"The Red Cockade."

An Episode from Stanley Weyman's Latest Book.

The action in Stanley Weyman's latest novel, "The Red Cockade," takes place during the French Revolution, the story being carried up to a period immediately before the Reign of Terror. Messrs. Harper & Brothers are the New York publishers.

The hero, the Vicomte de Saux, is a nobleman of liberal opinions, whose fortunes are mixed up with those of the St. Alais, a bitterly anti-popular family. The red cockade which gives the title to the book was the badge of the devoutly Catholic royalists, who agitated the South and raised insurrection at Nimes and other places.

"The Red Cockade" is crowded with thrilling incident and is written in Mr. Weyman's now familiar style, which is simple and dignified and well adapted to the romantic novel. The following is an episode in the three days' insurrection at Nimes described in the book:

"It seemed to me that we were safe then, or nearly safe, so glad was I to find myself in the open air and outside of the church. The ground fell away a little towards Madame Catinot's, and I could see the line of hastening heads bobbing along before us, and here and there white faces turned to look back. The high walls on either hand softened the noise of the riot. Behind me were M. le Marquis and Madame(again behind them three or four of M. le Marquis's followers brought up the rear.

"I looked back beyond these and saw that the alley opposite the church was still clear, and that the pursuers had not yet passed through the church, and I stopped to whisper a word of comfort to Denise. I stopped longer, perhaps, than was necessary, for before I was aware of it I found myself stumbling over Louis's heels. A backward wave sweeping up the alley had brought him up short and flung him against me. With the movement, as we all jostled one another, there arose far in front and rolled up in the passage between the high walls a sound of misery—a mingling of moans and screams and wailing such as I hope I may never hear again.

"Then, as our company, staggering and screaming, rolled back upon us, until it filled but half the length of the passage, I heard in front a roar of cruel laughter, and saw over the intervening heads a serried mass of pike points filling the end of the passage opposite Madame Catinot's house. Then I understood. The Calvinists had cut us off; and my heart stood still.

"For there was no retreat. I looked behind me and saw the alley by the church alive with harsh, mocking faces and scowling eyes and cruel, thirsty pikes. We were hemmed in; in the long, high walls, which it was impossible to scale, was no door or outlet short of Madame Catinot's house—and that was guarded. And before us and behind us were the pikes. * * *

"Even Nimes, mother of factions, parent of a hundred quarterless brawls, never saw a worse scene or one more devilish. For a few seconds, in the surprise of this trap, in the sudden horror of finding ourselves when all seemed well at grips with death I could only clutch Denise to me tighter and tighter, and hide her eyes on my breast, as I leaned against the wall and groaned with white lips. Oh, God, I thougat, the women! The women! At such a time a man would give all the world that there might be none, or that he never loved one.

"St. Alais was the first to recover his presence of mind and act—if that could be called action which was no more than speech, since we were hopelessly enmeshed and outnumbered. Putting madame behind him, he waved a white handkerchief to the men by the door of the church, who stood about thirty paces from us, and adjured them to let the women pass; even taunting them when they refused, and gibing at them as cowards, who dared not face the men unencumbered.

"But they only answered with jeers and threats and savage laughter.

"'No, no, M. le Pretre!' they cried. 'No, no! Come out and taste steel, then perhaps we will let the women go! Or perhaps not!'

"'You cowards!' he cried.

"But they only brandished their arms and laughed, shrieking, 'A bas les traitres! A bas les pretres! Stand out! Stand out, messieurs!' they continued, 'or we will come and pluck you from the women's skirts!'

"He glowered at them in unspeakable rage. Then a man on their side stepped out and stilled the tumult. 'Now listen!' said this fellow, a giant, with long, black hair falling over a tallowy face. 'We will give you three minutes to come out and be piked. Then the women shall go. Skulk there behind them and we fire on all, and the blood be on your heads.'

"St. Alais stood speechless. 'You are fiends!' he cried at last, in a voice of horror. 'Would you kill us before their eyes?'

"'Aye, in their laps!' the man retorted, amid a roar of laughter. 'So decide, decide!' he continued, dancing a clumsy step and tossing a half pike round his head. 'Three minutes by the clock there! Come out, or we fire on all! It will be dainty pie! A dainty Catholic pie, messieurs!'

"St. Alais turned to me, his face white, his eyes staring, and he tried to speak. But his voice failed. * * *

"Remember that the sun shone on all this and the birds twittered and chirped in the gardens beyond the walls; that it wanted an hour or two of high noon, a southern noon; that in the crease of the valley the Rhone sparkled between its banks and not far off the sea broke rippling and creaming on the shore of Les Bouches; that all nature rejoiced, and only we—we, pent up between those dreadful walls, whose scowling faces saw death imminent—black death shutting out all things.

"A hand touched mine; it was St. Alais's hand. I think—nay, I know, for I read it in his face—that he meant to be reconciled to me. But when I turned to him—or maybe it was the sight of his sister's speechless misery that moved him—he had another thought. As the black-haired giant called 'One minute gone,' and his following howled, M. le Marquis threw up his hand.

"'Stay!' he cried, with his old gesture of command. 'Stay! There is one man here who is not of us! Let him pass first and go!' And he pointed at me. 'He has no part with us. I swear it!'

