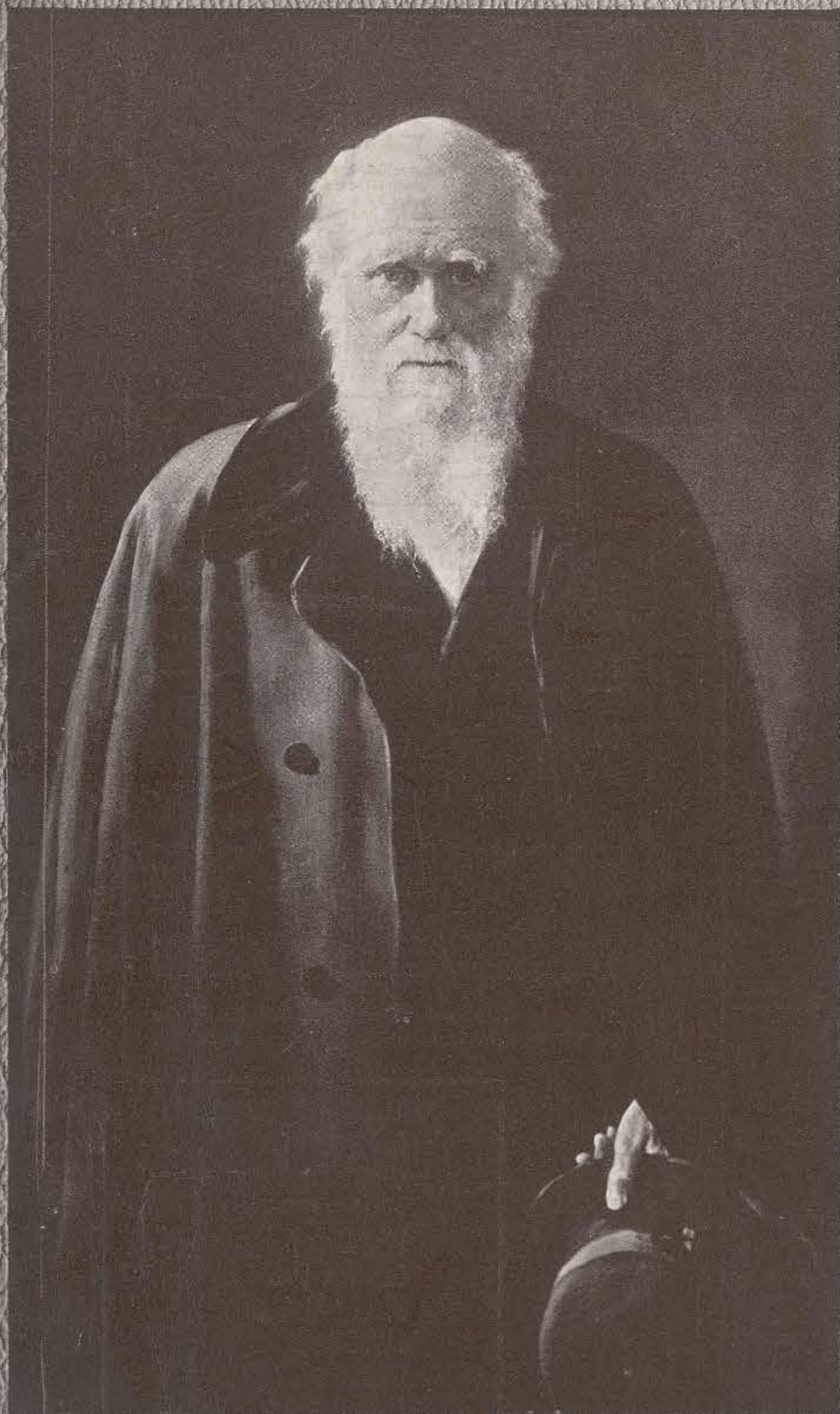


THE BOOKMAN

DARWIN CENTENARY NUMBER

FEBRUARY 1909



WITH
PRESENTATION
PLATE OF
MR. W. W. OULESS'S
PORTRAIT OF
CHARLES DARWIN

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SIXPENCE NET

LONDON · HODDER & STOUGHTON · WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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FEBRUARY, 1909.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The March BOOKMAN will be a FitzGerald Centenary Number, and will contain a special illustrated article on Edward FitzGerald by Arthur C. Benson.

The contents of the March BOOKMAN will also include an important article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," by Hector Macpherson; a "BOOKMAN Gallery" article on John Masefield, by Ashley Gibson.

