

the same imposing strain. I am growing to loathe the word "art," though the thing itself I have seldom seen. I never heard an actress of talent say that she lived for art. One did, indeed, frankly tell me that she lived for love, but even that was better than art.

Marie Corelli is Queen Victoria's favorite novelist. Any one who has read her novels can easily understand why, though I doubt if the Queen's approval is due to Marie's florid and exaggerated style so much as to the dinner parties that Wals has given the fair novelist.

I wish that elephantine poet, Mr. William Dean Howells, who writes such dreary librettos to Mr. Pyle's wierd and powerful drawings, would tune his lumbering calliope to sing a dirge for *Harper's Magazine*. It ever a magazine degenerated that one has in the last year. It has become a regular tourist's guide book. It publishes nothing but articles of travel. Of the one hundred and fifty-five pages in the October number, ninety-five are consumed by weary travel sketches, and the rest of the book is devoted to two of the most weary-some continued stories that ever wasted printer's ink and public energy. There is that thoroughly stupid "Recollections of Joan of Arc" by no less an historical and literary authority than Mark Twain. Its only *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* in very transparent sixteenth century dress and talking the barbarous English in which school boys write their first historical novels. As a literary production it is thoroughly ludicrous, written by a man who knows almost nothing of French history, absolutely nothing of French feeling, literature or thought. It is as full of breaks and as free from guile as a child's production. That it should be accepted in one of the best magazines in the country and endured by the populace is the worst possible slam on American taste.

Then there is that crowning piece of arrant madness and drivelling idocy. "Hearts Insurgent." I admire Thomas Hardy; I admire the lofty conception of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," the finished execution of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," the beautiful simplicity of "Far From The Madding Crowd." But for "Hearts Insurgent" I have no forgiveness. If Mr. Hardy ever had any serious purpose or intention in writing the thing, I suppose he meant to show what idiots a little learning makes of people of the downright plebeian stock. Analytical powers are a great misfortune to working people, for they take them too seriously, as children take Byron and Carlyle. But on the whole I doubt whether Mr. Hardy ever had any purpose at all. Like the brook, he simply goes on forever, from one madness into another. That whole tale is one series of epileptic fits, or what ever kind of fits those are in which people continually fall down. He absolutely runs the gauntlet of all possible relations between men and women. If there is any possible combination in this line that he has left undone I should like to know it.

The tenth edition of Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray" has sold out in France. The French were the first people to appreciate Wilde and probably they will give him his rank and place in literature as they did Poe. His prison record will make no difference to them; their own Paul Verlaine was a jail bird and a tramp and a general vagrant. He was as dirty and unkept as any other tramp, yet he wrote some of the most wierdly delicate and aesthetic poetry in the French language. Wilde's plays too have been successful in France. It's unfortunate that he was born in the British Dominions. Across the channel

he would have been in his proper atmosphere, but in England he was always an abnormal monstrosity. He wrote French fully as fluently as English. Some of his best poems were written in French.

English girls are objecting. They have been for some time, but the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage has brought things to a climax. They object to all their most eligible young men marrying Americans. It leaves them dead stock on the market. The London papers say that English girls have learned to play poker and billiards and drink foreign wines and sing broad songs and yet it is all in vain. The only remedy that I can suggest is to put a heavy duty on imported wives and that perhaps would bring the young baronets to time.

There is such a thing as fatality, an influence which guides a man all his life, that sticks to him closer than a brother, that sits above his grave when he is dead. Paganinni's bones have been exhumed for the fourth time since his death. Paganinni died unreconciled to the Roman church and bitterly hostile to the priests. His body was not allowed to rest in consecrated ground and for years was moved about from one place to another until his son at last obtained special permission from the Pope to bury his father in a cemetery. About two weeks ago it was moved again, and to the astonishment of all present at the opening of the tomb that great demon face was in an almost perfect state of preservation, those features worn by genius and sin were still the same. It is strange that he can not rest even in death, that great restless soul who wandered the world over frightening and enchanting the nations. Now fleeing from his own great career and lounging in the villa of his Tuscan Princess, a riband in his coat, twanging a guitar to accompany a woman's singing. Now silent and gloomy, living the life of a monk of the fifth century. Always from one extreme to the other. Always dreading loneliness, yet always tiring of love, weary of his roses before they were withered, sick of his wine as soon as the chalice had touched his lips. He hated Italy, yet was unhappy out of it, he distrusted men, yet was driven to seek them. He never found rest on earth except during those long heavy slumbers which followed his concerts. Even then perhaps his soul was out on the wings of the tempest, with the demons of darkness and spirits of storm. When he grew tired of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany and neglected her and insulted her beyond all forgiveness, she said to him, "it is your game here, God only knows why women love you, but they do. Here great women lose their souls for you and you trample them like dirt. But in the next world it will be ours. Those of us who are in Heaven will never let you enter there, and those of us who are in Hell for you will stand all day at the gates infernal and hold them shut against your soul." It looks as though the Duchess' rhetoric were coming true, and that great *Frankenstein* can not rest even in the grave.

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