6d., or 3s. 6d., or 2s. 6d. for a volume, it is clear,” says Mr. Redway, “that the 3s. 6d. ‘net’ book, for example, may as well be advertised at 6s. and retailed at 4s. 6d., since publisher and author will thus obtain an extra shilling per copy from the public.” He prefers the German system of book distribution: With us the bookseller, under the “net” system, is merely an agent; under the “discount” system, merely a speculator. Therefore—

In England the chances of success of an unknown author become fainter every year: if he write a book of a popular character its fate must depend upon whether the handful of “discount” booksellers, and the largest libraries and railway bookstalls, have anything more important on hand at the moment than the launching of his book.

On the multiplication of book shops depends the future of literature as a branch of commerce, and the discount system is “strangling English literature”; so, asks the writer, Who will bell the cat? for the abolition of discounts and the bringing to pass of the following conditions:

Booksellers might become as common as tobacconists if the old rates of profit on single copies were in vogue. The bookseller’s shop might become an exhibition of the newest and best books, irrespective of their immediate popularity. An army of professional students of catalogues would arise, who could afford to make full use of parcel post and telegraph office, with the result that the bookbuying public, even in the remotest part of the kingdom, might be as well served with new books as with postage stamps.

The National Review paper is an attack on the existence of the literary agent. What a delightful trade (exclaims the writer) and how charmingly inexpensive! The writer believes that to the literary agent we are indebted for the flood of rubbish in the reading world just now, and for many other things.

“Individuality is the one interesting, real thing in the universe,” says Mr. Selwyn Image, who suggests a journal in which criticism would have a free hand entirely, with the one proviso of
blanching the libel court. The critic would write in the first person and in the style his humour smiled upon at the moment; he would sign his article always, but would be free to change his signature as the occasion prompted him. For, says Mr. Image—

If a man is worth listening to at all (and when one can get at him I expect there breathes not a soul but is), let us hear what he thinks and feels, what he likes and hates, and let us hear it his own way. For the attainment of this end the tyranny of the editorial "we" is fatal; but fatal, too, is the antithesis that on every occasion a man should write over his own signature, or over a signature known to be his.

The literary tastes of schoolboys are strikingly illustrated in the Westminster Gazette article. Taking the lists from four public school libraries, here is our summary of the foremost results in the aggregate:—

Henty, 307 times taken out in the course of several terms; Ainsworth, 276; Haggard, 259; Marryat, 221; Jules Verne, 220; Ballantyne, 217; "Q.," 199; James Grant, 185. Scott gets only 110, Stevenson, 84. Clarke Russell, Dickens, Kingston, Hume Nisbet, Blackmore, Manville Fenn, Whyte Melville, Conan Doyle, R. Boldwood, and Mr. Kipling have been taken over 100 times.

BOOK TALK.

Dr. Conan Doyle's series of stories of adventure which has been running in the Strand Magazine, entitled "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," will be published in book form this month. He has recently finished a new story of the Regency period, called "Rodney's Stone," which also will appear serially.

A novel which is to contain lessons for women who try to live their own lives is "The Things That Matter," by Mr. Francis Gribble, which Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. will publish.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has written a romance of Surrey life entitled "Darill," which will appear in Blackwood's Magazine.

Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly," which appeared in Cornhill, will be published in book form soon, and his new work, which is a Galloway story called "The Grey Man," will follow in the autumn.

Mr. George Moore is getting near a finish with his new novel, but some months will elapse yet before it appears. The title is "Evelyn Innes," and the theme of the book the struggle between the spiritual and the sensual life.

After a long and dangerous illness, Miss Eleanor Studder has returned to literary work with an article running through Notes and Queries on the Saxon Yule. A story from her pen is in the hands of Messrs. Nelson to be produced as soon as their arrangements permit.

Mr. Frederic Breton has written a novel laid in the Western Highlands of Scotland, entitled "The Trespasses of Two." It will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. They also announce "A Provincial Lady," by Mrs. Harcourt Williamson.

Mr. Clive Holland is the author of "A Lure of Fame," a novel to be published by Mr. George Redway.

Mr. Quiller Couch is about to publish a volume of essays which he has named "Adventures in Criticism." "Ia," a Cornish story, which appeared in Yule Tide at Christmas, will also be out in book form soon. Messrs. Cassell and Co. are his publishers.

Mr. Frankfort Moore is so well up to date as to publish a short story about Ashanti. It is called "Dr. Kumahdi of Ashantee," and will appear in Messrs. Constable's Acme Series, for which also Sir Robert Peel has written a tale.


"A Foreigner: an Anglo-German Study," is the title of a book by E. Gerard (Madame de Laszowska) which Messrs. Blackwood and Sons are about to publish.

The first mountaineering book of the year is likely to be "The Japanese Alps," by the Rev. Walter Weston. While residing at Kobe as British chaplain, Mr. Weston, who is a member of the Alpine Club, explored what he calls the "unfamiliar" mountain regions of Central Japan. This book is the result. It will be profusely illustrated from the author's photographs. Mr. Murray is the publisher.

The extraordinary title "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington" has been given to a biography of the famous Countess which Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy has prepared and Messrs. Downey will issue. There will be letters in it by Tom Moore, Lord Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens, Galt, and others. Messrs. Downey have also in hand a story by Colonel Davis, entitled "Three Men and a God."

The two-volume work "Democracy and Liberty," by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., is in the press of Messrs. Longmans. Longmans, who have also in preparation the late Professor Froude's Lectures on the Council of Trent; "The Astronomy of Milton's

Professor Brander Matthews contributes a volume on “Bookbindings Old and New” to the well-known Ex-Libris Series published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The work is to be illustrated with examples of the most skilful binding, and its letterpress will deal with the subject from the days of Grolier to those of Cobden Sanderson.

At a book sale at Sotheby's a few days ago Shakespeare’s “Poems,” 1640, the first collected edition, but with defective portrait and four leaves missing, brought £21; a copy of the fourth folio edition of Shakespeare, 1685, wanting a portrait, £45; and Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” 1667, first edition, with the first title-page, £90.

The Duke of Argyll has been at work, off and on, for fifteen years upon his book “The Philosophy of Belief,” which Mr. Murray will have ready shortly. The same house expects to issue the first portion of Gibbon’s unpublished works—autobiographies, journals, and correspondence—edited by the Earl of Sheffield, about Easter.

Mr. Percy Hemingway’s book of verse, entitled “The Happy Wanderer, and other Poems,” will be issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews this month. This publisher has also a volume in preparation by Mr. Vincent Sullivan, which will have a frontispiece done by Mr. Selwyn Image.

Mr. F. G. Edwards has written a “History of Mendelssohn’s ‘Elijah’” (this year, by the way, is the jubilee of the first performance of the oratorio, which took place at Birmingham Festival) in which there will be new matter gathered from unpublished letters of the composer and his contemporaries. The work will be published at an early date by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Penny standard works are not alone Mr. Stead’s field now, for Messrs. George Newnes Limited have begun a series of which the first was Goldsmith’s “Vicar of Wakefield.” Messrs. Jarrold and Sons also publish good “penny populars.” Mr. Swinburne’s lyric, too, “A Word for the Navy,” published nine years ago at 5s., is now in slightly revised form appearing in an edition of 12,000 copies at one penny each.

A cyclopedia of architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant is being edited by Mr. W. P. Longfellow, and will be published soon by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The most important of January’s moderate output of books were “The Life of Cardinal Manning,” by Edmund Sheridan Purcell (Macmillan)—which has been received with extraordinarily diverse feelings; “The Life of William Carleton,” the Irish novelist, continued from the point where the autobiography breaks off, by David J. O’Donoghue (Downey and Co.); and “New Poems by Christina Rossetti,” edited by William Michael Rossetti (Macmillan). Mr. Gladstone’s edition of Bishop Butler’s works (Clarendon Press) should also be named.

New light on Burns’s career, particularly his residence in Irvine, his notion of migrating to America, and his relations with Elizabeth Paton and Mary Campbell, is to be supplied by Mr. Wm. Wallace in his edition of the biography by Dr. Chambers to be published soon by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers.

The second edition of Mr. Ernest Hart’s work, “Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft,” will have new chapters on “The Eternal Gullible,” and a note on “The Hypnotism of Trilby.”

The works of the well-known American writer Mr. John Burroughs are about to appear in a Riverside Edition in nine volumes, illustrated with portraits. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. are the English publishers. The same house announces an edition of Marryat, edited by Mr. R. B. Johnson, and illustrated with etchings, for publication in the early spring. Messrs. Routledge are also publishing a complete edition of Marryat, in monthly volumes, edited by Mr. W. L. Courtney.

What is said to be by far the largest Greek papyrus known—namely, “The Revenue Laws of Ptolemy Philadelphus,” in the Bodleian Library—has been translated, with commentary and appendices, by Mr. B. P. Grenfell, and will be published shortly at the Clarendon Press. Professor Mahaffy writes an introduction, and the volume will be accompanied by a portfolio containing thirteen facsimiles.

Mr. E. F. Knight, who acted for the Times in the recent Madagascar Campaign, is issuing a book about it through Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., entitled “Madagascar in War Time: The Experiences of a Special Correspondent with the Hovas during the French Invasion of 1895.”

A new edition of the late Mr. Stevenson’s “Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh” (originally published eighteen years ago, and now out of print) will be ready this month. The illustrations are entirely new, consisting of eight copper plates, four of which are etchings, and over fifty other engravings in tint and line. Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford, Royal Scottish Water Colour Society,
has done the work. Messrs. Seeley and Co. are the publishers.

Stevenson’s "Songs of Travel" are being prepared for issue by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, apart from the volume in the Edinburgh Edition containing them. The supplementary series of the Edinburgh Edition will number seven volumes.

Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold’s recently published book, "The Story of Ulla," has done something to prove collected short stories are not always unpopular. A second edition is already being prepared by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton’s new novel, "In the Day of Adversity," having now finished its serial course in London and Australia, will be published immediately. It will be produced in volume form in London and New York simultaneously—by Messrs. Methuen and Co. here, and by Messrs. Appleton and Co. in the latter city. The period is that of Louis Quatorze—which has been a special study of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton for many years—and the events connected with the burning of the French fleet at La Hogue form a portion of the incidents dealt with.

"A Sextet of Singers" (The Roxburghe Press). In this little volume of eighty-three pages we sample the graceful, sympathetic verse of half a dozen writers whom—one and all—we could profitably listen to oftener and at greater length. They are George Barlow, J. A. Blaikie, "Paganus" (L. Cranmer-Byng), Vincent O’Sullivan, Walter Hermis Pollock, and Sidney R. Thompson. As illustrating the spirit of poetic feeling that may be said to animate the whole sextet, the following stanzas from "Once More," by Mr. Barlow, will serve:

Once more, with skies above her
Of endless perfect air,
With sunlit leaves to love her
And whisper, "Thou art fair;"
Once more—and statelier, surer,
When summer’s hymn was done
From woman’s mouth came purer
The anthems of the sun:
Once more, in honeyed metre
That charmed grief to repose,
From woman’s lips came sweeter
The lyrics of the rose.
Each says: "Though hearts preceding
Were broken one by one,
Yet follow we Love’s leading
As hope pursues the sun.
A thousand shipwrecks follow
The North wind’s course, maybe:
Does one fierce shipwreck hollow
One slight gulf in the sea?
Nay! all the sea is smiling,
As if no ship were slain;
The blue waves are beguiling
The white sails forth again."

A new novel, entitled "In Oban Town," by Mr. C. McKellar, author of "Greece: her Hopes and Troubles," "A Jersey Witch," &c., will shortly be issued by Mr. Alexander Gardner, Paisley. H.R.H. the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, has accepted a copy of Mr. McKellar’s work on Greece in very gracious terms.

"Thoughts for Book Lovers," compiled by Harry S. Lumsden. (Aberdeen: Lewis Smith and Son. Is. 6d.) A virtuous-looking brochure, in which a useful collection is made of what well-known writers have said upon the value of books, and how they should be read. As an assistant in a public library, Mr. Lumsden has had opportunity of noticing the diverse ideas among readers as to which way most pleasure and profit lie, and he thus seeks to guide them.

"Goethe's Faust." The First Part. With a Literal Translation and Notes for Students. By Beta. (David Nutt. 3s. 6d.) The translator justifies the publication of another translation of Faust because much indispensable light has been thrown on many passages since Hayward’s admirable work was written. In this well-executed crib for beginners, therefore, Beta supplies the latest interpretations, following Sabatier’s text generally, and giving new notes to aid students. The lengthy record of errata which prefaces the book will doubtless be removed in a second edition, which must come quickly.

"The Commandment with Promise." By the Hon. Gertrude Boscawen. (Elliot Stock.) This is a handsome book with a gracefully written story for children; its lesson—obedience.

"Drifting through Dreamland." By T. E. Ruston. (Elliot Stock.) There is great flexibility in the choice of the subjects treated in this volume of verse. They range from "The Worst Boy in the School" and "The Fighting Parson" to "Via Vitae" and "The Gate of Heaven." The author’s insight appears well in "Via Vitae" among the longer poems; but for simplicity and direct feeling, this, from "A Love Song," the last piece in these 154 pages, is best:

There are many finer ladies,
But they’re not so fine to me;
You are all that I could wish for—
You are all you ought to be.
Just a woman, brave and tender,
Quick to aid and quick to love:
Made for earth, yet nearest heaven—
One who works, yet points above.

"Divers Ditties." By Alec. McMillan, M.A., Bengal Civil Service (Retired). (Archd. Constable and Co.) Anglo-Indians will be most interested in this book, as nearly all the verses in it deal with that life. But there are some adap-
tations of English poems, and, moreover, Mr. McMillan has a largely human touch, so home readers can enjoy his verse as well. There is a pleasant swing in “Anundorum Borooah” and “The Road to Pepityapore”; and sometimes the writer takes to homely Scots—presumably, like Mr. Crockett, for his stomach’s sake. Here is an example of Mr. McMillan’s song:

In the stately repose of a ripe womanhood,
With the grace of a goddess of Hellas she stood,
And the glory of summers a score,
Fronting the sun that to setting was nigh,
All under the shade of a tamarind high,
On the road to Pepityapore.

“Spring’s Immortality, and Other Poems.” By Mackenzie Bell. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden. 3s. 6d.) This is a second edition of Mr. Bell’s volume, so warmly received when it first came out for its delicate feeling and thoughtful workmanship. The author has made some revisions, and prefixed a poem addressed to Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman.

“The Story of an Old Oak Tree.” By C. Thorpe Fancourt. (London: Elliot Stock.) The tree relates its own experiences with a little boy and some birds and squirrels. Tried on a little girl, the result showed that the little book is able to please.

“Tales told by the Fireside.” By the Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., Canon of Carlisle. (Elliot Stock.) Canon Bell, whose poems are well known, appears in a new line—that of a storyteller. The book contains seven stories. They are all stories concerning one family. The author’s new departure will be welcomed by many friends.

“Sung by Six.” (R. Aickin and Co. Limited, Belfast.) This is a pretty little volume of verse, nicely printed and bound, with a very dainty frontispiece. The Six are Messieurs—or Mesdames—S. K. Cowan, J. H. Cousins, W. M. Knox, L. J. McQuilland, W. T. Anderson, and J. J. Pender. This is presumably the first appearance of these poets in public. Now, on the mere possibility that only one of them arrives at worldly fame, how valuable will this work become in after years! Have we not, by the way, already heard this tune? It occurs in the first page we open.

A—Authors and Publishers.


Rider Haggard’s “Montezuma’s Daughter” and Mr. Andrew Lang’s “Cock Lane and Common Sense” have also been added to the Silver Library.

“Suggestions for the Promotion of Unity in Christendom,” by George Edward Turner (Elliot Stock), is a book which recommends itself, by its title, to those who believe that such unity is possible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—Authors and Publishers.

As an Associate of the Authors’ Society for the past three years, I have followed with attention and admiration your unswerving insistence on the rights of authors vis-à-vis publishers. I do not presume to suppose that any point of view in the controversy should occur to one with little experience in literature and agreements which has not for years been fully weighed by you, nor to offer suggestions for publication. When there is a definite and philanthropic object to attain, everyone agrees that it is necessary to adopt a definite strategy of attack, and to remain silent perhaps on those points of view which do not tell directly in favour of the contention. I jot down some thoughts suggested by this first month’s number of the new year, rather as a silent indorsement of an unknown member in recognition of the immense patience and persistence of the Society in the struggling authors’ behalf.

The January number, as do most numbers, raises passim most of the grounds which rouse the Society’s indignation. They are, cursorily, secret or unwarranted charges (office expenses, cost of advertisements, &c.); “publishers’ services,” exaggerated importance of; “remuneration,” impropriety and misleading use of the word for the earnings which “belong to the creator;” binding oneself for a term of years; the literary agent; unjust percentage of profits taken by publisher in return for “risk,” &c. The basis of discussion, and the fighting tone tactically adopted by the Society, may be gathered from
such sentences as these: "We speak of agreements between two honourable men, both of whom desire nothing more than is fair, and both of whom would scorn the dirty tricks of secret profits and lying returns." "Let us set forth the conditions as dispassionately as possible" (recognition of the animosity that has long formed part of the controversy on one side at least). "What are the publishers' services? What does he actually do for the book? The requisite knowledge is equally possessed by his clerks." "Literary property belongs to the creator, not to the middleman" (the word "remuneration" therefore inapplicable—almost an insult). "The following magnificent offer was recently made by a publisher of no small note. . . . If he relied on the ignorance of the author, he was within his wrongs."

This insistence, indignation, exposure, must be viewed by authors with gratitude; it is a battle stubbornly fought for them on astute and recognised controversial principles. And the basis of operations, the fortress on which the attack rests, is one, the only one, which must exact, and obtains; the sympathy and support of civilized society. The recognition of this basis is the groundwork of these remarks. What is it, then? The basis of the authors' claims is nothing more or less than morality—Christian morality; it insists that both parties should be actuated by fairness, honesty, and honour. It insists on the rights of the author to the profits on his own work. This is a distinct assertion of the modern social doctrine; in barbarous times the greater portion of humanity were slaves, and had no other rights, either in law or morality, than those they could claim by force.

In this century, and this country, it seems ridiculous even to go down to this. What other principle is ever employed in anything than the fundamental doctrine of individual liberty? Well, it seems a flagrant paradox to express, but the common experience of life points to the fact that in business, might, and might alone, is still, as it always has been, the only individual right. The only difference to barbarism is that sword and targe are replaced by fraud and cunning, or tact, patience, self-reliance, and the strong will. In business a man's only practical right is the profit that he can get; and literature, from the point of view of the Society, is a business.

To exemplify this, before making deductions, let us look round. Authors are not the only creators; there are artists, mechanical inventors, business men. Every man who aspires to rise is a creator; a speculator, a shopkeeper, can only grow rich by the ideas of his brain, which are creations. Let us take inventors. How does the world treat them in the matter of rights? They sell their patents for what they can get, and there is no morality yet discovered which can adjust their claims on the principle of even half profits in the result. Stevenson's invention was worth, roughly, a hundred millions. Would anyone think of giving it him if he came to life again? The highest justice that civilisation has yet conceived is a lump of bronze, and that posthumous.

There is therefore no practical existent morality which can justify, by precedent, a claim to a given share in the profits of a man's work. It is an accepted worldly maxim that the capitalist takes the lion's share, and the inventor just what he can get, with no reference to the value of his patent. A new tie-clip, as a rule, brings more profit than a steam-engine; a gaudy design on a tin plate than the invention of porcelain; a bread pill than the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

From a business point of view, then, the author has no ground to consider himself exceptionally ill-used, or immorally treated; no right to brand the publisher with extortion, or complain of his fraud. To be honourably treated is the exception; to be cheated, the universal rule. The point of view that you have seemed, very properly, to hold in the background is that the publisher does not really stand to the author in the relation of agent, middleman, but simply of capitalist to patentee. I invent a pill—call it a book. Who asked me to—who wants it? If I choose that line of aspiration, or livelihood, instead of opening a pin-shop, it is my misfortune, or my choice; I have got to work it on exactly the same moral principles as obtain in any other line of speculation. I have either got to swallow my pill myself, or to sell it to the capitalist for what he will give, in order that he can make an innocent and long-suffering world swallow it for my benefit; and I get the additional unearned increment of kudos, by having my name stamped on every bolus.

But, if we have not the right to appeal to practical morality, we must certainly retain the inalienable prerogative of members of an enlightened civilisation to put in the foreground with all the clamour of the world a sentimental morality which forms the theory of Christian ethics. It is hypocritical, it is true; but it is the universal custom in politics, advertisement, finance. When did we ever prosecute a filibustering war without flaunting this moral indignation in the van? These controversial tactics are therefore just as much justified as our wrongs are the natural outcome of business "morality."

Let us, then, by all means continue to appeal
to a sense of moral equity as the basis of our claims for the pecuniary recognition of our work; but let us at the same time acknowledge clearly to ourselves that we are not adjusting some cruel and exceptional wrong, but simply "striking for higher wages" like any other trades union. In practical fairness, based on the moral fairness of our ideal, let us wage the war with no fictitious resentment against the publisher, but simply with a doggedly good-humoured determination to sweat him as much as we can, just as until we formed our union he used to sweat us. In practice, we can no more regard him as our mere agent or middleman than the labourer can regard the capitalist as existing only to put his labour on the market. It is a trite maxim, but none the less true, that if there were fewer publishers there would be fewer authors; for the rank and file, he provides labour and keeps in work many of us who without him would find our calling gone. And it is difficult to assert that the world would be much the worse off for our loss, any more than it would if the patent-pill works were closed. We can therefore only expect the market wages. As for actual cheating, it is disgusting; but are not many handicraftsmen cheated by concealing the true value of their work?

Despite the superior dignity of letters, if we carry out our social doctrine of equality to its conclusion we are bound to hold our trade, from a business point of view, on the same level with all other efforts of man; the majority of us are mechanical workers for money, and our sublimest flights of art for art's sake may be paralleled by the bricklayer's dainty dalliance with the trowel. We must, then, adopt the mechanic's principle in fighting for higher wages, and that is simply trades unions and the strike. We have formed the union: the logical outcome must be a strike. Can we strike?

Even here we are in just the same position as tea-shop maids, labourers, shipbuilders, engineers—perhaps a trifle better, since, after all, ours is almost the smallest trade in point of numbers, and it is easy to identify each of the hands. In a lock-out there will always be many of us inclined to play blackleg for our bread and butter, and that, as elsewhere, can only be provided against by a strike fund to support us for a year. And if we require £1 a week to the labourers' 10s., we have many wealthy members.

But if our union were ever really to come to pronounced action, it could do it with far less loss and suffering than that incurred by poorer guilds; and we have two lines of action—separate or joint. Let us suppose that the Society has drawn up an instrument guaranteeing, as far as humanly possible, the minutest rights of authors, and abolishing every imaginable form of fraud, extortion, and slavery, and that it only remains to force it on all present and future publishers with every conceivable safeguard—how are they to be compelled to accept it?

It could be done by from twenty to fifty of our most popular writers alone, while the small fry went on picking up crumbs. If these twenty or fifty authors were to bind themselves to submit no works for five years to any publisher who refused the declaration of rights, making allowance for the large number of juniors who could easily be persuaded to follow the Society's advice under their example, in two years sufficient of the leading houses would have given way to provide work for all the genuine talent of the country; and the rest would follow suit or fail.

Or, it could be done by the same twenty to fifty successful authors subscribing the funds to start an immense publishing concern of their own. With £20,000 capital guaranteed, and the scheme definitely set on foot, a thousand smaller authors would be found to support it with annual subscriptions or saleable manuscripts with pay temporarily deferred.

Or, as a combination of these two schemes, a smaller publishing house might be started which would find work for any "marketable" author who would agree to boycott reprehensible firms. Even if there was no more to be gained than the comfort of dealing with honourable men, there is surely sufficient esprit de corps to make such a business pay, and that means to make it a serious competitor in the publishing world. And the declared competition of a single reputable firm on the lines of fairness and audits against extortion and fraud is sufficient to set the ball rolling which will make literature the finest profession in the world.

One last word on this oft-made suggestion of authors uniting to publish their own works, and one that has probably struck many as at least most interesting. That is, that now or never is the time; and that the now means the establishment of one of the most flourishing and paying businesses that has ever sprung into being. The Society of Authors has, perhaps unpremeditatedly, worked up public opinion and literary esprit de corps to just that ripe pitch whose natural and permissible outcome is a great mercantile undertaking. The whole body of young authors, the literary world of the next generation, has been alarmed, disturbed, and perplexed by ideas of their wrongs which, by business morality, are simply the universal struggle for life, the common lot of all ambitions. They have been made to think that they are being defrauded by no matter how generous an agreement; they have been
taught to look to the Society as their sole refuge from starvation or sweating. And the majority of established writers are already, by the generous impulses of the art, committed to the support of the league. The union of half a dozen leaders of literature would probably find the capital to start a publishing house, already advertised as no other house has ever been, to which every young author, necessarily including the few geniuses of the next generation, would flock. Surely with the support of a few leaders, and the pick of new genius (which, even more than established names, makes the fortune of existing houses), the new firm would have excellent prospects of success.

But only now—during the next few years. It has not taken the Society ten years to accomplish the splendid results already felt; in another ten years it will, by its persistent and irresistible momentum, have completed the revolution—peacefully. That is its aim; and it will have achieved it nobly and simply, by a theoretical appeal to the principles of human justice.

But it will have lost the opportunity of making authors complete arbiters of their own success.

C. W. MASON.

59, Oaklands-road, Cricklewood.

II.—Free from Liability.

I have been much interested in the report, on page 184 of the January number of the Author, of a case tried in the courts respecting the return of a MS., in which it was held that the editor’s “notice” freed him from liability, even though he failed to show that he had “used his best endeavours” to return it.

In this case the author got back his MS. But suppose it had been lost or destroyed—what then? Can any person divest himself of his legal obligations to his fellow-subjects merely by announcing that he does not intend to observe them? It used to be held that he could; but that view is not held now. Railway companies, by a bye-law, used to mulct a passenger who had lost his ticket by making him pay over again, merely to save the trouble of verifying his statement; but that bye-law has been upset. It used to be held lawful to shoot a dog, even though a valuable animal, if found trespassing, provided a notice to that effect was publicly exhibited; but that view, I believe, is no longer held. I have seen a printed notice, dating from last century, that “Any person found trespassing in this plantation will be shot!” That notice might have been held good in law then; could it be pleaded in answer to an indictment for murder now?

In 1891, I sent a short tale to the editor of a certain sporting paper, which prints every week a notice that MS. sent without invitation will not be returned. I was not aware of this notice when I sent the MS. It can be easily understood that the MSS. usually submitted to a paper of that class would possess only a passing interest; if not used at once, they would become worthless. But my MS. was a tale, suitable for other papers as well as this sporting journal; it was neatly typed and bound in pamphlet form, and the typewriting cost me 6s. to 8s. Hearing nothing of the MS. after several months, and getting no reply to my letters inclosing stamps, I applied to Mr. Squire Sprigge, then secretary of the Authors’ Society; and he, after some correspondence with the sporting paper, informed me that the editor denied all liability, in consequence of his notice. I sustained, therefore, a pecuniary loss of 6s. to 8s. Had the editor the right to do this? I think not. He must have seen at a glance that the MS. had cost money to type it, and that its non-return meant a pecuniary loss to the author. Had he the right to destroy my property, according to an arbitrary rule which he had made himself? Seeing that the MS. was of some value (I mean in a pecuniary sense), he might have put it aside on a shelf and waited till it was called for. But he made away with it instead, apparently to save the trouble of posting it. I sent him stamps for that purpose.

Now, the question is this: Does any person, no matter who, editor or not, with notice or without it, possess the legal right to make away with my property merely to suit his own convenience? I fancy not. Only that I was living at a distance from London at the time, I would have tested the matter by a summons, and demanded either the return of the MS. or compensation for the loss sustained. But I have yet a year or two for consideration of the matter before my claim is barred by lapse of time.

Perhaps some of our legal friends will enlighten us on the subject.

III.—Less the Exchange.

When a writer is living abroad, is it customary for the publisher when sending him a cheque from London to stop the difference in the exchange, or ought not the author to have the advantage of living in a country where the exchange is high? For years I have always received cheques with the sum agreed upon intact, but the other day I had one with the deduction of the exchange carefully made, accompanied by a form of receipt on which the full sum was written. I should like to hear what is considered fair in this matter.

A Member.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving in answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

**WARNINGS AND ADVICE.**

1. **DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.**—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. **SERIAL RIGHTS.**—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. **STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.**—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. **ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.**—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. **LITERARY AGENTS.**—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. **COST OF PRODUCTION.**—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. **CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.**—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.

8. **FUTURE WORK.**—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. **PERSONAL RISK.**—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. **REJECTED MSS.**—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. **AMERICAN RIGHTS.**—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. **CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.**—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. **ADVERTISEMENTS.**—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. **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. Be yourself a business man.

**Society's Offices:**

4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

**HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.**

1. **EVERY MEMBER HAS A RIGHT TO ASK FOR AND TO RECEIVE ADVICE UPON HIS AGREEMENTS, HIS CHOICE OF A PUBLISHER, OR ANY DISPUTE ARISING IN THE CONDUCT OF HIS BUSINESS OR THE ADMINISTRATION OF HIS PROPERTY.** If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the
Members are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in case MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

**NOTICES.**

The Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for...
inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

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FROM THE COMMITTEE.

The Committee beg to remind members that the Subscription for the year is due on January the First. The most convenient form of payment is by order on a Bank. This method saves the trouble of remembering. The Secretary will in future send reminders to members who are in arrear in February.

The Author will not be sent to members in arrear after the month of March.

At the end of the year the three retiring members of the committee, Sir W. Martin Conway, Mr. Arthur A Beckett, and the Hon. John Collier submitted their names for re-election and were duly re-elected members of the committee. At the meeting of Jan. 27th the committee proceeded to elect a chairman in the room of Sir W. Martin Conway, whose year of office expired on Dec. 31st, 1895. Mr. H. Rider Haggard was unanimously elected chairman.

G. H. Thring, Secretary.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

The following are the resolutions proposed and carried at the General Meeting of the Society:—

**Resolution I.** — "That a special committee of three members of the Society be elected in the manner hereafter described to confer with a sub-committee of three members and the chairman of the committee of management as to changes to be introduced into the constitution of the Society, with the object of making the managing committee more representative of the members, and as to other matters connected with the welfare and development of the Society generally."

**Resolution II.** — "That there be sent out with the April number of the Author a list of names of members of the Society, not being members of the managing committee, who have been duly proposed and seconded by members, and have signified their willingness to serve on the special committee, and that this list be accompanied by a balloting paper, to be signed by the member voting and filled up by him with the names of the three persons selected by him from the aforementioned list who he desires to serve on the special committee, and that the special committee be constituted of the three members who shall respectively receive the largest number of votes."

The intention is that all the members through the circulation of the Author should have the resolutions before them. That those who desire to do so should obtain the names of suitable men and women of letters to stand on the sub-committee. That they should get these names seconded by another member and should forward them to me in the course of the month of March. That all the names should then be inserted in a list in the April number of the Author, and a voting slip should be sent round with that number for three members to sit on the committee. Those who obtain the greatest number of votes should then be considered elected.

G. Herbert Thring.

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SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

The annual general meeting of the Incorporated Society of Authors was held yesterday afternoon at the rooms of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, 20, Hanover-square, W. Mr. Rider Haggard presided, and there was a numerous attendance.