"A roar of cruel laughter was the answer. Then, 'He that is not with me is against me!' the giant quoted, impiously. And they peered again.

"On that, I take no credit for what I did. In such moments of exaltation men are not accountable; and for another thing. I knew that they would not listen; that I risked nothing. And, trembling with rage, I flung back their words. 'I am against you!' I cried. 'I would rather die here with these than live with you! You stain the earth! You pollute the air! You are fiends'—

"No more, for, with a shrill laugh, the man next me, a mere lad, half-witted, I think, and the same who had cursed them, sprang by me and rushed on the pike points. Half a dozen met in his breast before our eyes—before our eyes! And, with a wild scream, he flung up his arms and was borne back against the side wall dead, and gushing blood.

"Instinctively I had covered Denise's face that she might not see. And it was well; for at that—there was a kind of mercy in it, and, let me tell it quickly—the wretches, tasting blood, blood broke loose and rushed on us. I saw St. Alais thrust his mother behind him, almost with the same movement fling himself on the pikes; and I, pushing Denise down into the angle of the wall—though she clung to me and prayed to me—killed the first that came at me with Froment's pistol, and the next also, with the other barrel, at point blank distance—feeling no fear, but only passion and rage. The third bore me down with his pike fixed in my shoulder, and for a moment I saw only the sky and his scowling face black against it, and shut my eyes, expecting the blow that must follow.

"But none did follow. Instead a weight fell on me, and I began to struggle, and a whole battle, it seemed to me, was fought over me in the horrible slaughter house alley, where they dragged men from women's arms, and forced them screaming to the wall, and stabbed them to death without pity, and things that were done which I dare not tell!" H. G.

Mary Anderson's Autobiography.

The Stage, She Says, Is a Delusion and Disappointment, and Her Book Is a Warning to Young Stage-Struck Girls.

Last week there appeared in the Journal some extracts from the remarkable book of a remarkable woman, Laura Marholm Hansson, who devotes one chapter to the "Modern Woman On the Stage." In that chapter she makes the bold assertion that it is love of sensation and not love of art that impels the modern woman to the stage. This modern woman coming into a surcharged life equipped with indescribable wants and irresistible impulses, both vital and intellectual, finds no means of either expressing or gratifying them in the monotony of modern existence. She cannot be either a Juliet or a Joan of Arc in real life without being laughed at. So she turns to the stage.

We are now confronted with Mary Anderson's "autobiobgraphy," which presents us with the most conspicuous, the most flattered and, in a certain sense, the most successful of modern actresses, who ingenuously confirms this view.

Mary Anderson's theatric career—looked at now through a cool, perspective, is as amazing one. It was indeed at the time meteoric, and like a meteor it suddenly exploded and disappeared.

With her naive confessions in hand we look back at that resplendent sweep from Kentucky to London with a wondering smile. The blazon of the meteoric flight has died out and this book is the ashes.

No, not altogether ashes. For there remains about the autobiography the same inscrutible charm of juvenility that long ago made her tragic ventures as fascinating as a miss with a skipping rope.

BORN TO THE PURPLE.

This delightful and honored American hoyden of art, born like Minerva, full panoplied, from the brain of the govian Henry Waterson, swept the earth as no other blessed damosel had ever swept it. Like the Greek goddess and not like Napoleon, she believed in her star, not because her star was destiny, but because it was Mary Anderson. She seems to have sprung from her cradle with the words of Clytemnestia between her gums and the arm sweep superb of Boadicea in her biceps.

We now read in her book of the concentrated purpose of adolescence to win the highest laurels of art. The girl, we find the woman acknowledging, was irretrievably stage struck. With a scanty education and no knowledge whatever of the region to which we lend the name of "stage." She declared herself ready to play Juliet. Mr. John McCullough, after many importunities, consented to let her support him at one of his performances. Even at this great distance from the event we clap our hands as the girl throws back her head—that head which nobody but Thorwaldson in his Venus ever modelled—and fixing upon the actor what Henri Du Bois called "her assassinating eye," repplied: "I plpay second fiddle to no one. First or nothing."

It was Dumas who said that in art a man must do, but a woman need only dare.

This Western girl, equipped by Heaven with limbs that Juno might have borrowed and organed with such a voice as was never heard in Thessaly or Crete, but curiously overlooked by the schoolmaster and neglected by the Nine, set out with an irrepressible ambition, an unconquerable and lofty purpose and a superb gladitorial air, but without the faintest conception in her head, or the slightest premonition in her heart of what passion meant, to play the wildest subtlest, frankest exposition of a Southern girl's amatory hysteria that had ever been given to the world.

THE FEARLESSNESS OF IGNORANCE.

Quite one-third of the autobiography is a simple narrative of these early and insatiate desires to "act on top of the stage," made buoyant by the overweening selfconfidence of the girl. One can see in this portion of the book the exultant feminine spirit, candid, clean, indomitable and ignorant. It knows nothing and will do all things. It stands on the threshold of an undiscovered world with only one clear perception, and it is that the world is waiting o throw itself at the feet of the new comer.

The world did throw itself at her feet. There is not the slightest sign of astonishment on her part. She accepted the obeisance as a natural result. But she was not altogether correct in her judgment of it. The world never went mad over the artist. It was content to worship the woman.

