

essayist, and handicap him by the charm of his genius as well as by his humor. He allures and compels the attention of his reader, whatever may be the intrinsic merits or defects of his conclusions.

As to the final value of his criticism, it must be admitted that it was in some slight measure amateurish—that it lacked a little in system, in method, and completeness; he did not always verify his memories or weigh his judgments. He was not exactly the painstaking analyst, bent on reaching the heart of his subject and reporting the *vérité vraie* in its totality. He gives us rather a series of impressions, views and observations as they come into his mind. But when all is said about method, the worth of the critic depends largely on his own mental furniture—his knowledge of art, of books, of history, of mankind, the quality of his insight and divination. We listen to him for what he has in himself. He carries away from his author no more than he brings. If we are to see things through his eyes, he must be much more than a mere cicerone. He may have all the method you please, and yet be as unprofitable as a stamp-mill without ore and water, or a ship without freight. He may be as jejune and unprofitable as the forced green fruit of many a Ph.D. in literature, constrained, poor fellow, to bring his wares prematurely to market. He has method—fresh from the laboratory, modelled on Ste.-Beuve's, and he lacks only matter and manner.

Lowell, on the contrary, carried an enormous freight of learning, of observation, and ideas, and he applied it, as a rule, with taste, good sense, keenness, and penetration. His resources were exuberant, and spent with a brilliant prodigality. His range of illustration covered nearly all that was most precious in the great literatures. Even his Greek, in which he was too modest, enabled him to divine what M. Bréal, with the wider sweep and *netteté* of his learning, has lately been enforcing—that Homer *archaizes*, and that we must not take too literally his pictures of manners and customs. All this wide realm of gold he levies on with the lightning dart of Ariel. Whatever he appropriated, he lit with the sparkle and colors of wit and fancy and imagination. Hence, if he digresses, we can follow him with cheerful resignation. The more pedestrian essayist may lead you along a straight path under a dull sky. Lowell is a companion who gives you the effect of travelling in the morning sunlight when the dew is on the grass. If you ramble a little, it is in the edifying and delectable society of a man of genius.

Notwithstanding the breadth of his culture, he had his blind sides, as Mr. Greenslet remarks, and he nursed some hearty prejudices. The superfluous heat of these makes itself felt, for example, in the essay on Carlyle and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." He professed not to understand Browning; and Swinburne, for other reasons, was a pet aversion. With the French people and with a certain school of French literature he had very imperfect sympathies. Zola formed a convenient nadir of comparison—a standard dweller in the bottomless pit. For the great qualities of his genius, as well as for Swinburne's, he had really no eyes. It is easy to discern the root of this severity. He

had fixed his mind—exclusively on a certain side of their defects, and, as he says in one of his letters, "A man should never write what his daughter may not read." A good rule, perhaps, if we remember that daughters are of various ages, and that in time they grow to reach years of discretion. Mrs. Browning shed tears for "la Dame aux Camélias," and Thackeray felt obliged, as an editor, to decline one of her sonnets in the interest of English *virgines puerique*. Yet one can hardly distrust Mrs. Browning's instincts in these matters. Hence we must occasionally make allowance for Lowell's chromatic aberration and for his personal equation. The Puritans did not exactly see life whole.

