

phrase like "Is he dead?" nor anything quite so side-splitting as the immortal "Appendix on the German language."

But it is very funny; very funny indeed. Take, for instance, the description of the Maryborough Hotel, where the lamp is lit off as "the kind that sheds a gloom." Or the description of the unperfected tape-worm. "Unperfected, that is what they call it, I do not know why, for it transacts business just as well as it could if it were finished and frescoed and gilded and all that." Also, the portrait of the *dachs-hund*, which, he pretends, was a novelty to him, though, doubtless, that is only his fun. "It was made on the plan of a bench for length and lowness. It seemed to be satisfied, but I thought the plan poor and structurally weak. . . with age the dog's back was likely to sag; and it seemed to me as if it would have been a stronger and more serviceable dog if it had had some more legs." The whole of this description is quite in the best vein of the author.

But this book does not depend by any means on its fun for its attraction. It contains impressionist sketches of India, New Zealand, and Australasia, which are surprisingly vivid and true. Every now and then the fun bubbles out, of course, because the man cannot help seeing the funny side of things any more than he can help breathing. But he flings life and picturesque colour on the canvas to a degree quite extraordinary in a man so utterly destitute of the power to appreciate literature, as he confesses himself to be. It seems almost incredible that such a subtle joker as he should not be able to appreciate the delicate irony of Oliver Goldsmith and Jane Austen, yet in this book we have his own word for it, that so it is. It is probably the hurt kind of feeling that one nurses towards any author whose fun we cannot enjoy: as Augustine Birrell says, the taste for Jane Austen cannot be counterfeited—some people are born without it.

But I want to make an extract from this delicious medley of history and autobiography; it is Mark's reflections upon the extension, in New Zealand, of the suffrage to women. Hear what he says:—

"Here is a remark. . . I take it from the official report: 'A feature of the election was the orderliness of the people. Women were in no way molested.'

"At home (the U.S.A.) a standing argument against woman suffrage has always been that women could not go to the polls without being insulted. The arguments against woman suffrage have always taken the easy form of prophecy. The prophets have been prophesying ever since the women's rights movement began in 1848, and in forty-seven years they have never scored a hit. Men ought to begin to feel a sort of respect for their mothers and wives and sisters by this time. The women deserve a change of attitude like that, for they have wrought well. In forty-seven years they have swept an imposingly large number of unfair laws from the statute books of America. In that brief time these serfs have set themselves free, essentially. Men could not have done as much for themselves in the time without bloodshed—at least they never have; and that is argument that they didn't know how. The women have accomplished a peaceful revolution, and a very beneficent one; and yet that has not convinced the average man that they are intelligent, and have courage and energy and perseverance and fortitude. It takes much to convince the average man of anything; and perhaps nothing can ever make him realize that he is the average woman's inferior—yet in several important details the evidences seem to show that that is what he is. . . This is woman's opportunity—she has had none before. I wonder where man will be in another forty-seven years?"

The Maoris send four representatives to the House, and the Maori women also vote for their representatives. Certainly this seems the opposite end of the scale to Korea!

I was almost forgetting one of the gems of the book—the descent of the Himalayas in a hand car. It is quite perfect, but, indeed, all the Indian part is excellent
G. M. R.

Dramatic Notices.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT HER MAJESTY'S.

IN his magnificent Presentment of Shakespeare's famous historical play, "Julius Cæsar," at Her Majesty's Theatre last Saturday night, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has fairly taken the Press and the Public by storm. A few discordant notes may have been struck by some of the critical Balaams, who, coming to curse, were constrained to go forth and to do the contrary, but the general result has been such a chorus of congratulation as has rarely resounded over the success of any previous Production on the Metropolitan stage! Nor has this congratulation in any sense been undeserved, since almost everything has been done which could ensure an adequate interpretation of one of the masterpieces of our immortal dramatist. The valuable services of the greatest of our living classical artists, viz., Mr. Alma Tadema, have been secured for the purpose of making the scenic accessories, and the costumes and properties, not merely accurate and complete, but beautiful and striking, and the, in this instance, similarly valuable services of a group of histrionic artists, not to be surpassed in talent by any on our contemporary Boards, have likewise been secured, in order to show that amid the ranks of the theatrical Profession of to-day there still exist those who can worthily conserve the sacred flame of Shakespearian tradition which has been handed down to them.

"Julius Cæsar," as now given at Her Majesty's, may be said to mark almost a new epoch in the modern representation of Shakespeare, inasmuch as it is a laudable attempt to combine the best qualities of the old school with the new, *i.e.*, to afford at once adequate mounting and effective rendering. No sooner was the curtain up than this circumstance became apparent to the practised eye and ear. "The Public Place"—indicated by the old stage directions—at Rome, now, under Mr. Alma Tadema's inspiring guidance, rose into a wealth of architectural grandeur, sculptural ornament and arboriferous relief, which at once entranced an admiring audience, whilst the quaint and homely *badinage* placed by Shakespeare in the lips of the disgusted Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus—albeit that other characters, somewhat too thriftily, considering the lavish expenditure throughout, were made to do duty for them—and smacking, as our great author always loves his characters to smack, of the manners and customs of the Elizabethan age, at the same time "tickled the ears" of many besides "the groundlings," and flung an air of universal humanity over the superb classical setting. Ere long, the procession of Cæsar passed on to the racecourse, and Brutus and Cassius, as well portrayed by Messrs. Lewis Waller and Franklyn McLeay respectively, were left alone in possession of the stage. It soon appeared that each actor, whether as

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