Just here is the curious under-interest of this book, so conformatory of Madame Hansson's views. It throws an unintentional light both upon the modern stage and upon woman herself. We see that in a great many cases woman mistakes her impulses and desires. When she is bursting to give expression to her vitality she thinks it is adding expression to art, and when the world is caught by her personal charm she believes it is swayed by her genius.

But no woman could live and grow, unaffected by the Bohemian side of the theatre, as Miss Anderson did, without coming sooner or later to discover her mistake. And so, while one portion of the book tells us, with the naivete of her youth lingering like a perfume about the pages, of her enthusiasms, her high resolves, her strenuously won triumphs, the recognition of the world and the growth of her attainments in an exacting and worthy profession, the other portion proclaims the futility of it, and we are given to understand by one of her biographers, was written "to dissuade thousands of young girls from undertaking a career on the stage and to disillusionize them—after the glare and glitter of the footlights."

No one who had not been "disillusionized" herself would undertake this task. At the heighth of her success she suddenly and irrevocably abandoned the stage.

In other words, the woman, when Miss Anderson came to understand herself, was much more of a determining factor than the artist.

It is worth saying here that those of her critics who made this discovery long before she did—and made it by merely observing her on the stage—incurred the deadliest enmity of her managers.

EVOLUTION OF A MODERN JUNO.

We have, therefore, in this remanlement of the Western girl's splendid career, to think of her as a woman who lent for a time the comeliness of her person and the charms of her character to the theatre, and then passed, unscathed and honored, out of art into the higher duties of life itself. There is nothing in her book, as there is nothing in her dramatic career, which shows her to belong to the small group of American women who freshened or deepened or widened the histrionism of our time. What she did distinctly and definitely was to show that an American girl could use the stage upon which to expend her youthful energies, and when she had succeeded in confusing or convincing, to abandon it with the distinct avowal that it was a mistake, and still be sure that some of the illusion that had departed from the boards remained imperishable in the memories of her admirers.

Miss Anderson made her first appearance upon the stage as Juliet November 25, 1875.

She was sixteen years old. Her own account of it to those who saw her play it years afterward is inimitable. "The earlier and lighter scenes being uncongenial, I hurried them as quickly as possible, and there was enthusiasm in the house when the tragic parts were reached."

MEMORIES AND A SMILE.

Those of us who remember her Juliet when she had matured and had been combed down in London will smile to think of the enthusiasm which attended her at sixteen. She says that the people in the audience remarked: "Why this is little Mamie Anderson. We saw her rolling her hoop a few months ago." Ah, she was rolling it yet, and they did not know it.

But she was courageous, for the lamp fell down in the tomb and burnt her hands and dress and came nigh extinguishing her at the portals of her fame. Moreover, the actor forgot the dagger with which she was to kill herself, and she had to perform the operation with a hairpin, but, she says, "in spite of a burnt hand and arm and several other accidents, the night was full of success."

At the end of her first week's engagement to Mr. Barney Macauley—with a repertory consisting of Bianca, Julia, Evadne, Pauline and Juliet—she was in debt to that manager in the sum of one dollar. She then went to Ben De Bar in St. Louis for a week, and at the end of that time she owed him $600. The turning of the tide came when she "blacked her teeth and played Meg Merrilies." She notes with complacency that it met with success and favor. But we know that she never attempted the part when she had acquired discretion.

Later followed her struggles in New Orleans and California, and of the latter she writes: "With but few exceptions, the members of the company continually ridiculed my work. My poor wardrobe was a subject of special sport." She was called an "interloper." The press assailed her and advised her to leave the stage. "I slept but little, and then only with the exhaustion of weeping."

These are the common experiences of the young woman who is known in the theatre as an "aspirant." The theatre at the time of Miss Anderson's first appearance resented, and to some extent still resents, the woman who insists upon beginning at the top. The fixed conviction of the dramatic company is that success must be won slowly and laboriously, and that it is an impertinence for an acolyte to insist that she alone can grasp results which from time immemorial have been achieved only by patience and toil through all the avenues of apprenticeship.

THE POWER OF GENIUS.

But to the sanguine, impatient and spoiled girl this preparatory course is a foolish barrier that genius sweeps away imperiously. She will go to a teacher of elocution, get a few lessons, and, holding her hurricane genius in check, reverse the whole order of procedure. Miss Anderson tried this. She went to George Vandenhoof to purchase a few of the finishing tricks. He listened to her declaim a moment and then shouted at her in horror and dismay that she would split the ears of the groundlings if she wen on that way. As a matter of history, she did go on that way for several years, in spite of his advice. It took Booth, Irving, Steele Mackaye, Ryder, Tadema and a score of others to suppress her oratory and her pedestrianism to the confines of histrionism. And the girl who began with Juliet never in the height of her illustrious career succeeded in making that epitome of passion anything but a superb statue, in which the cold ring of the chisel that had carved her was heard in every proclamation of her magnificent voice.

With most miraculous organ she spoke to the ear, and with a goddess of liberty mien captured the eye. But as for the Veronese heart, that—as Mrs. Jameson says—is not playing at love, but is love itself in all its palpitating extravagance, she retained to the last a dignified and reserved virginal disdain. The girl who at sixteen was impatient at all the earlier scenes of the play and wanted to let her back hair down and "scrunch the phial," always in her maturity managed to make us feel that the right Romeo had not come along.