In his own fashion and generation, Lowell was a preacher, and kept up the traditions of his father's family; all his life long, as he himself confesses, he "could not get out of the pulpit." He keeps to the pulpit often in his poetry. It fitted his mystical tendency to profess his faith in the unanswerable formula, "I have felt"—which is, indeed, the summary of his creed nobly uttered in the closing verses of "The Cathedral." Though capable of admirable generalizations and comprehensive views in politics and social questions, he had no taste for metaphysics. The mystic in him was afraid of Darwinism and of modern Science, and so he pictured it as the black demon in the poem of "The Old Téméraire"—not imagining that the true theologian might meet the scientist halfway in the tunnel where they search and dig for a comprehensible cause of things. "I am a conservative (warranted to wash), and keep on the safe side—with God as against Evolution"—a declaration as whimsical in substance as in manner to all whose fascinating task it is to disentangle the web that is woven on the loom of Time, as well as to those who hope to find a Weaver. With this attitude it is worth while to contrast the lofty resignation of Matthew Arnold's psalm, "In utrumque paratus." So conservative was Lowell as an editor, Mr. Greenslet informs us, that he struck out of an article of Thoreau's the following sentence referring to a pine-tree: "It is as immortal as I am, and perchance will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still." This act of editorial despotism drove Thoreau to open rebellion, and to secession from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Greenslet weighs accurately in his delicate balance the merits of Lowell's letters as literature. They bear comparison with the very best, though "we shall never find in them quite the edge, the unity and distinction of Gray's, of Fitzgerald's, of Stevenson's." From another point of view, they are an unusually complete revelation of an engaging and many-sided personality—an unreserved confessional which discloses only virtues and charms. For Lowell had in his soul no dark chambers and skeletons to conceal. There are some people who outstay their welcome in this world, and whose persistent survival adds inscrutableness to the mysterious ways of Providence. There are others whom we should wish to live to the age of Methuselah so that their graces and virtues may hasten the millennium; and Lowell was one of these—one who could never have been in danger of degenerating to a Struldbrug. Ariel, with a spice of Puck, adjusted to the

conscience and the backbone of a line of Puritan ancestors; a sincere democrat who was never more at home than in the society of grandees; a poet who had an abnormal passion for paying his debts; a contented bookworm and a successful statesman—these are some of the fascinating opposites which emerge and blend together in Lowell's character. He had the gifts that dazzle, the traits that allure and win, the powers that command respect and admiration. All these show in his correspondence, and account for his friendships. You find there the winking, beaded bubbles of his effervescent, irresponsible talk; you light on a letter which, for its whimsicality, might have been written by Lamb, or, again, upon a masculine declaration like this: "My opinions do not live from hand to mouth; and so long as I live, I shall be no writer of birthday odes to King Demos any more than I would to King Log; nor shall I think *our* cant any more sacred than any other." And so the reader, when he has finished the last letter, feels that he has parted from a friend; he renews that old sense of bewilderment at the wastefulness of Nature, which carelessly deflowers and unmakes a growth so rare and beautiful and strong. In this feeling, stranger though he be, he will have rendered precisely that tribute which Lowell always craved: "I would rather be loved than anything else in the world."

FURNITURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Furniture of Windsor Castle. By Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A., Keeper of the King's Armory. Published by Command of his Majesty King Edward VII. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.; New York: Dutton. 1905. Pp. xx., 200; also 47 plates.

This book is a very handsome quarto, and there are certain indications that it forms part of a series, proposed or already begun. Thus, on the bastard title is printed in red "The Royal Collection," this being quite separate from the title of the book proper. In another place there is mention, as if it already existed, of a book on the armor of the royal collection. Again, it is announced in the introduction that the "splendid clocks, the interesting series of bronzes, the fine porcelain, and the decorative objects generally will be dealt with in forthcoming volumes." It would seem, then, that everything in the Windsor collection, except the paintings and statuary, is to be described in the series of books which will be of value for their plates at least, if for no other reason. It is quite well known that there is much magnificent porcelain at Windsor, and also well known that it is almost impossible to get sight of it—wholly impossible to study it with any thoroughness. The castle is essentially a residence. No pains have been taken to separate from the private apartments those halls and corridors which must of necessity contain the greater part of the splendid royal collections. You can get admission to the private dining-room of the sovereign almost as easily as you can to the great corridors lighted from the court, in which are arranged cabinets full of as fine portable objects of decorative design as there are in the world.