The Chairman presented the report, and, in doing so, referred to the losses which the Society had sustained by death during the year. Among many others who had died were Professor Huxley, the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Henry Reeve, Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Mr. George Augustus Sala. The question of Canadian copyright was the one which had attracted, perhaps, most attention in connection with the Society during the year. They had elected 214 members to the Society, and had lost sixty, some by death and some by resignation. The Society now numbered 1300 members, and its finances were in a satisfactory state. He thought they would admit that the year's work had been of a useful character. About 100 cases had been settled through the Society, and the secretary had written letters of advice to about half of the members; many manuscripts had been read by skilled readers for members of the Society, and also in a large number of instances money which was due to members, and which they were unable to recover for themselves, had been recovered through the action of the Society or its solicitors. The Society proposed to go into the question of watching the interests of educational writers and musical composers, which was a branch quite by itself. It should be understood that the Society did not exist for the purpose of attacking publishers, but for the purpose of defending authors. He hoped to see in the future the establishment of an esprit de corps among authors, a feeling of fellowship in which, up to the present time, they had been greatly wanting. Complaints had been made that the Society did not do everything it ought to do. The committee especially wished to make it as
useful as it could be to the general interests of authors, and if any of them had any doubt of it he would ask them to read the resolution which was to be moved by Sir Martin Conway, and seconded by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Mr. W. H. Wilkins had a motion on the paper which ran:—"That this meeting repudiates the address headed, 'The Authors of England to the Authors of America,' and regrets that the Society was in any way connected with it." They would understand that he himself felt diffidence in approaching and some difficulty in dealing with that subject, because anything he said might be made more of on the other side of the water than it deserved. Perhaps he could not do better than read the resolution which the committee of management came to: "The committee of management of the Society of Authors, having investigated the circumstances under which the address to American authors and its covering letter were issued from the Society's offices, have unanimously found that the address expressly purports to proceed from its signatories alone; that it was neither printed or circulated at the expense of the Society's funds; and that the use of the Society's letter-paper in soliciting signatures was unauthorised by them. The committee, while entertaining all friendly feelings possible towards their American brethren, are of opinion that action on international questions does not fall within the scope of their corporate powers." He thought that resolution explained everything that it was necessary to explain, and that the responsibility for that address had not been accepted by the Society or its committee. Perhaps under those circumstances Mr. Wilkins might on consideration see fit not to press his motion for obvious reasons. ("No, no.") He would point out that really for political reasons it was rather a difficult matter to be violently discussed in public. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Martin Conway moved—"That a special committee of three members of the Society be elected in the manner hereafter described to confer with a sub-committee of three members and a chairman of the committee of management as to changes to be introduced into the constitution of the Society, with the object of making the managing committee more representative of the members, and as to other matters connected with the welfare and development of the Society generally." He said that the resolution was substantially the same as one of which notice was originally given by Mr. Wilkins. He was very glad indeed that Mr. Wilkins withdrew it, and he was also very glad to be able to adopt it and move it and have Mr. Wilkins's support in doing so, as he thought that a motion of that kind would better come from the managing committee than from the body of the members. The Society owed most in its initiation and building up to Sir Walter Besant, and but for him would not exist to-day. There had been many letters in the papers, some of which seemed to cast reflections on Sir Walter Besant, and he was very glad to be able to state that Mr. Wilkins, at all events, had publicly disavowed any desire to cast any reflection on Sir Walter Besant or to disavow him as the member of the Society to whom the Society owed most. If Sir Walter Besant had been able to be present that day he would have supported the resolution.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins seconded the resolution in a few words.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins supported the resolution. He was glad that the council had abandoned their non possumus attitude of former years. The only desire he, and those who thought as he did, had was to do good to the Society. They had no wish to make a personal attack on any prominent member of the Society. They all admitted the great sacrifices made by those who originally formed the Society, and more especially by Sir Walter Besant. The younger generation was, however, knocking at the door and wanted to come in, and although an oligarchy might be an admirable way of governing a society when it was young, yet when it had arrived at man's estate he thought it was high time that those who kept the Society going with their own money should be admitted to have a voice in its management. He thought the committee might consider the question of admitting women to some share of responsibility on the council. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction existing in the Society. He had taken no share in agitating for reforms until a few weeks ago, and when he did so and wrote a letter to the papers he was inundated with letters from all sorts of people, and his chambers became for a week or two a positive Cave of Adullam.

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") supported the suggestion that women should be allowed to have representatives on the council.

Mr. C. H. Cook ("John Bickerdyke") strongly objected to attacks being made in the papers until the Society had heard, in their ordinary meeting, what was brought against them, and had had an opportunity of answering the charges. They were the most intelligent people in England—(laughter)—and if any member came to the general meeting and said that there were grievances, no doubt those grievances would be discussed in a fair and proper way. He strongly supported the suggestion that women should have a place on the council, and also on the com-
mittee. He thought that only the most eminent men of letters should be allowed a place on the council. He supported the motion, which was carried.

Sir Martin Conway moved:—"That there be sent out with the April number of the Author a list of names of such members of the Society, not being members of the managing committee, as have been duly proposed and seconded by members and have signified their willingness to serve on the special committee, and that this list be accompanied by a ballot paper to be signed by the member voting and filled up by him with the names of the three persons selected by him from the aforementioned list whom he desires to serve on the special committee, and that the special committee be constituted of the three members who shall respectively receive the largest number of votes."

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins seconded the resolution, and it was carried.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins thought that after the remarks which had fallen from the chairman, and the expressions of opinion of different members of the Society, there was no course open to him but to withdraw his motion. (Cheers)

From the Times, Feb. 18, 1896.

THE APPEAL OR THE BRITISH AUTHORS.

The following is noteworthy. The letter explains itself. It is from the editor of a monthly magazine:

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your short story which you sent to this magazine.

The magazine is now published by this company, and as we have a department for literary agency, it is necessary to pass all magazine matter through its books. If you will allow me to do this and to charge the usual commission of 10 per cent., I shall be very glad to accept the story at the price you name.—I remain, &c.

This is ingenious. The spirited directors of the company apparently propose to knock off 10 per cent. from the price paid for articles and papers sent to the magazine. To be your own literary agent; to pass on things to your own magazine; and then to take off 10 per cent. from everybody—observe that "all magazine matter must pass through its books"—"must"!—is surely as neat, as easy, and as pretty a way of making money as ever was invented.

II.—Religion in Daily Life.

A young novelist, beginning to be successful, recently received an invitation from the S.P.C.K. to let them have a story. He had one ready, and asked them what terms they were prepared to offer. He was told that they would give him £120. He asked what rights this sum covered; if it meant anything, for instance, beyond serial rights. They said that it covered everything, serial right, American right, book right, colonial right, everything. It was a most amazing offer: it covered the face of the whole earth. The author withdrew his MS., with a few remarks on religion in daily life.

Now, what has been the future of that novel? The writer, who, one repeats, has only recently made a mark, has made arrangements with that novel which will produce for him in the end more than four times the sum offered in the name of Religion!

The point to notice is that this excellent institution, which really makes every clergyman glow with honest pride and joy in it, endeavoured to get the whole rights of a good novel—everything—for the sum of £120. They may say that they could not tell that it would be worth so much. To this there are two answers. (1) The writer had...
already done so well that £120 was an absurd price to offer for all rights of a book by him. (2.) That no provision was made for improving the author's position in case of the work proving a success. What is thought of this transaction?

There are two ways of dealing with a book, which is a property. One way is to take it over on terms which recognises the proprietor's interest in it and his just rights in it. The other way is to grab at it; to give for it the smallest sum that the exigencies of the author force him to accept, without the least heed to the possible value of the book or the real rights of the author.

Which of these two ways does the Committee of the S.P.C.K. prefer in the conduct of their business?

III.—The American Authors' Publishing Company.

A circular has been issued in New York proposing the creation of an Associated Authors' Publishing Company. The capital is 50,000 dollars, i.e., £10,000 in 2500 shares of 20 dollars, or £4 each. The incorporators, who are, apparently, the first ten shareholders, include the President of the American Authors' Guild, the President of the Lotos Club, and the Vice-President of the American Surety Company.

According to the prospectus, the company will buy a publishing business as a going concern and run it for a moderate dividend, the surplus, if any, to be divided among the authors whose books they produce. The first point to be considered is, that it is intended to be a perfectly straightforward, honourable company. It may be objected that there are already honourable publishers in New York. No doubt—what advantage, then, will the author obtain? First, one takes it, the right of inspecting his own books whenever he pleases; that is to say, such of the books as his agreement allows; next, his books will be managed for him, and not for the publisher. Consider the difference by examining the figures.

This association wants, first of all, to pay its working expenses, which with a modest business would amount to, say, £2000; and next 6 per cent. on capital, say, £600; perhaps 2 per cent. on the book. If the proportion of expenses due to one successful book were 10 per cent. we might have these figures:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sale of 8000 copies at 3s. 6d.</td>
<td>£1400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less 10 per cent. for publisher</td>
<td>£140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>„ 2 per cent. for dividend</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>„ 2 per cent. for cost of production at 1s.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return to author</td>
<td>£832</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Suppose the same author had taken a royalty of one-sixth he would have received £400.

So that, by this arrangement, he would just double his returns.

There are certain dangers which present themselves. The directors must not allow the shares to be sold except to persons of their own knowledge, otherwise the shares would be eagerly bought up by persons interested in wrecking the company.

The company must be run on purely "business" lines. We are always saying, what is perfectly true, that publishers are business men, first and foremost. This company must not only be run for its 6 per cent. dividend, but it must actually make that 6 per cent., otherwise authors will not place confidence in it.

The question naturally arises whether it would be wise and expedient to imitate this action over here. The council of the Society could hardly enter upon the business of publishing. Nor would authors place confidence in a publishing company unless it began with a business already established, and was ruled by a managing director of known experience and capacity.

Given a sufficient capital: an established business: a manager of experience and probity: and methods of publishing based upon the points always advocated by the Society—viz.:

1. No secret profits.
2. No charge made for unpaid advertisements.
3. A full understanding of what the agreement means to both sides.
4. The right of access to the author's own books.

And given, further, the confidence of authors that these professions are honourably carried out, there can be no doubt whatever that an immense business would await that company. Confidence is, however, the one thing absolutely necessary.

We await with considerable interest the progress and the development of this company. The address, in case any reader would like to take up shares, or at least to send for the papers, is—Mr. C. L. Betts, Secretary, Associated Authors' Publishing Company, 65, Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW YORK LETTER.


The appearance to-morrow of the fortnightly Chap-Book at double its former size and double its former price marks the success of a periodical which represents so important a phase of contemporary American taste that in the two years of its existence it has had an unpara-
THE AUTHOR.

The Chap-Book has grown steadily, and with speed, the circulation now averaging about fifteen thousand. The change in the price is now made to enable the publishers to pay better prices for contributions, to publish more matter, and to enlarge the department of "Notes," which from the very start has been the chief source of interest in the magazine. Just what the effect of this advance of price will be it is impossible now to tell, but the way in which subscriptions are coming in before the new terms go into effect, makes the publishers feel easy about the change.

The Chap-Book was started with absolutely no models and no inspiration this side of 1790. The whole plan has been to make a periodical of
taste and judgment, which should be distinctly literary, and which, while recognising traditions and the experience of the past, should at the same time appreciate contemporary work, and record the more important of the movements in literature and art. It has been frankly faddish; it has dwelt largely on the tendencies which were shown in the Yellow-Book in its earlier days, and yet it has a conservatism which acts somewhat as a wise restraint. It is the attention paid to new things, the general look of novelty, and the typographical appearance of the Chap-Book that have inspired the hosts of imitators. There have been at least twenty-six different ones, beginning with the Biblot, the Philistine and Chips, and ending with the Fly-Leaf and Miss Blue Stocking.

Many are dead, and none have any circulation. They have varied in aim, in form, and in ability, and the reasons for their failure are many; but all of them lack the backing of a successful publishing house and the editorship of men who know the actual book-market, and in their search after originality are limited by common sense and a foresight of results. Some of the imitations (which word is used with some elasticity to describe all the small magazines with an aim at literary and artistic character whose existence is due to the success of the Chap-Book) have made the mistake of laying emphasis on certain things which cannot receive the sanction of any large body of American readers. This, of course, is an error similar to that made in England by the Yellow Book at its start. One of the late creations in New York is a thin Fortnightly of the same order, the small sale of which must cease as soon as the small capital of its owner, editor, and principal writer is exhausted. A large part of these experiments have been made by men of no experience and no success in literature, but much desire for publication, and naturally the results have been of little interest to the world. Curious observers read a copy or two and stop.

Meantime the Chap-Book goes on alone successful. It appeals to the current taste for lightness, modernity, and anti-Philistinism, but it remains within the bounds of established decency always. The same practical sagacity is shown in its list of contributors. Several of the similar ventures have small success because they rely on prominent names alone, giving second-rate work of first-rate men. Others have made the opposite mistake of relying entirely on writers absolutely unknown. Stone and Kimball recognise the value of names, but only in rare cases is material admitted for the sake of its author, and never is suitable matter neglected because the writer is unknown. The following list of recent writers shows many known even in England.

Robert Louis Stevenson
Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Stéphane Mallarmé
Richard Henry Stoddard
Gilbert Parker
Bliss Carman
Charles G. D. Roberts
H. B. Marriott Watson
Norman Dale
Maria Louise Pool
William Sharp
Archibald Lampman
Richard Burton
H. W. Mabie
F. Vallotton
J. F. Raffaelli
H. H. Boyessen
H. D. Wells

Almost as long a list, however, might be made of unknown contributors, and probably Stone and Kimball are doing more than any other of our publishing houses to bring to notice new writers, especially writers from the Western States. The same is true on the side of illustration.

Another recent change in the magazine world is also suggestive of the interest taken in artistic things by the American reading public. With the January number Scribner's Magazine began two new departments. One is to be devoted to general subjects of present-day interest, the other to deal especially with art topics. The appeal is to a more serious interest than that reached by the department of notes and the essays in the body of the Chap-Book, but the fields overlap enough to make the two changes illustrate some of the same truths about the American reading public. We are very fond of literary talk about art. This new departure of Scribner's has discussions of art subjects, all unsigned, written almost entirely by artists. A large number of our best critics of art and literature here in New York are painters and illustrators. Speaking of this fact the other day a man who is prominent in both ways said to me: "It is rather curious that although artists have become more and more specialists within the domain of art, they are becoming more and more writers."

Whatever the cause it is certainly true. A large part of our painters not only write, but write remarkably well. The little essays in Scribner's by the artists deal with their subjects in a way that the general reader can understand. Indeed, the idea is to have the subject-matter, the methods, and the ends of art explained to the public by men who have both the point of view of the expert and the point of view of the serious reader who is not a specialist. Papers which
point out the artistic aspect of some common thing near home, of some New York corner, for instance, or of some unnoticed little masterpiece to be found in the city, will often be seen in this department. There are also critical comments on movements in the art world and on particular artists. The department is in charge of August F. Jaccaci, the art editor of the magazine, who has charge of all the illustrations, perhaps the most important and most excellent feature of our three leading magazines. As Mr. Jaccaci is a literary man in taste and practice as well as a painter and illustrator, besides having the practical editorial instinct which watches every ripple of popular opinion, this department is sure of success; and as his ideals are very high it is also sure to be a good influence in the struggle that is now going on here between good art and sane thought and cheap chrome art and sensationalism.

In connection with what has been said about the place at which our reading public draws the line, it may be remarked that, in spite of the popularity of Thomas Hardy, "Jude the Obscure," which has been roughly treated by the public, will have a much smaller sale than might have been expected for the successor of "Tess." "Tess" succeeded in spite of its revolt from what the author deems Philistine ideals, not at all on account of it; and to-day the demand for the literature of revolt is decidedly smaller. This is shown in the failure of all of the so-called problem plays put on the New York stage this year as clearly as it is shown in the book and magazine world. One of the periodicals born this month, by the way, recognises this, in spite of its name. The Parisian, published by M. L. Dexter, at Carnegie Hall, as a quarterly until August, then as a monthly, promises to give its translations from contemporaneous European articles and its notes on European literature a selection made with an eye to permanent standards of this market.

N. H.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

My remarks on a certain side of French journalism, which were published in the Author last month, have attracted some attention both in England and France, and certain journalists in the latter country are vowing to execute all sorts of unpleasantness upon me when they meet me. Well, at least, they will find à qui parler. These menaces, indeed, only stimulate me to write further on the nauseous subject, and, alas! I have superabundant materials. There was once in a French midland town a certain journalist who conducted a certain paper, which, for reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, systematically and regularly attacked a certain great lady. This lady was my friend, and one day she came to me and begged me, her peace of mind being at stake, to interfere on her behalf. "It is, I know," she said, "only a question of terms. In fact, I have proof that this fellow only attacks me because he is paid to do so by Mr. X. If we offer him better terms he will be silent." As it was impossible for her to appear in the matter, and I was anxious to oblige her, I undertook to see the man. I accordingly took train to the Midland town, and called on the able editor. I found a miserable, consumptive individual, living en faveur ménage with an ex-circus lady "who forced me," as he wrote to me afterwards, shortly before his death, "to do these wretched things." I did not mince matters. I said that Madame X. and her friends were tired of his attacks, that we knew that these formed interesting reading, and had consequently, from a journalistic point of view, a cash value, and that what we wanted to know was what that cash value was. The wretched man coughed and flushed and spoke of his dignity. He said that it was in the interests of morality and public order that he attacked Madame X., that it was an insult to offer him money. I then produced my pocket book and began counting some hundred-franc notes with which I had provided myself. His words were indignant, but his eyes, which fixe themselves greedily on the blue notes, told a different tale, and I waited patiently for the quiver of irresolution. It was, however, the ex-equestrienne who spoke the truth. "Yes, we want money," she said, "and you know it. Arthur. We are paid to print these articles. If you care to pay us not to print them we will not print them. And mind you, the dance has only just begun, so that it is really worth Madame X.'s while to put a stop to the music. That is how I understand journalism." I began to feel nervous, lest my funds should not suffice to meet her demands, but was reassured to find what small fry of blackmailers these were, and was able after some discussion to arrange for silence for a cash payment of twelve pounds and a monthly subsidy of eight pounds to be paid in weekly instalments. I was to receive no receipt. I was not to send registered letters, and the payments were to be made in fifty-franc notes. All this, of course, to prevent any proof of the transaction. Notes in France, although numbered, are not payable on demand and consequently cannot be traced. I paid the twelve pounds, and then asked the blackmailer and his good lady to dinner. I was
anxious to study them. I found them ordinary people enough, not more corrupt than the ordinary, with average provincial French ideas on the functions and possibilities of journalism. Over the champagne the good lady told me that her husband only earned two pounds a week as editor and sole contributor to his paper, and that, of course, money had to be obtained in other ways. The blackmailer was a weak-headed man, and, after a glass or two of wine, became confidential and told me that he had been receiving two pounds a month from the person, whom Madame X. had named, to carry on this campaign. He kept his bargain with me, though now and again I received a visit from him, when he happened to be in Paris, and the call invariably ended in a request for a small "loan," which I always gave. I was strictly kept, however, to my part of the bargain, and if ever by any chance the remittance was a day or two late I received a reminder. Not a letter, oh, no! that is to say not a manuscript letter, but a message, something like this. "Friends much surprised," in printed characters cut from a newspaper and gummed on to a sheet of paper. Once, when having been away for three days, I was three days behind hand with the remittance, the printed message ran: "The dance is about to recommence." I subsidized these people in this way for over seven months, till Madame X. died and it was no longer necessary.

The adventures of a special correspondent in a big city like Paris would afford materials for an interesting book. I was once representing at the same time a big American daily, and one of the most influential organs of the British colonies. It happened that at that time there were two rival prime donne (ought one to say prima donnas) in Paris, who hated each other with a holy hatred and were actuated by a rivalry more than professional. I knew them both and admired them both, but my position between them was as uncomfortable as that of a piece of iron between the hammer and the anvil. One day Madame A., the American, would come bouncing into my house, speechless with indignation, to show me a cutting from some miserable colonial paper in which she had been badly criticised, and to beg me, as I was her friend, to retaliate on the evident instigatrix of "the abominable calumny" in my colonial paper. Another day it was the colonial songstress who telegraphed for me urgently and implored my good offices in combating a rumour, reflecting on the genuineness of her chevelure, or on the pitch of her voice, which had been printed in some "scurrilous organ" in Indiana or Oklohama. It was a troubled time, and I was heartily glad when it was all over.

The correspondentship to a modern American daily of a certain type is extremely distasteful to any man of good breeding and some respect for the decencies of life. One American editor once explained to me that his paper was a democratic paper (democratic in the English sense of the word), and that consequently its line was "to tom-hawk the uppers." I gathered that his wish was that I should go out largely into the best French and American society in Paris, enjoy the hospitality of my hosts, and reward it by sacrificing them in his paper. My connection with that particular paper ceased because I point-blank refused to execute an "assignment" given me in writing by the editor himself. He wrote me from London that he was informed that a certain well-known American actress was about to be confined clandestinely in Paris, that I was to investigate this rumour, to collect full particulars, and to "file three thousand words (i.e., to telegraph that number of words to New York) for his Sunday edition. On another occasion it was suggested to me that it would make "a good story" if I would watch Mr. John Jacob Astor as he came out of the Hotel Bristol, follow him wherever he went, note carefully what he spent and what he spent it on, and then write an article to show how a millionaire used his money. I did not carry out the idea, but some days later I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Astor, and I told him what had been suggested, and he laughed and said that that would have been a very foolish way for a young man to spend his time. Then he added: "Well, Mr. Sherard, if you had followed me this morning you would have seen something that would have interested you. I was out two hours, and I spent one franc sixty centimes. Ten centimes I paid for this little bunch of violets, and thirty cents. for this little book of yours. I have been reading it, and it makes quite a nice tale." It was a copy of a shilling book of mine, published by Chatto and Windus, which the dear old gentleman had bought in the Rue de Castiglione.

But perhaps it is from the desire of the American editor for "personals" that comes to the special correspondent in Paris the greatest amount of humiliation. He is bound to know who has come to Paris, what he has come for, and what he is doing. He is forced to loaf about the hotels, and when anybody of any importance (i.e., rich) is in Paris to endeavour to see him. The hotel people naturally endeavour to protect their customers from importunities and send the correspondent away with scant courtesy. "Don't come bothering here, he won't see you." Then one insists, and an insolent message is returned. It is terrible. One has to accustom oneself to
slights and snubs, to the contempt of servants, and to one's own loss of self-respect. One is partly a detective, partly an eavesdropper, double-faced always. To get a "good story" is the only consideration. The American correspondent who listened outside a hotel bedroom door whilst an Italian count was beating his rich American bride with one of the lathes of the bed, and sent over a vivid column and a half, was a hero amongst his fellow correspondents for weeks after. I remember a long conversation with Mr. Blaine on the subject of this kind of American journalism, but he laughed and said nobody attached any importance to the papers over there, and there were ample laws for the protection of individuals. He told me that he was quite certain that as we were talking there was a certain X. outside the door, and whenever I have visitors he is out in the passage to try and hear what I am talking about. As a matter of fact, as I left the ex-secretary's apartment I came upon the person in question in the passage.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

P.S.—The anonymous paragraphist of the Pall Mall Gazette, who is responsible for the column of so-called Literary Notes, in a recent attack on the Author and its editor, favours me with the following notice: "And really the editor of the Author should revise his proofs. Thus he has allowed an egregious person to perpetrate the following egregiosity: 'Three of the most prominent Parisienne journalists are now in Mazas prison.' Parisienne!" To hang a personal attack on a misprint is hardly worthy of a paper of the standing of the P. M. G. It was all the more unworthy that this anonymous writer must know very well, perhaps too well, that the said egregious writer during the past ten years has given his best work to the P. M. G., that the quality of this work has often been most highly commended by the proprietors of that paper, and that it was mainly thanks to the quality of his work in that paper that he reached that pitch of the P. M. G. It was all the more unworthy that this anonymous writer must know very well, perhaps too well, that the said egregious writer during the past ten years has given his best work to the P. M. G., that the quality of this work has often been most highly commended by the proprietors of that paper, and that it was mainly thanks to the quality of his work in that paper that he reached that pitch of his standing in the alfections of the people. They still read him and whenever I have visitors he is out in the passage to try and hear what I am talking about. As a matter of fact, as I left the ex-secretary's apartment I came upon the person in question in the passage.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE return of MSS. smudged, scored with blue pencils, creased, and soiled, is a common cause of complaint. Here is an illustration of the practice which may be read with profit. It is extracted from the Authors' Journal of New York. The author speaks:

It is a property question, you see; just as if I should send to some merchant for goods to examine. He sends them, but they prove unsuitable. Then I will wrinkle, deface, and mark them here and there, and return them with thanks, making him pay the postage.

Or, suppose I want a tenement and go to an agent. He gives me access to his houses, and as I go through them and find one after the other unsatisfactory, I knock off the plastering here and there, or break a window. Thus emphasising my opinion. Well, I should be fined. But as for my MS. I put all my time and strength into it—it is my capital—and it comes back to me ruined, and I can do nothing!

There are three articles in the Authors' Journal (New York) for February, which deal with the great difficulties encountered by the American author. Somehow, he does not get on. "Most authors are groping ever in the dark, with now and then a ray of light in the shape of popular or personal approval, and in the meanwhile great stretches of dulness and paralysis, so to say, like icy plateaus, in which hope seems to have finally spread her wings and sailed to other skies."

Two or three magazines, it is said, are blocking the way against American writers. Mr. William Chisholm, however, seems to think that the reason why British novelists are more popular in America than native novelists lies in the single fact that the British novelist produces a superior article:

I think one cause of the trouble with American authors is that, although novels pay best, the genius of the people is essentially political and philosophical rather than dramatic. There are no better reviews anywhere than the American, but I am compelled to say, for one, that in the line of the specifically dramatic—in novels and the like, we are still in our earlier stages.

Something is lacking. The average American novel seems to die still-born, and those which are most popular do not seem to take permanent lodgment in literature. In poetry I hold that we are superior to the English and are gaining every day. But the intense realism and practical drift of the American people keeps poetry from attaining its true place in the affections of the people. They still read to be amused and entertained, and for this purpose they must have novels—there is no alternative.

He tells us, in addition, that "too many people are resorting to literature as a means of livelihood, and too many are taking it up from a desire to be famous. It seems, indeed, an almost universal craze in good society." Miss Margaret
Lee writes to the same effect, and to the same effect is the editorial article. American authors, who, before the International Copyright Act, were ruined by the production of books which cost nothing, have still to face the British author, who costs something to the publisher, but nothing like what he should cost. The sale of the book is necessarily "forced" by the condition of simultaneous publishing; it is got for comparatively little; the International Copyright Act came when Americans had become accustomed to books by British authors; the American position "in the opinion of a thinking world is that of a land without the world of letters." Miss Margaret Lee says: "We can thank our shortsighted Government to-day for our wealthy publishers, enriched for generations by the fruit of English brains, and our despisable position in the opinion of the thinking world as a land without its men of letters. Americans have no sympathy with Genius in rags. Genius must wear fine raiment and be heralded in rich in order to secure attention. So our pilgrims to Parnassus, being unable to feed Genius in her 'poetical and 'literary flights, turn the gifts into channels that produce an income."

The report of the Clerkenwell Public Library for 1895 is before me. These reports are always extremely interesting. They would be more valuable if they would offer us some insight into the works read. The following is the classification of 140,558 volumes issued during the year:
Theology, Philosophy, Language and Literature 1565
History, Travel, and Biography 11,078
Social Science 1325
Science and Art 10,138

The whole number of books is 14,882. We should like to know under each head (1) the number of authors; (2) a list of those most often called for; also one would like to see "juvenile" fiction by itself. Boys and girls read "grown-up" books; we grown-up people do not read boys' and girls' books. For my own part I am never tired of admiring the change in our social system which places the whole of our literature in the hands of everybody for nothing.

Formerly one read what one could get; all the pocket-money was saved for books; the greatest joy in winning a prize at school was the acquisition of another book; all the books in the family library—in the case I am recalling a very fair collection—were read and read over and over again. But to plunge into the ocean of literature; to reach out one's hands and take down everything—everything; not to desire any more to read the unattainable author and to get the book beyond one's purse—this would have been a thing beyond the reach of dreams; no one could ever think it possible. Yet it is done. All the treasuries of literature are thrown open to all the world for nothing, to have and to use and to enjoy. There are, however, dangers. It may be, of course, an inestimable advantage that the treasures are there for anyone who values them and knows how to use them. The danger may be that those who use a library like this for nothing may cease to value the individual book and may not care to possess books. Perhaps; but it is the nature and one of the external signs of the true bookish boy that he will always desire to possess books; the possession of his treasure is dear to him. So that I do not think there is much danger under that head. As for the ordinary reader he could not afford to buy books if he wanted to. Now that he can read what he likes for nothing he will still less want to buy books. The enemies of the Free Library maintain that the people only go there to read "slush." I don't think they do; in the long run the taste of the people is not only wholesome but it is true. The real answer, however, to that objection is much simpler; it is this: that the Library does not, or ought not, to contain any literature which can properly be described by that juicy word.

WALTER BEsANT.

LONDON—LATE NIGHT.

Chimes multitudinous tell midnight's hour,
The traffic falters in its rush and roar,
The pavement's throng, unflagging heretofore,
Less frequent grows; the stars have ceased to cower
Amid the indefinite blue, but gaining power,
Now that the vast smoke-canopy no more
The city veils, keep clearer vigil o'er
The dense domain of steeple, roof, and tower.
With brimming flood the regal river flows
Past swarthy banks freed from the fret and din
Of craft and crane, a tide of tranced repose,
Save for some spot where misery seeks to win
Furtive emancipation from its throes,
Or shame dissolves its vassaldom to sin.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

MAGAZINES FOR THE BLIND.

MAGAZINES for the blind, printed in a raised type called Braille, are published by the British and Foreign Blind Association, 33, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, W.
Recreation, a magazine for blind adults, is published on the 15th of every month, its year beginning in January. The subscription is 9s. a year, postage free, for the United Kingdom, 10s. for abroad.

Playtime, a magazine for blind children, is published on the first of every month, its year beginning in June. The subscription to Playtime is the same as that to Recreation. The subscriptions cover the cost of the printing and paper; the metal plates being given. The publishers make no profit on the sale of the magazines.

The serial running in Recreation for this year is "Cécile; a tale of the Kiffir War." The magazine also contains a short tale by Mr. R. D. Blackmore. The serial tale in Playtime is "A Toy Tragedy," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

The market is fortunately a small one. Recreation has seventy-one subscribers, besides many numbers selling from month to month. Playtime has forty subscribers, with also many single numbers selling.

The magazines are printed from metal plates. In order to get the raised effect the paper has to be made very damp; in fact reduced almost to a pulp. The plates are warehoused, and reprints taken as required. The two magazines are gradually forming a library of raised type books for the blind.

I need hardly point out that the blind have few pleasures. To brighten their lives by cheerful reading is surely doing to others as we would be done by; only, God save the mark, for I do not think any of us with good sight would wish to try the position of the blind even for a day.

Florence Nevill,
Editor of Recreation and Playtime.

WAR (AND PEACE).

War is oftener due to moral cowardice than to physical courage.

War is oftener born of (moral) weakness than bred by (mental) wisdom.

War is more a matter of emotion than a matter of reason.

Fear of ridicule oftener makes for war than love of justice.

War is one of the common symptoms of the epidemic insanity of nations.

"The Peace-at-any-price party" died young, was still-born, or never conceived.

Fools may make war for the sake of their reputation, while the wise must make peace for the sake of their character.

History will disastrously repeat herself so long as we are unwise enough to let her.

War is oftener due to bad temper than to good judgment.

Misunderstanding is as much a friend of war as misinterpretation is a foe of religion.

So long as poverty and war are assumed to be perpetual they will be perpetuated.

It is well to beware of the fool in power who fancies himself a genius.

So long as cowardice passes for peace, war will pass for wisdom.

The imperious is as often mistaken for the imperial, as the womanish for the womanly.

The virtues of warriors are often popularly credited to the evils of war.

So long as hot-headedness is mistaken for warm-heartedness, the weak will wish war—to prove themselves wise.

Warlike virtues are best utilised in warring with vice and with other waste.

Any fool may make eager war, but only the wise can make educative peace.

So long as history remains a popular branch of mythology, war will beset human progress.

It is generally far easier to make war from a private room than to make peace from a public platform.

There are as many crimes committed in the name of honour as there are evils perpetrated in the name of freedom.

Our native planet has never been over-peopled, and never under-fed.

No true moral force has ever yet failed, but its counterfeits often may.

Were there a higher sense of humour in the world, there would be more wisdom, and therefore less war.

Obstinacy is one of the odious offspring of obtuseness.

In communities as in individuals, two chief characteristics of youth are an enviable zeal and an amiable ignorance.

Phinlay Glenelg.