But such was Mary Anderson's objective force; so resonant was her presence, so symbolic were her arms of De Soto discovering the Mississippi or of Liberty Enlightening the World, that the world was not going to let her pass out of its view on account of some trivial defect in sensibility or interpretative insight. Given a woman of the right dimensions and the proper vibration, and the world prefers to worship rather than to discriminate.

Besides, when Mary Anderson was in our zenith there had been no Duse to teach us the marvellous economy of art and take us down into the undemonstrative mysteries of the human soul. This sad Roentgen ray had not been turned upon the hitherto inscrutable roots of acting. The indigenous actress had always inclined a little to the Amazonian, if not to the masculine. She kept the stalwart proportions of Cushman in view. When she came from the rostrum to the footlights she wanted to play Hamlet. If she came from Kentucky she wanted to play Meg Merrilies.

A UNIQUE CAREER.

Mary Anderson's career from the day she made her appearance in the metropolis up to the time of her leaving the stage, is unique, both in the record and in the memory of it. No other woman that I can call to mind in her profession walked the brief round of popular success with such eclat and with so few credentials of emotion. She won the impulsive admiration of her countrymen. Patriotism shoved criticism out of sight. She never became our Sidddons or our Bernhardt. We were content to call her "Our Mary." One can almost imagine her stepping down from the dome of the Republic, where Crawford had placed her, and saying to the critics in Captain Scott's own words, "Don't shoot."

Thus a chivalrous consideration was the natural result of a popular idolatry. We cared less for an artist than for a woman. The career of Mary Anderson presents us with all the potency and persistence of a woman rather than the authority of an artist. And to that career her book comes as easily and sequentially as a wedding ring comes to an engagement.

It is the confession of a naive feminine organization which has had its own way. It starts with the enthusiasms of youth coercing the world, and ends with a change of mind, in which we are told that the game is not worth the candle. It is unfretted by the doubts and despairs of the questioning intellect. It is radiant with the satisfaction of achievement. It sheds the lambent light of character on a troubled profession, but it adds no irradiating creation to art. It presents us with a woman who at one stage of development is carried away by a noble ambition to be a great actress, and succeeds in convincing two-thirds of her countrymen that she is, only at another stage of development to abandon her profession with the warning to all other girls that it is an illusion.

It will be difficult to find in the ranks of modern women anything like this absoluteness of woman. She makes art the sovereign and only purpose of her life until her mood changes, and then she ignores it as of no human interest.

But there are at least 60,000 other girls who will read this book and see in it nothing but the goddess of their idolatry; and go to bed with the conviction in their untutored hearts that what woman has done woman can still do. They will measure themselves against the wall to see if they are Mary Anderson's height. They will call upon Romeo in the silent watches of the night. They will keep phials to "scrunch" behind their bandoline boxes. They will pray to Heaven with burning tears to lend them strength to go out into this apostate generation and play Evadne and Meg Merrilles for its redemption. Then in the fullness of time they will get married and laugh at the world which is still worshipping their early illusions.

A. C. W.

Notes About New Books.

The Work of Robert Barr and the Gossip of the Magazines.

The Journal called attention a short time ago to the unusual hearing England's literary critics were giving to the work of a young ex-newspaper man, to wit, Stephen Crane, the author of the "Black Riders" and the "Red Badge of Courage." Now Robert Barr, another ex-member of the same craft, I believe, is getting a very successful reception over there for his latest work, "A Woman Intervenes," which the Frederick A. Stokes Co. is publishing here. Robert Barr is quite an older acquaintance than Mr. Crane, but still he cannot yet be called a popular writer in America. After he gave birth to "The Face and the Mask," no less a personage than Conan Doyle predicted that the author was "the coming short story writer," and Rudyard Kipling characterized "In the Midst of Alarms" as one of the "most American books" he had ever read. Mr. Barr, although he has lived a great part of his life in the United States and in Canada, is not really an American. By birth he is an Englishman and by nature he is a cosmopolite.

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According to the Critic he has just returned to London from Germany, where he has passed several months by the River Moselle working an American typewriter in a mouldy German castle, producing therefrom a fourteenth century romance, with a romantic siege of that castle for a background. "What," asks the Critic, must the ghost of that castle have thought of the ever-clicking typewriter?" And answers: "What the typewriter thought of the ghosts we shall soon know."

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In the meantime Mr. Barr's admirers claim for "A Woman Intervenes," that it is by all odds the most important book he has put forth as yet. It is a story of modern life at "high pressure," in New York and London, and its pages are full of character sketches of stock speculators, promoters, mining engineers, legislators, etc., etc., with a very detailed story of that very pronounced factor in modern American life, the newspaper woman. Perhaps it is owing to its very pronounced types of Americanism that it has won so quick an appreciation across the water. Fenimore Cooper, with his impossible Indian novelties, had a success of the same nature. So did Chateaubriand, in France, with his artificial forets vierges du nouveau monde.