Now we have in the book under considera-

tion nearly fifty separate pieces of furniture of very great beauty, and presented in excellent photogravures of delicate tint. With this presentation the only not favorable comment that one can make is that nearly every piece is presented so exactly in front face that appearance of thickness, depth, solidity—what you will—has been taken from them. Once in a while, as in Plate 28, the sideboard is so open, with its supporting feet and braces so plainly visible in perspective, that we understand the piece to be thirty inches deep, more or less; but that plate is immediately followed by a great wardrobe of seventeenth-century French work—a splendid piece of the early style of Louis XIV., as to which there is no such certainty. It might be a mere pair of doors pinned against the wall but for the suggestion of a retreating member at the top. The purpose of this choice of a straight front view is undoubtedly to show in great perfection the minute detail of these pieces; and in the case of that very wardrobe, Plate 20, it is so that the author and publishers would proceed in the case of a book prepared for the daily use of the workshop. Books are made in great abundance and at great cost for the obvious and confessed purpose of furnishing designs which can be readily appropriated, and these designs are given as much "in elevation" as possible, in order that the dividers and the scale of the draughtsman may be applied directly to the piece, and the act of "conveying" the design may be simplified. But why the compiler of such a stately publication as this should have failed to see, in his magnificent *armoires* and *commodes*, objects having thickness or depth, as well as height and width, it is hard to understand. It is only fair to say, however, that the magnificent French book dealing with the furniture in the Louvre and published about 1901 gives the greater number of its splendid specimens in this same precise and non-descriptive way.

The plates and the text of the Windsor book are divided into groups. Thus, furniture, English and Continental, is kept apart from French furniture, and the first division is of this non-French work from 1640 to 1700, the second of English furniture of the eighteenth century; the third, of that of the nineteenth. One chapter with three plates is devoted to tapestried hangings, four chapters are devoted to French furniture of the times of Louis XIV., XV., XVI., the nineteenth century, and so on. There is, however, no very exact classification. Thus, Plate 13 (inserted curiously out of its numerical order) is devoted to the throne of the King of Kandy, which, although said to be partly Dutch in its conception, is yet wholly Oriental in the enrichment. It is covered with plates of pure gold and of silver-gilt, embossed and chiselled in the most elaborate fashion; the arms are wrought into the semblance of grotesque lions, and a prodigious frieze of amethyst "crystals" and white sapphires adorns the back, while other amethysts serve as eyes for the savage creatures, and "a large pear-shaped white sapphire" is set in the back just above the head of the occupant of the throne. These explanations come from the description at page 14, where also the dimensions are given, the place of manufacture, and the time and place of seizure by the British forces. And in the way of

further study of Oriental art, though of a more grave and significant character, Plates 17, 18, and 21 present three very fine Japanese lacquer cabinets, which are mounted on very respectable and even appropriate stands of European make. These Oriental pieces have escaped the destructive repair which other parts of the collection have undergone, as the text confesses.

Plates 31 and 42 represent a class well known to those who have studied French furniture of the eighteenth century as made up in Europe from panels and planks adorned with Japanese lacquer-work of the richest sort, and much good taste is shown in such pieces—more than would have been thought possible—in an accommodation of the black and gold or dull green and gold landscape decoration of the surface to the less refined European adornment. Plate 39 is a beautiful sideboard of the style of Louis XVI., with lacquered panels of exquisite character. We note three other pieces of similar character, in which what are more probably Chinese panels are inserted in a European-made frame.