AN OLD WORLD OF LETTERS.

Have before me a bundle of documents rescued, apparently, from the papers of the Dodsleys, father and son, publishers. They cover a period of about twenty years in the middle of the last century. They are fragmentary, but at the same time they throw a flood of light upon the material side of literature at that period. This was a time, Knight says, when the book market had become greatly extended; when
publishers had ceased to carry books about to fairs or to hawk them at country sales; when authors were receiving 200 per cent. above the prices of the early years of the century; when the prices of books ranged from 10s. or 12s. for a quarto to 2s. 6d. or 3s. for a duodecimo. It was also a time according to the same authority when "large and certain fortunes" were made by publishers.

The following extracts from these papers will furnish unexpected illustrations to the condition of author and publisher in the middle of the last century:

I. The position of the author.

It is generally believed that at this period the author simply sold his MS. to the publisher for what he could get. According to Dr. Johnson, "A man goes to a bookseller and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general an author leaves the Great and applies to the multitude." In another place, which I cannot for the moment find, he speaks of the public having become the author's patron. Yet, as the publisher who bought the copyright was not obliged to let the author know what it was worth, the public only concerned the former while the latter became the servant of the bookseller instead of the servant of the great. However, it was undoubtedly a step in advance. Literature had to pass through the purgatory of servitude and dependence out of which it is only now slowly emerging.

In these papers, however, we have examples of other methods. I take them in order.

There lies before me, first of all, an agreement between three firms—Andrew Millar, the two Dodsleys, and William Sandby. It is a very simple agreement. It just arranges for an equal division of risk and profit. But the interesting point is that we are still—Anno Domini 1755—in the time when a gentleman thought it derogatory to his dignity to take money for any kind of work, including authors' work. The author in this case was Sir George Lyttelton, Baronet, and the book was his well known "Life of Henry the Second." He "gave" the three firms the "benefit" of printing and publishing the book on "certain conditions," which do not appear. They probably related to the form and date of publication. Now it is absurd to suppose that Sir George Lyttelton knew or cared anything about the business details of publication. He would not have gone to the three firms in question offering to the combined three the copyright of his work for nothing. What he did, most certainly, was to give his copyright to one—probably Robert Dodsley, who seems to have enjoyed the largest share of confidence. Dodsley, regarding the gift of doubtful value, risk being then a factor of very great importance, called in two others, with whose assistance he embarked on a venture which ought to have paid him well. Noble authors have long since left off presenting their copyrights to publishers, and now ask for agreements. That is because copyrights now represent, in many cases, property of a very substantial kind. We do not find Byron, who would certainly have tossed a ten pound cheque into the fire, refusing one for £5000.

The next papers show that there were cases in which the author did not sell his copyright outright, but retained some share in it. Thus, on Dec. 25, 1775, Rev. J. Duncombe asks James Dodsley to pay Mrs. Jane Vigors or order the sum of £21 and to place the same to her account. And in February, 1789, Ann Smith, executrix to the late Mrs. Vigors, accepts ten guineas of Mr. John Ince, in "full demands on account of the late Mrs. Vigors' Letters." Therefore, Mr. J. Duncombe either had an interest in works of his own or he worked regularly for James Dodsley and could draw money on demand. The former is the more likely. In the case of the executrix it is clear that the widow must have had an interest in the book. John Duncombe was a highly respectable person, Vicar of Herne, in Kent, and Six Preacher of Canterbury Cathedral. He wrote a poem called the "Feminad and Occasional Poems," some of which are in Nichols' "Collection;" he also edited various books of Letters; his wife also wrote poems. There was a William Duncombe of the generation before John, who wrote translations, and another John Duncombe who wrote an account of his country house in 1739. A family of singing birds! The late John Duncombe's account of a cricket match written in imitation of Chevy Chase is a sprightly performance.

Another case of the author or compiler retaining an interest in his copyright is that of Pearch.

At the "Globe" on Dec. 21, 1775, there were put up for auction the "following shares" of "Peach's Poems":—


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Share</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Fourth</td>
<td>26 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. One Fourth</td>
<td>34 10 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Do. One Fourth</td>
<td>34 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. One Fourth</td>
<td>42 10 0</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>£137 0 0</strong></td>
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</tbody>
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Who bought these shares? Why was there any difference between one fourth share and another fourth share? What is the meaning of "4 vols. with 170 books at Paper and Print"? I do not know. But on Feb. 1 of the following
year Ann Pearch gives a receipt to Mr. Thomas Evans for the sum of £137 "in full satisfaction for the above-mentioned shares of a collection of poems in four volumes known by the name of 'Pearch's Collection of Poems,' the property of my late husband Mr. George Pearch." Therefore, the copyright of the work had been the property of the compiler.

In July of the same year Dodsley buys the work of Thomas Evans for exactly the same sum, which is remarkable in the history of trade!

A letter from Robert Orme, author of the "History of Hindustan," to Mr. Francis Wingrave shows that some agreement in the nature of a share in profits had been entered into. He acknowledges the arrival of his account, and begs the publisher to pay "Mrs. Dixon"—a friend or relation—£30. He goes on to invite Mr. Wingrave to dine with him at Ealing where he is living. The ordinary hour of dinner was then, among the better sort, about four. But Mr. Orme will arrange the dinner-hour so as to allow his visitor to get back before dark. Now at the end of February it is dark by six, and it would take an hour and a half to get from Ealing to the City, so that the dinner must have been at three. One little touch reveals a delightful wrong-headedness about Mr. Robert Orme. He wants the British Critic to be sent him, and no other magazine. Why? "Because I know one of the gentlemen concerned in the British Critic, and he is an excellent Greek scholar." Because he knows a contributor to the magazine who is a good Greek scholar, therefore the British Critic is the best magazine out.

One more case of retaining a share in the copyright. When Mr. Adam Adamson wrote his "Dictionary of Commerce," he retained one-sixteenth share for himself. Growing old—he was born in 1692, and this was in 1763—he sold his share to James Dodsley for £31 5s. The whole value of the copyright at that time was therefore estimated at £500, a very considerable sum. We must remember that in those days of a limited book market, although the law might impose a limit to copyright, there were some works which became standard, and could only be reprinted by those who had the plates, on account of the expense of composition.

A very curious case is one in which the author or his representative was paid by a certain number of books. It was this. The Rev. Dr. Leeland, an Irish divine of great reputation in his day, left behind him at his death a collection of sermons which were offered by his executors to James Dodsley and William Johnstone, booksellers. They offered to publish the sermons on the following conditions: Four hundred copies of the book were to be given to the widow, with fifty more on a second edition—in full for the copyright. The accounts are preserved—I cannot understand every point in them, but it appears that some modification was made in the agreement. The author's rights were valued at £300. The widow received £200 in cash, and took 200 copies, valued at £1 each, in lieu of the remainder. This singular arrangement was probably entered into in order that the widow might dispose of the books to the trade of Dublin and Ireland. Perhaps she saw the way to some advantage to herself by this arrangement.

My readers will perhaps remember a curious passage in "Boswell" which shows the view which Johnson took on profit sharing:

Johnson loquitar: "Old Gardener," the bookseller, employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany called the Universal Visitor. There was a formal written contract which Allen, the printer, saw. They were bound to write nothing else. They were to have, I think, a third of the profits of this sixpenny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the cause about literary property. What an excellent instance would it have been of the oppression of poor authors!

Boswell adds a note to the effect that this extraordinary contract was incredible. The only incredible part is the term of years. No man could possibly bind another for ninety-nine years. What Gardener offered, as we understand it, was a third share on the profits of a magazine on the condition that these two men gave their whole and undivided attention to its welfare. Who would not jump at the third share of, say, the Century magazine, on such conditions? But Johnson understood nothing beyond payment done for work done, the purchaser to make what he could out of it. Although the old conditions have changed, some of the old notions survive. A man of letters observed to me the other day that he thought an author ought to take what the publisher chose to give him, and not to trouble about the rest!

In some cases another payment is promised on the appearance of a second edition. Thus, on Dec. 5, 1761, Mr. Edward Powlett agrees to furnish Mr. James Dodsley with a Catalogue Raisonné of the British Museum for a sum of five guineas; but if a second edition shall be brought out a second sum of five guineas was to be paid. Such a clause in these days would probably appear in the illusory form that, when the second thousand should be sold, a second sum of five guineas should be paid; the second thousand, of course, would never be completed.

In the same way there is an agreement between Robert Dodsley and Mr. Archibald Campbell, in which the former undertakes to pay the latter...
150 guineas for a first edition of 500 copies of a poem. And if this poem went into a second edition he was to pay the author another fifty guineas. The agreement itself is very interesting and deserves to be reproduced. As for the poem, I can learn nothing about it.

Memorandum.

It is agreed this sixteenth day of March, 1754, betwixt Mr. Archibald Campbell, gent., on the one part, and Mr. Robert Dodsley, bookseller, on the other, as follows, viz.: The said Mr. Campbell doth agree to write an Epic Poem, in 24 books, entitled "Alcides," the plan and near the quantity of 8 books of which he hath deposited in the hands of the said Mr. Dodsley. In consideration of which the said Mr. Dodsley hath advanced to the said Mr. Campbell fifteen pounds fifteen shillings. And the said Mr. Campbell doth further agree to produce to the said Mr. Dodsley agreeing to pay for every such book, when delivered, the sum of 5 guineas. And the said Mr. Dodsley doth further agree that when the said Poem in 24 books is finisht and delivered into his hands, he will make up the sum which the said Mr. Campbell shall then have received on this account one hundred and fifty guineas. And that he will immediately print an edition of 500 of the said Poem, and if he sells the said edition and prints the work again he will give to the said Mr. Campbell the further sum of 50 guineas, and if he print a third edition 50 guineas more. Or if the said Mr. Dodsley should print 750 of the first edition he doth in that case agree to give the said Mr. Campbell 100 guineas more on printing a second edition, and 50 more on printing a third. Which the said Mr. Campbell doth hereby agrees to accept as the full consideration for all his right and property in the copy of the said Poem, as witness our hands the day and year above written.

ARCH: CAMPBELL.

R. DODSLEY.

Let us now consider the sums then paid to authors for their copyrights outright.

On the 8th of April, 1749, William Cheselden, surgeon, agrees to concede all his rights in the MS. on the Anatomy of the Human Body, with all the plates, &c., to Robert Dodsley and Charles Hitch, for £200. The purchasers then apparently proceeded to shift some of this liability off their own shoulders by selling some of the copyright in sixteenth shares. When the book succeeded, they naturally tried to buy back the shares. Thus in 1771, the book having been then more than twenty years before the public, Dodsley gives six guineas for a sixteenth share. The copyright therefore he must have represented as worth £100. In 1778 Dodsley buys another sixteenth share; this time giving £4 7s. for it, so that he thus estimated the copyright as worth £69 12s. We shall consider, presently, the fluctuating value of copyrights.

For a bundle of original letters, never before published, written by Alexander Pope to a lady, Dodsley gave in 1760 the sum of £52 12s. 6d.—I wonder what such a collection would be worth now. And for a collection of unpublished letters by Swift the possessor obtained £37 10s.—which does not seem a large price to pay.

For a comedy by Mr. W. Johnston called "The Platonic Wife," the author received £26 5s. I wonder who would give him at the present day the odd 5s. for it.

Translation work is always poorly paid, so that when Mr. David Creagh undertook his translation of Winckelmann on Herculaneum for ten guineas he probably got as much as he would get now, perhaps more, for the same piece of work.

The commercial value of poems and translations seems out of all proportion to what would be their present value. Thus in 1752 Joseph Warton, who had in his desk three Essays on Pastoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry; A Life of Virgil; a translation of the Eclogues and Georgics; and notes on the Aeneid—in 1896 he would have then taken, on the strength of his reputation as a scholar, on a royalty of 1s. a copy (if he was a level-headed man), and would be produced at 6s. Not more than 1500 copies probably would be sold, and his share would be £75, while the publisher would make about £90 by the job. Dodsley gave him £221 for the copyright.

Science was already worth something. Henry Baker, the naturalist, in 1753 sold his MS. work, called "Employment for the Microscope," for the sum of £288 11s. 6d. Probably he was paid so much a sheet, which accounts for the odd sum.

Educational books, also, had begun to possess great value. Thus, while we find, as above, a collection of unpublished letters by Swift going for £37 10s., Dodsley gave for eight twentieth shares in Lowth's English Grammar, the sum of £315, the whole copyright being valued therefore at £777 10s.

The MSS. of a popular poet recently deceased, we should expect to be valuable. Dodsley gave £300 for those of Shenstone, two years after the poet's decease.

What did the ordinary novelist receive for his, or her, work? I can only give three illustrations from the papers before me. They all belong to lady novelists, who were very active—though the fact has now become rather misty—in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The first case is that of Miss S. Minifie.

This lady, on April 22, 1765, parted with the MS. of her novel called "The Histories of Lady Frances and Caroline S." for the sum of £59. I fear that this lady writing in the present age would have had to take £50 for her rights in the three-volume novel, which would have gone the round of the libraries for nine months—then to be forgotten.
On May 13, in the same year, Miss (or Mrs.) Ann Eliot, less fortunate, received £39 10s. for her MS. novel called "Indiana Danby." A lady of greater literary pretensions than either S. Minifie or Ann Eliot was Frances Brooke, née Moore. She was married to a clergyman who held the post of chaplain at Quebec, whither she accompanied her husband. On their return she became one of the earliest of the literary women—I know not if she lived by her pen, probably not; but she wrote continuously and was actually, if not nominally, a professional writer. She wrote two novels, at least. For one of these, "Lady Julia Mandeville," she received a sum of £100. I have before me among these documents a letter from her, addressed to her publisher. It is exactly the kind of letter which one expects from the literary profession. She has been disappointed, in fact, of a remittance. Literary folk are always being disappointed of a remittance.

N. Oakendon, 25th Aug. 1770.

Dear Sir,—I wrote to you a few days ago to tell you I might probably be obliged to draw on you for £20. It has happened as I was afraid it would. I am disappointed of a remittance I expected from the country. I have therefore drawn in favour of the Rev. Mr. Parry or Orde at thirty days after date, and you will oblige me by accepting the Bill, which I hereby acknowledge to be on account of the translation of the (Memoirs) of the Marquis de St. Forlaix. I expect to hear from you to-morrow in answer to the other particulars in my last.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

Fr. Brooke.

The rest of the 2nd volume will go to-morrow.

The bill is inclosed among the papers. It is drawn on Mr. James Dodsley, who writes after Mrs. Brooke's signature " accepted, J. D." It is indorsed by Roger Parry and by three other names, to whom it was passed before being taken up by Dodsley. The tone and wording of the letter; the lady's familiarity with the business of a thirty days' draft; indicate clearly the profession of letters, not the occasional indulgence in literary pursuits.

Let us next turn to the relations of publishers among themselves. We have seen that risks were divided and sub-divided. This led to a good deal of buying and selling among themselves of copyrights and shares of copyrights. These sales were conducted by auctions at the Queen's Head Tavern and the Globe, the persons present, it is understood, being only those belonging to the trade. Sometimes the amounts realised were so small that one is astonished to find the things put up for sale at all.

On Jan. 13, 1746-7, at an auction held at the Queen's Head Tavern, Robert Dodsley bought the following "copies" and "shares of copies."

One guinea was the sum he paid for the first lot; two guineas for the second:—

- "Life of the Black Prince." The whole.
- "Levin's Reports." Three parts in two volumes. An eighth.
- "Levin's Entries." An eighth.
- "Law of Bastardy." The whole.
- "Letters of the Ancients." A tenth.
- Misson's "Voyage to Italy." 4 vols. octavo, 147 in 1000.
- "Mechanism of Birds." 40. 147 in 1000,
- "Memoirs of Savoy." 147 in 1000.
- "Mercurius Politicus." Octavo, one sixth.

The second lot was as follows:

- "Defence of the Constitution." Ditto.
- "Sermons on the Queen." Ditto.
- "Sermons at Blandel's Funeral," Ditto.
- "Letter to a Clergyman about Oaths." Ditto.
- "St Cyprian," Ditto.
- "Non Danger from Popery." Two-thirds.
- "Rights of the Clergy." Two-thirds.
- "Reports in Chancery." One-sixth.
- Sir Isaac Newton's "Chronology." A ninth.
- "Systema Mundi." A ninth.
- "Elogium." A ninth.
- "Nicholl on the Pulse." Two-thirds.
- "Newborough's Copies" (Mr. Osborne's share), consisting of thirty articles.

The sum of three guineas purchased the copyright, or a part of the copyright, of all these works! It is amazing. At first I thought that the word "copies" meant single copies of the book; though it is difficult to understand book-selling when a single copy has half-a-dozen owners. That it was copyright is proved by the share being in two cases 147 in a thousand.

Now most of these books appear to have been old books: Nelson died in 1720; Marshall, presumably the Dean of Windsor, in 1730; Misson was translated in 1698; Newton died in 1727. The sale then was something like the sale of remainder stock, the purchaser taking over his share of the remainder stock.

The way in which these different shares were worked is shown by an agreement between Jacob Tonson and Robert Dodsley. It is dated Dec. 30, 1752.

The agreement is concerned with a translation of Cesar's " Commentaries" and his "Discourse on the Art of War," by one Mr. Duncan. The translator was to be paid by Dodsley, while Tonson for his share was to furnish the plates used for Clarke's edition of Cesar and to pay for the necessary alterations—a clause which makes one feel that the learned Duncan in his new and original translation would be made to stick pretty
closely to the learned Clarke. Then the two parties to the agreement were to go halves in cost of printing and in receipts—each was to take 200 copies to begin with, and then forty more, and so on until all were gone. Sixteen years later, in 1765, Mr. Longman bought an eighth part of the copyright for £1 10s. And in 1771 another eighth was bought by James Dodsley for £2 2s.

An instance of the fluctuating value of copyrights is afforded by two or three entries concerning a book called "The Child's Plaything." On Dec. 15, 1767, James Dodsley bought two twenty-fourth shares of this book, one share for £3 15s. and the other for £4 10s., each being put up to auction separately. That is to say, the copyright of the book, which meant what remained of former issues and what might be expected to be made by future issues, at £99. In February, 1771, a twenty-fourth share was sold for £2 11s. The copyright was then worth £61 4s. In 1773, four guineas were paid for a twelfth share—the copyright of the whole was therefore worth £50. On June 5, 1783, sixteen years later, one twenty-fourth share was sold for half a guinea; the value of the copyright having gone down to £12 12s. On May 25, 1784, one twelfth share was sold for £1 16s., so that the value of the copyright had gone up. At these auctions of copyrights there must have been a good deal of speculation. One remarks, however, that people were not so quick to forget a book as they have since become; a book must be really remarkable to be remembered in these days after seventeen years or more.

The material before us is not sufficient to ascertain the cost of printing.

Here are, however, two printed bills.

1. Printed for Mr. John Nourse by William £ s. d.
   Stenham "Gil Blas," in French, 2 vols., 37½ sheets. No. 1000, at £1 10s. .......... 56 5 0
   March 8, 1770, Knight ("Shadows of the Booksellers") is responsible for the following:

   Printing go sheets at £1 6s. with notes at the £ s. d.
   bottom of the page ..................... 117 0 0
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Newspapers were already worth something in the year 1747. In that year Mr. Robert Dodsley gave Mr. Richard Nutt the sum of £150 for a fifteenth share in "a newspaper called The London Evening Post"—the whole of which was therefore valued at £2250. It seems little, as newspapers go, nowadays.

Books were sent about the country by waggon. On Nov. 7, 1758, Mr. Sackville Parker—was it Professor Sackville Parker?—writes from Oxford to Mr. Nourse, bookseller, at the Sign of the Lamb, against St. Catherine-street, Strand, asking for certain books; they were to be sent to him by Hibbit's waggon. If he writes for them on Monday, he might perhaps expect them on the Saturday.

The following interesting document is a minute of the meeting held at the Chapter Coffee House on Jan. 22, 1745, when four publishers agreed to take upon themselves and to share the risk and the profit on the production of a new magazine:

Chapter Coffee House, Jan. 22, 1745.

Messrs. Longman, Hitch, Dodsley, and Rivington.

Mr. Dodsley produced an agreement between him and Dr. Mark Akinside, signed by both parties, ye purport of which was that Dr. Akinside had engag'd to prepare & have ready for ye press once a fortnight, one Essay, whenever necessary, for carrying on a Work to be called ye Museaum, and also to prepare and have ready for ye Press once a fortnight an account of ye most considerable books in English, Latin, French, or Italian which have been lately published, and which Mr. Dodsley shall furnish—ye said account of books shall be so much in quantity as along with ye Essays above mentioned may fill a sheet & half in small pica whenever so much is necessary for ye carrying on ye said Design. Dr. Akinside engages to supervise ye whole, and to correct ye proofs of his own part on condition that Mr. Dodsley shall pay to Dr. Akinside fifty pounds on or before ye 27th September. It is further agreed that so long as Mr. Dodsley thinks proper to continue ye paper, and so long as Dr. Akinside consents to manage it, the terms above mentioned shall remain in force, & not less than a Hundred pounds per annum be offer'd by Mr. Dodsley, nor more insisted on by Dr. Akinside.

Mr. Dodsley also reported that he had seen Mr. Campbell, who had agreed to write one sheet of historical occurrences for ye said work, but could not yet fix ye terms he should have for ye same.

It was also agreed that Messrs. Longman, Hitch, and Rivington should be partners with Mr. Dodsley in the said pamphlet, & that ye same be carried on at ye joint expense of ye said four persons, who shall be equal shares in profit and loss that may arise by ye sale thereof, & that no other partner be admitted into ye said work.

And it is further agreed that, as Mr. Dodsley has apply'd to several Gentlemen for Essays, poems & other pieces for this work, that ye Copyright of all such Essays, poems & other pieces shall remain to Mr. Dodsley excepting such as are wrote by Dr. Akinside, which are to be ye property of ye 4 Persons concern'd in this said Museaum, as shall also ye Historical Occurrences.

In witness whereof the parties above mentioned have set their hands the day & date above mentioned.

THO. LONGMAN & CO. R. DODSLEY.

CHARLES HITCH. JOHN RIVINGTON & CO.
THE AUTHOR.

We will conclude these extracts with a letter written by an author to his publisher on the production of a second edition—not that the letter illustrates anything, but because it has a pleasant old world flavour. The author, observe, points out that he means to have his say in the advertisement of the book.

Sir,—I left the three sheets of the work at Mr. Hamilton's. I did not see Mr. Hamilton himself, but I acquainted his overseer what the alterations are which are to be made in the plan of it. He told me Mr. H. would probably see you on Sunday in order to settle the plan, &c. The quantity of matter I observe, as far as I have gone, has been more than double what it was before; which edition will, I calculate, fully supply the vacant columns and blank spaces, which there is now no occasion for, and the book will be about the same size as it now is, exclusive of the index, which will be about three sheets more I suppose. The size of the page I hope you will think with me will be best in octavo. The paper, you will excuse me if I just observe to you, was not in the last edition good enough. On looking over some letters I have, I find some complaints on that head, which I am sure you will put it out of their power to make in this edition.

You mentioned that you should pay £30 at the time of my delivery of the first sheets; I should therefore be obliged to you for it if you will let it be sent to Mr. Symons', merchant, Princes-street, Lothbury, who will give you a receipt for me.

Before you advertise the book, I shall be glad if you will hear from me again—as I shall give you a few hints which will be necessary to be observed. I am Sir, your most humble servant,

JELINGER SYMONS.

I hope to receive a proof sheet in a few days, and that I shall be able to furnish two sheets a week.

What do we learn from these papers?

In the first we learn what a very small and uncertain thing the demand for books—especially new books—was a hundred and fifty years ago. We see the publishers venturing into the market by clinging together; they divide even a little book into eight, sixteen, twenty shares; they hold auctions constantly at which they put up for sale these shares, trying to get into their own hands those which are profitable and getting rid of those which look likely to fall in value. Sometimes they have auctions of copyrights of which a round dozen are not worth more than a guinea. When a book of undoubted historical value is given to a publisher by its author, he calls in two or three of his fellows and they join together in the risk. They buy a collection of letters by Pope for £50, and one by Swift for £37. Everything is little; everything connected with the business shows that the market was very limited; that it was uncertain; that the risk in producing almost any book was very real.

A very narrow market. Yes; but then its narrow limits acted in an unexpected way; for if a book got into one house and was talked about it got into all. "My book," says Gibbon, "is on every table."

As for discounts: thirteen as twelve; or reductions for a large subscription, we read nothing.

When we consider the authors' side we find that they regarded the commercial side of their profession to mean simply that they were to sell their work to the bookseller for as much as they could get. Hence the use of the word "generosity"; hence, when men began to live by writing, the bending back and the outstretched hand which have done so much to ennoble and to dignify the profession of literature. The selling of books was regarded by the writer as a kind of gamble, or speculation. As for keeping a share in his own property, he did not know that it was property. Even in the case of Johnson with the Dictionary, it never so much as occurred to him that he was creating a noble property in which he ought to retain a share, and that a large share. It may be urged that it was a period in which, as we have seen, every new book was brought out as a risk to the venturer. Yet, what does Charles Knight, who knew the subject better than anyone before him, or since, say of this very period? "'Twas, in many respects, the golden age for publishers, when large and certain fortunes were made; when there was not a great deal of gambling spirit in the business." "Large and certain fortunes!" Then what about these risks? The word "large" is not to be accepted in its present sense, and the word "certain" means only that by dividing risk and so minimising possible loss, the publishers avoided dangers while they lost the chance of great coups.

W. B.

LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.


Criticism as Theft. Professor William Knight. Nineteenth Century for February.


Authority in Literary Taste. Speaker for Feb. 22.

Canadian Copyright. Speaker for Feb. 1.

The Biographer. Speaker for Feb. 8.
THE AUTHOR.

POPULAR WRITERS AND PRESS CRITICS. Saturday Review for Feb. 8.

AN EVENING WITH MALLARME. Z. Z. Literary World for Feb. 22.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT. Letters from J. W. D. and George Redway. Athenaeum for Feb. 1.

DANGER SIGNS IN NOVELS. Nation for Jan. 23.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS PAINE. Nation for Feb. 6.

THE REAL PETER PARLEY. Bookseller for Feb. 7.

THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION. Bookseller for Feb. 7.

THE ASSOCIATED BOOKSELLERS. Bookseller for Feb. 7.

NOTABLE REVIEWS.


Of Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." Saturday Review for Feb. 8.


Of J. M. Robertson's "Buckle and His Critics." Athenaeum for Feb. 22.

Of Mr. Gladstone's edition of Butler. Speaker for Feb. 22.


Mr. Zangwill discourses at good length on the relation of author and publisher. The methods of the Trade Union are only partially applicable to the author, but even the possible has not yet been done. "There is nothing but a registered disorganisation. What the publishers are really afraid of is not a society but a man"—the agent.

Publishers may rave as they will, but authors have every right to employ agents to save them from the unpleasant task of chaffering and of speaking highly of themselves. And it is the author who pays the agent, not the publishers, their whinings notwithstanding. The agent may indeed indeed squeeze out larger sums than publishers like to disgorge—squeezes out more than publishers are afraid of. If by using Canadian pirate publishers as a lever, we could force the United States into the league of civilised nations which have assented to the Berne Convention, the game might be worth playing.

As for the right of the author to reckon his expenses of research, equally with the publisher reckoning his office expenses, in the cost of production, it is not only an ethical fallacy but a politico-economical one, "because the economical question is only concerned with the distribution of the work, and the money or the heart's blood that went to make it has nothing to do with the question, while the publisher's office expenses are of the essence of the question." He excuses the publisher making successful books pay for unsuccessful; and allows him the right to capture the bulk of the profits of the author's first books, because they largely supply the author with his public—"but when a popular author brings a publisher a book it is he who improves the publisher's distributing agency." Mr. Zangwill at the same time strikes at the root of the publisher's existence by prophesying that he will become more and more the mere distributor, if indeed he be not eliminated by a mechanical organisation. "The popular author needs only a central store to supply the trade with his printed writings, the cost of production of which is covered by the first day's sales."

Writing upon "An Author's Complaint" in the Athenaeum, "J. W. D." says that similar cases have come under his notice, and "in every instance where a bookseller has ticketed my books above the published price, it has immediately been rectified when his attention has been called it." He thinks simple ignorance, therefore, the cause. Mr. Redway sends to the same journal opinions he has received upon his letter in favour of abolishing the net system of book-selling (summarised in this column last month). The Associated Booksellers have been conferring on this subject at their annual meeting, but with no definite end. One species of argument used was that the attainment of an adequate profit was the real matter, the precise method of reaching it being comparatively immaterial. At the Publishers' Association to frame rules, Mr. Frederick Macmillan said he entirely refused to believe in the hostility between authors and publishers often alluded to in the Press. The interests of the two, he continued, must always be inseparable. With regard to the booksellers, the saying was equally true, and the newly-formed Publishers' Association would try to release them from the thraldom of excessive discounts.

On the question of Canadian Copyright the Speaker is pleased that the position taken up by the Colonial Office, that legislation on copyright was beyond the province of the Dominion Parliament, has now apparently been dropped. But it has never been able to see that the loss of what may be called automatic copyright in Canada is a very serious matter to British authors. "The English-speaking people of Canada number perhaps three millions, and are chiefly farmers with little time, money, or inclination for buying books." Our contemporary thinks that :—

If by using Canadian pirate publishers as a lever, we could force the United States into the league of civilised nations which have assented to the Berne Convention, the game might be worth playing.

Because, while the writers of established reputation draw rich revenues from the United States, the poorer man and the beginner are robbed as brazenly as ever. The article also impresses the necessity of careful consideration of the Canadian authors' rights in other countries, because—French or English—he can never hope to make a large income out of his own people. Moreover—

The only protection which is of any real use to the writer must be a world protection, and that world protection can only be secured by Canada assenting to the rule of international equality, which was decreed at Berne.
Discussing Professor Courthope's inaugural lecture in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, as to what tribunal society can create to pronounce effectively on questions of literary taste, the Speaker does not agree with the Professor's objections to an English Academy on the French model—"officialism" not being an English failing, while "true originality" would be the strongest title to admission to the ranks of such Academy. Nevertheless, it concedes that, so long as the school of English literature runs on the lines of scholarship in its widest sense, it may at least form a genuine school of English culture, and help to educate the public mind as to the requirements of a literary style.

The letter by Thomas Paine which Mr. Moncure D. Conway sends to the Nation, was written from Paris in January, 1797, to Colonel Fellows, bookseller in New York, with whom the writer discussed arrangements about publishing his books. We extract this brief long-ago glimpse of Paine's view and experience in this way:

"You ask me by your letter to Mr. Caritat for a list of several works in order to publish a collection of them. This is an undertaking I have always reserved for myself. It not only belongs to me of right, but nobody but myself can do it; and as every author is accountable (at least in reputation) for his works, he only is the person to do it. . . . I have sustained so much loss by disinterestedness and inattention to money matters and by accidents, that I am obliged to look closer to my affairs than I have done."

Lately Mr. Andrew Lang entered his protest against so-called "scissors-and-paste" criticism; now Professor Knight finds fault with modern methods. He is alarmed for the risk that the professional critic, undertaking too much work, may review many books without reading them, and that unless he is somehow discovered and just sentence passed upon him, he will often return a biassed verdict on the literature that passes through his hands. All injustice is theft, he says; and he makes the rather striking point that papers which publish extracts from a book or a magazine defraud the public—besides, of course, taking from the author and hurting the publisher—because the public is deprived of the liberty of knowing in its integrity what some of the ablest writers of the time have had to say. The assumption is that the public believes it is getting the "integrity" with the extracts.

Throughout the article runs a note of welcome to the just critic who can be severe, as we are suffering from a vast amount of trivial production—"we have a modern literary swarmer, as we have a modern social proletariat." The Professor admits that the function of the modern critic is singularly ill-defined. He chiefly wants full knowledge, judicial impartiality, and readiness to appreciate what is new if it be a genuine development of latent tendencies.