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One of the most readable articles in the March magazines is unquestionably Emily Crawford's fleeting recollections in the Century of the elder Dumas, who was equally a great creator of omelettes and romance. Touching on the negro strain in his blood, she says:

"I did not meet the elder Dumas till he was on the wane, but was acquainted with him before he fell under the influence of Adah Isaacs Menken. When young his hair was fair, then dark, but when I saw him it was gray and in texture less woolly than the negro's. His lips were thick, and extended from ear to ear when he laughed, and his teeth were uneven and sat apart from each other. He flattered himself that his nose was straight. It was, however lumpy, with wide, strongly marked and quivering nostrils. To the pride of life he was insensible. But he was a slave of the flesh, though in a fitful way; and the never-ending pressure of creditors obliged him to react against his conviviality. One saw that he was a force of nature and a child of nature. His small hands and feet and his singularly acute, though good-natured blue eyes alone indicated blood derived from a long line of civilized Northern ancestors. There were traces of Africa in his speech. His laugh was a guffaw, but its hilarity was contagious. When a case of suffering was made known to him his face at once fell, and if he knew the sufferer the broad face contracted, and he howled until he had spent his grief. The man was much greater than his works, and he was a most interesting type of semi-tropical humanity and good-natured, genial savagery."

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The literary editor of the Bookman, in glancing over the Morningside, a little periodical from Columbia College—for it seems the chapbook idea has even penetrated the colleges now—feels that the following little bit of verse is too good to be lost to public view:

An Ass with long green ears
And pinkish hairs
Was browsing on the purple grass;
No thoughts he had
He was a Beardsley ass.

* * *

A recent English magazine commented on the fact that London had nothing like the Grolier Club of New York, whose members are soul and body bound to the worship of bookbinding, book plates and everything that goes to make a volume a vision of delight to the bibliophile. Yet the English houses turn out most delectable books in the way of paper, print and general exterior and interior charm. Not only have we our Grolier Club, but we are fast putting out books that equal not alone the London prints, but are fast coming up to those artistic and lovely creations which come from Paris and seem almost to be unsurpassable. One firm specially in this country which must sooner or later give the other publishers here a sharp lesson in book making as a fine art, is Copeland & Day, of Cornhill, Boston. It is a genuine delight for a reviewer to merely look over a package of works from that little house which does all its ostensible business up at the top of a little old flight of steps in a dingy little old room.

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Take Zola's "Jacques Damour," for instance. Could it be possible to imagine a more convenient, practical shape and size for a book, or one that was more simple, artistic and scholarly in its get up? You may disagree with Zola, but you should buy the book and put it somewhere in evidence in your house. Anyone who knows anything about art in books will set you down at once as a person of really elegant taste. Then there is Miss Alice Brown's "Meadow Grass," with its strong green and gold outside and its masterpieces of New England pathos and humor inside, "Told in the Poor House" and "Joint Owners in Spain." It's a positive pleasure not merely to read such a book, but to handle it. Miss Guiney's book, "Lovers' Saint Ruth's and Three Other Tales," is only a little less pleasurable, just as its contents are. It is odd that from cold, bleak New England come the most artistic examples of book making to-day—from Copeland & Day, of Cornhill, Boston, and from Mosher, of Maine.

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Among the promising books announced as soon to appear in England are S. Baring Gould's new novel, entitled "The Broom Squire," and a study of Walt. Whitman and the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," by the late John Addington Symonds, in popular form and with illustrations. Admirers of "Lorna Doone"—and their name is legion—will welcome gladly a new volume of short stories by R. D. Blackmore, under the general title of "Tales from the Telling House." It contains four stories, "Slain by the Doones," "Frida; or, the Lover's Leap," "George Bowring" and "Crocker's Hole."

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The fifty-first annual issue of The English Newspaper Press Directory contains some interesting statistics as to the ever-increasing activities of newspapers. There are now 483 newspapers published in London, 1,357 in the English provinces, while the total for the United Kingdom is 2,355, including 202 dailies. In 1846 the grand total was 551, with only 14 dailies. In the case of magazines the increase is still more remarkable, the number having risen in the past fifty years from about 200 to 2,097. Of these more than 507 of the latter are decidedly religious in tone.

THE BOOKWORM.

Medical Discoveries of the Year 1895.

Nym Crinkle Reviews the Result of Scientific Investigations by the Great Doctors of the World.

Medicine is a mystery to the wayfaring man. To the wholly uneducated it is a superstition. The proof of this is in the prevalence of nostrums and the mumbo-jumbo that is necessary on the part of the practitioner in order to command the respect of the common people. And yet, medical discovery moves on rational lines and publishes its sure advance to the world. To know exactly what it has done for the world year by year we have only to pick up "The Year Book of Treatment," wherein are put down as accurately as possible all the attested gains that have been made by medicine, and to learn just what science is doing in its steady combat with the ills that flesh is heir to.

It is a safe saying that nine-tenths of the human race are continually ill, or think that they are, and spend years in dosing themselves or in submitting to capricious, traditional and futile treatment, in which their imaginations, their fears and their hopes play the largest part.

Take, for example, the common malady rheumatism. It is perhaps the most widely prevalent of all complaints in the Northern States. It passes in some modified form continually from generation to generation. It hides in the muscles and bones of the infants, often planting itself at the very centres of life. Its breaks out in middle age at some indisretion in acute form. It seizes upon declining age and makes life a continual agony, finally destroying the sufferer by a retrocession to the centres.

EVERY-DAY REMEDIES.