The axiom concerning great men's sons does not hold good in the case of Darwin; four surviving sons of his are men of eminence. Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., is Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge, and has made valuable discoveries in meteorological science. Mr. Francis Darwin, who is a doctor of medicine and a distinguished botanist, has been Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society since 1903; he was his father's

assistant at Down, and after the latter's death, wrote a Life of him and edited his letters. Major Leonard Darwin was on the Staff Intelligence Department of the War Office; he served on several scientific expeditions, and after retiring from the Royal Engineers, sat as M.P. for Lichfield. He has written books on "Bimetallism" and on "Municipal Trade." Mr. Horace Darwin is chairman of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and an ex-Mayor of Cambridge.

An interesting literary event of this month is the Tercentenary of Sir John Suckling, who was born early in February, 1609. Handsome, witty, profligate; soldier, courtier and poet, Sir John fought under Gustavus Adolphus through some months of the Thirty Years' War, and was afterwards one of the most brilliant figures at the Court of Charles I. A gentleman of fortune, he raised a troop of horse in the King's service, but being involved in a conspiracy to rescue Strafford from the Tower, he fled to Paris and there, exiled and hampered by poverty, ended his life with poison at the age of thirty-four.

Suckling is one of the gayest and most daintily fanciful of that glorious company of Jacobean lyrists that includes Lovelace, Carew, Waller, and Herrick. Except for an occasional exquisite line,

THE READER.

CHARLES DARWIN.

By EDWARD CLODD.

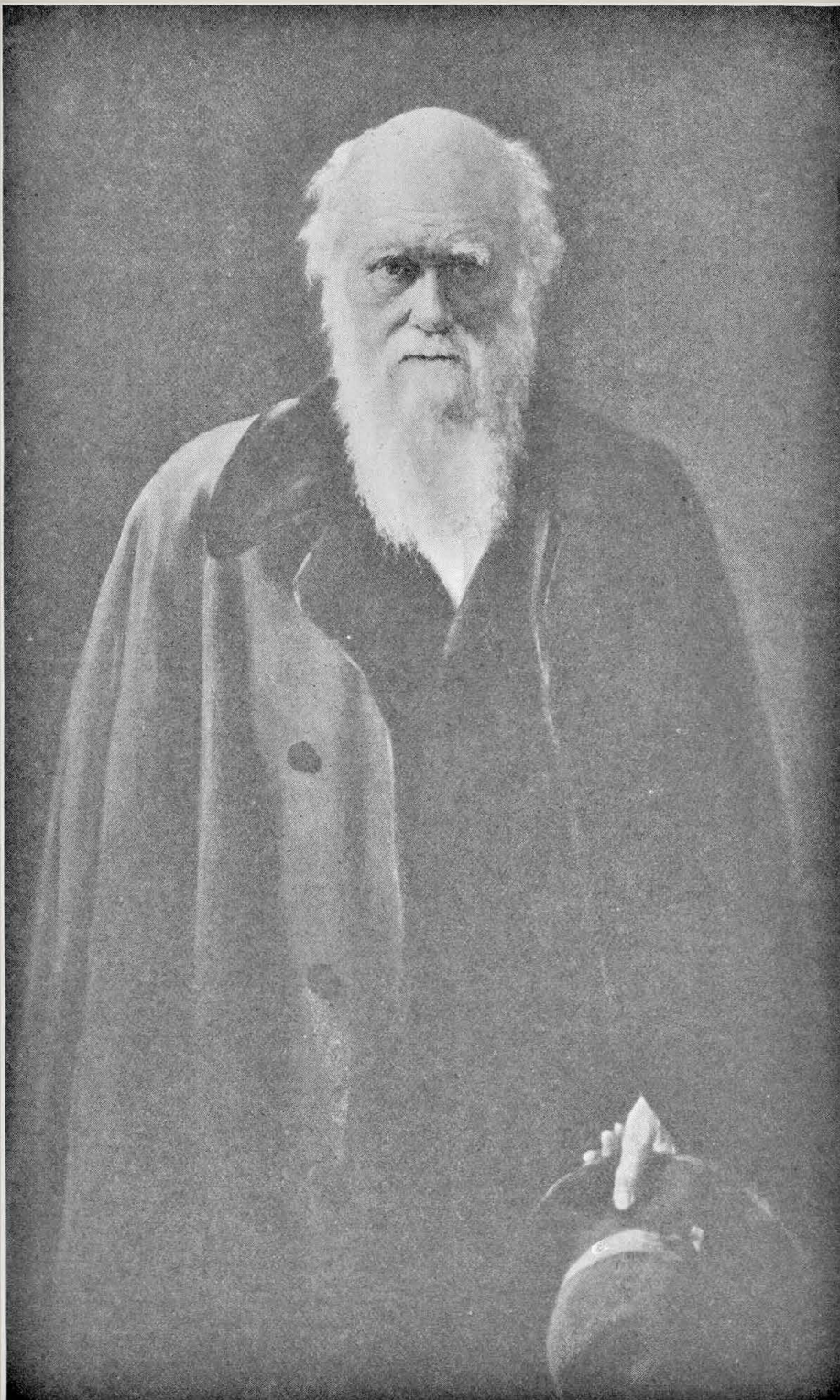
THE glory of the few to whom achievement has come should not eclipse their forerunners to whom the noble tribute of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is applicable: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them." Among these are the Ionian philosophers, whose speculations, now two thousand four hundred years old, and "cast into outer darkness during the millennium of theological scholasticism," were brought into the light and had their fruition in certainties arrived at within the last half-century.