The article on "Medicine in Fiction" is in the nature of a protest against the "vague, false, and impossible statements that are scattered broadcast by almost every novelist." The suggestion—which may be ironical—is made that the sources of correct information should be "occasionally consulted;" also that good taste should be displayed. George Eliot's works are held up admiringly for their correct treatment of such cases. The writer, however, advises the avoidance of medical subjects altogether as themes for novels. The Nation says that the "danger-signal—i.e., the indication of the subject treated in certain novels—should be placed on the cover instead of in the preface, to be truly effective; and that the change from the old custom under which English fiction might be left to free publishing and reading, may signify a gain for art, but certainly means "a loss to our comfort, to our traditions, to our manners."

WE have hitherto neglected to notice an appearance of a new magazine entitled Sisters, under the editorship of Mrs. Elizabeth Hooper, and published by S. W. Partridge and Co. Its first number appeared in December. It is devoted to the interests of women in their social rights, although it is not by any means in sympathy with the New Woman. It has for its main object the mutual help, comfort, and advancement, and the founding of free homes for indigent and invalid gentlewomen. Among its popular features, a new and original recitation by Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw appears every month, and an instructive page on the art of elocution.

Messrs. Jarrold have just issued a new illustrated edition of "Old Caleb's Will," by Frances Armstrong. Price 3s. 6d.

Miss Jean Middlemass will shortly run a serial called "The Case of David Lisle," through the National Press Agency Syndicate of Newspapers.

The second edition of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Spring's Immortality and other Poems" being sold out, the publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, are about to issue a third edition in which the author has made some revisions, particularly in the poem entitled "The Taking of the Flag."
The lecture at the Imperial Institute, by Mr. James Baker, author of "John Westacott," &c., was an undoubted success. The subject of the lecture, "Egypt of To-day," is always interesting, and the lecturer’s treatment elicited frequent applause. The views, of which over sixty were shown, were from snap shots taken by Mr. Baker; they represented the natives in religious ceremonies, groups around the temples and tombs, scenes on the Nile and in the native houses, prisons and schools.

Lord Monkswell has written a novel, which will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. under the title of "Kate Grenville."

"The Romance of Rahere," by Edward Hardingham. (Elliot Stock.)——The poems in this book are presumably by one who now makes his first appearance in public. The poem which gives its title to the volume is about 150 pages in length; the other twelve are nearly all of good length. In these days of tiny volumes it is pleasing to have one poet not afraid of a sustained flight. Let Mr. Hardingham speak for himself in the following:

PERDIDI DIEM! Nigh a baker’s shop
A man stood wistful—in his arms a child
Asleep of weariness. Alas! beguiled
By pleasant converse with a friend, to stop
I thought not, but passed by—Perdidi diem!

Perdidi diem! After, at my meal,
My pets about me jealous each of each,
A weary face, more eloquent than speech,
Rose up, Egyptian guest. I could but feel
The sting of thoughtlessness—Perdidi diem!

Perdidi diem! "Evermore the poor
Ye shall have with you." Thus the Lord of all.
Ah, God, how oft they look, they sigh, they call!
We pass them careless by, or close the door.
Forgive me, Lord, for oft—Perdidi diem!

Perdidi diem! Down the village street
A-dust with summer heat, and broader road,
Self-judged and self-condemned, I eager strode;
A mile, then two, and three, yet could not greet
Again the wanderer pair—Perdidi diem!

Perdidi diem! Sorrowful at heart
Returning home, I vowed no more for shame
I’ll feel, or pride, or selfish ease, the claim
Of outcast to repel, or hunger smart
Of poverty to quicken, lost one day
The God alike of rich and poor should say.
Tu perdidi diem, servant Mine.

Non perdidi diem, dost thou lift
A wormling out the path of hurrying men;
Dost save a moth from flame; the guiltless wren
Release from snare, or straying beetle shift
Back to its burrow; but at close of day
Canst peaceful sleep to dream thy Lord doth say,
Non perdidi diem, servant Mine!

"The Exiles: a Romance of Life." By Marcus S. C. Rickards. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

This is a single poem told in about a hundred and fifty pages with songs and lyrics interspersed. Read, for instance, the following:

**Gold at the peep of dawn,**
_Waxing to noon,_
_Then by slow stealth withdrawn;_**
_Gray afternoon,_
_Veil ing a watery sun,_
_Herald of rain begun,_
_Weeping till Night hath won_**
_Her silver moon._

_Gold in the soft spring-time,_
_Depkening to splendour_**
_Of the gay summer-prime,_
_Till autumn tender_**
_Lose her tints, tears, and sighs,_
_In gray despairing skies,_
_Ere in cold silvery guise_**
_Calm winter end her._

_Silver at dawn of Love,_
_Cold, clear, disdaining._
_Then gray around, above—_**
_Sigh, gust, and raining._
_Ere the sun stream in gold,_
_Deepening till all behold_**
_Love, that ne'er waxes old,_
_Deepening till all behold_**
_Love, that ne'er waxes old_,
_And knows no waning._

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has completed a new novel of the time of Queen Anne, called "A Lady of Quality," and Messrs. Warne will publish it immediately.

Mr. E. F. Benson is engaged upon a romance laid in Greece during the War of Independence. The author of "Dodo" was recently sojourning in Greece, in connection with the operations of the British School of Archæology.

Mr. Allen Upward calls his new novel "A Crown of Straw," which will relate to the late king of Bavaria. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Some months ago we announced "The Herb Moon," by "John Oliver Hobbes." It is now stated that the heroine of this story, which is to be published shortly, is of "a noble type of womanhood;" and, moreover, that the author has now abandoned stories of the type of her "The Gods," "Some Mortals," and "Lord Wickenham."

The third volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer’s "Principles of Sociology" may be expected by the summer, and in it will be included his brief work on "Ecclesiastical Institutions."
Mr. Lecky has written an introduction to "A Life Spent for Ireland: Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt."

Mr. Clark Russell's novel, in three volumes, "The Tale of the Ten," and Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly," will both be published immediately.

Distinctive interest attaches to the forthcoming poem by Mr. Robert Buchanan (which will appear immediately), from the fact that the author is also the publisher. This attitude will be explained in a pamphlet by Mr. Buchanan, who calls the ordinary publisher "a barnacle on the bottom of the good ship Literature, yet presuming to criticise the quality of the cargo in the hold." In the same way he will himself deal direct with the bookseller upon all other works he may publish in the future. The title of the poem is "The Devil's Case: a Bank Holiday Interlude."

Mr. John Stafford is a new writer who will appear with a volume of stories, entitled "Doris and I," to be published by Messrs. Chatto.

For Mr. William Archer's "Theatrical World of 1895," to appear soon, Mr. Pinero has written a prefatory letter, mainly reminiscent of his early days at Edinburgh, while Mr. H. G. Hibbert supplies a synopsis of playbills.

Mdme. Stepniak is preparing a biography of her late husband, the well-known Russian agitator. The Russian section of it will be edited by Prince Kropotkin. Chapters on Stepniak as a critic, Stepniak as a political writer, and Stepniak in Italy, will be contributed respectively by Professor York Powell, Mr. Edward Garnett, and Malatesta, the Italian anarchist. A Russian romance has, by the way, just been completed by Mr. William Le Queux, entitled "The Nihilist Spy: Being the Strange Adventures of Anton Prehznoff." Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden will publish the story.

The postman poet, Mr. James D. Hosken, has written a tragedy in three acts about "Christopher Marlowe," which is its title; also a harlequinade in doggerel called "Belphegor." They will be published together in one volume by Messrs. Henry and Co. very soon.

Should health attend him, Mr. Justin M'Carthy contemplates renewed literary activity now that he has given up the duties of leadership in the Irish Parliamentary Party. He has in prospect, for instance, the completion of his "History of Our Own Times" by bringing it down to the present day, a memoir of the Pope, a three-volume novel, and a collection of short stories. Add to these his own Reminiscences, and the list seems richly promising.

The autobiography of Mary Anderson will be ready at Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine's, in a few days' time. Next month the same house will issue the second portion of the Barras memoirs. In the course of the spring season they will also publish a work by Professor Garner, of "the language of the monkey tribe" fame, giving his experiences during his late visit to West Africa. The Professor spent four months in an iron cage in the forest of the French Congo, with only the companionship of his subjects of study, the wild beasts.

Mr. Arthur Waugh supplies notes and an introduction to a new edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which Messrs. Kegan Paul have in the press. It will consist of six volumes, published monthly, and there will be thirty portraits in it of the chief poets. Mr. Le Gallienne has edited for Mr. Lane a reprint of "The Compleat Angler," from the 1676 edition. Two hundred drawings by Mr. Edmund H. New will be given throughout the twelve parts, issue of which begins now. Another work to be published by Mr. Lane is "The Feasts of Autolycus: The Diary of a Greedy Woman," being articles on cookery by Mrs. Pennell, which have been published in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. F. Marchmont, a London secondhand book-seller, is compiling a "Handbook of Anonymous Literature," which, while not pretending to be comprehensive in scope, will index about 2000 works.

"Hans Breitmann" is about to issue, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a book on the somewhat quaint topic of "mending and repairing." He has gone conscientiously about it by experimenting in particular cases and discussing the latest technological works, and he knows no book in any language which covers the same ground as it will.

The new editor of the Edinburgh Review is the Hon. Arthur Elliot, brother to the Earl of Minto, and sometime Member of Parliament for the county of Roxburgh. February witnessed the sudden departure (owing to differences with the proprietor) from the editorial chair of the Pall Mall Gazette of Mr. Cust, M.P., who has been succeeded temporarily by Sir Douglas Straight until, as it is understood, an American editor appears. Mr. E. T. Cook has succeeded Sir John Robinson in the editorship of the Daily News; and his assistant, Mr. J. A. Spender, now follows him as editor of the Westminster Gazette.

Mr. Murray has in his possession letters and other documents written by and relating to
BYRON, including the poet's own continuation of "Don Juan," and other fragments, with the aid of which he is about to prepare a final and complete edition.

Miss Florence Marryat's new story is concerned with Spiritualism, and the title is "The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs." Messrs. Hutchinson, who will publish this book soon, have also in hand a novel by Miss Marie Corelli, entitled "The Mighty Atom."

New stories by Mr. Frankfort Moore, "In Our Hours of Ease;" Mr. Morley Roberts, "The Great Jester: being some Jests of Fate;" and Mr. Percy Russell, "A Cumberland Tragedy," are announced by Messrs. Mentz, Kenner, and Gelberg for early publication.

Mr. Gabriel Setoun calls his next novel "Robert Urquhart." It will come from Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster, who are also issuing "A Village Drama," a new story by "V. Schallenberger," the pseudonymous author of "Green Tea."

The most important publication during February was Slatin Pasha's book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan: A Personal Narrative of Fighting and Serving the Dervishes, 1879-95" (Arnold). The iniquities and cruelties of the Mahdi's rule are graphically set forth in a work which, if ever one was, will be acknowledged to have been dearly bought by its writer. Of purely literary interest, Professor Saintsbury's "History of Nineteenth Century Literature" (Macmillan) was notable. The period, says the writer, need fear no comparison in poetry. "In prose fiction it stands alone." "In making—prose or verse—no time leaves record of performance more distinguished or more various."

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has a volume of four short stories coming out presently, Messrs. Sampson Low being the publishers. His new long story, "Dariel: A Romance of Surrey," will appear first in Blackwood's Magazine.

The biography of the late Frederick Engels, which his executor, Mr. E. Bernstein, is preparing, will be published under the title "Frederic Engels, the Founder of Scientific Socialism: His Work and his Associations."

From a list drawn up by the Publishers' Weekly of America, it appears that during 1895 there were published in America 3396 books by American authors and 2073 by English authors. In fiction, however, the proportion was 827 English to 287 American; while in poetry, biography, and travel English books were also more numerous. In works of history, theology, law, and medicine, the balance is distinctly on the American side; while in books on sport and amusement the Transatlantic reading public evidently divide their favour equally.

An uncommon kind of story, vide the publishers' announcement, is shortly to be published by a lady writer through Messrs. Hutchinson. The heroine of "In a Silent World," is a deaf and dumb girl, and the tale, says the authoress in her preface, "seeks to depict the introspection of a soul pent up, prison-like, between the walls of a great affliction, whose only mode of expressing the emotions is by the pen."

Mr. H. D. Traill's biography of Sir John Franklin will be published during the spring by Mr. Murray.

A catalogue of Mr. Whistler's lithographs is being compiled, with descriptive matter, by Mr. T. R. Way for the guidance of collectors and connoisseurs. The edition will consist of only 125 copies, at 10s. 6d. each, and there will be as frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Whistler by himself, in stump lithography. Messrs. Bell and Sons will publish the list.

"English in American Universities." (Boston, U.S.A.: D. C. Heath and Co.) Here are twenty accounts of the English courses in representative American colleges, each written by a professor and, with two exceptions, reprinted from the Dial. In an introduction to the book, Mr. W. M. Payne, of that journal, discusses the shortcomings of their higher instruction in English, but remarks that, however far it may be from the fulfilment of its whole ambition, it is eager in its outlook for higher things.

Two new series of works of fiction are announced, namely, "The Leisure Library," to be begun by Messrs. Hutchinson with a volume entitled "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," from the pen of Mr. W. Pett Ridge; and "The Yellow Library," which follows on the wind-up of the "Pseudonym" series of Mr. Fisher Unwin, and will open with a volume from Canon Jessopp.

At the Frere book-sale the famous Paston Letters were bought over for the British Museum. A copy of the rare Kilmarnock edition of Burns brought £121—a record price for it—at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 21st ult.; and first editions of Dickens's "Pickwick" and "Tale of Two Cities," in the original numbers, sold for £13 5s. and £10 5s., respectively. Of Scott, "Guy Mannering," first edition, was bought for £7 7s., "The Antiquary" for £3 5s.; "Rob Roy," £5, and the first and second series of "Tales of my Landlord," £16.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

Warings and Advice.

1. Drawing the Agreement.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. Serial Rights.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. Stamp Your Agreements.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. Ascertain What a Proposed Agreement Gives to Both Sides Before Signing It.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. Literary Agents.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. Cost of Production.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. Choice of Publishers.—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.

8. Future Work.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. Personal Risk.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. Rejected MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. American Rights.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. Cession of Copyright.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. Advertisements.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

How to Use the Society.

1. Every member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Com-
THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondences; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 them?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding
is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

THE Committee beg to remind members that the Subscription for the year is due on January the First.

The most convenient form of payment is by order on a Bank. This method saves the trouble of remembering.

The Secretary will in future send reminders to members who are in arrear in February.

The Author will not be sent to members in arrear after the month of March.

The members of the Society were invited by the General Meeting of Feb. 17 to nominate certain men and women of letters willing and able to serve on the sub-committee for the consideration of changes—if any—that might be thought desirable in the constitution and management of the Society, and especially with the view of making the Committee more representative of the whole body of members.

It was also ordered by the second resolution—see the Author for March, pp. 223, 224—that the names thus proposed and seconded should be published in the April number of the Society's paper, and that this list should be accompanied by a balloting paper.

The second Resolution cannot be carried out for the reason that no names at all have been sent in. The subject will be laid before the Committee at the next meeting.

G. HERBERT THRING, Secretary.

March 30, 1896.
from mankind any words of his the publication of which was for the true good of the public. The affidavit of the defendant Hutchinson contended that the publication was made exactly for the good of the public, and, such being the case, free publication ought to be permitted without legal restriction. He further tried to show that there was no precedent for the recognition of copyright vested in verbal utterances. The Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon) on the third day refused to grant an application, but several times in the course of his judgment said that he would hear an argument upon the point whether there had been a breach of trust or of implied contract. Thus it was temporarily decided that words used in lectures for the public benefit had no copyright vested in them, and were liable to be published without reserve for the good of humanity.

Four months were allowed by Abernethy to elapse before he made his second application to the Lord Chancellor for an injunction on the ground suggested to him by his lordship, viz., that his lectures were delivered to persons under an implied contract not to publish them; but at the end of May the application was made and the hearing was commenced on June 10. Abernethy renewed his application obviously rather in the interests of other lecturers than his own, for at the time his lectures were not being printed in the Lancet, having been discontinued at the completion of the course some two months previously. "He may possibly have vanity enough to suppose that we shall reprint his lectures," wrote Thomas Wakley, the editor of the paper. "On this point his mind may be perfectly at ease; our pages have been already obscured with his hypothetical nonsense during six tedious months, and when we read the proof of the last paragraph we felt relieved of a most intolerable incubus."

The result of the second application was that Abernethy was successful. The Lord Chancellor in his judgment to a certain extent went back on himself. He held that the lectures could not be published for profit, that if any pupil who had paid only to hear them afterwards sold them to the publisher he infringed the law, and that the publishers in so publishing them enacted "what this Court would call a fraud in a third party." He dwelt upon the practical difficulty that existed in bringing home this fraud to anyone where no manuscript was in existence, but did not otherwise allow that there was any difference as far as the author's rights were concerned whether the lecture was delivered from a manuscript or as an extemporary effort. This is the judgment which forms the precedent upon which cases of infringe-
nation as a lecturer. This recognition of an inseparable tie between the two posts of surgeon and lecturer reached Wakley's ears, and supplied him with the very point in his argument for a dissolution of the injunction that he required. "Of course Abernethy's lectures were public property," he said: "they are delivered in his public capacity as surgeon to a public charity, and the students of the metropolis must attend them, or lectures from some five or six other functionaries similarly situated, whether they like or no." The five or six others being the other lecturers licensed by the Court of Examiners. The facts of Abernethy's offer of resignation to the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital were set out in the form of an affidavit, and, no one appearing to represent Abernethy in opposition to a motion for dissolution of the injunction, Lord Eldon removed the restriction. The practical termination of this case, therefore, was, curiously enough, in exact opposition to the temporary termination which forms a precedent that is so widely quoted, and the Lancet, in publishing the whole story, has furnished us with an interesting piece of old-world literary history.

III.—The American Authors' Guild.

Some account appears in the Author for March of the Associated Authors' Publishing Company in New York, an enterprise destined, I trust, for good service to European as well as American authors. A remark in the Author, that the (English) Society of Authors could hardly enter upon the business of publishing, may lead to the inference that the American Guild has entered upon such business. But the Guild takes no responsibility for the new publishing company. On the other hand, it is important to add that the incorporators of the company include the president (General Grant Wilson) and other active members of the Guild, and that a majority of our Board of Management have recorded their "cordial approval and endorsement of the objects of the proposed corporation."

The American Guild, founded in May, 1892, incorporated in January, 1895, grows rapidly, and by latest accounts numbers more than 400 members. Its aims, as stated in the act of incorporation, are "to promote a professional spirit among authors; to foster a more friendly feeling, and create greater confidence, between authors and publishers, and to devise some practical means of securing accurate returns of sales by publishers; to advise authors as to the value of literary property and the different methods of publishing books, and to see that their contracts are so drawn as to secure to them their lawful rights; to determine disputes between authors and publishers by arbitration, or, if necessary, by an appeal to the courts; to maintain and defend literary property, and to advance the interests of American authors and literature; the furtherance of library, literary, benevolent, and social purposes."

There are twenty-one officers of the Guild. The monthly meetings have been well attended by these, and by unofficial members. The conferences have been quick with interest, and there has been a steady development of practical purposes. The Guild is about to establish a sort of club, or "Guild Home," in New York, a relief insurance fund, a library, and the monthly Bulletin will be enlarged into a magazine. Thus far the only action towards national reform has been a petition to Congress for a manuscript post; for it is one symptom of the long neglect under which our authors have suffered, that they must pay letter postage on manuscripts, though the very same manuscripts, when accompanied by the publisher's proof, pass as printed matter. When the presidential election is over this petition will probably be granted, but the reforming tendencies of the Guild constitute its raison d'être, and will ultimately deal with more serious evils than the postal anomaly. This organisation represents, as I believe, the awakening of literary men in America to the fact that in the republic of letters their nation is placed in the rear of civilised States by injurious external conditions, while possessing ample intellectual ability to keep abreast of other States. For the present the Guild is gathering its forces, and organising them; it is also studying seriously the causes of the injurious conditions, and steadily reaching a consensus thereon; and on several occasions I have heard in its meetings the rights and wrongs of foreign authors, as affected by American legislation, considered with deep concern. The leaders of the Guild are men of experience and practical wisdom, and any Quixotic efforts at reform are as little to be apprehended as passive acquiescence in the oppressions under which American literature is suffering, and by which foreign authors are largely burdened. From letters just received from the president of the Guild and others I learn that international questions were to be discussed at an ensuing monthly meeting, and it is probable that I may ask space in a future number of the Author for a further statement.

Moncure D. Conway.

IV.—The Treloar Bill.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Publishers' Copyright League, held
on the 2nd of February, the following resolutions were presented and adopted:

Resolved: That the American Publishers' Copyright League disapprove, on the following grounds, of the provisions of the bill introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Treloar (H. R. 9976) for the revision of the copyright law:

1. The bill provides for the restriction to "citizens of the United States" of the privilege of securing copyright under the statute. The Act of 1891 extended the privilege of securing copyright within the United States to the citizens of foreign states which conceded to American citizens the benefit of copyright. The Act of 1870 had limited the privilege of securing copyright to persons who were "residents" of the United States. The restriction now proposed, limiting the copyright privilege to citizens, would bring about a revocation or cancellation of the copyright relations which have been entered into by the United States, under the Act of 1891, with Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Denmark, and would constitute a distinct step back of the policy of even our most primitive copyright laws in the recognition of literary and artistic property.

2. The bill provides for the addition to the list of articles which, in order to secure the privilege of copyright in the United States, must be wholly manufactured within the limits of the United States, of musical compositions and of reproductions of works of art in the form of engravings, cuts, or prints. In the discussion of the provisions of the Act of 1891 it was held by those having expert knowledge of the subject that the application of the manufacturing requirement to the production of foreign musical composers would in practice prevent such composers, in the majority of cases, from securing the benefit of American copyright, and would simply perpetuate the practice previously existing of the appropriation by American reprinters of the property in such productions. It was further established, during this discussion, that a condition requiring the manufacture or production in the United States of an engraving of a work of art by a foreign designer must, in the majority of instances (and particularly in the cases of the more important works of art which could not be brought across the Atlantic for the purpose of being engraved) render impracticable the securing of American copyright, and would leave open, as heretofore, the property in such reproductions to be appropriated by unauthorised publishers.

In connection with the difficulties in the way of securing simultaneous publication in the United States for editions of Continental books printed in the language of the country of their origin, the authors of France, Germany, and Spain have thus far secured but inconsiderable advantage from the American Copyright Act; although the several nations which have entered into copyright relations with the United States have extended to our citizens, without any restrictions of local manufacture, the full copyright privileges enjoyed by their own citizens. This result has naturally brought about, on the part of the nations referred to, a large measure of dissatisfaction with their copyright relations with the United States, and these relations would before now have been terminated (greatly to the disadvantage of American authors and artists) if it had not been for certain advantages secured under the Act of 1891 to the foreign producers of works of art. If the protection of American copyright is to be withdrawn also from the productions of foreign artists (as would be the result under the Treloar Bill), international copyright relations between the United States and the nations above specified will inevitably be brought to a close.

3. The provision in the bill under which the total amount to be collected for the infringement of the copyright of a literary production is limited to $5000 is inequitable in itself, and constitutes a distinct departure from the principles heretofore controlling the law of copyright throughout the world. An authorised reprinter might easily secure, through the appropriation of copyrighted work, proceeds which would enable him to pay such a penalty as that provided for, and still secure a satisfactory return from his undertaking. The penalty should be left, as under the present law, proportioned to the extent of the injury caused to the owner of the copyright, and proportioned also to the proceeds secured to the person appropriating the copyrighted property, which proceeds have been diverted from the rightful owner.

4. The plan for instituting the office of commissioner of copyrights can, in our judgment, be dealt with more effectively in a separate bill, such as has already been introduced in the House by Mr. Bankhead and in the Senate by Mr. Morrill. It is also our opinion that the staff provided under the Treloar bill for the Copyright Bureau would be unnecessarily large and expensive, and that the services of so many employees would probably not be required, at least during the earlier years of the operation of the office.

5. The purpose expressed in clause XXVIII. of the bill for securing adequate protection for the property rights of dramatic authors can also, in our judgment, be better brought about under the provisions of the Cummings bill now pending the House of Representatives.

For these several considerations it is our judgment that the enactment of the Treloar bill would constitute a serious injury to the rights of producers of copyright property and to the interests of the community for the use of which such copyright property is brought into existence. It would further constitute, on the part of the United States, a breach of international good faith with the several nations of Europe that have extended copyright privileges to American citizens. We, therefore, ask that the bill may receive the unfavourable action of Congress and of the Executive.

On motion it was also resolved "that this committee cordially approves the purpose of the bills introduced in the House by Mr. Bankhead, and in the Senate by Senator Morrill, for instituting a separate bureau for the registry of copyrights. It is, however, the judgment of the committee that a larger staff of assistants than that specified in these bills will be required for the effective conduct of the work that is to be confided to this bureau; and it is further our opinion that more effective service will be secured if the responsibility for the selection of all the members of his working staff be placed in the hands of the proposed register of copyrights."

V.—A GREAT CHANGE.

The following are certain novel conditions under which any writer may make a certainty of being heard in a Paper especially provided for him. It affords one the greatest pleasure to give publicity to this noble offer.

"This offer is made to provide a means whereby Authors, Writers, and others of a literary bent or ability, may obtain
publication for their work, and receive adequate remuneration from the outset, besides bringing them into public notice, without expense to themselves.

The Paper, which will be of a high class, will be issued at a popular price, and its circulation will ensure to its contributors a position unobtainable by other means.

**Conditions.**

1. The Editor will receive, accept, and pay for on publication, at a liberal rate, any Article or Work, either in prose or verse, sent in by a Contributor, provided it be original.

2. The Editor shall have power to delete, alter, cut out, shorten, or expand any Article or Work as he may think fit, and any alteration so made shall be accepted by the Contributor.

3. The rate of remuneration shall be fixed on a basis according to the literary merit, ability, and length of the Work, but in no case shall it be less than at a rate of £5 5s. for an Article of 5000 words, and at proportionate rates for other quantities.

4. The decision of the Editor as to the remuneration for any Work shall be accepted as final and binding upon all parties concerned.

5. A copy of each issue of the Paper will be sent post free to every Contributor.

6. Every Contributor is required to agree to subscribe to the Paper for a period of seven years, and to pay each year the Annual Subscription of £3 3s., in advance, failing which their contributions will not be accepted, published, or paid for.

7. The work of the Paper, such as reviews, reports, criticisms, notices, &c., will be distributed (and paid for at liberal rates) amongst Contributors only. This will give further opportunities of remuneration to them apart from their own original contributions.

8. Every Contributor has the right under these Conditions of sending in work to the Paper, which will be accepted and paid for on publication in accordance with Conditions 1, 2, and 3.

9. Every Contributor, on signing these Conditions and sending the Subscription, will be duly registered, and obtain the privileges contained herein.

I agree to become a Contributor in accordance with the foregoing conditions, which I accept and agree to, and I inclose herewith the sum of £3 3s. as my first year’s subscription.

**Signature........................................**

**Address in full ............................................**

I think that a few questions should be sent to the editor before we make haste to pay our annual subscription of £3 3s.

1. Does the first condition really mean that every contribution sent in by any subscriber or contributor must be accepted and published by the editor? In that case the Tower of Babel itself would be intelligible and interesting in comparison with a paper which published everything sent in.

2. Does the second condition contradict the first? In the first the editor seems to bind himself to publish whatever is offered him. In the second he reserves the power to delete, i.e., to cut out, whatever is offered him.

3. The third condition appears to contradict itself. The pay is to depend on the literary merit and length of the work offered. But it is never to be less than a guinea for a thousand words. How, then, in the case of articles of no literary merit whatever, which the editor, by the first condition, is bound to publish?

5. A copy to be sent post free to each contributor. This is unheard of generosity.

6. This is the most startling condition. We are to engage to pay an annual subscription of £3 3s. a year for seven years! That is to say, we are to promise £3 3s. a year—we can get Longman’s for 6s.—for a magazine of which we know nothing—for seven years to come! This betrays an amount of confidence in the artlessness of literary aspirants which with all our experience we could never reach. For seven years! Blind confidence in the unseen for seven years! Wonderful!

7. The eighth condition clears up the doubt expressed above. The contributor by this condition seems to receive the absolute right of having his work, whatever it is, however impossible, however miserable, accepted, published, and paid for!

Another question or two:

1. How many contributors will be accepted for each number? A thousand? Ten thousand?

2. What is to be the form, size, price, of the organ in question?

3. What guarantee does the editor offer (1) that the paper will continue; (2) that it will appear; (3) that he can carry out his promises?

4. Is it to be a political, a literary, or scientific organ? A weekly, monthly, or a daily organ? A London or a provincial organ?

5. Suppose it to be a monthly organ: suppose it to have acquired a thousand “contributors”: has every contributor the power of contributing a contribution every month? If so, the magazine would contain something like 500 pages at least every month. Will not this bulk somewhat the taxes of the enterprising editor?

If the projector will enlighten us upon these points he may perhaps attract a large number of contributors. He will observe that I have given him for nothing an excellent advertisement.

W. B.
SEVERAL bills affecting copyright have been introduced into the present Congress. There are first two short bills, providing for a separate bureau of copyright registry, differing chiefly in matters of salary and of sources from which the assistants in the proposed bureau are to be appointed. A third bill, by Mr. Cummings of New York, embodies the views of the owners of dramatic copyrights as to an adequate provision for enforcing the law against pirates of their works. A fourth bill, introduced by Mr. Treloar of Missouri, includes Mr. Cummings' bill verbatim, and provides also for the much needed copyright bureau. It also extends the terms of copyright from twenty-eight and fourteen to forty and twenty years respectively, a provision sufficiently acceptable to the owners of copyright, but one for which there is no organised demand, and one which is deemed by the Authors' League impracticable at the present time. It also makes some minor changes looking to the greater efficiency of the law as respects copyright in photographs. The rest of the bill is irredeemably bad, and would operate as a virtual repeal of the copyright law. It provides, first, that copyrights shall be given only to citizens of the United States, a provision repealed by the present Act. The exceptions to the non-importation clause in the case of copyright material are all omitted, with the exception of books in foreign languages. The present importation of two copies of a foreign edition of a copyrighted book for use and not for sale is stricken out. Newspapers could no longer be imported if they contained copyright material, nor could books over twenty years of age, or books for libraries, governments, &c. This section is perhaps the most clumsy and unintelligent of the whole measure. Third, the manufacturing clause is extended to periodicals, maps, charts, musical compositions, engravings, cuts, and prints, in addition to the four articles from which that condition is now exacted, namely, books, chromos, lithographs, and photographs. The other details show that the bill is constructed in the most provincial spirit; but the changes provided for are so radical that the bill has already awakened a storm of indignation among the friends of international copyright. The American Authors' Copyright League and the American Publishers' Copyright League have already protested in vigorous terms against the measure, which was opposed at a meeting of a committee on patents of the House of Representatives on March 4, by Mr. Richard Underwood Johnson, secretary of the American Copyright League. Moreover, the American publishers themselves are by no means in favour of the measure, although it evidently had its origin in the desire to extend the manufacturing clause to music, as Mr. Treloar, who introduced it, is a music publisher. Mr. Treloar, to do him justice, is somewhat aghast at the destructive work of his measure, and has shown signs of desisting. There seems to be small chance of the bills passing with these objectionable features, and as the removal of them would remove what was the motive of the introduction of the bill, it is improbable that the bill will pass in any form. Meantime it is probable that the Authors' League will follow the Publishers' League in indorsing Mr. Bankhead's bill for a bureau of copyright registry, but as that bill carries an appropriation with it, it is likely to meet with considerable opposition at this time, when the leaders of the majority in the House of Representatives are endeavouring to make a record for economy.

English friends of international copyright need have little anxiety about public opinion in the United States on this question. Both the Authors' and the Publishers' League look upon it as part of their duty to resist constantly any invasion of the present copyright law tending to a less liberal policy. During the five years of its operation the reciprocal operation of the American law has been extended steadily, so that now the United States is in copyright relations with Great Britain and her colonies, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, and Denmark, and efforts are being made to strengthen the law still further by similar arrangements with other countries. This policy in its results has already shown its value, for now the authors are able to show Congress that an invasion of the present law would imperil the privileges of American citizens in foreign countries. Of course any change in the direction of liberality would not be met with this objection. It is to be borne in mind, also, that all the attacks upon the law at the present time have started from provincial sources and from men who had little conception of what would be the result of their proposed legislation. Should the bill by any chance succeed in passing the committee there will be a vigorous agitation against it from all sides similar to that which succeeded in defeating the less radical Hicks bill of last year.