Now, with regard to this particular affliction it would probably be found that the ordinary work-a-day world of men and women has remained almost stationary, depending upon external applications, liniments, plasters, imbrocations, chasing the symptoms from limb to limb with the same turpentine that their grandmothers used, or dosing themselves with the same herbs, in serene ignorance of the fact that science has left all these old remedies far behind. And so with a score of other complaints.

And yet here is a book furnished at a price within the reach of all which candidly sets forth without favor the slow but sure gains that the best science has made in its study and treatment of this universal enemy of comfort.

It is not possible in a lay journal to point out all the improved methods of treatment in so wide a field as is covered by medical science in one day, but it may be of value to the public who cannot be induced to read technical books studiously to summarize as briefly as possible just what promise the science of a year has for suffering humanity.

And at the very start we are confronted with the revolution in the treatment of the whole group of pulmonic disorders which has been effected by bacteriology.

Beginning with asthma, the most pronounced alleviative results have followed the inhalation of creosote vapor, which appeared to act in bronchial aggravation both as a germicide and an antiseptic. Caffein has also taken a prominent place as an alleviative of the spasms of asthma, hitherto one of the most terrible and baffling of symptoms.

TREATMENT OF PHTHISIS.

In the treatment of pulmonary phthisis the great promise of Koch's discovery of the pulmonic bacillus has been seriously modified. His tuberculin in proving a failure has taught the important lesson that destructive methods are not as valuable as conservative methods, and science has swung back to the importance of building up the resisting power of the patient himself rather than to rely exclusively upon specifics that deal death to bacilli.

It is important to know this, because Koch's loud-sounded discovery was followed by all kinds of germicide specifics, and men actually carried round with them jugs of sudden death to bacilli and drank the contents as if they had iscovered a new elixir of life. It now appears that nature herself in her secret laboratories has her own weapons for fighting the tubercle bacillus, and the brilliant researches of Metchnikoff have thrown a flood of light upon this important fact.

Briefly, it would seem to be the conclusion of science that while the researches of bacteriology have been of enormous benefit in diagnosis and in reaching the genesis of disease, they have not yet furnished much to theraupeutics, and that when all is said the rational fortifying treatment, such as life in the pure air and sunshine, judicious exercise, a light nourishing dietary and such aids as tonics will afford, has reinforced nature in her conservative resistance and effected more satisfactory results than all the bacillicide treatments put together.

RHEUMATISM.

In the gouty form of rheumatism most of the work done during the year has been concerned with certain substances which have been found to possess the power of dissolving uric acid in the human system, and the latest of these substances are piperazin and lysidin. The former of these appears to take the highest rank in the treatment of the uric acid diathesis. Other anti-rheumatic drugs that have come into use are tolyprin, malakin and salipyrin, all of which have their claims attested in the treatment of acute rheumatism. It may as well, however, be said that science no longer declares its ability to cure rheumatism in the sense of extirpating it from the system. That feat is left to the inventions of cure-alls and nostrums. All that science can do, and it is doing it now with measurable success, is to reduce the liability to attack to a minimum by elimination of rheumatic poison, the regulation of function and a general reinforcement of resisting power. It is thus possible to state with something like positiveness just what science can do for the rheumatic man.

Assuming that the patient will strictly follow the regimen and treatment of an enlightened physician and barring accidents, such as falling through the ice in midwinter, he can keep down the rheumatic tendency, escape the liability to crises and eke out an active life with the malignant forces held at bay. In other words, the sufferer has got to be intelligent, watchful, self-sacrificing and abstemious and abandon all reliance on specifics. Even sodium salicylate is not a guaranteed remedy, and the revived preparations of winter green sometimes have no more virtue than the potato carried in the pocket.

"Given a rheumatic diathesis, painfully susceptible to the east wind, carrying diffused monitors of pain in a stiff neck, a swollen knee, and countless other reminders of danger, but a system not vitiated by other diseases, science can handle the patient with very satisfactory results.

DIPHTHERIA.

The diphtheria bacillus identified by Klelet and Loeppler two years ago, has been a discovery of the greatest value in the treatment of this disease. It is now generally admitted that this bacillus is the cause of diphtheria. Dr. Sidney Martin has shown that the poison generated by this bacillus is in the nature of a ferment. This has led to the use of anti-toxin in nearly all cases, but while the immediate effects have been gratifying, there is some reason to believe that the after liability to heart failure is increased.

The year book says: "It remains to be ascertained whether this unfortunate result will occur so often as to neutralize the beneficial effects of anti-toxin.

The steady increase of cardiac troubles (keeping pace, in fact, with the emotional intensity of modern life), and the frequent occurrence of heart failure, has stimulated inquiry in the direction of cardiac therapeutics. Digitalis, which has for years been the drug that is oftenest used in treatment, has of late encountered a powerful rival in the mysterious strophanthus, the active principle of a deadly tropical plant. Recent experiments show that this strange drug occupies the first position in the action which is produced on the contractile power of the cardiac muscle. Some idea of the potency of strophanthin may be gained from Dr. Fraser's statement that when a solution containing one part of a dry alcoholic extract in ten million parts of liquid was injected into the living heart of a frog, the heart was paralyzed in fifty minutes. It has been found, however, that this drug, while exceeding all others in the direct action upon the muscles of the heart, is inferior to digitalis in causing contraction of the blood vessels themselves.