Of European design unmodified by strange influences the most important piece would seem to be the ebony cabinet in Plate 1, and the most historical piece King William the Third's writing-table shown in Plate 8; though one learns with regret that this table had almost gone to pieces from neglect and careless handling, and that a very complete overhauling was necessary not long ago. Its whole surface is inlaid with marquetry of a very delicate sort, and it bears a cipher of the combined initials of William III. and Mary II., though this is not seen in the plate. There are several pieces of silver furniture presented to William and Mary by the citizens of London or by special bodies of merchants and the like, and some of them are of great beauty. Then there are Boulle cabinets and sideboards, some of them announced as of English work made under the influence of André Charles Boulle and his associates; and one piece at least, a really splendid object, from the great master's workshop. A sideboard announced as English is itself a wonderfully delicate specimen of the famous inlay, introduced by Boulle, of tortoise shell and sheet metal. There are two or three pieces of Louis Sixteenth furniture, in addition to those with Japanese ornamentation, as explained above. A writing table, Plate 35, is a beautiful piece of marquetry; a cabinet, Plate 45, is one of the more pompous pieces of the revived classic style, and another cabinet, Plate 40, is as fine in detail, and contains magnificent plaques of painted porcelain from Sèvres. A similar piece is shown in Plate 41, and the long description of this includes the statement that it was purchased in 1827 for two hundred and ten pounds sterling. It would be a pleasure to see it at auction in Paris to-day; and it would be dangerous betting that it would reach a lower price than a hundred thousand francs; so incredibly great has been the increase in money value of fine pieces of this epoch.

Only three tapestries are given, but those three are fine, and finely reproduced in the photogravures. One is Flemish, one is English of the seventeenth century and of the Mortlake works, and the third is a really splendid piece of Gobelins, "Jason Sowing the Dragon's Teeth," one of a set of six.

In this way the book affords a museum of splendid furniture which, even without printed descriptions or other assistance to the student, would have its unquestioned value. The text exists, however, and, although it claims no great learning and displays no great acumen in the description of the pieces, it still gives information that is worth having. The author, not of necessity and because of his post a judge of works of decorative art, goes afield sometimes to gather information concerning the pieces in his charge, and is often right and instructive to his readers, though again he makes odd mistakes. On page 104 there is an effort made to explain Boulle work, that is, the famous inlay process, and the puzzling terms connected with it are explained without error and with sufficient fulness. Of the mistakes, it is hardly worth while treating at length. What is really noticeable in the text is the description of the extraordinary wastefulness that has marked the treatment of the precious contents of Windsor Castle from the first, almost down to the present day. This need surprise no one. What has been said of the very domestic character of the English royal residence accounts for much of it. The succeeding sovereigns or their lord chamberlains, or their mistresses of the robes, or their stewards, have felt free to refurnish in the newest style, and the older pieces have been stored away in cellars or garrets; or, in a thousand unrecorded cases, have been simply carried off. It is probably considered no theft to appropriate a disused and perhaps defaced piece of furniture found in a royal store-room. Accordingly, it appears that not one piece of furniture, of hangings, metal-work, or the like, which was mentioned in the inventory of 1547, in the reign of Edward VI., is now to be found. Again, we are told in the introduction, that "no true Jacobean furniture" exists in Windsor Castle; and it appears that by this is meant furniture of the reign of James I., as is technically correct. Moreover, though King George IV. (1820-1830) had careful inventories made of the contents of this and the other royal residences, the greatest difficulty is now experienced in identifying the various objects mentioned. It appears, too, that nearly £180,000 were spent, in 1830, for renovating these and other royal possessions; and that alterations of the most serious description were made in very many important pieces—"in almost every piece," says our author. It is some slight consolation to be told that "some of the finest of the later French examples escaped the general renovation."

It is evident, then, that Windsor Castle is not a museum of works of art in the strictest sense. There has been too much repairing and remaking, and the placing of marble slabs on pieces never intended to receive them, and the planing off of rude ancient paintings on the insides of doors to replace them with pasted paper of a crudely colored sort. It follows that if the contents of Windsor Castle were offered, *en bloc*, to the Victoria and Albert Museum, that would probably happen which would certainly happen if they came into non-English hands—they would be accepted with the proviso that minute examination and unlimited overhauling should be allowed. Your Jacobean cabinet would

need be looked at very closely before it was labelled or catalogued in accordance with the first description.

Heretics. By G. K. Chesterton. John Lane Co. 1905.

