

that an attempt should be made to clothe such depravity with excuses, nor even to treat it as a melodrama. We prefer therefore the works of those who endeavour to collect the evidence, and to guide us to a verdict. If Mary was guilty we hope she became a Magdalen, if she was innocent she certainly was a martyr. The story as told by Mrs. Maccunn is not a priori probable. It is improbable that a guilty wife, desiring her husband's death, would expose her own life by nursing him when sick of the most terribly infectious disease of the period—a disease of which it must have been easy to let a man die—and then after his recovery should murder him with gunpowder. The accusation is that Mary disappointed at the issue of the illness took her husband from the Lennox country, where he was safe from his enemies, to a house near Edinburgh where she knew her lover would murder him, and the proofs tendered are letters written to that lover from the sick chamber.

It is alleged that Bothwell kept the royal letters instead of destroying them as an ordinary lover would, kept them together in a silver casket, thereby inviting detection, and that they were found in the custody of his servant after Bothwell's flight. Experts therefore have ever since the death of Mary argued as to the authenticity of the letters, and if their evidence fails, to discover from surrounding facts whether there is other ground for affirming the Queen's guilt. No one attempts to justify the transcendent folly of her marriage with Bothwell. Some have excused it, others have argued that the Queen was coerced. But the marriage shocked all Christendom at the time of its occurrence, and practically settled the question whether a Catholic could be tolerated on the Scottish throne. The fact that Mary was a Catholic and practised "idolatry" sufficed for the school of John Knox. She was guilty of course whether there was proof or not, and if innocent her guilt must be presumed in the interest of the "Gospel" so that she might be dethroned.

So Mrs. Maccunn does not attempt to argue about the Casket Letters, but simply refers to the "Mystery of Mary Stuart" by Andrew Lang. She evidently believes that Mary wrote the Letter II. on which the whole argument turns, for the extraordinary reason that it is just the letter a woman tortured by love and conscience would write, and that its style is that of the Queen. That the skill of a forger would thus be exhibited gives her no cause for doubt, notwithstanding that for three centuries experts have doubted, and that the letters convinced no one at the time. It is the duty of anyone now reviving the melancholy story of the last Catholic Queen to face the question, and to show whether his opinion is that of an author competent to weigh evidence. We know now one fact, which the authors of three centuries subsequent to the murder of Darnley did not know, that the letters in their silver-gilt casket were not formally produced in the Privy Council—so far as minutæ—till fifteen months after their alleged discovery, and that they were all those months in the possession of the Queen's worst enemies. Did Mary ever exhibit knowledge of their existence. Afterwards they appear in three languages, and only if the originals were in French could they be genuine, while in that case it is not obvious why any translations were necessary. Mrs. Maccunn is guilty of one amazing blunder in stating that the Queen obtained from Rome the "extraordinary privilege of consecrating the sacred elements for her own use". This mode of describing an alleged privilege of keeping the Host shows that the author knows nothing of the Catholic faith which Mary believed.

We have read the concluding chapters with more pleasure, for in these Mrs. Maccunn displays a sympathy unclouded by suspicion. She believes still in the past guilt of the imprisoned Queen, but she is purged, and the closing scene is described with full perception of its beauty. It has not we think ever been present to writers on this subject that the execution of Queen Mary was a last exhibition of the old claim that the Scotch kings were amenable to English jurisdiction. On this ground, and because he preferred an English crown to love for his mother, the conduct of King James seems to us as despicable as that of Elizabeth. It was indeed worse, for Elizabeth may have persuaded herself

that her own life was in jeopardy while Mary lived—while James for no adequate reason condoned the murder of his mother and the insult to his country.

NOVELS.

"They." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan.
1906. 6s.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at his best in this short story. From "The Absent-minded Beggar" and "Barrack Room Ballads" the tale is removed by a whole world of thought and sentiment. It is difficult to realise that the apostle of Jingoism and the writer of this story with its delicate dreamy mysticism are one and the same. "They" is a story that makes its appeal direct to the human heart. It tells of a strangely winning and pathetic figure, of a lovely lady who has lost her sight and who lives alone in a wonderful house with a magic garden which she has peopled with dream children. To this garden arrives one day in a pasting motor-car a stranger—a man who understands. He enters at once into the spirit of the place. For him the mystic spell of make-belief which she has woven over house and grounds is absolutely real. He can hear the cries of the children at their play and at times he can even see them vaguely in the distance as they hide shyly behind the bushes at his approach. Mr. Kipling seems to have penetrated deep into the mental kingdom of the blind with their extreme sensitiveness, their power of looking into the naked soul and their acute capacities for pain. . . . "We blindies have only one skin, I think. Everything outside hits straight at our souls. It's different with you. You've such good defences in your eyes—looking out before anyone can really pain you in your soul. People forget that with us. . . . Atmosphere in art! That is a much-used term not easy to explain. It means among other things the weaving of a spell round the work so that others are caught by it and compelled to the standpoint of the artist. It is the medium by which the susceptible are at once brought into touch with the creator's imagination. In this brief story Mr. Kipling proves himself a master in the creation of atmosphere.