A number of cases have been reported during the year in which this drug produced beneficial results. But they are offset by others in which the results were disappointing. Certain gains have been made in the early treatment of endocarditis, and even in chronic valvular disease, threatening heart failure. But the large range of the subject precludes any survey of it here. Nearly all the reports of the year are encouraging, as showing the mitigating effects of advanced treatment, and the longer lease of life, under rational and restful conditions, of chronic cases.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

There do not appear to be any novelties in the treatment of this disease. Sapellier, an acknowledged authority, gives it as his opinion that medicines are only of secondary importance, and that hygiene, especially the hygiene of the alimentary tract is the chief and best of therapeutic measures to be taken. He says that whenever there are acute symptoms the patient should be put to bed and kept in flannels. Patients, he declares, should not expose themselves to the morning and evening air, even in Southern climates, and in Summer they should not visit the seashore. They should be rubbed with horse hair gloves every morning over the whole body. He prohibits bicycling entirely, and the use of tobacco, and insists that milk is the food above all others to be employed. Singularly enough, he forbids the use of alcohol, but not of beer.

Hirschfeld would reduce the nitrogenous foods to a minimum, but Hale White declares that, in his experience, a full diet does not increase the liability to uraemia.

ANIMAL EXTRACTS.

Not the least interesting portion of the year book is that given to the enumeration of the extracts now made from the different organs of animals. And here therapeutics, if not pathology itself, appears to have gone backward several centuries. Certain it is that a thousand years ago the Chinese doctors were giving dogs' livers and cats intestines to their patients, accompanied, it is true, with something of the same incantations that Macbeth's witches used over their brew. Thyroidin is an elixir made of the glands. Cerebrin is an extract of the gray matter of the brain. One firm is selling an extract of red marrow, which, it is claimed, produces a marked increase in the red corpuscles of the blood. Kidney substance is administered in the shape of tablets, and the chemists have gone so far as to actually offer for sale "ovarian substance," "pancreas substance" and "spleen substance."

The claim put forth in this manufacture unquestionably is that the various organs of the animal economy possess in their tissues specific virtues, which the absence of vitality and the maceration of the chemist do not destroy. It is hardly becoming in a layman to express a doubt, but he cannot help remarking that this claim was most potentially made before science had anything to do with medicine, and we can only quote with awe the assurance of "the year book" that the efficacy of some of these substances has been fully proved.

NYM CRINKLE.

NEW POETRY.

Here are three of the best bits of verse from the current periodicals:

THE LAND OF NOD.

Drifting away to the Land of Nod,
As the firelight flickers about the walls,
And the clock ticks loud to-night as it falls,
And drifts you into the Land of Nod.

Drifting away to the Land of Nod,
My love! I am watching you while you sleep,
As stars peep forth, and the bright flames leap,
And you drift out to the Land of Nod.

Drifting away to the Land of Nod,
You body so weary and brain so worn,
Your sweet face like the rose of morn,
When she rises fresh from the Land of Nod.

Drifting away to the Land of Nod,
Where rest, and peace, and oblivion wait,
For souls like yours when they pass the Gate,
The cloud-closed gate of the Land of Nod.

Drifting away to the Land of Nod,
While I bide beside you, until your eyes
Answer mine, and you ask in surprise,
"Did I drift away to the Land of Nod?"
—St. James Budget.

THE MASTER'S PEN.

(A CONFESSION).

In my collection famed of curios
I have, as every bookman knows,
A pen that Thackeray once used.
To be amused,
I thought I'd "take that pen in hand,"
And see what came of it—what grand
Inspired lines 'twould write,
One Sunday night.
I dipped it in the ink,
And tried to think,
"Just what shall I indite?"
And do you know, that pen went fairly mad;
A dreadful time with it I had.
It spluttered, spattered, scratched, and bloted so,
I had to give it up, you know.
It really wouldn't work for me.
And so I put it down; but last night, after tea,
I took it up again,
And equally in vain.
The hours sped;
I went to bed,
And in my dreams the pen came up to me and said:
"Here is the list of Asses who have tried
To take up pens the master laid aside;
Look thou!" I looked, and, lo!—perhaps you've guessed—
My name, like Abou Ben's, led all the rest!
—Harper's Weekly.

A ROSE.

My rose that shall not fade at all,
Though the years rise and the years fall,
Shall keep its gold heart folded close
In the warm petals of my rose.

Winds that destroy shall rave at will
Round the June rose to work her ill,
Scatter her leaves of pearl and peach,
O, but my rose is out of reach!

In the shut bud the canker-worm
Creeps to defile her and deform;
Near my one rose no ill shall creep,
Since his green plot kind angels kep.

The wind that swings him low and high
Softer is than a lullaby;
The wind that swings him high and low
Goes as his cradle used to go.

Winter shall never find my sweet,
Nor shall he faint in Summer heat;
Filled with dew and bathed with sun
Happy he is, my tender one.

God is his gardener, so 'tis plain
God's rose can never fret again;
Never be old, never be gay,
Blooming for ever and a day.

Since my lost rose God's eyes shall please,
O, what a happy fate it is!
Blessed the Will that doth accord
Me to grow roses for my Lord.
—Black and White.

Persons of Fame.

Emperor William Will Try to Discover the North Pole.

It is stated on good authority that His Majesty the Emperor William, being dissatisfied with the efforts of explorers to reach the North Pole, will undertake that task in person.