A heretic, if we go back to etymology, is really only a man who makes a choice. The word acquired its present coloring in the days when those who controlled the thoughts and beliefs of men admitted no power of choice. Not to conform was to be persecuted in this world, and damned in the next. But since nonconformity was in that remote past a sign of exceptional intelligence, however sinfully applied, the modern man who thoughtlessly rejects the fetters of doctrine calls himself a heretic with a silly, deprecating smile, as though the name had not long ago lost all its distinction. If you want to be really distinguished in these days you will be doctrinal. For that you will need all your courage and a rare strength. It has always been the peculiar distinction of Mr. Chesterton's position. He goes forth to war, not for any new-fangled counsel of perfection of freedom of will, but for the good old commonplaces, the fruit of the accumulated wisdom of the ages. Any one can champion a Superman, for his theory will never be put to the test of practice; or the advantages of cosmopolitanism, since we all remain firmly planted in our limited parochial interests and shall so remain. But it takes real eloquence to argue that we had better ignore Irish paganism and keep Christmas, thankful that we have a real live tradition no more vulgar in the fashion of its observance to-day than the Olympian Games were vulgar in the sixth and fifth centuries B. C.

The essential weakness of the present age, as Mr. Chesterton envisages it, is really nothing else than that which distressed Socrates in fifth-century Athens. Everywhere he sees, as Socrates and Plato saw, men trying to secure for themselves and their children something whose good they cannot define.

"The modern man says, 'Away with your old moral formulæ; I am for progress.' This, logically stated, means, 'Let us not settle what is good; but let us settle whether we are getting more of it.' He says, 'Neither in religion nor morality, my friend, lie the hopes of the race, but in education.' This, clearly expressed, means, 'We cannot decide what is good, but let us give it to our children.' I see that the men who killed each other about the orthodoxy of the Homocousion were far more sensible than the people who are quarrelling about the Education Act. For the Christian dogmatists were trying to establish a reign of holiness, and trying to get defined first of all what was really holy. But our modern educationists are trying to bring about a religious liberty without attempting to settle what is religion or what is liberty. If the old priests forced a statement on mankind, at least they previously took some trouble to make it lucid. It has been left for the modern mobs of Anglicans and Non-conformists to persecute for a doctrine without even stating it. . . . I revert to the doctrinal methods of the thirteenth century, inspired by the general hope of getting something done."

Heterodoxy has always meant simply "the other man's doxy," and Mr. Chesterton's heretics are a few distinguished contemporaries who do not agree with him as to fundamentals. First, Mr. Kipling. His peculiar self-deception, says Mr. Chester-

ton, lies in thinking that he is writing for the glory of militarism, when what he really admires is discipline, the sort of organization that is quite as admirable in a department store as in the War Office or a camp. Mr. Kipling, then, if he really knew himself, would see that it would be more logical to stick to the praise of the engine-room or works of irrigation than to exhaust his vocabulary in glorifying the truest possible sign of the decadence of his nation, its militarism, its dependence on armies and the most modern make of gun instead of on the courage of every individual citizen. Another weakness is his cosmopolitanism. He "thinks of England as a place." He knows it "as an intelligent English gentleman knows Venice." But he has not "the patience to become part of anything. . . . And under all this vast illusion of the cosmopolitan planet, with its empires and its Reuter's Agency, the real life of man goes on concerned with this tree or that temple, totally uncomprehended, totally untouched."