A second edition of "The Question of Copyright," by George Haven Putnam, will be issued immediately by C. P. Putnam's Sons. This work is sound and complete in its history of copyright legislation and discussions of the underlying laws.
of property, and this edition will bring the story of the subject in America down to the present month. Another book by Mr. Putnam about to appear is the first volume of “Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages,” a study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the end of the seventeenth century.

Chicago is rapidly taking its place as an important publishing centre as well as a literary centre. Still, rapid as has been the progress in the last five years, there is now a magnifying of everything coming from there which shows a great deal of the provincial spirit remaining. Charles Scribner’s Sons have just issued “The Love Affairs of a Biblomaniac,” by Eugene Field, in a costly edition, and are about to issue “The House,” by the same author. Mr. Field, who is probably almost unknown to English readers, was a Chicago journalist who has just died. He wrote light poems and essays entirely without permanent value, and the announcement of these volumes, with the great amount of talk that has been made about the author since his death, is one of many indications that America in general and Chicago and the new West in particular have a local literary vanity which shows itself markedly in the output of the leading publishers. Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago, author of “The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani” and of “The Cliff Dwellers,” is to have a volume of one act plays published this spring by the Century Company. He is a man who has shown literary powers of several different kinds, and he is one of the writers watched with real interest in his future by observers of American literature. The principal Chicago publishers, Stone and Kimball, who publish more books of Western life than any other house, have within the half dozen years of their existence come to play a leading part in the literary world here. Their last move was to establish, two weeks ago, a branch house in New York. As John Lane is to publish their Chap-Book in England, readers on the other side will get a very fair idea of the nature of present American taste in light semi-artistic literature. One of the most promising of young Western writers is Hamlin Garland. His last book, “Rose of Dutcher’s Coolly,” recently published by Stone and Kimball, has been much discussed. In its strength and its crudity it represents the best of our new work from the Western States. One of the publishers of the book remarked in conversation last week that what Mr. Garland needed for a real advance in power was a wider horizon, an experience in the old countries of Europe. This subject is being discussed vigorously just now; the general subject of the value of European influence on our writers. Mr. Brander Matthews has just aroused controversy by the introduction and the conclusion of his “Introduction to American Literature,” published by the American Book Company. The author lays great emphasis on the distinction between British and English literature, including under the latter term the literature of all English speaking countries, and he emphasises the wisdom of taking our keenest interest in our own writers. This has been attacked on the one hand as literary jingoism, and defended on the other as an intelligent emancipation from secondhand ideas and interests. Whatever the merits of the case, the book is an excellent one for the clearness with which it points out, mainly for use in schools, the broad and simple traits which have thus far marked American literature.

In New York no writer of the last two or three years has attracted more attention than Edward Townsend. His “Chimmie Fadden” had an enormous sale, and is now having a success on the stage. It deals with a Bowery hero, or the typical Irish-American boy of the poorer district of the city. His “Daughter of the Tenements” is to be published in England. It gives a fair idea of the quality of a kind of literature much in vogue here, stories of local colour written by ready, versatile newspaper men, who are quick to seize upon the aspects of our life obviously available for literary purposes. The newspaper reporter is the material from which many of our most prominent young writers are now made. Stephen Crane, the author of “The Red Badge of Courage,” was a reporter here. Richard Harding Davis, Julian Ralph, and Earnest Riis are also reporters. So much “special work,” or articles of general local interest, of a half literary quality, are required by our newspapers now, especially for their great Sunday editions, that the more successful reporters become almost inevitably magazine writers, as the magazines, especially the illustrated ones, want the same sort of matter. The Scribner’s will publish this spring “Cinderella and other Stories,” by Mr. Davis.

One of our best writers of stories of western life, Owen Wister, is a grandson of Fanny Kemble. He was a class-mate of Henry Norman at Harvard University, and acted with him in the famous Greek play given there, the Oedipus. Mr. Norman’s “The Near East” will be published this spring by the Scribner’s.

The May number of the Bookman will contain an article on Samuel L. Clemens called “Mark Twain as an Historical Novelist,” and about the same time the Harper’s will announce officially that Mr. Clemens is the author of “The Personal Recollections of Jean of Are,” the series which
has been running in Harper's Monthly signed Louis Leconte, announced by the Harper's as by the most popular magazine writer in the world. This article will take the position that Mark Twain is one of the writers of permanent importance, especially for his pictures of south-western American life. "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" is the book in which Mark Twain has made the solidiest pictures of the characteristics of the people of that region, especially of the attitude toward slavery and of the conditions which still cause the violent bloody feuds.

Cosmopolis is being watched with interest here. The critics have treated it kindly, but its sale has not been great. Any periodical published at a high price must have a hard time at present to compete with the mass of cheap ones. It is pointed out, by the way, with significance varying according to the point of view of the critic, that of the four Americans who have been asked to contribute to Cosmopolis but one lives in this country, Albert Shaw; Joseph Pennell, Henry James, and Harold Frederick all live abroad.

It is generally believed here that Thomas Hardy tried to withdraw "Jude the Obscure" from the Harpers' on account of the omissions upon which they insisted. The present attitude towards realistic studies of what we call unpleasant subjects is shown by a decision just reached, and not yet made public, by the faculty of Yale University. A course on modern novels, including George Moore's "Esther Waters," and several others of a similar unconventionality, is to be suppressed next year on account of the amount of unfavourable comment aroused by it.

N. H.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Do the members of the Society desire a more direct representation—viz., by some form of election by themselves—in the management? They have been invited to forward names of persons willing to consider the subject; they have been promised, further, the selection of three such persons from the list. The totally unexpected result has been that not one single name has been sent in. This result may be interpreted in two ways: either as a proof that the members are satisfied with the management, or that the members are apathetic on the subject. Satisfaction is, I venture to think, the principal cause; for if we guard the essentials, no change would make much difference. The essentials are that the managing body shall keep steadily to the original principles of the Society, that is, that light should be constantly thrown upon the meaning of publishing; the cost of production; the meaning of agreements; the meaning of royalties; the tricks of tricky or dishonest publishers; and, in fact, on all actual facts connected with the business side of literature. Those who are not concerned with literary property have nothing to do with the Society. For those who are, the Society will, I hope, however it is governed, continue to carry on the work of ascertaining and making public the facts as connected with the production and the distribution of literature.

Given the preservation of the essentials I think it matters very little indeed how the Society is governed—whether by a dictator or a Parliament. At the same time there must be changes in the constitution of every society from time to time. One change that I have myself desired very strongly is the election of women on the Council. I believe that a great many other members hold this view. Considering how many women writers are members of the Society: considering, further, the place held in modern literature by women: it does seem absurd that a Society of Authors should have no women on its Council. At the next meeting of Council, if no more persuasive person takes up the matter, I propose to bring it forward and to propose members. By the Articles of Association the number of the Council is limited to sixty—I have never understood why. We limit the number when we wish to confer a distinction. In this case the distinction is conferred not upon the members, but upon the Society. However, there is the limit laid down. Now, we desire to have on our Council (1) the persons most largely interested in literary property of various kinds; and (2) those persons able to bring special knowledge on the subject of literary property and its management. A deliberative body, it may be urged, must not be too large: there should be some limit: the Council, however, is seldom called upon to exercise deliberative functions: its chief purpose is to show the world, by the guarantee of well-known names, that we are in earnest, and to supply, from its body, new members for the committee of management.

A correspondent speaks of the Committee of inquiry into educational books as if it were a new departure. Not at all. Educational books have hitherto been taken just as they come, with other books. It appears that it has seemed to some as if the Society was principally occupied with fiction. That is partly because fiction is a very important branch of literary property: partly because writers of fiction have now become awakened to this fact: partly because the kind
of book adopted in the "Cost of Production" and other books as the example is the very convenient unit—the six-shilling book—in which most works of fiction now appear: but mainly because writers of educational works do not, as yet, half understand the value of their own works. Hence they have been led to sign agreements of the most monstrous kind—taking small royalties, deferred till thousands—literally thousands—of copies have been sold. There are many other points connected with the publishing of educational books which require separate and careful investigation. The sub-committee hope to receive assistance during this investigation from those members who have published educational works.

My correspondent asks that a wider range of subjects should be explicitly classified and represented. If the writer will turn to the prospectus, to the annual reports, to everything published by the Society, he will find that the widest possible range is already claimed. We look upon literary property of every kind as our field: there is no limit as to fiction or anything else: literary property of every kind belongs to the range of the Society's work. The reason why my correspondent feels himself in the wrong corner is, to repeat, simply that educational writers as a rule do not understand their own rights or the value of their own property: therefore their cases are not often sent to the Secretary, and therefore the columns of the Author have contained, so far, very little reference to educational subjects.

We approach the conclusion of another volume of this journal, and I take the opportunity of speaking about arrangements for the future. Our correspondents at Paris and New York will continue their monthly letters: Mr. Thring will communicate a series of papers from his own experience on agreements and their meaning: the members will, it is hoped, contribute notes as to their forthcoming books, with letters and papers on points of personal experience: cases and legal actions bearing on literary property will be reported: we shall repeat certain things already published in these pages: such as the meaning of royalties: and we shall continue to present certain unanswered questions: as, for instance, to the equitable remuneration due for the administration of an author's work: i.e., in those cases where a royalty or profit-sharing agreement is accepted. The warnings and notices which have hitherto been presented with every number of the journal will be recast, with certain additions and alterations. And it is hoped to present instructions of a practical and simple kind to the candidate for literary success. As the present-editor, I wish to point out that one cannot hope to provide a paper every word of which will be approved by all the readers: I beg them, however, to remember that the only raison d'être of the Author is the definition and the defence of literary property: so far as it does that it is the organ and mouthpiece of the Society: as for the rest, we cannot all think alike. Further, signed articles must be taken to represent only the views of the writer: and the editor cannot, clearly, be held responsible for the opinions of his correspondents. Finally, I hope to continue for 1896-97 the fenilletons that used to please some of our members: they were stopped because the supply was stopped: and that stoppage was caused by the pressure of other work.

A note will be found in "Book Talk," extracted from the Athenaeum, on the belief that a publisher, or, indeed, even an author, can command a good review. This note deserves a little attention. I have on several occasions "struck" this singular belief, which I think is wide spread. People write to me—"Your well-known friendship with editors: your immense influence with publishers"—it is, indeed, immense: "Your knowledge of journalists, your &c., &c., will enable you to procure a good review for my new work." It is of no use to get angry with people who write in this way; it is generally a proof of ignorance to believe the worst. On one occasion a certain person—an old acquaintance—sent me a book with the usual request for assistance. I replied that the only possible way was to send round press copies: to hope for good reviews: and to advertise. He showed my letter around. "I have known this man," he said bitterly, "for forty years—and this is all he will do for me!" What else could one do for the man? His fixed belief—it is the fixed belief of many—was that a good review is just a matter of private interest—that and nothing more.

On Saturday, March 28, died, at her residence at Hampstead, a gentlewoman whose writings have endeared her name wherever the English language is spoken. I do not pretend that she was a great writer, but I do pretend that what she produced always possessed the true ring; was always charming; was always delicate and pure and elevating. Mrs. Charles, the widow of the late Mr. Andrew Paton Charles, whose brother is the present Mr. Justice Charles, was a woman of wide reading, of many friends, of deep sympathies. In religion she was a strong Anglican without a touch of narrowness: among her closest friends were Dean Stanley and Lady...
Augusta, of whom she wrote a memoir: and the only enemies she had in the world were those whose writings "made" for what she considered evil. It is a great happiness for the Church of England that it can, and does, produce women such as Mrs. Charles; souls so pure, so high-minded, so sincere. Others will no doubt follow her, but to those who knew Mrs. Charles no one can take her place.

WALTER BESANT.

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is a dainty gem of rhyme,
Where ten sweet syllables may smoothly flow
Through fourteen lines, all neatly set a-row,
And linked together with harmonious chime;
Where some grave poet, with a thought sublime,
May teach a thousand listening hearts to glow;
Or, word by word, as fancies come and go,
A lighter muse may charm the flight of time.

Shakespeare wrought it, all in purest gold;
A-usterer beauty grew 'neath Milton's hand;
'Mid Wordsworth's bays it glittered like a star:
And thou, presumptuous pen, dar'st thou? Withhold!
Nor dream to mingle with that deathless band,
But humbly follow, thou, afar—afar!

CRESANDIA.

FEUILLETONS.

I.—THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

WEN his friends heard that Walter Hawkins was engaged, most of them wondered how that industrious journalist had found time to fall in love. However, they agreed, his life would be the better for a flavour of romance in it, for his daily work was more than sufficiently prosaic. He reviewed novels—which he really did read—for one paper, put together pot-boiling descriptive articles for others, was "Our London Correspondent" to more than one provincial journal, and, by dint of great facility and astonishing powers of work, derived from these various sources an income of about six hundred pounds a year. Once only had he been known to take a holiday, and this he had employed in falling in love with all the ardour of a beginner at that pastime. Before the brief course of that holiday was run he had found himself an engaged man.

The benevolent friends, who as their kindly custom is, wondered what on earth he'd seen "in that girl" to attract him spoke in this instance with more show of reason than usual. The only daughter of a well-to-do solicitor, Margaret Wycherley had passed most of her life in her parents' home at Wimbledon, where, despite her environment, she developed theories about life of a delightfully visionary kind. She dabbled a little in painting, and spent much of her time in an aesthetically-furnished studio, wherein she read Ruskin and Rossetti, and dreamed about Ideal Art. Is it necessary to add that she was barely twenty?

Walter's daily work in town prevented him from seeing very much of his fiancée during the week, but he so far relaxed his industry as to permit himself an occasional Saturday-to-Monday visit to Wimbledon. Occasionally Margaret questioned him about his work, but he had fenced with the subject so far, feeling uncomfortably conscious that her canons of literary taste could scarcely be satisfied by a young journalist of the modern time. He himself, he remembered, had suffered from youthful delusions like hers; but, judging from his own experience, he felt certain that her views would become more practical and less idealistic after a year or two.

One Sunday evening in July, as he and Margaret were slowly pacing up and down the garden after dinner, she began to talk on her favourite theme—the dignity and responsibility of the literary life. Walter made haste, for the sake of peace and quietness, to agree with everything she said, and even—after several ineffectual attempts to change the subject—to quote poetry in support of her views, feeling all the time that he was an outrageous hypocrite. Unfortunately, his apparent sympathy only encouraged Margaret to pass from the discussion of literary work in general to that of her lover in particular.

"You never send me any of your things to read," she said, reproachfully. "They must be noble, like yourself."

Walter laughed, rather uneasily. "But I'm sure they must be noble, like yourself."

"Well, dearest, I didn't think they would be much in your line. They're not noble, by any means. I'm not a poet, you see; in fact, I gave up writing verses years ago."

"But noble thoughts can be expressed in prose," replied Margaret; "and it isn't kind of you to laugh at me. Do you think I'm not intellectual enough to appreciate your writing?"

Walter protested that this wasn't at all his view. On the contrary, he didn't think his work was worth showing to her.

"Still," he added, "of course, you shall see it, if you really care to. Let me see, there's a paper of mine on Lady Bicyclists in Wednesday's Mirror, and an illustrated article on "How Pins Are Made" in this month's Fleet Street. Then there's that—"

Margaret suddenly came to a halt, and turned towards him. "Walter!" she cried piteously,
"don't—don't tell me that you write things like that!"

"Such is the appalling fact, I assure you. It's not very high-class literature, but it's good, sound journalism, and pleases my editors."

"But—oh, that you should write trash of that kind!"

Now, not even a penny-a-liner likes his paragraphs to be called "trash." So it was much to Walter's credit that he replied tenderly:

"At any rate, Madge, it fills my pocket, and we couldn't be married without its help. But don't trouble about my work, darling. Let's talk about something else."

"But I must talk about your work," exclaimed Margaret. "You have the power of writing, the most precious gift that man can possess, and you have—I am sure of it—the feelings and nature of a poet—how else could I have come to care for you?—and yet you are content to stifle your better self, and to do the work of a literary hack. Walter, it is unworthy of you!"

It may be conceded in extenuation of Hawkins's subsequent folly that the girl really did look very beautiful as she stood there with sparkling eyes and lips quivering with the earnestness of her appeal.

"I'm afraid it's too late to change now," he answered. "I did think once upon a time—but that's long ago. Besides, there's the money to be considered. You wouldn't like to be the wife of a poor man."

"Of course I shouldn't, but there's no reason why your higher work shouldn't bring you money as well as fame." Walter shook his head doubtfully. "Oh, but I'm a better judge than you suppose? And you did feel, you say, at one time the desire to write poetry? How could you ever be false to that purpose! But I'm sure it's not too late to return to it. Have you kept any of your poems?"

"No," replied the other; "none of the editors would have them, and so one day I burnt the lot. They seemed to me, then, precious poor stuff, though, of course, I thought them magnificent when I wrote them."

"Your second thoughts were worst, then. If only you had persevered, what splendid things you would have done by this time!"

Walter reflected in silence for a few moments. Like almost every literary neophyte, he had written quantities of verse in his youth. In the light of a later wisdom they had seemed only the feeble and imitative efforts of a beginner. But supposing Margaret were right after all, and a higher path than that of journalism lay open to him?

"Well, Madge," he replied at length, "perhaps there's something in what you say. Anyhow, I'll have a try at verse again, if I can find time."

"You're certain to fail if you make the attempt in that spirit," said Margaret with much scorn. "Poetry demands a greater sacrifice than that. You must give up your present degrading work, and follow Art with all your power. I never realised before to-night, Walter, how far you had forsaken your ideal. I loved you chiefly because I thought that you were an artist, but I can never, never give myself to one who has deliberately abandoned his proper aim in life for the miserable sake of making money. Let me help to recall you to the better way. You cannot really like your present employment—will it be so hard to leave it for Art's sake and mine?"

Walter listened to all this eloquence in some bewilderment. It had not occurred to him that anyone could reproach him for earning by honest hard work a sufficient income wherewith to support himself and his future wife. She, indeed, would have some money of her own, but still —— He turned desperately to Margaret.

"Tell me exactly what you want me to do," he said humbly.

"Do you need to ask? You must give up this cheap and nasty newspaper work. You must write, not for the sake of filling so many columns, but as inspiration moves you. You must look deep into your own soul, and enrich humanity with noble thoughts. Consecrate yourself to Art — thus will you lead the Ideal Life!"

As she spoke, the last faint tints of sunset were dying out of the western sky, the stars were beginning to show overhead. A gentle evening breeze had sprung up, and all the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers. And there stood Margaret beside him in the twilight, her fair face raised pleadingly toward his own. What wonder that the sober journalist was thrown off his mental balance, that the girl's earnestness raised an answering glow in his heart, that he saw an impossible vision of his own career as a poet, enabled to do splendid things by his own dormant powers, stimulated by his wife's divine sympathy?

Everyone is a fool now and then, and many of us with far less justification for our folly than Walter. He stooped over Margaret and kissed her tenderly.

"You have indeed inspired me, darling," he said. "I will do as you wish me. Only, I'm afraid——"

"No!" cried Margaret, "say nothing more. You will—you must succeed. Oh, Walter, how happy we shall be!"
It is one thing to make an heroic promise to a charming young lady in the summer twilight; it is quite another to keep it in the stress and hurry of everyday life. As Walter journeyed up to London next morning, he reflected with some dismay on the course to which he had committed himself. What would his editors think of him; how would his friends regard this new departure? He put aside these uncomfortable reflections, and began to read his daily paper. In it he chanced on a paragraph which suggested a capital subject for an article. He had already drawn his note book from his pocket with the intention of jotting down the idea, when he suddenly replaced it with a guilty start. For the moment he had forgotten his compact of the previous night, but henceforth he was to write no more newspaper articles. He reached Waterloo in an extremely despondent frame of mind, walked quickly to his chambers in the Temple, and sat down to his writing table to produce the soulful poetry which alone would satisfy Margaret's ambition for him.

Some days later a number of men were gathered in the smoking-room of the "Pen and Ink" club, of which Walter was a member. There you may find—any day at luncheon-time a miscellaneous assemblage of literary men, a sprinkling of well-known novelists, a stray editor or two, a wandering "Paris correspondent," and certain humble journalists whose ambitions scarcely go further than the writing of paragraphs at three halfpence a line.

"Has anyone seen Hawkins lately?" asked Johnson, the well-known critic, from his armchair by the fireplace. "He's not been here for some time."

"No," said another man; "and have you heard the extraordinary stories about him? He must be mad, if they're at all true. I hear he's been throwing up his commissions right and left—refused an article for Fleet Street which he had promised ages ago—declined a first-class offer for a series from the Trifler, and so on. What on earth's come to the chap?"

Johnson whistled softly. "Ah, I thought that might happen. Do any of you men know the girl he's engaged to? No! Well, if you did, you'd understand."

He broke off suddenly, for the door opened, and Walter himself appeared, looking very ill and worried.

"Hullo, Hawkins," said a novelist called Manby, breaking the rather awkward silence that followed Walter's entrance; "we were just wondering what had become of you. Have you seen my new book? Give it a good notice in the Mirror, there's a good chap."

Walter smiled faintly. "Delighted to do so, I'm sure, only, you see, I've left the Mirror."

"What?" chorused the rest in astonishment.

"Yes, it's quite true—no, Manby, no one's left me a fortune—wish they had. The fact is, that I have come to see how degrading a profession is journalism, and I'm going to have nothing more to do with it."

Johnson shook his head sadly, while the others stared at Walter in blank amazement.

"But, great heavens, man!" cried one of them, "you must be making near a thousand a year out of it."

"I am going to devote myself to true literature—to essays, to poetry."

There was a roar of laughter at this announcement. But Johnson sat up in his chair and turned round impatiently.

"This is no laughing matter," he said shortly. "Look here, Hawkins, let me entreat you not to be an infatuated ass. I can guess pretty well where you got this mad idea."—Walter reddened—"Yes, I thought so. Well, how much do you imagine your—your adviser really knows? All that high-flown talk about Art is sheer rot for a man like you. Some of us are made to be poets, and others to be journalists. The mistaken editors seem to think you're a good journalist—no one could ever suspect you of being even a tolerable poet. Take your money, and be precious thankful you can get it. And, for heaven's sake, don't throw up your chance in life and behave like a raving lunatic."

Walter looked at him indignantly. "You don't know what you're talking about," he exclaimed. "Of course, you don't understand—how should you?—the pure joy of pursuing Ideal Art. Anyhow, I've done with journalism for ever," and with these words he left the room.

It would be too painful to dwell minutely on the next two months of Walter Hawkins' life. Hardly any of his friends saw him during that period; he spent his days in miserable solitude, racking his brains for poetical thoughts, looking for the inspiration which never came. He did, indeed, manage to compose a few short poems of a kind, which he offered to the magazines under a pseudonym. But their prompt rejection was not necessary to convince him of their exceeding badness; he knew already in his own heart that they were worthless.

As almost his entire income had been derived from journalism, his lot was speedily changed from that of a well-to-do bachelor to that of a very poor man. During these two months he did not once visit Wimbledon, for it would have been impossible for him to do so without confessing
his failure to Margaret, and that might greatly change her feelings towards him. He wrote to her, however, from time to time, and at last was driven to explain that their marriage could not take place until he had managed in some way or other to secure an income. But he still hoped to succeed ultimately.

Margaret's reply to this letter did not greatly comfort him; in fact, it seemed a little cold and heartless. She was sorry to hear that he was not making money, but she fully agreed that it would never do to marry unless they had plenty to live upon. Still, she was glad that he was striving patiently after true Art. Had he, by the way, read a little book of poems entitled "Heart-Throbs," by Eustace Vanborough? If so, he would do well to take them for his model, they were so full of noble and beautiful thoughts.

When "Heart-Throbs," an elegant volume, beautifully printed and bound, arrived a few days later, Walter glanced at a few lines of it, and then flung it into the waste-paper basket. It was the most feeble, affected nonsense imaginable. Then he rose from his chair, and walked restlessly up and down his room.

"Can Johnson have been right?" he thought. "Have I made a hideous mistake? Margaret's view seemed far nobler than my own, and yet she admires that balderdash." He took the volume out of the waste-paper basket again. "By Eustace Vanborough. What an idiot the man must be!" Then he came back to his own position.

"After all," he reflected, "I have made this sacrifice for Madge's sake, and so long as I have her love, nothing else can matter very much. And who knows whether she is not right—whether I shall not succeed—"

There was a knock at the door, and his friend Johnson entered.

"Came to see how you were getting on. How is—er, the Ideal Art prospering? Are you coming back to journalism?"

Walter groaned. "It's no use your coming here," he said. "I know you mean well, but it's not a bit of good. You know—you said so that day at the club—who has made me change my work?"

Johnson nodded. "Yes—that's why I'm here."

"Well, I don't mind confessing to you that I'm not sure whether her theories are right, at any rate for me. But if you loved that girl as I do, you would be content to follow her wishes blindly. Nothing you can say will make me alter my intention. I've resigned my income and my position as a journalist for her sake, and as long as Miss Wycherley exists, I ask nothing better than to please her in every way I can."

"Quite so," replied Johnson drily; "your sentiments do you much credit, I'm sure. But as Miss Wycherley exists no longer—"

"What?" gasped Walter, growing deadly pale.

"Don't excite yourself—she isn't dead—far from it. Surely you must have heard? Why, she married the fellow who calls himself Eustace Vanborough this morning!"

II.—IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—DESKS.

There were once two shops on opposite sides of the street. They were both devoted to the sale of writing-desks—rosewood or mahogany, brass bound. One of these shops was avowedly run in order to make money, if possible; the other was run on the highest religious principles possible, with prayers when the directors met, solely for the sake of spreading abroad true religion. Nothing could be more noble than the objects of this shop. Its friends called it the House Venerable; the manager they called the Hammer of Iniquity; of him it was reported that at the mere sight of him Dissent curled and Infidelity lay down and died. Now, at the first shop—the secular, worldly shop, whose interests were earthly and grovelling—the desks in the window were greatly superior to those in the window of the other shop. They were so much better that nobody would step across the street to look at the Christian writing-desks. Perhaps the reason was that, at the earthly, worldly shop, whose interests were earthly and grovelling—the desks in the window were reported to be growing daily worse and worse.
BOOK TALK.

Mr. William Le Queux has almost finished "A Romance of the Land of No Return," as the sub-title has it, called "The Eye of Istár." He has also on hand a new novel for serial publication entitled "Devil’s Dice."

The author of "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," Mr. F. G. Kitten, is engaged upon a new work dealing with the illustrations in the various editions of the novelist’s writings.

A third series of "Eighteen-Century Vignettes," by Mr. Austin Dobson, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mrs. Marshall is writing a story of the period of the Jacobite rising in 1715, which Messrs. Seeley will issue.

A new volume of stories by Mr. W. B. Yeates will be published immediately by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

"George Egerton" is at work on a study called "The Hazard of the Ill," which will appear this summer. She will also have ready a volume of short stories before leaving in the early autumn to join her husband in South Africa.

A romance of African adventure called "The Oracle of Baal," by J. Provand Webster, who herein makes his début, is announced by Messrs. Hutchinson for speedy publication.

Mr. Robert Hichens has a new volume of stories in the press, entitled "The Folly of Eustace." (Heinemann.)

The popular thirst for information about the British Navy is at length to be gratified, as the publication of an exhaustive history is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low. Mr. W. Laird Clowes is the editor of the work, and the contributors include the foremost writers on naval matters. In the first volume the story of the Navy will be told from the beginning down to the Elizabethan period.

An uncommon form of literary censorship is reported to have taken place at the Kingston Workhouse. A parcel of books for the inmates had been presented, consisting, it would appear, mostly of works which gave anything but entertaining reading. Two of the guardians—a clergyman of the Church and a Nonconformist minister—after examining them, cast aside about one hundred and fifty as unsuitable. "Why?" asked the Chairman. "Because," was the reply, "they are extremely dry theological works."

The following, from "A Publisher," appeared in the Athenæum of the 14th ult.:

I lately had occasion to inform an author that his book, so far from having produced any profit, as he expected, had not paid expenses. In reply (I quote textually) he says, "Perhaps if you get somebody even now to give the book a good review, the remaining copies might be sold." Many authors, I have often suspected, have a sneaking belief that a publisher keeps a stock of "good reviewers" as part of his regular staff, but I never met with such a naive expression of the belief before.

Mr. John O’Leary’s "Recollections of Fenianism," will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Downey, probably this month, and also a volume of reminiscences by Mr. W. P. O’Brien, entitled "The Great Famine."

"The Queen’s Prime Ministers," by the Hon. Reginald Brett, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. Other books from this firm will include a series of anecdotal sketches by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, entitled "Personal Characteristics from French History"; and "A System of Medicine," written by various authorities and edited by Dr. Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge.

The discovery of a parcel of valuable old books is reported from the Cams Hall Estate, Hampshire. Among them are some of Caxton’s, dating from 1474 to 1494, including "Justinian’s Law," a later copy of which recently changed hands in London for over £1000. The books were found in a cupboard by Mr. M. H. Foster, the new proprietor, and are all in good condition.

In a recent book sale at Sotheby’s, Goldsmith’s "Deserted Village," 1770, first edition, uncut, brought £45; "Paradise Lost," 1667, first edition, presentation copy from Milton to his "loving friend" Mr. Francis Rea, £85; and St. Jerome’s "Epistles," printed by Schiffer, 1470, on fine vellum, £80.

Mr. Clement Shorter is editing for Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. a series of Nineteenth Century Classics. The first volume will be "Sartor Resartus," for which Professor Dowden writes an introduction; the next two will also be Carlyle’s, namely, "Heroes and Hero-Worship" and "Past and Present," with introductions by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Frederic Harrison respectively. These will be followed by Matthew Arnold’s poems, Mrs. Browning’s "Prometheus Bound," and Mrs. Gaskell’s "Cranford."

A new year-book of London, "The London Manual," in which the functions of all public bodies in the metropolis will be explained for the benefit of the ratepayers, is about to appear from the offices of London. It will have maps and diagrams, and will cost one shilling.
Mr. Edward Carpenter's new volume of essays, which is to be published shortly by Mr. Dobell, will be entitled "Love's Coming of Age." Mrs. Meynell is publishing in book form, through Mr. Lane, a number of her essays which have appeared in "The Wares of Autolycus" column of the Pall Mall Gazette. The title is "The Colour of Life."

An account of the life and times of Alexander Russel, of the Scotsman, ought to be a considerable contribution to the political and social history of Scotland, and particularly of Edinburgh. Such a work has been undertaken by Sheriff Campbell Smith, of Dundee, who knew Russel and wrote articles in his columns.

There will be in May a volume of short stories by Marie Corelli, under the title of "Cameos" (Hutchinson).

An illustrated book on "Notable Welsh Musicians," by Mr. Frederic Griffith, will shortly be published by Mr. Francis Goodwen, 47, Leadenhall-street, E.C. The work will be rather of a descriptive than a critical character, and will notice alike the composers, the instrumentalists, and the vocalists in the musical community of Wales.

Rarely a month passes without a Stevenson item or two. This time the record includes a volume of "Vailima Table-Talk," which Mrs. Strong and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne have edited. Stevenson, it appears, consented to be "taken down" in his everyday utterances, and inclined to make a joke of it. Secondly, a new essay, which has been found among his papers, is to appear in the summer issue of the Illustrated London News.

A history of architecture, written by Professor Banister Fletcher and Mr. Banister F. Fletcher, will be published shortly by Mr. B. T. Batsford. It will be illustrated chiefly by collotype plates.

Lady Lindsay is about to bring out, through Messrs. Longmans, a new volume of verse entitled "The Flower Sellers." Mr. Bliss Carman's new volume and Mr. Percy Hemyngway's "The Happy Wanderer" are to be published soon by Mr. Mathews, in whose "Shilling Garland" series will appear "Christ in Hades," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. A. Barnard Miall is the author of a book of "Nocturnes and Pastorals," which will be published by Mr. Smithers. The verse of the near future will also include Mr. Kipling's new volume.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund it was reported that forty-three grants, representing £1905, had been awarded during 1895, males receiving £1185 and females £720. Thirteen were to novelists, eight to authors of historical and biographical works, and eight to classical literature and educational authors. The fund has now £51,912 invested, yielding an income of £1676.