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Edwin Austin Abbey, the American artist, who has just been made a member of the British Royal Academy, owed his election to his frescoes, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," which were exhibited in London before being sent to the Boston Public Library, for which they were designed.

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The Emperor of Austria kept Ash Wednesday with mediaeval devoutness. As he knelt before the high altar during the penitential offices, the Court chaplain strewed ashes on his head.

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The young Czarina of Russia has informed her ladies-in-waiting and other members of the court that she will permit no woman to approach her who smokes tobacco. This order has caused much consternation, as the Russian women are as devoted to tobacco as to tea-drinking. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is both an inveterate smoker and a gambler.

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The Princess of Wales has been photographed with her latest grandchild, Prince Albert of York. Most of those who see the picture will admit that they never saw a younger looking grandmother.

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The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, has written an opera based on an old Scottish legend, which will be produced in London during the present season.

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The entire family of the King of Denmark, as well as Princess Maud of Wales, and several members of the Greek and Russian royal families, have been photographed in a group with their bicycles.

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Lord Kelvin, formerly Sir William Thomson, the famous electrician and man of science, says fifteen minutes quick-fire cannonading will be sufficient to reduce a sailor on a modern man-of-war to a state of imbecility. A naval battle would soon resolve itself into a contest between lunatics.

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The habits of the young King Alexander of Servia are such as to furnish interesting matter for investigation to a student of heredity. The founder of His Majesty's family was a swineherd. The king, who is only nineteen years old, is of phenomenal strength and physical development and takes pleasure in knocking his courtiers' heads together.

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The very oldest matron of Parisian society, who was in full womanhood in the early days of the reign of Louis Philippe, has just passed away at the age of 104 years—viz., the Comtesse de Bar (nee Loubens de Verdalle), who has died at the Chateau de Saint Priest. She is stated to scarcely ever have touched solid meat, having chiefly lived on soups, dry toast and wine.

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Sir Francis Evans, who has been elected a member of Parliament for Southampton, was once before elected while absent in America. His success then was due to his American wife, who was very much present in Southampton. Lady Evans is a daughter of Samuel Stevens, once Attorney-General of the State of New York.

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An English woman has won an action for breach of promise of marriage brought against a man who was a lunatic at the time of the action. His trustees were condemned to pay $2,500 for him. This is law.

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The British public finds much difficulty in identifying men who have hidden their surnames under new titles of nobility. That playful democrat, Henry Labouchere, suggests that they should adopt a system of signing their title, the name of the Prime Minister who ennobled them and their former name, in this way: "Pirbright, by Salisbury, out of Worms."

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The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle is living in the slums during Lent and devoting herself to charitable work among the poor. For this purpose she takes a house on Tower Hill, in the East End of London, with which Americans who have done much slumming there are familiar. Will Anglo-mania prevail to the extent of making a Mrs. Vanderbilt live in Baxter street?

LITERARY NOTES.

The Scribners have on their early Spring list a new biography of Mme. Roland by Miss Tarbell, to include much material hitherto inaccessible to biographers; "Urman and Suburban Sketches," by the only Mr. Bunner; another colume, "Wandering Heath," by "Q," with some "Adventures in Criticism," to be ready shortly; the autobiographty of the late and unique Frederic Locker and a new volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis, a collection of five short tales, one of which is a Van Bibber never before published. Locker, Bunner, "Q," and Harding Davis! There's a collection of the butterflies of letters for you. If you are hunting for light and airy literature mark these four names.

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A book that is entirely of a different vein from the foregoing and one that is likely to be the most important product of the Spring publising season is just undergoing publication in the English house of Heinemann—so the Crtic announces—the memoris and diplomatic dispatches of Sir Arthur Paget, to be called "The Paget Papers." Sir Aurthur Paget was one of the plenipotentiary envoys at several European courts during the Napoleonic wars; and he is understood to have expressed himself in the present work with singular frankness upon the various developments of the campaign. Moreover, he was privileged to see things from the inside; and the publication of his papers will bring the first public revelation of many vital and engrossing facts. The two volumes are to be enriched with a large number of portraits of conspicuous contemporary personages; and the general editorial supervision has been undertaken by the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Paget, G. C. B., the son of the writer of the memoirs. From various and very diverse quarters this book is generally regarded among publishers as one of the "plums" of the coming season.

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Here is a bibliographical note which may prove of interest to students of the stage. M. Frederic Febvre, the ex-vice doyen of the Comedie Francaise, who visited this country last year, has begun the publication of his memoirs. To judge by the first volume, this will prove a valuable contribution to the history of the stage of the latter half of this century. M. Febvre is a good writer, an interesting story-teller, and his book is full of amusing anecdotes on notable authors and artists. The book is very good reading indeed.

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Mr. Fisher Unwin recently published a book entitled "Twelve Bad Men." He now announces a companion volume detailing the lives of "Twelve Bad Women," written by an anonymous writer. An English edition of the "Adventures" of M. Henri Rochefort, one volume of which has already appeared in Paris, is promised shortly in two volumes, in England, by Mr. Edward Arnold, simultaneously with an American edition. Under the title, "Brother and Sister," Mr. Heinemann has just issued the memoir and correspondence of Renan and his sister Henrietta.