

writing possesses, the plot of the story is a mere matter of detail. But the scene of this story is absolutely unique. No other man has ever made the deck of a little fishing schooner on the Great Bank, the theatre of a drama of splendid courage, of human joy and agony, of the spiritual regeneration of a soul. Whether all the technical details of the rig of the schooner, the gutting of the fish, the launching of the dories, the geography of the terrible "Virgin" rock, or the drifting of the "Carrie Pitman," would be "passed" by an expert, I, personally, do not care one pin. What I know is that this genius, this new "Euripides the Human," has taken all these details, all these particulars of a mode of life I have never even dimly conceived of, and, by the might of his art, brought it all so near, so very near, that I have suffered and felt with those men who, for months, carry their lives in their hands, and that so he has opened in me a new outlet of sympathy, a new object for that "admiration, hope and love" by which, as Wordsworth says, we live.

I maintain that never, on any occasion, does Mr. Kipling sacrifice probability for the production of a cheap effect; he is far too true an artist for that. Disko Troop, the skipper of the "We're Here," is a living man; and not once does he do anything inconsistent with his character, even when, at the end, it turns out that all the statements of Harvey Cheyne are correct, that his father really does own a private Pullman car, and really is a millionaire. Harvey, the typical spoilt American boy—the product of the new West—is washed overboard from the deck of an Atlantic liner, and picked up by one of the crew of the "We're Here." The life of discipline and hardship which he undergoes the next few months, is his salvation. It is a variation of Mr. Kipling's great theme that discipline is necessary for the evolution of all that is best in man. Every member of the crew is a vivid portrait, the gems of the collection being Uncle Salters and poor Penn: and the running down of the "Jennie Cushman" is a piece of writing which alone would suffice to make a book notable. It is too long to quote, but there is one paragraph which I must transcribe, as an example, of the extraordinary power of "picture-writing" this man possesses.

"An ignorant rowdy boy had once said, it would be 'great' if a steamer ran down a fishing boat. That boy had a state-room, with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt edged bill of fare. And that same boy—no, his very much elder brother—was up at four of the dim dawn, in streaming, crackling oil-skins, hammering, literally for dear life, on a rill smaller than a steward's breakfast bell, while somewhere close at hand, a thirty-foot steel stem, was storming along at twenty miles an hour! Then Harvey felt that he was near a moving body, and found himself looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaning, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted, it showed a long ladder of Roman numerals, on a salmon-coloured, gleaming side. It tilted forward and downward with a heart-startling 'Sssssooo': the ladder disappeared: a line of brass-rimmed port-holes flashed past: a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot-water roared along the rail of the 'We're Here,' and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready to faint, or be sick, or both, when he heard a crack, *like a trunk thrown upon a side-walk*, and, all small in his ear, a far-away telephonic voice, drawling 'Heave to! You've sunk us.'"

G. M. R.

Shakespeare's "Tempest," at the Mansion House.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society, under the able Direction of Mr. W. Poel, have exhibited far greater Shakespearian qualities than they have hitherto done, by their notable presentment of "The Tempest," in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, on Friday Evening last; and Sir Faudel and Lady Phillips may be conspicuously congratulated upon their discerning desire to commemorate the close of their memorable occupation of the official residence of London's Chief Magistrate, by presiding over the representation of the last, and poetically and philosophically speaking, perhaps the finest, of the immortal works which our mighty dramatist has bequeathed to us. There can, indeed, be little doubt, that, as one or two eminent critics have observed, Shakespeare, in the character of Prospero, pictured himself as having reached the zenith of his powers, and as being resolved to lay down his pen, and as Prospero declares, "break his staff, bury it certain fathoms in the earth, and deeper than did ever plummets sound, to drown his book. Happily the inherent magnificence, the everlasting interest, and the inestimable value of the contents of that "Book" have saved it from such a catastrophe, but, oh, what a satire do the words convey, when we reflect upon the liberties which have been taken with it, since the lamentably premature decease of its almost divine writer! Keft of all scenery by the very nature of their undertaking—viz., to give the plays as nearly as possible as they were first presented—Mr. W. Poel's Cast exerted themselves to the utmost to make, if we may so say, humanity take the place of canvas and upholstery, and if they could only attain that most difficult of all arts, sympathetic intonation, distinct articulation, and perfectly audible delivery, nothing could be more delightful to listen to. As it was, an approximate approach to these vital qualifications, was made in several instances on the occasion referred to, and we cannot but highly commend the Prospero of Mr. Paget Bowman, the Caliban of Mr. Hodges—a most remarkable embodiment for an amateur—the Alonzo of Mr. Percy Varley, the Iris of Miss Mary Churchill—especially in her exquisite speech in Act IV., Scene I.—the Gonzalo of Mr. Blagrove, though he scarcely did full justice to his charmingly ironical speech—adapted, it is thought, by Shakespeare from Montaigne—on Government in Scene I., Act II., and the Miranda of Miss Hilda Swan—a part which only a Miss Helen Faucit could adequately have rendered! It is, of course, impossible in the limited space at our disposal, to enter into a criticism of the representation as an absolute interpretation of the Play, but it was one well worth attending, and we are glad to see that it is to be repeated on Saturday afternoon, the 13th inst., at the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company. E. G. H.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Drift Weed. Verses and Lyrics." By Helen Marion Burnside.
 "The Fairy Changeling." By Dora Sigerson.
 "Benin, the City of Blood." By R. H. Bacon.
 "Life of Ernest Renan." By Mary Darmesteter.
 "Memoir of Anne J. Clough." By B. A. Clough.
 "The Beth Book." By Sarah Grand.

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