The past month had a fairly large and unusually interesting output of new books. Mr. Lecky's large work "Democracy and Liberty" was published by Messrs. Longmans, and Dr. Traill's "Life of Sir John Franklin" by Mr. Murray. In travel there was Captain Young-husband's "The Heart of a Continent" (Murray); while the social and dramatic world welcomed "A Few Memories" (Osgood), by the famous actress who was Mary Anderson. Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly" appeared, and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality."

Mr. James St. Loe Strachey, the well-known Spectator writer, has been appointed editor of the Cornhill Magazine in succession to Mr. James Payn, who has had to relinquish the position because of continued ill-health. This old-established sixpenny monthly will now be raised to 1s.

Mr. H. S. Salt, who is already known for works on Shelley, is about to issue a biographical study, "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Poet and Pioneer," in which he will claim that the verdict of time has not only pronounced Shelley to be a great poet, but has also corroborated his social and religious views. The work will be published in London by Mr. W. Reeves.

An American paper recently asked why did not some British journal get Olive Schreiner to tell its readers all about life in the Transvaal. The hint has been taken or anticipated, for the authoress begins in the April number of the Fortnightly Review a series of articles on "The Boers of the Transvaal." Miss Beatrice Harraden contributes to the new number of Blackwood's Magazine the opening chapters of a story of California entitled "Hilda Strafford," while Chapman's will have the first instalment of "The Herb Moon," by John Oliver Hobbes.

H μητέρα (stepmother) of Gregorios Xeniopoulos will be issued from the "Bodley Head" during this season, done into English by Mrs. Edmonds; also a one-volume novel by Mrs. Edmonds, entitled "Links in a Chain," will be published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons.

Hilton Hill's novel, "His Egyptian Wife," which has enjoyed a large sale for a first book, has just been issued in a 2s. railway edition. Mr. Hill has ready a new novel, which will be

We are glad to learn that Annabel Gray's book "Comrades," recently published by Messrs. Drane and Chant, has met with so much success that the publishers will shortly issue a second edition.

In "Phinlay Glenelg's" Maxims in last number of the Author, amend one line as follows:

War is more a manner of emotion than a matter of reason.

Mrs. E. Rentoul Ester's novel "The Way of Transgressors" has just appeared in a new edition (Sampson Low and Co.). Mrs. Ester's new book "The Wardlaws" (which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will publish immediately) treats of an Irish family of long descent. It will probably be found to occupy comparatively new ground on topics Hibernian.

"The Saint of Poverty," a drama founded on the life of Frances of Assisi, by Henry N. Maughan, will be issued very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The Roxburghe Press will issue, almost immediately, a volume entitled "Carina Songs" and others, by Miss Amy C. Moraut; a lady who is identified with most of the labour and social movements of the time.

Mr. John Milne, late of Wilsons and Milne, Paternoster Row, has resumed publishing at Amberley House, Norfolk-street, Strand. It is his intention to issue works of a popular kind, and he is now making up a list of entirely original books of sport, travel, biography, adventure, fiction, and other light forms of literature.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's article on "Danish versus English Butter-making," which appeared in the Fortnightly, last May, has gone through several developments. It was afterwards enlarged and brought out as a pamphlet (Horace Cox) the result of which being that Mrs. Tweedie spoke on Agriculture—or more properly speaking dairying—at the meeting of the Grand Council of Women at St. Martin's Town Hall lately, when she advocated the formation of a Women's British Produce League for the encouragement of home trades generally, and more particularly to keep the £14,000,000 a year in this country which is paid out annually for dairy produce alone. She suggested women taking up dairying as a profession.

A correspondent of the Bookseller suggests that as it is doubtful whether this year a dinner will be held in connection with the Booksellers' Provident Institution, a dinner representative of the three branches—author, publisher, and bookseller—should be held instead. If representative, he says, its permanent success should be as much assured as the annual dinner of the Royal Academy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles, author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" and other well-known works, died at her residence, Combe Edge, Hampstead, on Saturday afternoon. She came of an old Devonshire family, and was brought up in an ancient manor house near Tavistock, which town her father, Mr. John Rundle, represented for nine years in Parliament. She was born in Jan. 1828, at Tavistock, and began writing when she was twenty-two. Her first book was a translation from Neander, "Light in Dark Places: Memorials of Christian Life in the Middle Ages." In 1851 she married Mr. Andrew Paton Charles, a brother of the present Mr. Justice Charles, who died in 1868. Mrs. Charles was a woman of considerable learning as well as of deep religious feeling, and she united marked literary ability with a strong, but sympathetic, Anglicanism. Encouraged by a certain modest success, Mrs. Charles went on writing. She published "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in Different Lands and Ages," 1851; "The Two Vocations," 1853; "The Cripple of Antioch," 1855; "The Song without Words," 1856; "The Voice of Christian Life in Song" and "Sketches of Hymns and Hymn-Writers," 1858; "The Three Wakings," 1859; "Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas" and "The Martyrs of Spain," 1862; and "Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time," in 1864. In 1864, also, she published "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." This book was reviewed in the Times with warm eulogium, and it achieved at once great popular success, which has continued to the present day. In America the book was extensively pirated. Her "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan," 1865, was also widely read. Her other works include: "Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived In," 1866; "The Draytons and the Davenants" and "On Both Sides of the Sea: a Story of the Commonwealth and Restoration," 1867; "The Women of the Gospels," 1869; "Watchwords for the Warfare of Life," 1869; "Diary of Brother Bartholomew," 1870; "The Victory of the Vanquished," 1871; "The Cottage by the Cathedral," 1872; "Against the Stream," 1873; "The Bertram Family" and "Conquering and to Conquer," 1876; "Lapsed, but not Lost," 1877; "Joan the Maid," 1879; "Sketches of the Women of Christendom," 1880. Mrs. Rundle Charles knew many distinguished Churchmen, including Dr. Pusey, Archbishop Tait, Dr. Liddon, Professor Jowett, and Charles Kingsley. She was particu-
larly intimate with Dean Stanley and his wife, and she wrote a slight, but admirable, sketch of Lady Augusta Stanley's life. She was also the author of several popular hymns. Many of her books have been translated into German and Swedish. Of late years she did not write much, but recently she published a work on the black-letter saints, and last year appeared "Ecce Homo, Ecce Rex," from her pen.—*Times*, March 30.

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**LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.**

**Mr. Lowell in England.** George W. Smalley. *Harper's* for April.


**Matthew Arnold.** Frederic Harrison. *Nineteenth Century* for March.

**Herr Sudermann's Novels.** Janet E. Hogarth. *Fortnightly Review* for April.


**Pepys and Evelyn.** E. E. Kitten. *Atalanta* for April.


**Matthew Arnold's Poetry.** Saturday Review for March 14.

**Dead and Dumb Heroes in Fiction.** Correspondence of Cuming Walters and the author of "In a Silent World." *Athenæum* for Feb. 22 and March 21.

**M. Zola's Frog.** *Speaker* for March 7.

**The Elder Dumas.** Emily Crawford. *Century Magazine* for March.


**Mr. Hall Caine on Canadian Copyright.** Goldwin Smith. *Letter to the Times* of Feb. 29.

**Living Critics.—VI.** Mr. Coventry Patmore. R. Garnett. *Bookman* for March.

**The Ethics of Modern Journalism.** Aline Gorren. *Scribner's* for April.

**Notable Reviews.**


Of Crawford's "Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria." *Athenæum* for March 7.


Mr. Goldwin Smith writes to the *Times* contradicting Mr. Hall Caine by saying that there was no "five years' outcry" in Canada, and no more excitement about the liberty of "self-mis-government" than about the question of copyright itself. Further, that the "marvellous unanimity" of the Canadian Parliament on the Act of 1889 was the unanimity of ignorance and indifference. "The Canadian Copyright Act, even supposing it to be *intra vires*, might with perfect safety have been disallowed as contrary to imperial policy, and subversive of the rights of subjects of the empire. It is really provoking to think of the smallness of the force which has given rise to all this trouble."

The company which an author should keep is the theme of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. While he lives a man can keep the company of the masters whose words contain the mystery of the entrance to the community of letters—and open it to those who can see almost with every accent, and in such company it may at last be revealed to him. Two tests admit to that company, namely, Are you individual? Are you conversable? He must speak with an individual note; and he must speak in such speech and spirit as can be understood from age to age, and not in the pet terms and separate spirit of a single day and generation. "Frequent the company in which you may learn the speech and the manner which are fit to last. Take to heart the admirable example you shall see set you there of using speech and manner to speak your real thought and be genuinely and simply yourself."

Mr. Smalley thinks that Lowell's life in London is a much misunderstood part of his career. Therefore the present article. In an introduction to a collection of some of the poet's letters, to be issued shortly, he will go into the subject more fully. Meanwhile he points out the important change which London made upon the character of Lowell. The recluse ceased to be a recluse; he perceived that a knowledge of men and of what is best in men was to be had otherwise than from books; he became a diner-out; he was ripened, he got courage. The Lowell that came from Madrid "never would have written or never have delivered that essay on Democracy which probably reached the whole English mind as no other ever did." Mr. Smalley, who was an intimate and long-standing friend, has much to say of Lowell's charity: "anybody could extract a letter from him as they could a five pound note;" "yet, if a man presumed upon his kindliness so far as to talk nonsense in bad English, or to be slovenly in his facts, woe unto him!" This disposition Mr. Smalley attributes to Lowell's inexhaustible faith in human nature,—though surely the literary agent of to-day, if asked to explain his *raison d'être*, might point to Lowell's case as sufficient answer (if "inexhaustible faith in human nature" be ruled out as not, *prima facie*, practicable):—
He had no notion of accounts and no capacity for private business. From the beginning, like Renan, he took what his publishers offered him for his books or other writings, and thanked God it was no less. Long after they ought to have brought him a handsome income he was content with a fixed moderate sum. When the Century and other magazines in later days sent him large cheques for verses and essays which he thought too slight for such ample pay, he seemed astonished at this wise liberality, and more than once protested. The early letters show him writing for almost nothing.

As for Lowell’s ideas on style, the following single sentence, says Mr. Smalley, is more expressive than many an essay on the subject. Mr. Smalley had asked him to admit that Pepys, unscholarly and slovenly as he is, had often a power of expressing himself with effect and point:

Says Lowell: “I admit that Pepys was capable of writing good sentences when he tried. But Gray, for example, couldn’t write a clumsy one without trying, and this is what I mean by style.” [Again:] “Pepys’s language, you must remember, has the freshness of being nowadays unfamiliar. There is a good deal of originality in having learned one’s English two hundred and fifty years ago, as Lamb discovered.”

Mr. Frederic Harrison examines Matthew Arnold as poet, as critic, and as philosopher. As a poet, he says, Arnold is saturated with the classical genius more than any in the roll of literature (unless it be Milton), although his poetry is essentially modern in thought, and has all that fetishistic worship of natural objects which is the true note of the Wordsworthian school. It is perplexing that no sooner does Arnold pass into philosophy, into politics, into theology, than he disclaims any system, principles, or doctrines of any kind. His exquisite taste, his serene sense of equity, and his genial magnanimity made him a consummate critic of style, though “neither as theologian, philosopher, and publicist was he at all adequately equipped by genius or by education for the office of supreme arbiter which he so airily and perhaps so humorously assumed to fill. On the matter of criticism we extract the following from Mr. Harrison’s paper:

The Saturday Review article agrees with Mr. Harrison that Arnold’s poetry will be longest remembered, and says incidentally that as one reflects on Mr. Swinburne’s remarkable preoccupation as shown by his estimates (to give three) of Arnold, Dante Rossetti, and Christina Rossetti published many years ago, one regrets the more that Mr. Swinburne does not speak his mind as to the prospects of English poetry in the immediate future.

The German novel, like the German nation, is still im werden, says the writer of the estimate of Sudermann in the Fortnightly. She points out, however, that Herr Sudermann has made a great advance within the last ten years, and predicts for him a wider audience than the German. “It is a remarkable coincidence,” she continues, “that his best literary work should date from the period when he made his first appearance as a dramatic author. From that time, too, dates seemingly his popular recognition as a novelist.” His salvation in literature may have been, therefore, in learning, as a dramatist, to make his effect and make it directly. One important lesson, the writer explains in the following passage, Sudermann has been taught in his advance:

The affinity is clear between “Der Katzensteg” and that most singularly ugly play “Sodom’s Ende,” but since then Herr Sudermann has repented... He has learned to subordinate external nature to that interplay of character which might perhaps be not inaptly called morality... “Man must begin, know this, where nature ends.” That is the true answer to the naturalism of “Der Katzensteg,” and that is the lesson which the proper study of mankind had not failed to teach Herr Sudermann.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward (who, by the way, is engaged on the Life of Cardinal Wiseman) supports the view that there should be discreet selection on the part of the biographer in publishing documents, and considers it fortunate that the class of biography which leaves nothing unsaid which would tell in a man’s favour is more common than that which on-its nothing which tells against him. Mr. Leslie Stephen indicates the value of the national dictionary of biography as preserving the commemorative instinct, and also shows how it is an amusing work. The writer on Journalism in Scribner’s is concerned particularly with that of America, the personal and unliterary element of which is regarded as a result of the social system; and European journalism is to be Americanised shortly.
TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GEORGE KNOTTESFORD FORTESCUE.

A COMMITTEE has been formed of the following gentlemen:—Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner (chairman and treasurer); the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns (hon. secretary); the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon; the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, P.C.; Sir Henry H. Howorth, K.C.I.E., M.P.; Sir George Sitwell, Bart.; Prof. W. J. Courthope, C.B.; the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A.; Mr. T. B. Browning, M.A., of the Canadian Bar; Mr. Samuel Butler, B.A.; Mr. Alexander H. Grant, M.A.; Mr. Sidney Lee; and Mr. Alexander Macdonald, C.S.; to present Mr. George Knottesford Fortescue, the late superintendent of the reading room of the British Museum, with an illuminated address expressive of the readers' hearty appreciation of the ability and courtesy which he manifested in the performance of the duties of his office during the past eleven years, and also of the important service he has rendered to students by the compilation of the "Subject Catalogue," a work of no little magnitude, involving considerable labour and care.

The late Dr. George Bullen, when keeper of the printed books, tells us, in an introductory note to this catalogue, that it was compiled under his sanction, and adds:—"This useful work forms a nearer approximation to a general index of current literature than has yet been attempted. It remains for me to add that it has been compiled by Mr. Fortescue solely, and for the most part when away from the museum during non-official hours." The committee would be very glad if any of the readers who are disposed to contribute a small sum towards this purpose, not exceeding 2s. 6d., would kindly give it to the treasurer or any member of the committee; or send it to the Hon. Secretary, at his private address, 182, Haverstockhill, Hampstead.

THE number of publications issued in the course of last year almost exactly coincides with the output of its predecessor. We have to record an increase of thirty-one only. Theology shows a slight increase. In education the total is a little more than before. Works of fiction show a slight decline from the prodigious record for 1894, which, including new editions, furnished the reader of imaginative literature with about six fresh books for every week-day in the year. In political economy, trade, &c., the figures are somewhat higher than before. Arts and sciences show a small decrease in their figures. Works of travel and adventure are also less in number than previously. History and biography in 1895 are largely in excess of the production of 1894. Of poetry we have nearly 50 per cent. more books. Serials somewhat decreased. Medicine and surgery show a rather remarkable increase in number. In general literature the figures do not call for remark, and miscellaneous publications are nearly the same in 1895 as they were in 1894.

As our readers will observe, we have this year made one category of novels and juvenile works, both of these kinds being works of imagination, and very difficult at times to discriminate from the mere titles of the books.

The analytical table is divided into thirteen classes; also new books and new editions:

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—Publishers' Circular.
CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—CONSTRUCTION AND CHARACTER.

A WRITER of largely circulated fiction once told me bluntly that his calling was a trade. I have heard the same avowal from an author whose work is taken more seriously.

Certainly the trade-test is not generally accepted by novelists or by critics. Yet at the present time, to the question whether fiction should be regarded as an art or a trade, the corpus of current criticism seems to answer—"A little of both."

But the two standards are inconsistent. The trade-author writes to gain the largest number of readers that his qualifications will enable him to secure. He has to shape his utterances, guided by the formation of a whole world of tradition, prejudice, superstition, transient fashion, transient philosophy. He must suit himself to the tone of a particular decade. The larger percentage of his readers will be avid of sensation, unthinking as concerns literature, hasty in judgment, impatient of subtle effects. He must depict "characters" that they will heartily like or utterly dislike. He must study construction; that is to say, he must first work out his plot (to himself) and then make his puppets move along the lines of it, and hit out the situations in it, whether such folk would do so in nature or not. He must ignore the laws of character whenever needful, and make his marionettes get to and through the complications. The laws of character being to him of optional acceptance, he usually follows the course of ignoring them altogether, and works entirely by the lights of construction. A writer who writes by construction rejects the standard of characterisation; one who writes by characterisation, ipso facto rejects the standard of construction. Yet how often do we see an author blamed because he has not combined his correct characterisation with that excellence in construction which would, in fact, falsify his work, or his good construction with that true characterisation which would inevitably falsify his plot! He is told, in other words, that he should have shaped up his book more with a view to the all-round requirements of the market—that he should try to get at readers by both methods, and be thorough in neither.

If we accept the dictum of Balzac—and Schopenhauer was in accord with him as concerns literature—that the mission of art is to express nature, we perceive a reason for saying that "construction" work is inartistic. One does not express nature by presenting as actual events series after series of ingeniously interwoven circumstances carrying certain lives to certain situations useful to the novelist, and happening ad hoc; nor does one express nature by depicting as human lives trade characters bowdlerised or broadened to the taste of the fifties or the sixties, or the eighties or the nineties, of this or any other century. One expresses nature to the human soul by showing the evoi of what does subsist and consist in nature to this psyche. Certainly the laws of reality are deep and difficult; as Balzac said of the fantastic beings evoked by Hoffmann, "they nevertheless have life." But Hoffmann wrote on the plane of the avowedly fanciful, and the art-faculty can, perhaps, create phantasms showing the essence of reality on any plane. But each plane has its own truth. The ordinary trade-novel is nominally written on the plane of daily-human life actuality, and written falsely on this plane.

If the recent development of fiction, the increased number of novels wrought with art-striving, be a sign that art-fiction has a considerable audience, he surely would do both writers and readers a great service who would bring them to closer, clearer acquaintance, and find a certain, short means of communication between them, not perilous with draughts and blasts of inconsistent criticism.

GODFREY BURCHETT.

Farthingstone Rectory, Jan. 23.

II.—AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

There ought to be no longer any confusion of thought as to the relative positions of authors and the publishers who produce their works. An author invents a book, just as an inventor invents a machine. The author employs a publisher to do the mechanical work of producing his book, sending out review copies to the Press, and selling it to the public—just as an inventor, who is not a machinist, employs a man who is, to make his machine, and perhaps advertise and sell it. The inventor is the employer, the machinist is the employed—who does the mechanical work of putting his ideas into brass and iron ready for the market. If the inventor is poor, he sells his invention to a capitalist—just as an author sometimes sells his book to a publisher. An inventor, who had capital and business capacity, would not, as a rule, sell his invention; and an author, having capital and business capacity, ought not to sell his book. He ought to keep the copyright under his own control. The inventor who had capital and business capacity would start engineering works, and would manufacture his own
machine and sell it to the public himself. By keeping the profits of the manufacturer in his own hands, he could increase his sales, by giving better terms to the distributing shopkeepers. This is what authors, having capital and business capacity, ought to do. By keeping the profits of the book manufacturer in their own hands, they could benefit the reading public, and increase their own sales, by offering better terms to the booksellers.

It is not necessary for authors to start book manufacturing works to do what I suggest. Publishers do not necessarily print and bind the books they publish. Given the capital required, the work of placing orders for printing and binding, sending out review copies, &c., could be done through a central office, worked on the co-operative principle. The Society of Authors might organise such a central office; and the expense of working it would not be heavy. I know there is an absurd stigma attached to an author who publishes his book at his own expense. Who attached this stigma? Probably publishers did it from interested motives. In my opinion no author, having capital to stand the risk of publishing his own book, ought to part with the control over the copyright to a publisher. How is it possible that the acceptance of a book by a publisher can be any recommendation of it in the eyes of a man of sense and reflection? What does it mean? Merely that a tradesman thinks the book is likely to take—"catch on"—with an uncritical and uncultured public; that it is likely to be a good business speculation. A publisher is not necessarily a man of culture or critical acumen. The probability is that, if he ever had the critical faculty, it has been so blunted by his tradesman's way of judging of books that it has become worthless. It is not his business to judge of the literary and intrinsic value of a book; his test of merit is whether it will sell or not. His judgment has been so warped by the exigencies of his business, that he is one of the last men whose judgment, as to the literary excellence of a book, ought to be taken.

John Lascelles.

III.—A Side Light.

Here is a side light on the royalty system. I have patented several small inventions, and have placed them with good firms to manufacture. The invariable terms have been these: The manufacturers have first calculated the actual cost of making: they have then added 10 per cent. for working expenses and 10 per cent. for their own profit; finally, they have asked me to add my royalty, with the warning that it should not exceed a certain sum, otherwise the sale would be too keenly handicapped. The total has made the selling price to the trade about one-half the selling price to the public. My royalty has varied from 12½ to 33 per cent. of the selling price to the public.

Why should not the same principle be applied to books? Surely it is ridiculous that (say) a novel of 100,000 words by a well-known author should be sold at the same price as a novel of the same length by a beginner. If the selling price were regulated by the royalty (other things being equal), the beginner, content with a small royalty, would have a better chance than he has now, while the receipts of the well-known author would not be affected, in spite of his larger royalty. I very much doubt whether his sales would suffer either.

It will be observed that the manufacturer, although his share in the production of a patented article is, as a rule, far greater than the inventor's, is satisfied with a profit of 10 per cent. Is the publisher, small as is his share in the production of a book compared with the author's? Some time ago the editor of a London daily asked me to investigate certain financial matters, and with that object in view I inserted an advertisement stating that I had money to invest. Of course my name was not given. For days afterwards the postman staggered to the door with piles of letters. They came from all countries and from all sorts of people, cranks, swindlers, and a few honest men with genuine businesses. Among the last—at least I hope so—was a certain publisher, who offered me a partnership and invited me to inspect his books, which, he said, would prove his statement that he made "30 per cent. nett profit without risk." He little thought he had hooked an author. As I did not inspect his books, I have no right to accept his statement. But unquestionably, if publishers make "30 per cent. nett profit without risk" while other business firms are content with 10, there is something radically wrong.

John Lascelles.

IV.—Educational.

I, and probably others, have always been in some doubt as to what was intended to be included in the term "author" as applied to our Society and Club. I joined both, as an author of educational works, and as financially interested in a Union or Mutual Protection Society of Authors in the widest sense. The first two or three pages of the Author usually reassure me; but the remaining pages always, now, raise serious misgivings as to whether I have not mistaken the number of the house and got into the
wrong evening party. The last number of the Author suggests a kind of ex post facto invitation, for it reports that the chairman of the Society announced that it "proposed to go into the question of watching the interests of educational writers and musical composers, which was a branch quite by itself." On the strength of that incidental remark, I venture to suggest that it would be well to define now more clearly what ground the Society really means to cover. At present I fear that the casual and thoughtless reader or observer would think it was mainly limited to fiction and light literature. If a wider range of subjects were explicitly claimed and represented, wider interests would be aroused, and wider support secured for the Club and the Society; if, on the other hand, it were felt that certain departments, e.g., educational and musical, were too large to be embraced by the Society, and explicitly disclaimed, the field would be left open for founding a Society for the protection of those interests, which are even larger and more in need of protection than those of fiction. The work already done has been so valuable that it seems a pity that it should not be made the basis for larger and wider efforts. Perhaps the new Committee might provide for the representation of such interests.

[See p. 254.—Ed.] J. E. N.

VI.—On Selling Books.

Are we not in danger, while we talk so much about royalties and agreements, of forgetting the many conveniences of selling the copyright for a lump sum? The advantages of doing this are the freedom from subsequent worry; relief from the worry of getting a proper agreement; from the suspicion of subsequent fraud. The dangers or disadvantages are—(1) that the price offered will be too low: an experienced agent would meet that difficulty; (2) the chance that the book might prove a great and unexpected success. This is most unlikely; and (3) the temptation to regard the lump sum as income, and to expect it to come in regularly for the rest of the natural span. Suppose that a book by one of the moderately successful would, on a 20 per cent. royalty, produce £300 the first year, and then £25 the next, getting gradually less for the next five years. Surely it would be in some cases better to capitalise this source of revenue, and to take, say, £360 down, leaving the book in the publisher's hands.

A Moderate Success.

At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but destitute of real merit it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

A man of letters at present whose works are valuable is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit may now easily be rich if his heart be set only on fortune; and for those who have no merit it is but fit that such remain in merited obscurity.

Goldsmith,
"Citizen of the World," Let. 84.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

The Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

1. DRAWING THE AGREEMENT.—It is not generally understood that the author, as the vendor, has the absolute right of drafting the agreement upon whatever terms the transaction is to be carried out. Authors are strongly advised to exercise that right. In every form of business, this among others, the right of drawing the agreement rests with him who sells, leases, or has the control of the property.

2. SERIAL RIGHTS.—In selling Serial Rights remember that you may be selling the Serial Right for all time; that is, the Right to continue the production in papers. If you object to this, insert a clause to that effect.

3. STAMP YOUR AGREEMENTS.—Readers are most urgently warned not to neglect stamping their agreements immediately after signature. If this precaution is neglected for two weeks, a fine of £10 must be paid before the agreement can be used as a legal document. In almost every case brought to the secretary the agreement, or the letter which serves for one, is forwarded without the stamp. The author may be assured that the other party to the agreement seldom neglects this simple precaution. The Society, to save trouble, undertakes to get all the agreements of members stamped for them at no expense to themselves except the cost of the stamp.

4. ASCERTAIN WHAT A PROPOSED AGREEMENT GIVES TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE SIGNING IT.—Remember that an arrangement as to a joint venture in any other kind of business whatever would be instantly refused should either party refuse to show the books or to let it be known what share he reserved for himself.

5. LITERARY AGENTS.—Be very careful. You cannot be too careful as to the person whom you appoint as your agent. Remember that you place your property almost unreservedly in his hands. Your only safety is in consulting the Society, or some friend who has had personal experience of the agent. Do not trust advertisements alone.

6. COST OF PRODUCTION.—Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

7. CHOICE OF PUBLISHERS.—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.

8. FUTURE WORK.—Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

9. PERSONAL RISK.—Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

10. REJECTED MSS.—Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

11. AMERICAN RIGHTS.—Never sign away American rights. Keep them by special clause. Refuse to sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher, unless for a substantial consideration.

12. CESSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Never sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

13. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Keep some control over the advertisements, if they affect your returns, by a clause in the agreement.

14. 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. Be yourself a business man.

Society's Offices:

4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Com-
mittee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society first—our solicitors are continually engaged upon such questions for us.

3. Send to the office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. This is in order to ascertain what has been the nature of your agreements, and the results to author and publisher respectively so far. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. If the examination of your previous business transactions by the Secretary proves unfavourable, you should take advice as to a change of publishers.

5. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

6. The Society is acquainted with the methods, and—in the case of fraudulent houses—the tricks of every publishing firm in the country.

7. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are reaping no benefit to yourself, and that you are advancing the best interests of literature in promoting the independence of the writer.

8. Send to the Editor of the Author notes of everything important to literature that you may hear or meet with.

9. The committee have now arranged for the reception of members' agreements and their preservation in a fireproof safe. The agreements will, of course, be regarded as confidential documents to be read only by the Secretary, who will keep the key of the safe. The Society now offers:—(1) To read and advise upon agreements and publishers. (2) To stamp agreements in readiness for a possible action upon them. (3) To keep agreements. (4) To enforce payments due according to agreements.

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THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

MEMBERS are informed:

1. That the Authors' Syndicate takes charge of the business of members of the Society. That it submits MSS. to publishers and editors, concludes agreements, examines, passes, and collects accounts, and, generally, relieves members of the trouble of managing business details.

2. That the terms upon which its services can be secured will be forwarded upon detailed application.

3. That the Authors' Syndicate works only for those members of the Society whose work possesses a market value.

4. That the Syndicate can only undertake any negotiations whatever on the distinct understanding that those negotiations are placed exclusively in its hands, and that all communications relating thereto are referred to it.

5. That clients can only be seen by the Director by appointment, and that, when possible, at least two days' notice should be given.

6. That every attempt is made to deal with all communications promptly. That stamps should, in all cases, be sent to defray postage.

7. That the Authors' Syndicate does not invite MSS. without previous correspondence; does not hold itself responsible for MSS. forwarded without notice; and that in all cases MSS. must be accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

8. That the Syndicate undertakes arrangements for lectures by some of the leading members of the Society; that it has a "Transfer Department" for the sale and purchase of journals and periodicals; and that a "Register of Wants and Wanted" is open. Members are invited to communicate their requirements to the Manager.

There is an Honorary Advisory Committee, whose services will be called upon in any case of dispute or difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to state that the members of the Advisory Committee have no pecuniary interest whatever in the Syndicate.

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NOTICES.

THE Editor of the Author begs to remind members of the Society that, although the paper is sent to them free of charge, the cost of producing it would be a very heavy charge on the resources of the Society if a great many members did not forward to the Secretary the modest 6s. 6d. subscription for the year.

The Editor is always glad to receive short papers and communications on all subjects connected with literature from members and others. Nothing can do more good to the Society than to make the Author complete, attractive, and interesting. Will those who are willing to aid in this work send their names and the special subjects on which they are willing to write?

Communications for the Author should reach the Editor not later than the 21st of each month.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of the 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 Authors' Club is now open in its new premises, at 3, Whitehall-court, Charing Cross. Address the Secretary for information, rules of admission, &c.

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, if still unpaid, or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

Members are most earnestly entreated to attend to the warning numbered (8). It is a most foolish and may be a most disastrous thing to enter into an agreement binding 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 literary bondage for three or five years?

Those who possess the "Cost of Production" are requested to note that the cost of binding has advanced 15 per cent. This means, for those who do not like the trouble of "doing sums," the addition of three shillings in the pound on this head. In other words, if the cost of binding
is set down in our book at eight pounds, to this must now be added twenty-four shillings more, so that it now stands at £9 4s. The figures in our book are as near the exact truth as can be procured; but a printer's, or a binder's, bill is so elastic a thing that nothing more exact can be arrived at.

Some remarks have been made upon the amount charged in the "Cost of Production" for advertising. Of course, we have not included any sums which may be charged for inserting advertisements in the publisher's own magazines, or in other magazines by exchange. As agreements too often go, there is nothing to prevent the publisher from sweeping the whole profits of a book into his own pocket, by inserting any number of advertisements in his own magazines, and by exchanging with others. Some there are who call this a form of fraud; it is not known what those who practise this method of swelling their own profits call it.

FROM THE COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Wednesday, the 18th inst., it was decided, as it had been impossible to arrange the Authors' Society dinner in May, to postpone the date until the autumn. It was also decided to have a soirée after the dinner as usual. When the date is settled the notices will be issued from the office.

The Committee are at present engaged in considering the question of a reform in the Copyright Law.

G. Herbert Thring, Secretary.

April 28, 1896.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.—Canadian Copyright.

