passion for him, she discovered that he did not mean to marry her. Now, I humbly suggest to anyone with any real knowledge of the world, that men of Tristram's stamp know one woman from another very accurately; and that they do not make proposals of this nature to girls of Rachel's stamp.

At the end of the five months, Hugh delays to carry out his compact, so Lord Newhaven commits suicide, in such a manner as to make it seem that his death was the result of accident, but leaving a letter for his wife to open three months after his death, in which he says that Scarlett drew the shorter lot, but failed to fulfil his compact, and that, should he contemplate marriage with anyone but Lord Newhaven's widow, he leaves her this weapon with which to keep him faithful to her. Lord Newhaven when writing this letter, knows that Rachel loves Hugh, knows that Hugh loves Rachel, knows that for Hugh to marry Lady Newhaven will be misery for him; he therefore leaves behind him a diabolical scheme for the ruin of three lives. This is not like the man as he is painted.

Now comes the author's climax. Adultery was nothing in the eyes of Rachel; but when she discovers that Hugh has told her a lie, she casts him off with ignominy. It never for a moment occurs, apparently, either to her, the author, the Bishop, or Hugh himself, that, having made Lady Newhaven what she is, it is unmanly, now that he is tired of her, to go and marry someone else; their mutual sin makes no claim upon him; yet to the uninitiated mind it would seem to have been as much his doing as hers. But neither suicide nor adultery count as faults in this book, merely as regrettable weaknesses; when you come to falsehood, then you begin to approach the unpardonable.

It is a thousand pities that so able a book should leave so bad a taste in the mouth. It is so full of charming writing, so replete with clever touches, and Hester Gresley and her burnt book are so sympathetic and delightful, the Gresley family so inimitable, that the nauseous and hazy nature of the morality seems to strike a sharp note of contrast which positively hurts.

It is so obvious that the Bishop thought the burning of the manuscript infinitely worse than suicide; somehow, it requires too violent a readjustment of all one's ideas. I have reviewed it at this length because most reviewers seem, under the spell of the manner, to have lost sight of the speciousness of the reality. The idea conveyed to me all through has been, that the writer, knowing nothing of passion's tragedy, has embarked in its whirlpools because she has felt that to be "strong" and command a large sale in these days, you must trench upon forbidden ground. She only becomes convincing when she turns from these painful themes to the rectory life and the literary work of Hester, which is a thing she has seen, felt, intimately known.

G. M. R.

Bookland.

In an article in the *Cosmopolitan* Olive Schreiner writes on "The Woman Question," and realises that it is an industrial problem—she says:—

"Give us labour and the training which fits for labour! We demand this not for ourselves alone, but for the race."

Then she expands this demand by a review of what has been in the past, and a peering into the possible things of the future. This, it seems to her ear, is what women are calling:—

"We demand that, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes—we demand that in this new world we also shall have our share of honoured and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labour of the children of women. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less. This is our 'Woman's Right!'"

Mrs. Lynn Linton did not live to finish the chronicle of her literary life, which she undertook at the request of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, but the three chapters which she did finish have just been published, bearing the title "My Literary Life," and containing a prefatory note by Miss Beatrice Harraden.

In the final chapter we have a graphic picture of George Eliot, concerning whose private life one is always consumed with curiosity—which it is much best should never be gratified. It was in George Eliot's "undeveloped as well as her insurgent days" that Mrs. Linton met her first, and this is what she says about the greatest woman writer of any age:—

"She was essentially under-bred and provincial; and I, in the swaddling clothes of early education and prepossession as I was, saw more of the provincial than the genius. . . . She held her hands and arms kangaroo fashion; was badly dressed; had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether; and she assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership. From first to last she put up my mental bristles so that I rejected then and there what might have become a closer acquaintance had I not been so blind and so much influenced by her want of conventional graces . . . . 'Success and adulation,' we are told, 'spoilt her, and destroyed all simplicity, all sincerity of character.'"

One can but rejoice that Mrs. Linton's envenomed and disloyal pen is now powerless to stab members of own sex for cash down.

"A Grey Day."

All day the sea, dull-heaving,
Moaned low like one who ails,
While spectre hands were weaving
A veil o'er distant sails.

All day with drooping feather
And wings devoid of gleam,
The sea-birds grouped together
Forbore to wheel and scream.

Salt-arms and river reaches
Were glazed and leaden-hued,
And haunting sodden beaches
Went grey-haired Solitude . . .

Lost loves and sins long hidden,
Through some unguarded gate,
Entered the soul unbidden
And made men desolate.

From "The Hidden Tide." By Roderick Quinn.

previous page next page