But it is Mr. Shaw who is the most perfect type of a self-deluded heretic; an unusual type in that he is thoroughly consistent. In fact, we know what Mr. Shaw will be saying thirty years hence much better than we know what any Cabinet Minister will be saying thirty years hence. His strong point is his readiness to "apply the Shaw test rapidly and rigorously to everything that happens in heaven or earth." His weakness is that he fails to see things as they are because he is blinded by the light of an impossible ideal, the Superman. He has never seen things as they are, because "this secret ideal has withered all the things of this world." "It is not seeing things as they are to imagine a demigod of infinite mental clarity, who may or may not appear in the latter days of the earth, and then to see all men as idiots." For it is the ordinary man, seen as he is, who is really the prodigy, "a wonderful and unnerving matter." Mr. Shaw, asking for a new kind of man, is like a nurse who has tried a rather bitter food for some years on a baby, and, on discovering that it is not suitable, does not throw away the food and demand a new food, but throws away the baby and asks for a new baby. There has been no better or more lucid criticism of Mr. Shaw than these few pages, in which the very man who, in his 'Quintessence of Ibsenism,' forbade men to have ideals, because they would blind them to the particular case, is shown to be unable to see men as they are because he is always comparing humanity with what is not human, a monster from Mars or the Wise Man of the Stoics or the Economic Man of the Fabians.

It is mainly Mr. Shaw's lack of humility that prevents his proper appreciation of man as he is. Mr. H. G. Wells, another heretic, is humble with "the clear personal simplicity of the old world of science." Like Mr. Chesterton, he has come to "the most dreadful conclusion: that a literary man can come to—the conclusion that the ordinary view is the right one." His weakness is common to all who frame Utopias—an indifference to human psychology. In his ideal State he ignores the human soul as Plato ignored it in his 'Republic,' though Plato did not at any rate make the mistake of supposing that pure cosmopolitanism was possible for the race. In the case of Mr. Wells and his philosophy Mr. Chester-

ton again shows his own affinity to the Platonists in a long and careful refutation of Mr. Wells's assertion of a Heraclitean flux. Curious indeed that, after so many battles lost and won in the field of philosophic discussion, it should be possible for a Mr. Wells gravely to repeat the doctrine that All things are in a state of flux, and for a Mr. Chesterton to set himself soberly to prove that "it cannot be true that there is nothing abiding in what we know."

As a critic, not only of heretics but of various aspects and relations of life discussed in this volume, when he has finished off the heretics, Mr. Chesterton shows a definite advance in clearness and force. One fault is thrust on him by his peculiar championship of the doctrinal, an excessive use of those "paradoxes that sit by the springs of truth." One is driven to be startling as well as brave when one is asserting that two and two do not make five. He repeats himself with a fine carelessness, as though, having thought of a good illustration, one could not do better than go on using it; a practice for which there is much to be said in these days when every writer prides himself on a cheap variety of phrase and cannot venture to use so much as the same word twice in a sentence. No one can forecast Mr. Chesterton's future as a critic, and it would not surprise us if it should prove that the true vocation of all this abundant energy is something quite different from setting his contemporaries straight. Meanwhile he knows how to make men stop and look, not at some new and striking theory, like Mr. Shaw (that is easy enough), but at the more settled, more rigid views that are out of date, if perchance they may not, after all, be suited for yet another generation's wear. This is a restful thought at a time when we have been assured by one of the most brilliant of living writers that no truth, no moral generalization, should be allowed to live for more than twenty years. After that it is diseased, decayed, and should be discarded and replaced, which is "progress."

My Sixty Years on the Plains: Trapping, Trading, and Indian Fighting. By W. T. Hamilton. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co. 1905.

Indian fighting has always been so obvious and facile a field for the sensational newspaper romancer that one picks up anything new on the subject with a justifiable feeling of suspicion. In the narrative of "Bill Hamilton," however, we have a document of real significance. Born in the Cheviot Hills in 1823, the casting vote of his uncle, two years later, turned him with a company of twenty-five men toward America instead of India, to which twelve of the party had wished to go. The family finally settled in St. Louis, where the son received five years of schooling, but suffered seriously from chills and fever, so common a scourge along the river valleys of the Middle West in the early days. In his twentieth year a physician's advice started him over the plains with a party of independent hunters and trappers. The programme called for a year of this life, but the excitement of it fell in too harmoniously with young Hamilton's temperament ever to allow a return to the habits of a more settled civilization. As Indian