A LETTER on this subject addressed to Mr. Goldwin Smith by Mr. Henry Charles Lea, of Philadelphia, has been sent by the former to the Times (April 27). The writer points out, as if it were a new thing, that the real aim of the proposed legislation on the subject is the American market, and that if a certain section of Canadian legislators have their way, the long fought for, and hardly won, International Copyright will be more certainly lost. It is absurd to suppose that Mr. Hall Caine was ignorant of this danger when he went to Canada last autumn. The whole object of his mission was to avert that danger. Recent alarms and newer dangers have for the moment obscured this; but it still remains. Mr Lea's letter reminds us of what we all knew very well eight months ago: it is useful as a reminder, though as a warning it comes too late. The gist of the reminder is in the following paragraph:

The importance of the matter to the English author and publisher, however, by no means rests solely on the diminution of sales in the United States. Its most serious aspect is the peril to which it exposes the Act of 1891, which permits the copyright of English books in this country, subject to the condition of manufacture here. For fifty years there has not been a copyright measure discussed in which I have not taken a more or less active part, and I am familiar with the influences which for so many years prevented the enactment of international copyright, and which finally secured the adoption of the existing law. So long as the labour interests opposed it there was no chance of its passage. When they were won over to its support it was adopted, though not without prolonged exertion against strenuous opposition. If it be once fairly understood that Canadian printers are enjoying an advantage which is denied to our labour and is used to its detriment, there is no little danger that the labour organisations will seek to undo the work in which they assisted five years ago; and, if once aroused to this, you know as well as I do how respectfully their remonstrances will be received. If you have means of warning the English interests which are threatened, it would be wise for you to do so, for I am sure that they do not recognise the danger inherent in the present and prospective anomalous condition of Canadian copyright.

II.—The "Twentieth Century."

The following paragraph is taken from the Westminster Gazette:

"In the Queen's Bench Division to-day, before Mr. Justice Grantham, sitting without a jury, Dr. Forbes Winslow sued Mr. Graham, the editor of the Twentieth Century, for £48, for two magazine articles supplied in May and June, 1895. The price agreed upon was £2 a page, and the articles ran to twenty-four pages. Defendant was not represented, and judgment was entered for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, with costs."

Readers are requested to take a note of this case. The secretary has in his hands claims of the same kind against the same person representing, together, over £60. He does not take action for the reason that it would be of no use, as the defendant has disappeared.

III.—Associated Authors' Publishing Company.

I have read with much interest your admirable review of the prospectus of this company, in your last issue, and your remarks seem to me to be very much to the point. You say that, given certain conditions, there can be no doubt whatever that an immense business awaits such a company. These conditions you specify as, (1) Sufficient capital; (2) An established business; (3) A manager of probity and experience; (4) "Methods of publishing based upon the points always advocated by the Society," viz.: (5) No secret profits; (6) No charge for unpaid advertisements; (7) A full understanding of what the agreement means on both sides; (8) The right of access to the author's own books; (9) The con-
fidence of authors; and (10) professions honourably carried out.

These points, I think, cover the ground absolutely, and I can give English authors the most complete assurance that the importance of each has been foreseen and special provision made to meet it.

It has been felt that the question of honest and accurate book-keeping would be a very important one from the authors’ point of view, and after careful reflection it has been decided to secure the services of some eminent firm of accountants, known both in London and New York, for the purpose not only of auditing the accounts but of keeping them properly posted up.

Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co. have agents in this city—Messrs. Jones and Caesar, chartered accountants—and they have been seen on the subject, and preliminary arrangements discussed for the proper keeping and auditing of the company’s books. This question will be settled at an early date.

The standing of the incorporators and directors will no doubt influence the members of your Society. General James Grant Wilson is president of the American Authors’ Guild and is himself a well-known author; Mr. Frank R. Lawrence is president of the world-renowned Lotos Club, whose hospitality so many of England’s most illustrious men have enjoyed both under his presidency and that of Mr. Whitelaw Read, proprietor of the New York Tribune and late American minister to Paris. Mr. Lawrence is an eminent counsel. Col. Sickely is late American minister to Siam and vice-president of the great American Surety Company. Hon. R. S. Ransom is late surrogate of New York. It is unnecessary to go further. New York has no better or sounder business men than these, and all are interested in literature and acquainted with the publishing business.

It is expected that this company will begin business immediately.

C. L. Betts, Sec. pro ten.

NEW YORK LETTER.

April 17, 1896.

The number of short stories of New England life published during the last year is unusual. It is true that the number of short stories of all kinds published during the year was unusual; it is true also that Americans produce short stories in much greater number, and of a much higher degree of excellence, than their novels; but even after these two things are taken into consideration the especial attention given to New England life is noticeable. Just why the short story is in so much favour here cannot be dogmatically stated; the publishers are said not to favour them, yet last fall some of the leading publishers published more volumes of them than they did of novels. Commenting on the superiority of our stories to our novels, Mr. Howell asks: “Is this so because the American life is scrappy and desultory, and instinctively seeks its expression in the sketch, the little tale, the miniature romance; or because the short story seems in all literatures to find its development earlier than the full-sized novel? Did our skill in writing short stories create the demand for them in the magazines, or did the demand of the magazines foster the skill? If the reader likes them so much in the magazines that the editors feel they must supply them at all hazards, why should they abhor them so much in the bound volume?”

Each month seems to give a greater sign that the publishers abhor less and less the short stories in volumes. Where we have one novelist of high and deserved reputation, we have a number of story-tellers. In studies of Western life, Bret Harte, and now Hamlin Garland and Owen Wister, give us some of our best writings. On New England there are several writers who, in substance and especially in execution, are among the first, Miss Mary E. Wilkins and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett being easily first. In the works of each of these writers there is a thorough mastery of the New England types, combined with a sufficiency and lack of redundance of means that is not approached by any of the newer comers in the field of New England fiction. It is, however, of the less known names that this paper is to say a few words.

First in importance among writers of New England stories whom the past year has brought into notice is Alice Brown. Her first book, “Meadow Grass,” published last summer by Copeland and Day, of Boston, gives promise that she will shortly stand on a level with Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins. Although she deals, like them, with the homely, well-known New England characters and events, in which humour and pathos are brought nearer together by being set in the bleakness of the physical surroundings, the crudity of expression, and the stern, ascetic Puritan spirit, her study is altogether first hand, and suggests no other writers. Her tone is less severe than that of Miss Wilkins, but she has much of the same austerity. She is more fond of humour than Miss Wilkins, and this is both a merit and a fault. It sometimes gives charm to her stories, and sometimes leads her to weaken
them by prolixity. Her dialect is accurate and entertaining, and is not used to excess. Her touch in suggesting the intimate, especially the lighter details of the New England country life, is particularly happy. The reputation which less than a year has established seems to be well founded.

"Tales of the Maine Coast," by Noah Brooks, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, should be mentioned in an account of recent New England fiction, although it was published a little over a year ago. His stories deal mainly with life in seaport towns, and bring in close contrast the native village traits and the odd bits of foreign life brought by the sailors. No one has recently given the character of these amphibious towns in some ways as well as Mr. Brooks.

"Lover's Saint Ruth's," by Louise Imogene Guiney, published last year by Copeland and Day, is the writer's first attempt at fiction, although she has been well known in other branches of literature for some years. She touches in this volume some aspects of New England life with decided intelligence, but without any natural gift of narration.

Another little book, "The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott," is announced for an early appearance by Lamson, Wolffe, and Company, of Boston. It is to be a tale of early New England life, and to be historical. The same firm has recently issued a book by Mrs. Harrison, called "A Virginia Cousin and Bar Harbor Tales," which are popular, but of no special value. They announce a novel by John P. Wheelwright, author of "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," which is to portray New England types of character at the time of the war of 1812. This firm, like several others of our newest firms, pay special attention to sectional stories, especially by new writers. They have another novel by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), who wrote "Guerndale" during his law school course at Harvard and made his reputation at once, but since then has given most of his time to the law, although his ten or twelve books of fiction show him to be one of our strongest writers. This story will deal with early life in Devonshire and the early settlement of the American colonies. As he has worked for five years on the novel, it is likely to be of some permanent importance, as the writer's work has unusually strong dramatic qualities as well as subtle character drawing. By the same writer, a novel called "Pirate Gold," a story of Boston in the middle of this century, is published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston. It reproduces with a great deal of charm the special social characteristics of the town.

Copeland and Day, also one of the newer firms of Boston, announce a New England story by William M. Cole, formerly a Harvard professor; and they have also recently published "Moody's Lodging House," a collection of stories of Boston life, which has had considerable vogue.

The Chicago firm of Way and Williams, also but a few years old, publishes a volume of New England stories by Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, a new comer in the field. She has considerable skill, especially in plot, but the thread of her stories is very slight, and their execution not distinguished.

Among the stories published by Copeland and Day within a few months is "An Old Man's Romance," by Christopher Craigie. Although this book, which is also a first attempt, has no special power, it is remarkably full of the real, typical New England spirit. It deals less with the picturesque externals which tempt most writers, and more with the social spirit as it seems to persons who have been long familiar with it.

Bliss Perry is a writer already known for his pictures of New England life. "The Plated City," published by Scribners, gives a picture of the social atmosphere in one of the New England manufacturing towns, which for distinctness, vividness, and faithfulness deserves a high place. These towns bring into sharp contrast the lowly life of the mill operatives and the prosperous life of those who have made their fortunes in the business. These classes are sharply separated geographically, the low lands being occupied by the poorer classes, and the hills further from the rivers by the rich. It is especially the picture of the more prosperous parts of such populations that Mr. Perry gives, but when he does touch the poorer parts of the town he is equally successful. His stories are romantic and old fashioned in a sense, but deal with entirely modern problems.

An accidental find of considerable interest in New England literature was made by Lamson, Wolffe, and Co. of two essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson that date from his college days. One is a study of Socrates, and the other a study of the state of ethics at that time. Both are crude and decidedly young, but of importance in any study of Emerson's development.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued recently several books dealing with New England life. "In Old New England," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is a popular novel of a crude, fairly clever storyteller. "In Defiance of the King," by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, another first work, has some value as to plot, but is rambling, and, although it deals with important facts in American history, has no value as a character study either of individuals or of the times. A stronger story than
either of these deals not with New England, but with life in a closely neighbouring State, Pennsylvania, among a class of labourers in the mining and manufacturing towns who have been very little studied. It is called "Stone Pastures," by Eleanor Stuart, and has vividness and strength enough to give promise.

Among the new books of interest is a novel by Gilbert Parker, called "The Poem of the Lavilettes," a story of forty-five thousand words, of which which the scene is in Canada, and the story relates to the French-Canadian War. This has not yet been announced, but will be within two or three weeks.

Another story by Gilbert Parker, "The Seats of the Mighty," a romance of old Quebec, is published by D. Appleton and Co.

Miss Ida C. Tarbell's "Madame Roland" is one of the most valuable books of the year. It will be handled by the Scribners in England. Miss Tarbell is one of our most conscientious students of history and has within a few years gained a high reputation through her lives of Napoleon and Lincoln, which appeared serially in McClure's Magazine. Next fall she will study in London preparatory to writing a history of that part of Lincoln's life which is connected with the Civil War. During five years of study in Paris, she obtained evidence about the life of Madame Roland which had not hitherto been used by biographers. These new letters showed that Madame Roland at one time sought a title, and they show the more important fact that at the time of her marriage she was passionately in love with her husband. All earlier biographers have accepted the statement made in her journal, that the marriage was one of cool reason. Miss Tarbell is able to show conclusively that this story was made up by Madame Roland after she was hopelessly in love with Buzot. Miss Tarbell goes deeply into the general movements of the Revolution with which her heroine was associated, and on them, as on the individual, she has produced a valuable study.

Rudyard Kipling has come down from his home in Vermont to spend two weeks in the city. He has just finished his first serial, which deals entirely with American character. It is a tale of the sea, of a fishing fleet. The serial rights have not yet been disposed of.

The fourth volume of Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," is published this month by Putnam. It covers the North-West and Louisiana, and brings the story down to 1809.

On March 30, J. Selwin Tait, a New York publisher, started again by a letter to a newspaper the discussion about the present fortunes of American Literature—a subject which just now is very much in vogue. He speaks especially of the dark outlook for the native novelist. The result of his reading of the thousands of manuscripts submitted to him is that the young American novelist has as much ability as the English beginner, though of a different kind. He is on the average less wordy, more sympathetic, and quicker to learn, but is over-confident, less patient, and more slovenly, and less willing to work. Mr. Tait gives several reasons for the cloud which he believes is hanging over American fiction. He says that last year foreign authors contributed two-thirds of the presentable fiction published in this country, whereas American authors contributed less than 1 per cent. of the fiction published abroad. The 10 cent magazines, which have a very large circulation, and are supported mainly by advertisements, publish a great deal of fiction, and this cuts into the heart of the book trade and lessens the demand for new works. The daily papers are also blamed, on the ground that their sensational nature is doing much to spoil the public taste for fiction of the better kind. He thinks that the papers also fail to do their duty in not giving more space to reviews of domestic literature. This subject was discussed the other night at a meeting of the Lanthorn Club given to Mr. Stephen Crane, author of the "Red Badge of Courage," in which Mr. W. D. Howells took a view directly contrary of that of Mr. Tait. He thought that the work of Mr. Crane, like that of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, showed that the work produced by American story-tellers and novelists was as good as that produced anywhere, and would be recognised in a short time, if it is not already.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

There is one unpleasant day every year in M. Emile Zola's life, and that day is rapidly coming round upon him once more. On this day his pen will be busily occupied for some hours in a task unrewarding and tedious. He will have to go to Charpentier's warehouse, where, in an office specially arranged for the purpose, he will find stacked up some hundred copies of his new novel "Rome." There will be two tables in the room. At one of these M. Zola will seat himself; at the other will be a clerk with a book of addresses before him. Another clerk will stand between the stack of volumes and the table at which the master is seated. Zola will sigh and say "Allons." Then a copy of the book will be handed to him, and at the same time the clerk...
THE AUTHOR.

with the address-book will read out the first name on his list. Then Zola will write on the fly-leaf of the volume his "dédiacre," the formula of which will vary according to the degree of intimacy in which he stands towards this person. For strangers, amongst the pressmen and reviewers who are entitled to receive presentation copies of his book, he will merely write "A Monsieur X., son dévoué confrère." For a friend, or a brother author of distinction, he will write several lines of comment and compliment. This will go on until the whole stack of yellow backs has been exhausted, when Zola will throw down his pen with an "Ouf!" of relief and go off to lunch at Foyot's. There are more presentation copies of Zola's books distributed than of any other French author, and Zola makes a point of writing an autograph dédicace in each.

Journalism and literature in France most often lead to a political career and to office, though the very highest office in France is usually given to the candidate who has attracted least attention to himself. In most cases men who have passed from journalism to politics do not return to it. There are, however, notable exceptions. There is Henri Rochefort, who threw up his seat in the Chamber because his political work did not leave him enough time for his journalism. But a more striking example is Clemenceau; more striking because, whilst Rochefort never took any prominent part in politics at the Chamber, Clemenceau was always a most ardent politician, ever forming Ministries or overthrowing them. Well, he too, like Rochefort, to use the expression of Monsieur Thiers when he had resigned the Presidency, has returned to his chères études. And so notable a success has he made of it, that we who read the French papers cannot but regret the many years that Clemenceau was talking when he might have been writing. It is true he was writing all the time, for nearly every day he contributed an article to his own paper, La Justice, but that was political writing of limited interest, whereas now he gives us critiques, feuilletons, and general articles, which are as good as anything in the French Press. Everybody looks out for the Clemenceau article in Le Journal, and Daudet has often said to me that with Coppée Clemenceau is the foremost journalist in France. He seems to write, and to write well, on every conceivable subject. I think that his last article was about a man with a tail, who had been discovered in Annam, and on this subject Clemenceau wrote two sparkling columns. The politician, of course, always betrays himself. For instance, he concludes the article on "The Man with a Tail" in the following words: "All we need now is the man with a tail. The Government has him.

Let the Government show him to us, instead of keeping him selfishly for its own enjoyment. This should be easier to do than to reform taxation."

Gounod's Memoirs have been published by Calman-Levy under the title of "Memoires d'un Artiste." The book is made up of articles written by Gounod and various letters to and from him. It divides itself into "Memoires de Jeunesse" and "Souvenirs Artistiques." His account of the difficulties he had in getting a hearing for Faust should prove interesting to brother artists who have had similar experiences. We very nearly missed having Faust altogether. It was refused everywhere; publisher after publisher bundled it back. At the first performance it was nearly hooted off the stage. Jules Massenet has often told me of that memorable night. At that time he was playing in the orchestra, where he wielded the cymbals. He said that he was so enraged with the public for hissing what he considered a masterpiece that it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from jumping over the partition and using his cymbals on the blockheads in the orchestra stalls.

Another interesting volume of memoirs is the second of Rochefort's autobiography, which takes us from the author's first exile up to the Commune. The third volume, dealing mainly with the part that Rochefort played in these troubled times, should be still more interesting, as it will give him an opportunity of vindicating his conduct, which has been bitterly attacked. But I think most people will look with most anticipation for the story of his connection with the unfortunate General Boulanger. That, however, will not come for some time yet.

At a recent literary soirée the idea was pronounced that the immense popularity of some books may be attributed to the fact that, public interest having been whetted by preceding works on the same subject, they arrive at the psychological moment, so the authors of the preceding works, by being too previous, act only as the pioneers of the success of the book which comes just at the right moment. A number of instances were cited which bore out this theory. Sio vos non nobis might be said to the pioneer authors.

I know of more than once French writer who has adopted the typewriter. Daudet tried it, but abandoned its use, as the noise was too great for his nerves. The French printers are delighted at the increasing popularity of the machine-pen. This, I believe, is the opposite of what was manifested by English printers when the machine first came into general use for the production of copy. But, then, was there not some talk of reducing the rates per 1000 ems, for type set up
from typed copy? In France no master would dare to suggest such a diminution, as the working printers are a very powerful body. And as most French *hommes de lettres* write a terrible hand, the advantage to the printers is great. Much of the MS. copy sent into the composing-room of a French newspaper would be absolutely undecipherable to an English comp. Your French *homme de lettres* often prides himself on the number of erasures, corrections, and addenda on his page.

Balzac is still famous amongst French printers for his beautiful copy, but then Balzac reserved his corrections, erasures, and addenda for the first proofs. These were so numerous that most of his royalties were swallowed up by the expenses.

A prettypresent was sent me the other day from Hawkshead. It was a Paschal-egg, or Easter-egg, carved by James Dixon, who was for forty years valet to William Wordsworth. After the poet’s death he went to live at Hawkshead, and used to spend most of his time in carving Paschal-eggs with his pocket-knife. He had gone into Wordsworth's service from the workhouse, and was much attached to his master. The cottage at Hawkshead, where Wordsworth lived as a boy, when he was attending Hawkshead Grammar School, was recently taken by a lady who lives in America, and has been handsomely furnished. She does not, however, appear to have any intention of living there.

Robert H. Sherard.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**

It has been resolved by the Committee to hold the annual dinner of the Society in the autumn instead of May or June. This step has been often advised, chiefly on account of the great number of functions which are held in the spring months, some of which always interfere with our own. It has also been suggested that after the dinner there should be one speech only, after which a conversazione should be held. The late after dinner gatherings have hitherto been too short on account of the long speeches made at the dinner.

A member of the Society sends me the circular of a newly-established agency for playwriters. I do not present the name of the agent, because, as I know nothing at all about him, I should be unwilling to seem to be recommending him on the one hand, or, on the other, to be saying anything that might injure him. We have said so much in favour of the literary agent that the playwriters’ agent might expect some consideration as well. Now, it is notorious that the number of plays written and submitted to managers is, like the articles submitted to editors, very far above the number which can be produced; and, for many reasons, it is, and always must be, very much more difficult to get a play put on the stage than to get a MS. published in a magazine. The managers, however, keep their theatres open under the present system; they seem never at a loss for a new play; and it is not easy to discover in what way an agent can be useful to them. How then can an agent help a candidate for the stage? Let us see how this agent before us proposes to help. First, he will give the author, for a small fee, a “thoroughly competent” opinion of his work; if the opinion is favourable he will “use his utmost influence and energy” to get the play accepted by a manager. There is more: but this is the only important part. If the agent gets hold of a good play he will try to introduce it. This brings us to the important question of the qualifications of such an agent. They seem to be: first, that he should know a good play when he reads one; next, that he must be personally acquainted with, and trusted by, managers or actors or both. Of course, he must also be an entirely honourable person. This is understood without further words. Now, if any of our readers desire to avail themselves of such a dramatic agent they are hereby invited to consider carefully the following advice and warning: Let them ascertain for whom the agent has worked before they entrust any work to him: let them find out who knows him: who recommends him: and what is his “record,” so far. If in all these points their inquiries prove satisfactory, they may save themselves a great deal of trouble by going to him. Whether he will be able to persuade managers to produce their pieces is quite another matter.

The first and inaugural meeting of the Society of Publishers was held at Stationers’ Hall, on Tuesday, the 21st April last. The proceedings consisted of the presidential address by Mr. Charles J. Longman. The address was eminently calculated to inspire confidence that the new Society, whilst prepared to stand firmly for the rights of publishers, is not contemplating destructive measures against the two classes on whom publishers live and flourish—viz., those who do the real work: the authors and the book-sellers. This Society will welcome Mr. Longman’s sober and sensible address, and will gladly recognise in the words of the President a sincere desire that their business should be conducted
fairly and equitably; which, of course, means, among other things, that both parties should know what proportion of the returns by any agreement shall go to each.

It is said that a certain writer, enraged, justly or unjustly, at his treatment by the reviewers, has resolved that in future he will not allow any of his books to be sent to the Press for review. As editors can hardly be expected to buy books for review, this means that in future he will dispense with the publicity and therefore, in a sense, the assistance hitherto given him by the critic. The question arises whether this course of action is wise or not. First, what does he gain by it? He will get rid of the reviewer: not only the incompetent, the venomous, and the lying reviewer; but he will also get rid of the honourable, capable, and conscientious reviewer—the truest friend to literature that exists. It is, of course, exasperating for a writer to find his book "slated" venomously by some anonymous person who shows in every line that he has not read the book: observe, that to "slate" a book is perfectly easy without reading it; but to praise it requires first some study of the book, otherwise the reviewer is certain to make blunders that will expose him. Next, it will be a relief to him to feel that the man who does not read will not review. At the same time, in order to get rid of him, he must at the same time lose the unbiassed and impartial and conscientious critic. But there are other losses: he will throw away a large and very valuable advertisement of his book. If fifty press copies are sent round and forty notices appear; if only half are appreciative, what an excellent and wide-spread recommendation is thus given! On the whole, it seems better to go on under the present system; to groan under the affliction of the venomous and the incompetent, and to be thankful for the man who understands the duties and the responsibilities of his post.

A letter has been written to the Times by "An Author" concerning the payment of income tax. It was needless to write to the Times, because his solicitor would have set that matter straight for him with no difficulty whatever. The letter, however, was useful in calling attention to the fact that the "office expenses" or "outgoings" of an author must be taken into account whether in sending in an income tax return or in sending in an agreement to a publisher. The writer of the letter says, "I wrote a book not long ago about a distant country. In order to make myself competent to treat the subject I spent three-fourths of the price in visiting and studying it." By the "price" he means the sum for which he parted with this literary estate of his. The principle applies to almost every kind of book. Here, for instance, before me is a volume of literary essays. The investment of house, furniture, library, and years of study, corresponds exactly to the publisher's investment of capital, time and work of clerks, personal services, attention and experience. In the case of a book of travels, of course, there is an enormous preliminary outlay which can hardly ever be recouped. In fiction work it would seem as if all came straight from the brain. Not at all: it comes from observation of humanity, and it means sketches, journeys, observations, books, all kinds of things. For instance, I once wrote a novel dealing with life in Northumberland nearly two hundred years ago. For this novel I made four journeys into that county: I bought a great quantity of books: in my journeys "en zigzag" I had to resort to the old method of posting, which is pleasant but costly. Now, when one sees a claim of so much per cent. for "office expenses" one thinks of these things, and naturally asks what right the publisher has to charge office expenses while the author does not.

There is another curious point about this letter. The writer says, "I am a member of the literary profession so much overstocked, and which has been subject to so many diminutions of profit in these latter days." This is amazing. The literary profession has never been so flourishing, so well paid, so prosperous as at present. Very large incomes are made by educational writers; by dramatists; by historians; by novelists; by writers of religious books; by writers of travels. Never before have literary men and women been so prosperous. And there seems room for all. The field enlarges daily and rapidly. Perhaps—but he says that his income is in the four figures—this writer is considering the immense gap between those who wholly succeed and those who only half succeed. Literature, as a profession, is like the Bar: there are a great many solid prizes in every branch of it. Between the prize winners and those who come after them there is too often a huge gap.

The secretary of the Associated Authors' Publishing Company has sent a letter on my remarks which will be found under the head of "Literary Property." He claims that all the conditions which were laid down as necessary for success are fulfilled in his company. Without endorsing his statement, I have inserted it because, if a bond fide attempt to publish on those terms is to be made, it will be necessary to inquire further into the matter. Walter Besant.
ADDRESS TO PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.
APRIL 21, 1896.
Reproduced from a copy presented by Mr. Longman to the Chairman, Mr. H. Rider Haggard.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with a considerable feeling of responsibility that I rise to address you to-day. Your Association has been formed owing, I believe, to the fact that a real need for such a body has been widely felt throughout the trade. That feeling received expression in the motion made by Mr. Murray at our first meeting here, in November last, to the effect that steps should be taken to form an Association of the Publishers of Great Britain and Ireland, and the fact that the motion was carried by acclamation in so large a gathering of publishers, coupled with the unanimity and harmony which have attended our subsequent proceedings, prove that the feeling of which I have spoken was widely felt and deeply rooted. But so far no attempt has been made to lay down the lines of policy which our Association shall follow. In our rules the objects of the Association are stated to be to promote and protect by all lawful means the interests of the publishers of Great Britain and Ireland. This definition is wisely drawn very widely, and it is now necessary to come to closer quarters with the work that lies before us. The character of the Association and its usefulness in the future will much depend upon the position it takes up during the first year or two of its existence, and it is on this account that I feel a great weight of responsibility in expressing to you my views of what work it is that we should take in hand. Since, however, you have done me the great honour of electing me your first President, I feel that I should be failing in a duty which you have a right to expect from me were I to shrink from the task, and, though of course I speak for myself alone, I hope that what I say may be so fortunate as to meet with your approval.

The first subject that naturally must claim the attention of such an Association as ours, is also perhaps the most complicated and difficult—I allude of course to the question of copyright. A satisfactory law of copyright is the prime need of all who are engaged in the production and sale of books, whether as authors, publishers, booksellers, printers, or in any other capacity whatsoever. This subject is so complex, so many sided, and has such an extraordinary faculty for cropping up at the least opportune times and places, that it is obviously impossible for me to attempt now any lengthy examination of the question. At the same time I should like to state briefly my view of what is the ideal to the attainment on which this Association should devote its efforts. The Copyright Law which I should like to see is one which should have four salient features: it should be easy to comprehend, liberal in its provisions to the producers of literature, universal in its application, and capable of being readily enforced. Whether such an ideal is attainable I will not undertake to say, but you will all, I believe, admit that we are at present far short of it. This subject has long been under the attention of the Copyright Association (a body which has done much good work) and also of the Society of Authors. A draft Bill has been prepared by each of these bodies, which drafts have since been compared and consolidated, and no doubt when the time comes for seriously pressing this question on the attention of Parliament your Association will be able to render valuable assistance in this difficult question. In the meantime I think it very necessary that we should have this important matter constantly before us, and be prepared, at suitable opportunities, either to promote fresh legislation, to ascertain definitely what the law now is on obscure points, or to assist to enforce obedience to the law where we have reason to think that it is being violated.

I would especially at this moment call your attention to the third of the four points which I think should be found in any satisfactory copyright law—viz., that it should be universal in its application, because I believe that we are at the present moment in some danger in this country of taking a step of a retrograde character which may put back the hope of a single universal copyright law indefinitely. I do not know that anyone will claim for the British Law of Copyright that it is in all points particularly simple or easy to define; still less will it be said that it is under all circumstances easy to enforce; it has, however, at present this virtue, that, within the limits of the British Empire, it is universal in its application. There are certain local modifications in existence even now, but it is at present true that any man, whether he be a British subject or an alien, who writes a book and first publishes it within the limits of the British Empire does by that act of publication secure a copyright in it for a term of forty-two years, or for his life and seven years after, which ever term is the longest; and, moreover, he will at the same time acquire rights of copyright in all countries which are signatories of the Convention of Berne.

It is, however, now in contemplation to introduce a bill into the Legislature of the Dominion of Canada which will absolutely destroy this inestimable boon which we now have—viz., that British copyright runs throughout the British Empire. By demanding certain special conditions on which
copyright is to be granted in the Dominion, the
Canadians also run the risk of defeating their own
claim, and possibly the claims of their fellow sub-
jects throughout the Empire, to reciprocal advan-
tages from the Powers who have signed the Berne
Convention. There is also a possibility that by
their action British subjects may be deprived of
copyright in America. It is fortunately the case
that at the present moment we have no bill before
us. The draft which was sent over last year has
not been proceeded with. Since then Mr. Hall
Caine and, on behalf of the Copyright Association,
Mr. Dalby, have been in Canada, and it is said
that these gentlemen, by their tact and courtesy,
have produced a better feeling, and that it is
probable that the next bill may be less disas-
trous than the last one would have been. But,
gentlemen, this is no case for compromise. We
are playing with fire. If it is once admitted that
copyright is a subject on which the Colonies are
free to legislate—not only for their own citizens,
but also to the detriment of the inhabitants of
these islands—the mischief will not stop with
Canada. We shall soon have to deal with half a
dozen different and conflicting codes. I trust,
therefore, that the influence of this Association,
and I trust that the influence of all who are in-
terested in any degree in the trade of bookselling,
will be exerted to the full to prevent any tampering
with the unity of British copyright, and I hope
that when the true interests of literature are
better understood, both at home and abroad, the
result will be that a simple, liberal, easily enforced
law of copyright will come into existence, not
only in the British Empire, which is much—not
only among all English-speaking peoples, which
would be much more—but throughout the whole
of the civilised world.

I now turn to a widely different subject, but
one that is not less interesting or important, I
mean the relations between publishers and authors.
A society such as this can hardly fail to have some
effect on those relations. If its policy is guided
in the narrowest trade union spirit it seems to me
improbable that much advantage will arise. If,
however, we endeavour to handle any questions
that may from time to time be subjects of con-
troversy in a liberal and broad spirit; if, while
firmly maintaining our rights, we at the same time
endeavour to consider such subjects not only
from our own point of view, but also from the
point of view of other interested parties, then it
seems to me that we shall be in a fair way to
promote what is the greatest interest of all to
those who are engaged in the publication of books—namely, harmonious and pleasant rela-
tions with their authors. Fortunately, we are
all of us able to testify, from our own experience,
that in the large majority of cases these cordial
relations now exist—that, in fact, as many
close friendships exist between authors and their
publishers as between solicitors and their
clients, between doctors and their patients,
or between any other classes which have
intimate business relations. Still, no doubt,
differences do from time to time occur, and
as human nature is constituted it is probable
that they must occur. I believe that it will
be in the power of this Association, if its
proceedings are guided in the spirit I have indi-
cated, to do something to minimise the occasions
on which such differences could arise, and also to
render them easier of arrangement. I have one
subject in my mind that seems to me ripe for
treatment, and should it be successfully treated
I believe that much opportunity for friction will
have been removed.

It is sometimes said that there is a natural
antagonism between authors and publishers,
owing to the fact that their pecuniary interests
are divergent; and, on the other hand, it is not
less frequently asserted that there is no such
antagonism—that we row in the same boat, and
that what is good for one is necessarily good for
the other. Neither of these views is true, or
rather neither is the whole truth. In the first
stage of the business between the author and the
publisher there is an obvious diversity of interest
—the diversity which always exists between the
buyer and the seller. When this stage is got
over the antagonism should cease, and for the
future the interests of the two parties should be
identical. Nevertheless, when disagreements arise
it is not seldom that they occur at this second
stage, when any real cause for difference ought to
have disappeared. The reason of this is that in
a large number of cases a simple sale is not
effected. Where an author comes with a MS.
ready for the printer and offers it for sale the
transaction is a simple one: so much money is
offered, and if it is accepted the MS. is handed
over and the money paid, and there is an end of
it. But though this often takes place the business
frequently takes a different course. Possibly the
MS. is not in existence—the author merely con-
tracts to deliver it at some future time. Possibly
it is in existence, but the author, instead of selling
it, publishes it on one of the many systems of
payment by results known in the trade—such as
royalties, division of profits, publication on com-
mission, and so forth. It is in the subsequent
interpretation of the arrangements made that an
opportunity occurs for differences of opinion.
These arrangements are not always committed to
paper, and even when they are expressed in an
agreement the agreement is not always explicit,
comprehensive, and easy to enforce. Now I think this Association would do well to take up seriously this question of agreements.