"Different Drummers." By Evelyne E. Rynd. London: Newnes. 1905. 3s. 6d.

The reader who is less up in his Thoreau than in modern American phraseology might suppose this book to be concerned with the fortunes of various bagmen. He would, of course, be wrong. Miss Rynd, whose cryptic title is speedily apprehended, has signalled herself as an exponent of the ways of Kentish villagers—Mrs. Green and Mr. Riggles, in particular, have solaced many—and in the "Fanny Rebecca", "John's son John", and "Rufus sed Regina" of this collection of stories she gives us further samples of an excellent and original vein. "Fanny Rebecca", with its clever insight into a certain kind of religious temperament, and "Rufus sed Regina", an admirable piece of sentiment and humour, are worthy of their predecessors. With Norman peasants Miss Rynd is less successful; and when she essays to treat of misunderstood heroines of mixed blood ("Larli", especially, and "Rosellen") she approaches failure. She is listening, if we may for a moment play with her quotation, to different drummers; and she fails to catch and to reproduce the rhythmic beats without which drumming is mere noise. The drum is banged lustily, the tired spirit of melodrama is invoked; but it will not do. No amount of emphasis can compensate for lack of measure. It is because we regret a talent which has momentarily lost its way that we hope Miss Rynd will abandon the stale modes of sensationalism to inferior writers, and return to that native and homely field of reality.

"The Cherry Riband." By S. R. Crockett. London:
Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 6s.

The historic spirit is at work even among popular novelists. Mr. Crockett in the midst of a Covenanting tale about Prophet Peden and the persecuted saints does incidental justice to Claverhouse. This is the

most remarkable feature in a book which belongs to the mechanical type of historical novel. There is the minx-heroine so dear to this author, and her adventures move us but slightly. There is the inevitable ponderous jocosity. But the setting is picturesque, and there is one scene of real power: a lunatic traps the hero in his lonely house, ties him against the door, and proceeds to make an outline-portrait of him by pistol-shots which follow the contour of his figure without wounding him. Mr. Crockett does not seem to advance in his art, but "The Cherry Riband" will satisfy his public.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Makers of English Fiction." By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Dawson deals with the two leading novelists of to-day as well as with the classical masters. He begins with Richardson and the novel of sentiment and ends with Robert Louis Stevenson. He is clearly familiar with the great body of first-class English fiction, and can write with force and common sense. But we doubt the necessity or demand for books of this character: the reading of them takes up time which might with more pleasure and more advantage be spent on the works they treat of. Mr. Dawson is not very happy in his chapter on George Eliot. One agrees with him that George Eliot has more spiritual insight than Mr. Hardy in analysing the springs of character—the last word to be applied to Mr. Hardy surely would be spiritual. He is on less secure ground when he deals with several of George Eliot's works. Imagine applying the word pedantry to George Eliot! He would have it, too, that "Daniel Deronda", written in the last stage of her "decadence", is "utterly tedious".

"Humorists of the Pencil." Illustrated by Themselves. By J. A. Hammerton. London: Hurst and Blackett. 5s.

Entertainment not instruction or criticism is, frankly, the object of this volume. Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. E. T. Reed, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and F. C. G. are the best known and most successful of the black-and-white artists whose work Mr. Hammerton exhibits and comments on, but he gives chapters to many others, and he is enthusiastic over all. We cannot share this enthusiasm in every case. A good deal of work passes muster to-day, is indeed regarded as splendid, simply on the strength of its draughtsmanship. It does not matter how vulgar and trivial the funny man may be in black-and-white, provided he draws well—this seems to be a very general view; it is even taken by some critics who in other things have taste and judgment. But we think it matters very much indeed. Leech and Keene were so excellent because their ideas were never vulgar or their humour contemptible. We find in Mr. Hammerton's book specimens of fine draughtsmanship and genuine humour, but there is a good deal that is trivial and might well have been left to the obscurity of back numbers.

We have received from Messrs. Gilbert the Southampton booksellers the first part of the opening volume of "Southampton Court Leet Records A.D. 1550-1577". These records have been transcribed and edited by Mr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, Professor of History in the Hartley University College, Southampton, and Mr. D. M. Hearnshaw, and they form publications of the Southampton Record Society. The Society has been formed in order to examine and publish a number of very valuable and curious documents at the Audit House, and this is the beginning of their work. It is admirably done, throwing much light on the social life of Southampton, and thus of other towns in the South of England, in the sixteenth century. Common rights and highway management and drainage are touched on. The drainage of the town in those days was quite superficial, and the state of the thoroughfares must have been horrible at times. It is interesting to notice the use of the word "bouney" in the documents. It meant a kind of artificial watercourse; and to-day several of the little chine streams on the coast near Southampton are known locally as "bunneys".

CORRECTION.—The price of Dr. Joseph Wright's "English Dialect Grammar", reviewed in our last issue, is 16s. net, not 10s. 6d., as stated.

FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

"Journal des Savants." January. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.

In the shape of a review of M. Gaston Boissier's admirable book "La conjuration de Catilina", M. G. Ferrero gives us an original and very plausible theory of his own on the celebrated conspiracy. "Les idées socialistes en France de 1815 à

1848", by M. E. d'Eichthal, is an excellent study of the first forms socialism assumed among our neighbours. The late Auguste Molinier's monumental "Les Sources de l'Histoire de France des Origines aux Guerres d'Italie (1494)" affords M. Achille Luchaire the opportunity of showing in a most interesting way the gigantic labour involved in the publication he reviews, and its paramount importance to scholars and to students. M. L. Poincaré's "La Télégraphie sans fil" is a rather dull and disappointing compilation, such as we are not accustomed to read in this admirable magazine.

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." January. Paris: 8 Rue Favart. 7.50 fr.

M. Edmond Pottier's "Les nouvelles découvertes de la mission Morgan" is a capital and most useful guide through the new Susan room at the Louvre, with beautiful illustrations reproducing most of the items described in the three articles on the same subject published in our issues for 15 October and 19 November, 1904, and 3 June, 1905. From M. de Mély's first article on "Le retable de Beauce" we can see already that his will be a most valuable contribution to the history of Dutch primitives: the celebrated retable is reproduced here for the first time. "J. J. Henner", by M. Léonce Bénédite, is also a first article on a highly sympathetic subject. M. Raymond Koechlin concludes his series of three articles on "Quelques ateliers d'ivoiriers français aux XIII^e et XIV^e siècles". In "Correspondance d'Italie: l'Art des Abruzzes et l'Exposition de Chieti" by M. Attilio Rossi, and "Correspondance de Munich: La IX^e Exposition internationale des Beaux-Arts" by Mr. William Ritter, we get information on two interesting artistic events in Italy and in Bavaria. A good "Bibliographie" completes the number.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." January. Paris: 28 Rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr.

In the same way as the earlier Siene and Florentine masters have been to a great extent the heirs and continuators of Byzantine traditions, the Italian painters of the second Renaissance owe also something of their originality to the East, but this time not to the Greek but to the Mussulman East: this is M. Charles Diehl's principal point in his excellent (first) article on "La Peinture orientale en Italie au temps de la Renaissance". "Les Peintres de Stanislas-Auguste: Alexandre Kucharski", (II.) by M. Fournier-Sarlovère, is an interesting continuation of a good beginning, and illustrates some exquisite pictures by one of the lesser known painters of the end of the eighteenth century. M. Homolle makes us acquainted with the results of "Les Feuilles d'Aphrodisias". The art which these excavations reveal belongs to Roman times, and is only a remote echo of Greek art even of the Hellenistic period. "Les Dumontier, dessinateurs de portraits aux crayons" is the fifth article in which M. Jules Guiffroy comments on the works of some of the most gifted draughtsmen France has ever had. An original lithograph by H. P. Dillon, given as extra plate, is a masterpiece of skill and delicate feeling. Last we have an excellent first article by M. Louis de Fourcaud on Franz von Lenbach, with fine illustrations and a beautiful extra plate.

"L'Art et les Artistes." January. Paris: 173 Boulevard Saint-Germain. 1.50 fr.

M. Arsène Alexandre's article on Pisanello, with most highly interesting illustrations reproducing some of the artist's wonderful studies of birds and animals from the Recueil Vallardi at the Louvre, would gain much by the excision of the nebulous sophistry in its first two or three paragraphs. By a most extraordinary oversight, the only medal here given to illustrate Pisanello's power as a medallist is not by him, but by Matteo de Pastis. M. Camille Maclair's "Georges Picard" is an excellent monograph of this remarkable painter, the author of the only pictures at the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo of real artistic value. Equally good is M. Carl Lahm's article on Lenbach, with a magnificent coloured extra plate. "Le Mouvement Artistique en Belgique" by M. Gustave Vanzype, is devoted to Eugène Laermans, a painter of wonderful power and pathos. "Le Mois Artistique" by M. Maurice Guillemot is again very interesting. "Le Mois Archéologique" is rather poor. M. Léandre Vailat does not seem to be very familiar with archæology. "Les Théâtres" by M. Gabriel Trarieux, "Chronique Musicale" by M. Fernand Le Borne, "L'Art et la Mode" "Echos des Arts", are all good, and well worth reading.

"Les Arts." Janvier. Paris: 24 Boulevard des Italiens. 2 fr.

The latest acquisitions of the Louvre in the department of pictures form the subject of an excellent article by M. Jean Guiffroy, with most beautiful illustrations. M. André Michel's "Promenades artistiques" (IV.) leads us this time through the collection of casts of early French sculptures at the Trocadero Museum. In "Les Morts de 1905" M. Tristran Destève gives us good obituaries of Jean-Jacques Henner, William Bouguereau and Paul Dubois.

(Continued on page 148.)