Already, at the time of Darwin's birth, the scientific atmosphere was becoming charged with elements of change whereby beliefs long unchallenged were to pass away, new conceptions, based upon demonstrated truth, taking their place. The evidence of the spectroscope as to the chemical identity of the solar and other stellar systems; the proofs of an ordered succession of ancient life-forms, and of unbroken continuity between them and recent plants and animals — these, to name no other witnesses, paved the way for conceptions combining all things, living and not-living, under the term Universe, *i.e.* the turning of the many into one; the Greek *to pan*: the All. Hence, Darwin came into a world in large degree prepared for the solution of a problem, that of the origin of species, which had attracted the ironic Buffon, the orthodox Cuvier, the

courageous Lamarck, and, among Darwin's contemporaries, Hooker, Huxley, and Spencer; to all of whom the obvious resemblances in structure and function between organisms had suggested doubts as to their independent creation.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. His father was a doctor of some scientific repute; his mother, who died when he was barely nine, was a daughter of Wedgwood, the famous potter; his grandfather was the poet-biologist Erasmus Darwin, whose "Loves of the Plants" was parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin* under the title of "Loves of the Triangles," and in whose prose treatise, "Zoonomia,"

there are forecasts of theories of development and of the doctrine of heredity. Passing from the grammar school of his native town to Edinburgh University, he decided that medicine was not his forte, neither was he inclined to accede to his father's wish that he should enter the Church. It may be remembered, in passing, that a phrenologist, in examining the youthful Herbert Spencer's skull, divined therefrom his fitness for holy orders! Darwin's next move was to Cambridge, where he found redemption from the follies of youth—card-playing and drinking—in the sobrieties of science, the love of which, latent in his blood, needed only the opportunity for its exercise. Fortunately in his tutors and his friendships, he won quick repute as well equipped in



After the painting by the Hon. John Collier.

Charles Darwin.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

Darwin's Birthplace, Shrewsbury.

geology and natural history, with the result that, in his twenty-third year, he was recommended by Professor Henslow as volunteer naturalist of the *Beagle*, in which ship he sailed round the world, the voyage occupying from October, 1831, to December, 1836. His narrative of this cruise is in the front rank among travel-records, but its allusions to species show that he was still feeling his way towards belief in their mutability. Two or three more years were to pass before conviction came, because any workable theory was lacking. The suggestion which led to this was supplied by a parson. In 1838, Darwin tells us, he took up "for amusement" the Rev. Thomas Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," wherein is shown that the means of existence do not increase in the same ratio as the number of mouths, and, therefore, that in the inevitably resulting struggle for life, the weakest go to the wall. Consequently, a check is imposed on the increase.

Here was the key unlocking the problem, a key, by an odd coincidence, also used by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the surviving co-formulator of the theory of Natural Selection, who, during his sojourn at Ternate, in the Malay Archipelago, was led "to think of positive checks" by reading Malthus. The theory was applied to the whole organic kingdom. Everything therein varies; the saying, "as like as two peas," is true only superficially. And whatever plant or animal possesses a favourable