I think it is most advisable that we should draw up model forms of agreement, designed to cover all the usual terms on which books are published, and that those model forms should be supplied to anyone, whether author or publisher, who may require them. The task would probably not be an easy one, and it would no doubt be most desirable that it should be undertaken in concert with able and experienced authors. It would perhaps be presumptuous on the part of so young an Association as ours to issue any invitation to co-operate in this work to the older established Society of Authors. But it is obvious that if any given form of agreement should receive the sanction of both Societies, it would have very great authority, and that an important step would have been gained. Before leaving this subject I would add that I do not for a moment propose that this Society should interfere in the preliminary arrangements which must of necessity be carried on by the individual author and publisher. Our functions would commence when a bargain has been struck; we should then endeavour to supply the means of recording accurately and simply, and of duly enforcing, the contract.

Another important interest of the publishing trade is that cordial and satisfactory relations should exist with a numerous and a prosperous body of retail booksellers. It is matter for deep regret that prosperity in the retail trade has by no means gone hand in hand with the increase in the volume of the trade which has taken place. The cause is of course well known—namely, the excessive discount which is given by the booksellers to the public. This subject has been so thoroughly discussed of late, and has received so much attention from all classes in the trade, that I confess that I despair of any satisfactory solution being found by this Association, since none has occurred to the various gentlemen of whom it is composed, in spite of the earnest thought they have given to it. I am sure, however, that the Association will do well to give sympathetic consideration to any proposal which may be brought forward by the retail trade which has a reasonable chance of success. I do not propose now to go over this well-trodden ground in detail, but I feel it incumbent on me to say that I believe that no good purpose would be served by reviving a proposal which has been recently made, and, after thorough consideration, rejected by the publishing trade. I mean the proposal for the establishment of a ring of publishers to raise prices, and to maintain them by the application of coercion to those who did not obey its regulations. I trust that this Association will never fall to the level of a ring. The large and influential meeting of publishers which constituted the Association also declined unanimously to discuss this proposal further, which I believe to be entirely outside the region of what is practicable or desirable.

It is my object to-day to lay before you the general lines on which I hope to see the business of this Association conducted, rather than to enumerate in detail the points which will occupy the attention of the council. These will, no doubt, be numerous and varied. Many points will come up which are at present entirely unforeseen; others are already in contemplation, of which I would mention one as an example. It has come to the notice of several publishers recently that a large contraband trade is going on in some of our colonies in pirated editions of copyright books. Steps are now being taken by individual publishers, and by groups of publishers acting together, to abate this nuisance. The matter has been brought before your Council, who are considering whether it will not be possible to go further in this matter and devise some means to stamp it out altogether. This is one instance of useful work which may be properly undertaken by this association. There seems, in fact, to be every prospect that the hands of those gentlemen whom you have honoured by electing as your officers and council will be full. I would ask you, therefore, to judge our work leniently, and if the results seem to you, as is very probable, to be scanty and long in coming, I hope you will remember that we are all men whose time is already fully occupied, and that the hours which we have already given, and shall continue to give, to the affairs of this association must be taken from a leisure which has not been hitherto regarded as excessive. But whether our work proves fruitful or whether it be barren, it will always be our endeavour so to conduct the affairs of this association that it shall not be an unworthy representative of your ancient and honourable trade.

In conclusion, I would like to say with what great satisfaction it is that we have received the kind permission of the Worshipful Company of Stationers to hold in their ancient hall our general meetings and the meetings of our council; further, by their kind permission we have been able to engage the services of Mr. Poulten as secretary to the council; and it is also a matter of congratulation that we shall be able to rely on the valuable legal assistance of Mr. C. R. Rivington, the clerk of the company. The Stationers' Company have—unlike many of the
City companies—always preserved their connection with the trade from which they derived their origin, and I hope that from this friendly alliance, which undoubtedly will be a source of great convenience and stability to our Association, the company itself may eventually derive some benefit.

C. J. LONGMAN.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FICTION.

The following appeared in the Evening Post, New York, on March 31 last:

“Sir,—The Evening Post has always been prominent in the cultivation of arts and letters, and for that reason I invite its attention to the darkening fortunes of the native novelist of respectable tastes. To some it may seem a matter of small importance if, as a class, he should become altogether extinct, because, say they, ‘as a nation we have not got the ‘novel habit’” ; but I am very certain that such a judgment is hastily snatcht, and is, moreover, entirely wrong. During the past five years I have read—personally and not by deputy—fully as many manuscripts as any single publisher in this country—read them, too, carefully and critically, and, although sympathetically as a brother author, still, with a perfectly unbiased mind, and with this great advantage over the professional reader, that I come in contact with the book trade and know what is wanted by its members, who are the book-buyers crystallised. As a result of this experience I would say that, in my judgment, the young American novelist has just as much ability and natural aptitude for novel-writing as an English beginner, while he is less wordy—excepting where he has taken an overdose of our classic writers—and quicker in getting at the point or pith of his subject. He is more sympathetic too, swifter to learn, and brings a freer mind to his task. On the other hand, the English metropolis in the same ships with California claret and with the same object, a foreign label! London’s z’nmprz’m’t is omnipotent; without it nothing in fiction goes. The result is our domestic publish- ers do not care to publish native works, because it is so much easier and more profitable to handle the foreign article.

“(1.) Last year foreign authors contributed two-thirds of the presentable fiction published in this country—reciprocally, our authors contributed less than 1 per cent. of the fiction published abroad.

“(2.) Of the ten cent magazines subsidised by generous advertisers to the extent of probably 2,000,000 dols. per annum, 20,000,000 copies are sold annually at a third of the price possible without the advertising. This business cuts right into the heart of the book trade, and so lessens the demand for new fiction.

“(3.) The adoration of the foreign writer. London’s imprimitur is omnipotent; without it nothing in fiction goes. The result is our American writers are carting themselves off to the English metropolis in the same ships with California claret and with the same object, a foreign label!

“(4.) The sensationalism which the press cultivates in its news it denounced—when in its most harmless form—in its reviews of fiction, as if it wanted a monopoly of the business; so that when a native writer endeavours to cater in an honest way to the appetite made by the press and writes a book after the style of the works of Doyle, Weyman, or Hope, the reviewers promptly dub his work ‘a dime novel,’ solely on account of its romanticism and without regard to its style or general merit.

“(5.) The adoration of the foreign writer. London’s imprimitur is omnipotent; without it nothing in fiction goes. The result is our American writers are carting themselves off to the English metropolis in the same ships with California claret and with the same object, a foreign label!

“(6.) And the result of all these actual conditions is that the majority of our domestic publishers do not care to publish native works, because it is so much easier and more profitable to handle the foreign article.

“Is ‘strangling’ too severe a term? Scarcely a year passes without London making three or four great literary reputations. How long is it since New York made one, and whose fault is it that this great city has to accept such a subordinate position in literature? I will vouch for the fact that it is not the fault of the domestic authors. I think, however, that it is very largely the fault of the press, which could do so much, and, with one or two notable exceptions like the Evening Post, does so little. There is no business in the country which deserves so well of the press as the publishing business, because none advertises so freely in proportion to its profits; nevertheless, the tendency of the sensational press to-day is to encourage the demand for literature which does not advertise at all, and is never sub-
mitted to the criticism of the reviewer. A glance at the average bookstall will convince the most sceptical, as the space not occupied by magazines and periodicals is covered by books which it would be outrageous flattery to call 'literature.'

THE CHICAGO PRIZE COMPETITION.

It will be remembered that the Record of Chicago recently offered prizes to the extent of 30,000 dols. for novels. They were to be of what used to be known here as "three volume" length, i.e., consisting of about 150,000 words divided into chapters of 2500 words each. The prizes ranged in value from 10,000 dols. to 600 dols. There were 816 candidates. The winners of the prizes are enumerated in the Author's Journal (New York), from which paper we copy it, as follows:

**FIRST PRIZE—10,000 dols.:** Harry Stillwell Edwards of Macon, Ga., for the story entitled "Sons and Fathers."


**THIRD PRIZE—1500 dols.:** Bert Leston Taylor and Alvin T. Thoits of Manchester, N. H., for the story entitled "Under Three Flags."

**FOURTH PRIZE—1000 dols.:** William Augustine Leahy of Boston, Mass., for the story entitled "The Incendiary."

**FIFTH PRIZE—800 dols.:** Edward S. Ellis of Enfield, N. J., for the story entitled "The Eye of the Sun."

**SIXTH PRIZE—600 dols.:** Miss Edith Bland of Grove Park, Lee, England, for the story entitled "The Marden Mystery."

**SEVENTH PRIZE—600 dols.:** Jesse C. Cowdrick of Ogdensburg, N. J., for the story entitled "The Cask of Gold."

**EIGHTH PRIZE—500 dols.:** Thomas H. A. McGill of Denver, Col., for the story entitled "Tangled Threads."

**NINTH PRIZE—500 dols.:** John D. Parsons of Newburyport, Mass., and Frederick R. Burton of Yonkers, New York, for the story entitled "The Mystery of a Time-Lock."

**TENTH PRIZE—500 dols.:** Miss Emmeline Marriott of Shelbyville, Ky., for the story entitled "The More Mystery."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** William Sands Laurie, B.A., of Manchester, England, for the story entitled "The Yellow Horse Caravan."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** Miss Blanche Timmonds of Louisville, Ky., for the story entitled "A Mystery of Resemblance."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** Miss Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley, Mass., for the story entitled "The Turret Chamber."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** Miss Belle Moses of New York City, for the story entitled "The Quest for Sophie."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** Frederick W. Davis of Chelsea, Mass., for the story entitled "Under Oath."

**SPACE RATES—500 dols.:** Edgar Pickering of Margate, Kent, England, for the story entitled "The Vanishing of Cornelius Druce."


Twelve prize winners in all and six from our country. Now let us get up such a competition here and see what the proportions would be. It is remarkable that, although MSS. were sent in from all parts of the world, no competitor from any part except the United States and England succeeded. Meantime we shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the first three or four of the prize stories.

LITERATURE IN THE PERIODICALS.

The Law of Dramatic Copyright. Correspondence of the Times: H. Beerbohm Tree, April 16; H. H. Morell and James M. Glover, April 17; G. Herbert Tiring (Society of Authors), April 18. Leading article in Daily Chronicle, April 16.

Canadian Copyright. Letter from Henry Charles Lea to Goldwin Smith. The Times for April 27.


M. Zola and the Poor Author. National Observer for April 18.


Dante in America. Speaker for April 4.

Deaf and Dumb Heroines in Fiction. Deas Cromarty and the author of "In a Silent World." Correspondence in Athenæum for April 4 and 11.


The Art of Nomenclature. Cornhill Magazine for May.


Mr. Beerbohm Tree calls attention to the inadequate protection which the dramatic copyright laws afford to novelists, playwrights, and theatrical managers. He is advised, he writes, that (according to the Fauntleroy decision) in certain circumstances the author, in order to prevent his story being dramatised and played without his consent, has to base his claim not, as a layman might suppose, on the fact that a dramatic version of his book has been played, but on the fact that there has been a multiplication of copies of the play in manuscript or in print containing substantial extracts from his book. The author of a play and the manager who has bought it, Mr. Tree continues, are so beset with difficulties in protecting their property against "pirates" that before long piracy will probably be far more profitable than legitimate labour. Mr. Tree's precise case, then, is that "by the anomalies and weakness of the copyright laws, and the cumbersome and costly procedure which has to be resorted to in order to protect property of this kind," provincial speculators are enabled to play "Trilby," the rights of which in the British Isles are his, without paying a farthing. A side point is that "the public is likely to be seriously prejudiced against the play by the manner in which it is represented by persons who have neither money nor reputation to stake." He suggests that the time has come for combined action towards formulating a draft of a moderate and practical Bill such as is likely to be acceptable to the Legislature.

Mr. Thring, for the Society of Authors, writes cordially seconding Mr. Tree's suggestion for combined action, and adding that "such a Bill ought to secure the rights of an author to the dramatisation of his own work at any time during which copyright exists in his book, and also to secure to the author a like property in his title." In America the dramatisation at any rate is secured to the author, and this point, Mr. Thring observes, was not neglected in a Bill drafted on behalf of the Society of Authors and placed in Lord Monkswell's hands in 1886. The following are the remaining passages of Mr. Thring's letter:

There is no need to point out that the case commonly known as the "Little Lord Fauntleroy Case" has no proper protection for the author against "pirates." If the unauthorised dramatiser had, instead of duplicating copies of his play with dialogue taken from the novel, chosen to buy copies of the novel and cut out those portions of the dialogue that he required for his dramatic version, then it would have been, according to the present law, impossible for the author of the book to have obtained redress.

Under these circumstances, it is highly essential that the remedial measures suggestions should at once be taken, and with the authority of the chairman of the Society of Authors, I have much pleasure in stating that the Society will gladly aid Mr. Tree or any one else interested in dramatic copyright in their endeavours to amend and strengthen the law.

Mr. Morell's letter concerns a personal point, namely, it makes known that he and Mr. P. Mouillot leased the play from the proprietor of the provincial rights. [Mr. Tree, in an after-note, explains that his charge, of course, does not refer to companies thus legitimately leasing the play.] Mr. Glover argues that Mr. Tree's failure to obtain an absolute injunction in the case of "Tree v. Bowkett" was due merely to an irregularity in procedure; that is to say, that the judge obviously would have granted it if the proprietor of the provincial rights, Mr. Abud, had raised the action, or had been joined with Mr. Tree in it. The Daily Chronicle is sympathetic, but oppressed by the difficulties of drafting such a bill, and remarks that, unless Mr. Tree and his fellow-managers are prepared to go the length of demanding that any dramatic representation should be penalised which a jury might consider to be based in whole or in part upon a copyright novel, they will not succeed in making such alteration in the present situation. Even then a man would have to prove his case, and there would be the question of costs. It thinks that on the whole the authors are very handsomely protected by the law.

Mr. Francis Hindes Groome says that "The Oracle Encyclopædia" has reprinted verbatim et literatim an article on Guizot, which he wrote in "The Globe Encyclopædia." Replying to his complaint, Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. Limited wrote that:

We are afraid we differ from you entirely on the question of copyright. Had you written to us in a more friendly strain some time ago, we should have been pleased to give you further particulars. We may say, however, that although our opinion at that time was that you had neither the right nor the power to interfere with our publication, we have since confirmed this by consulting several gentlemen respecting copyright, and, amongst others, one of the leading authorities on the subject—a gentleman, we may add, who is always consulted by the Government on copyright matter. He informs us that you have not the slightest right to interfere with our publication.

Therefore their solicitors would be prepared to
defend any action brought. "Comment upon
this letter (says Mr. Groome to the Athenæum)
were superfluous. But I should like a set-off to
record the fact that a few weeks since I received
from the American publishers, Messrs. Appleton,
the munificent sum of £7 18s. 10d. for the mere
revision of the articles 'Fan' and 'Gypsies' in
their new edition of 'Johnson's Cyclopædia.'"

Astonishment and indignation, says the
Saturday, will be felt by many upon hearing
that the delegates of the Clarendon Press are
now considering whether they will continue to
defray the expense of carrying on the great
English Dictionary, except on the condition that
its scale is greatly reduced. Such a decision
would be a national calamity; and if matters
come to this pass it feels sure that an appeal to
the public, and perhaps even to the Government,
would not be made in vain. En passant, our
contemporary expresses surprise that the chief seat
of learning should have given no official recog-
nition of the immense services of Dr. Murray.

In the article "Boots and Books" the
National Observer bestows praise of the flippant
order upon the action of the Parisian poet M.
Jacques de Lorrain in turning from the pen to
shoemaking. "If all our minor poets and
novelists would follow his example and choose
a second string to their bow, there might be less
confusion in the world of letters, and less debate
in public about these mysterious phrases—
limited editions, the cost of production, and the
price per thou."

Mr. Andrew Lang takes that view of the duty
of a biographer which the majority of commen-
tators on the question—raised out of Mr. Purcell's
"Life of Cardinal Manning"—have supported,
namely, that limits must be placed on "the whole
truth." If a biographer discovers a single action
(of which no trace is now left) in an honourable life
in which his hero "sails near the wind," truth
does not compel him to drag it into the central
lights; the feelings of other people, too, must be
considered, and the secrets of the dead. "All
the characters of interesting persons long ago
with Tullus and Ancus are part of our stock of
pleasure in life. If I discovered, per impossibile,
that Jeanne d'Arc ever did a wrong thing, my
duty to the stock of human pleasure would out-
weigh my duty to the truth." Writing upon the
presentation by Mr. Willard Fiske of 3000 Dante
works to Cornell University, the Speaker declares
that this case is a striking illustration of the
advantage of having a millionaire as librarian,
but hopes, nevertheless, than an effort will be
made to establish a Dante library in London, the
adopted home of Baretti and Foscolo, Rosetti and
Mazzini.

Mr. J. E. Muddock, who was in India during the time of the Sepoy Rebellion, has finished a story on that subject which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish shortly, called “The Great White Hand.”

A South African story, entitled “Isban Israel,” by Mr. George Cossins, will be published this month by Messrs. Gay and Bird. Isban Israel of the story is the high priest of a powerful tribe of cave-dwellers who kidnapped the daughters of an English sportsman. The author took part in the Zulu War, and he lays his story in the Transvaal and Matabeleland.

Mrs. Hylton Dale has written a romantic novel of the French Revolution around the characters and exploits of Camille Desmoulins and his wife Lucile. It will be published at once by Mr. H. S. Nichols.

“The Wooing of Phyllis,” by Katherine E. Colman, and “Kate’s Wise Woman,” by Clara Louise Burnham, are among the new books which Messrs. Gay and Bird will send out this month. They have also nearly ready a volume of verse by Eleanor Foster, entitled “With the Tide, and other Poems.”

The three-volume novel by Mr. Justin M’Carthy, which we mentioned some time ago as one of several productions to be expected from him early, is to be called “The Riddle Ring,” and will appear this month from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. His monograph on “Pope Leo XIII.” will be issued also before long by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

Mr. “Sutcliffe March” has laid the scene of his new novel in Holland. It will be called “A Stumbler in Wide Shoes,” and Messrs. Hutchinson will publish it soon.

The biography of Dr. Jowett has been undertaken by his old Balliol friends, Professor Lewis Campbell and Mr. Evelyn Abbott. It will be in two volumes, and its publication—by Mr. Murray—will not take place for some time.

Major-General Robley has written and illustrated a book on “Moko or Maori Tattooing,” an art which, it seems, is fast disappearing in New Zealand. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish the book.

Professor J. K. Laughton, R.N., is writing a volume on “Naval Strategy and the Protection of Commerce,” for the popular series of naval handbooks published by Messrs. Bell.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson is preparing a volume with reminiscences of his professional life, an account of some of the aims of his career, and a number of essays on scientific and philosophical topics. The house of Messrs. Longman will publish the work. Sir Benjamin has also finished a work on the question of experimentation on living animals, which will be issued by Messrs. Bell shortly, called “Biological Experimentation.”

Mr. Henry James is writing a love story for the Illustrated London News, beginning in July and lasting to thirteen instalments. He has finished a new volume of stories which is to be called “Embarrassments.”

Mr. Standish O’Grady has edited a new two-volume issue of “Hibernia Pacata; or The Wars in Ireland during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.” Among the illustrations will be some new portraits.

A book of travel by Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, entitled “In the Volcanic Eifel: a Holiday Ramble.” Three maps, and over fifty pictures by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I., will adorn it.

“Dr. Johnson and the Fair Sex” was published a few months ago, and more recently there has been a book on Queen Elizabeth’s Courtships. The same class of literature is about to receive “The Story of Sir Walter Scott’s First Love,” now told for the first time in all its detail. There will be portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, and of Sir William and Lady Forbes in the book, of which Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh, are the publishers.

Mr. W. Roberts, in the Athenæum of the 4th ult., told that the missing MSS. of the first two volumes of the Paston Letters are in the hands of Captain Pretyman, of Orwell Park, Norfolk. As a part of the King’s Library they are, he says, legally and morally the property of the British Museum. Mr. Fr. Norgate, in the issue of the 18th, says he announced five years ago where the MSS. were, and as to the right of possession, he says, George IV. made over to the Museum what he had—and these MSS. he certainly had not.

A London bookseller suggests, in the April number of the Bookseller, that publishers should imitate in some respects the German system by sending to selected booksellers in each neighbourhood a suitable quantity of their publications, on terms of “sale or return.” This custom, he thinks, would lead to increase circulation.

A too sanguine friend of an author, evidently, has created some perturbation in the mind of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, publishers. By common course an announcement was issued to the Press of a new book about to be issued.
Extraordinary statements were added, however, including one that "we have read the author's manuscript, and his arguments appear quite unassailable." One London paper in printing this remarked sapiently that it preferred as a rule to take its opinions from its reviewers. A letter of surprise immediately followed from the publishers, totally disclaiming the "puff," and stating that they had now been informed by the author that a friend of his was responsible for the information and the opinions put forward.

More Napoleon, and this time from no other than Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The M.P. has just finished a book on Napoleon's social and domestic life, which will come from Messrs. Chapman and Hall in a week or two. A bibliography of the works about Napoleon published during, say, the last four years would probably be chiefly interesting because of its length.

Mr. David S. Salmond, whose name as a lecturer on South Africa is familiar to many parts of the kingdom, especially to central Scotland, is publishing a book called "The Diary of a Trip to South Africa." The publishers are Messrs. Brodie and Salmond, Arbroath. The author is connected with the Castle Line of vessels.

The most important books which have appeared during the past month are: in fiction Mr. William Black's "Briseis" (Sampson Low), which has run in *Harper's*, was most noticeable; of political interest "Boer and Uitlander," by Mr. William F. Regan, got a good deal of attention. The outstanding work in April was, however, Mr. W. Fraser Rae's biography of Sheridan (Bentley). It is in two volumes, with an introduction by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Sheridan's great grandson, who roundly condemns previous biographies as vastly imperfect. An interesting point cleared up in the new work is the circumstances of Sheridan's death, which were not, as is so generally supposed, sordid, but peaceful, the patient having every comfort and suffering no pain.

Another of a common pattern of story is supplied by a correspondent of the New York *Critic*. "Searching in St. Louis for a *de luxe* copy of 'Trilby,'" he says, "I called at Boland's—the largest and oldest establishment in that city—and, on asking if they had a copy, received the answer, 'We have Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' but do not keep Deluxe's.'"

A new work on "The Labour Problem," by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, M.P., will be published during May by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The life of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, of ecclesiastical music fame, has been written by the Rev. F. W. Joyce, rector of Burford. Two-chapters on Sir Frederick as a musician are by Mr. G. R. Sinclair, organist of Hereford Cathedral. Messrs. Methuen will publish the book.

A volume of varied Ulster stories, by Mr. Caldwell Lipsett, entitled "Where the Atlantic meets the Land," will be published immediately by Mr. Lane. The same publisher announces that the second volume of his Pierrot Library will be a historical story called "My Little Lady Anne," by Mrs. Egerton Castle.

The following extract is from the New York *Critic*. It is Mr. Arthur Waugh who speaks, and upon a practice reported common in a section of the London publishing trade:

"Soaps and mustards," adds Mr. Waugh, "have their methods, but one wishes better treatment for even the most vulgar and incompetent of novels."

Carrying out a family arrangement, Mr. Theodore Watts has added to his surname that of his mother, and will in future sign himself as Theodore Watts Dunton.

In periodicals a new penny morning paper for London has to be recorded this month. This is the *Daily Courier*—owned by Sir George Newnes, and edited by Mr. Earl Hodgson assisted by Mr. L. F. Austin—of which the first number appeared on the 23rd ult. It eschews a political side, but cultivates social interest, and contains thirty-two pages of the *St. James's* size. Messrs. Harmsworth will start a new halfpenny daily paper, the *Daily Mail*, on the 4th inst. Cheshire is about to follow the example of Essex and Kent by establishing a quarterly journal of local antiquarian record and folk-lore, called "Cheshire Notes and Queries."

It is now definitely stated that Mr. Clement Scott's first volume of dramatic criticisms will appear in the course of a few days. It will be concerned exclusively with the Irving productions.
at the Lyceum, and will be called "From 'The Bells' to 'King Arthur.'" The publisher is Mr. Macqueen.

A six-volume edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," with an introduction and some notes by Mr. Augustine Birrell, is about to be published by Messrs. Constable.

Mr. James Baker, who last year was acting as special correspondent upon the Nile, is going to Moscow for the coronation festivities; he will journey to St. Peters burg by the "ss. Midnight Sun" instead of by the overland route.

Messrs. A. Constable and Co. have just published a collection of short stories by Mrs. Nella Parker, entitled "Dramas of To-day."

A report on the conference at Ottawa on the copyright question, at which Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Dal dy were present, has been published as an appendix to the annual report of the Minister of Agriculture for 1895. Copies of this appendix may be obtained at the offices of the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria-street, S.W.

Mr. Charles J. Mansford has in the press, to be published very shortly (Mentz, Kennor, and Co.), a romance of sea and shore called "The Dutchman's Luck." The same author will produce in the autumn (John Hogg, Paternoster row) a story of adventure in Northern India, illustrated by Mr. J. Ayt on Symington.

Esme' Stuart has just published "A Mine of Wealth" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), and "Harum Scarum, a Poor Relation," in one vol. (Jarrold and Sons).

Mrs. Hartley Perks has in the press and will shortly publish a novel entitled "Among the Bracken" (Archibald Constable).

Commander Claud Harding will shortly publish (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) a new story entitled "Jack Stapleton," or "The Romance of a Coral Island," the scene of which is laid in the West Indies and Central America.

Mr. John Lascelles' new volume of verse—"The Great Drama and Other Poems"—will be issued immediately by the Leadenhall Press Limited. This will be the second volume of a "Sun and Serpent Series" of books of verse, each complete in itself, which will be published, at intervals, by the same author.

A long letter from Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, Dublin, the well-known Wordsworth authority, appeared in the Academy for April 18, with reference to the recent edition of the poet by Professor Knight in the Eversley series. Mr. Hutchinson bitterly complains that his name has not been included in the acknowledgments which Professor Knight makes for assistance rendered in detecting errors in the previous text. It is shown, moreover, that Professor Knight acknowledged these services by letter.

Mr. Anthony Hope's next book, "The Heart of Princess Osra," will be published early in the autumn, by Messrs. Longmans.

From time to time the Rev. Frederick Lang bridge has produced verses, which, if slight, are yet pleasing, and have the true ring. He has now published, through the Religious Tract Society, a little volume of verse called "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts." Mostly they are quite short, as the following:

Deem thou of no estate—
As doomed and reprobate,
And call thou no man devil, brute, or clod:
One worketh in the dark,
Whose ways are long to mark;
Despair of man is black despair of God.

Mrs. Helen C. Black has just published (Spottiswoode and Co.), "Pen, Pencil, and Mask," being a collection of biographical sketches of sixty eminent persons connected with Art and the Drama.

Mr. Tuer, author and publisher, has at last completed his "History of the Horn Book" after three years' work. In his latter capacity no one excels Mr. Tuer in the "mounting" of the book. In three volumes he has collected 300 illustrations, including 150 examples. Seven horn books and A. B. C. Battledores are recessed within the covers. In the binding a return has been made to the thick vellum so much used formerly. It is understood that both publisher and author are completely satisfied with the agreement as to the production of this book.

In the Cymmrodorion section of the National Eisteddfod at Llandudno, Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck is to read a paper entitled "Welsh Thought and English Thinkers." Mr. Tire buck's "Tales from the Welsh Hills," which appeared in serial form in English, Scotch, and Welsh papers last year, are to be shortly published in cheap volume form, illustrated by a Welsh artist. Mr. Heinemann has added Mr. Tire buck's latest book, "Miss Grace of All Souls,' to his Colonial Library.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—IS IT RIGHT?

Will it be credited that, although I sent a stamped directed envelope to the editor of a certain weekly magazine, to know the fate of a poem, I never had the slightest inking as to its fate, either directly or through the "Answers to Correspondents" columns!
I am quite aware, of course, that an editor is not bound to give his reasons in any case, but all I asked for was “Yes” or “No.” In the meantime I could not send the poem elsewhere, as I had no copy of it (my own fault that!); but even had I kept one I should not have sent it elsewhere until I knew it would not appear in the paper to which I had sent it. Assumption of rejection, through delay in answering, or no answer at all, is dangerous; and I have got into trouble that way, and been charged for it! This is an unanswerable argument, is it not? But my real grievance was that I could get no reply as to fate of verses in the acknowledged channel—i.e., “Answers to Correspondents”—where hundreds of comparative no-bodies were replied to weekly.

Not very creditable to the paper in question, is it? What should we think of such a standard of courtesy—or discourtesy—in ordinary social life? And the ordinary discourtesy was intensified here a thousandfold by the fact of the subeditor having once been a friend of mine (save the mark!), and I had offered social amenities to the editor.

Would it not be prudent in such cases always to keep a copy of the poem, and to send the editor a notice that if the contribution is not accepted within a certain time the author will hold himself free to send elsewhere? And may not the silence of the editor be accounted for in one of two ways: First, that, owing to the thousands of communications received, he had simply forgotten the case; secondly, that he had made it a rule never to explain his reasons for refusing or accepting?

II.—Editors and Authors.

An American writer asks (Authors' Journal, April, 1896) why an editor does not, in accepting a contribution, state what he proposes to give for it before he uses it?

“In common honesty ought not the sale of literary contributions to be conducted on the same principles that govern other mercantile transactions? Is not the author entitled, quite as much as the farmer or the merchant, to say whether he will accept or refuse the terms offered him for his wares?

‘‘Our regular rates’ are a very uncertain quantity, and usually an unknown one; but however liberal they may be, the author should surely be allowed his opinion about accepting or declining them.”

The question is very pertinent, but there are so many contributors anxious above all things to see themselves in print that a writer must belong to the class of those whom the public desire to see in print before he can expect to be treated with the consideration that is paid to the farmer or the merchant. These two persons pursue their business from a business point of view. The young writer does not: he is anxious, above all, to be accepted: when that is accomplished, and not till then, he begins to think about the money.

III.—Grab-Alls of Literature.

Here is a pretty experience which adds to the sweets of our calling. A month back a production of mine appeared in a so-called “popular” weekly paper. Neither MS. nor printed sketch has ever received a word of acknowledgment, notwithstanding letters to editor and proprietors. It is a scandalous shame that one’s work should be thus appropriated without even receiving the scanty bone of recognition. If this be not an example of literary theft, I know not what is.

Cecil Clarke.

Authors’ Club, 21st April.

[The Secretary of the Society would settle this case very quickly if it were placed in his hands.—Ed.]

IV.—Copy of Advertisement in a Parisian Journal.

“Auteurs inédits peuvent insérer manuscrit dans une revue indépendante illustrée.”

This announcement appeared about a year ago, and I answered it out of curiosity, receiving the following postcard in reply:

“Monsieur,—La revue dont il était question dans l’annonce du Journal est la Libre Critique, 37, rue Souveraine à Bruxelles. Je vous en adresse un spécimen en même temps que cette réponse.

Vous comprendrez qu’il nous soit tout à fait impossible d’accepter ou de refuser l’insertion de votre nouvelle sans l’a voir lue.

Les conditions de collaboration se résument en l’acceptation par les auteurs d’un abonnement à la revue (10 francs l’an). Du 1st Octobre prochain, notre publication comportera 16 pages de texte et les pages supplémentaires seront consacrées à la littérature.

“Croyez moi, Monsieur, votre tout dévoué,

André Remont.”

I could not resist sending the following reply:

“Monsieur,—Je vous remercie pour l’envoi de votre journal et de la carte que vous avez bien voulu m’adresser; d’après elle il me semble que l’exploitation des auteurs a fait un pas de plus—demanderez-vous à un cordonnier de payer le plaisir de vous chaussier?

Acceptez, monsieur, mes salutations distinguées,

M. M. M.”