

machine and had been conveyed by a headlong switch-back motion into the future, while "the palpitations of night and day merged into one continuous greyness." The artistic imagination of the whole conception is well illustrated by this admirable sentence, which is full of weird suggestion as to the passage of the Time Traveller into the future. The whole little book is, however, full of such happy phrases, and this quotation is a mere specimen of the quality of many. The story of the first temporary stopping of the fearful machine must be read in context with the rest of the story to be appreciated; but when it was at last accomplished, the Traveller found himself in the so-called "Golden Age." The reader may well doubt if the adjective *golden* was a suitable one for the description of that terrible future—Time. For the people of the year eight hundred and two thousand were found by the Traveller to be on the intellectual level of five-year-old children, interested in nothing, indolent and easily fatigued. They lived on fruit, and apparently never worked with their heads or hands—they were in fact, as recorded, the "sunset of mankind."

"For after the battle comes quiet. Humanity had been strong, energetic and intelligent, and had used all its abundant vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived—and now came the reaction of the altered conditions."

Thus under the new conditions of perfect comfort and security, that restless striving and energy which are the strength of this time in the world's history had become weakness. But later in the story the Traveller discovers that the so-called sunset of mankind is not as secure as he first thought. The upper-world of little people idled and eat and played all day long, while beneath, in an artificial under-world, there lived some terrible species of human beings called "Morlocks," the descendants of labourers in mines and underground railways. These terrible people lived below by daylight, but at night they roamed on the over-world and battered upon its inhabitants. Their gruesome personalities and terrible customs are so graphically described that it is impossible to read about them without shuddering.

The Time Traveller, after many adventures, at last escapes from that "age," and travels on again into the future, and when he next stopped the machine, he found a terrible state of things going on upon our poor planet earth. In his descriptions of the atmosphere and the sinister apparitions crawling about, Mr. Wells shows himself to be possessed of a very high order of imagination. It was indeed an abomination of haunted desolation.

At last when the machine had travelled thirty million years the earth was nearly all ice under an eternal sunset. The horror of this time of the world's life is blood-curdling to read about, and no one can help a feeling of relief when the terrified Traveller remounts his bicycle Pegasus and scampers back as fast as he can to his own generation and his own century. The little volume, though slight, is well worth acquiring, and it possesses the double advantage of affording reading suitable for a speculative philosopher and scientific professor, and a schoolboy fund of dramatic situations and adventures. I shall be surprised if Mr. Wells does not prove himself by this and future work to be the Jules Verne of English-reading people.

A. M. G.

Bookland.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have issued the first part of "The Queen's London," containing 32 pages of views of London and its environs. The work, dedicated by permission to Her Majesty, will be completed in twelve monthly parts. The views are admirably done.

The Queen of Roumania's new book will probably be published before the end of the year. It is to be called "Legends from Rivers and Mountains," and it will be a collection of folk stories.

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. Various prominent men of letters have been interviewed on their opinion as to the feasibility of this scheme, and for the most part are favourable to the idea of making "exhibitions of themselves." It is not easy to 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. One would like to see Alexandre Dumas at breakfast, and to find out, *de visu*, whether he eats his eggs hard-boiled or soft. One would like to see Jean Richepin at work, and to assure oneself whether it is true—as appeared in an American journal the other day—that when he writes he dresses in scarlet, and constantly rolls his eyes and smites his forehead. One would 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.

Mdme. 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 £3 the copy, and the syndicate calculates that at least 5,000 amateurs would subscribe. This edition would be followed by a cheaper one for the general public. Mdme. 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. Mdme. 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.

WHAT TO READ.

"M. Stambuloff," by A. Hulme Beaman. (London: Bliss, Sands & Foster.)

"An Australian in China," by Mrs. G. E. Morrison. (London: Horace Cox.)

"The Heart of Life," by Mrs. Mallock.

"The Woman who Didn't," by Victoria Crosse. (London: John Lane.)

"With the Procession," by Henry B. Fuller.

"The Boat Cruise on the Broads," by John Richerdyke. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)

"Anthony Græme," by Edith Gray Wheelwright. (Richard Bentley & Son.)

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