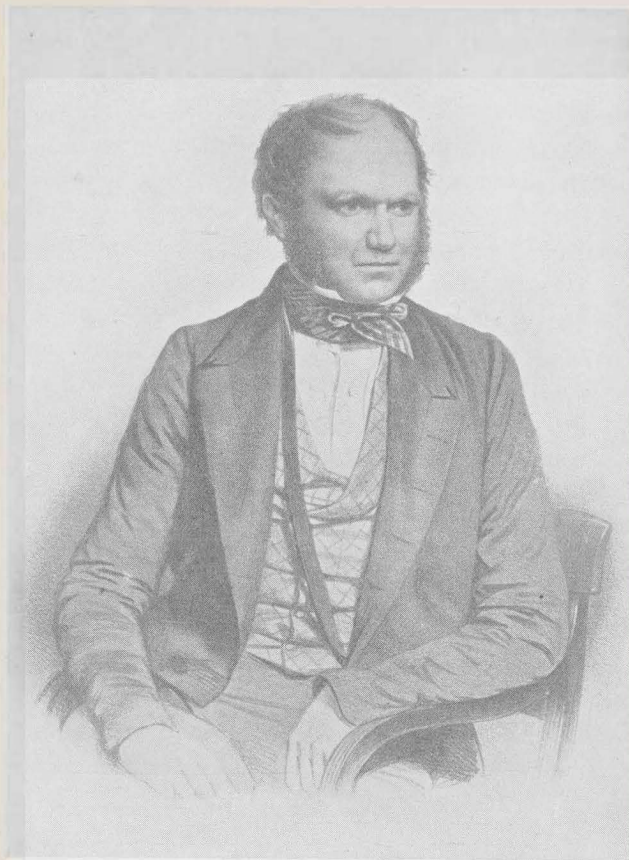
variation is to that extent better equipped for success in the struggle for existence, that war in which there is "no discharge." It is on these variations, the causes of which are obscure, that natural selection acts in the production of species, which, it is needful to remark, remain constant so long as the balance between themselves and their surroundings is undisturbed. For the keynote of evolution is adaptation, not ceaseless change in the organism, whereby it becomes something else. Here, there is no need for other than brief reference to the story how Darwin, having written an outline of his theory, named the matter to two or three select friends, and then patiently collected material for confirmation or otherwise of what was more or less speculative, was startled by receiving in June, 1858, a manuscript from Dr. Wallace, which contained his own theory, stated in terms almost identical with those used by himself. There was now nothing to be done but to make the matter public, and at a meeting of the Linnean Society an abstract of Darwin's manuscript, together with Dr. Wallace's paper, was read to an audience less excited than, under the novel circumstances, might have been expected. But there was no lack of excitement when, fifteen months later, "The Origin of Species" was published. Sir Joseph Hooker (still with us, a vigorous nonagenarian) was an early convert, and, to his credit, the late Canon Tristram appeared in enviable contrast



Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

**The Old School, Shrewsbury,
with the Statue of Darwin before it.**

This is the school which Darwin attended. It is now a Museum and Library.



An early portrait of Darwin.

After J. H. Maguire.

to the clerics of that time as among the first to accept Darwin's theory. Lyell rejected it, because he saw that its application to man was inevitable; Adam Sedgwick pronounced it "false and mischievous," but charitably hoped "to meet" its author "in heaven"; Whewell would not give the book a place on the shelves of Trinity College Library; Owen inspired Bishop Wilberforce in an onslaught in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein the theory was denounced as "incompatible with the Word of God" and an appeal made to Lyell "to shatter its flimsy speculations"; the *Athenæum* attacked it, and the *Daily Telegraph* urged the electors of Southwark not to return Professor Fawcett to Parliament, because he had reviewed "The Origin of Species" favourably in *Macmillan's Magazine*! To recite these things is to remind us how far we have travelled since 1859.

Briefly noting that Darwin married his first cousin in 1839 (the prejudice against such unions has no warrant where there is a clean bill of health on both sides) and that, three years after, he removed from London to Down, a village in Kent, where he lived until his death in April, 1882, we may pass to follow the fortunes of the theory which bears his name and gives it a foremost place in the annals of the mighty dead.

With some prevision as to the reception with which that theory might meet, he had only hinted in a passage at the end of the book that natural selection would "throw light on the origin of man and his history," and twelve years elapsed before he published the corollary under the title of "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." But the inevitable

sequel had been plainly set forth by Huxley in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," which appeared in 1863. He appears not to have heard of the meeting at the Linnean Society, of which he was not then a member, but the reputation he had won made his verdict on the "Origin" that for which Darwin most anxiously waited. It was emphatic. "I am prepared," he said, "to go to the stake, if requisite, in support of the chapters marshalling the evidence for evolution," and Darwin's delight expressed itself in willingness to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*.

Huxley, master of clear and vigorous English, presented the facts proving the descent of man and the higher mammals from a common ancestry, and, what was of profound significance, the evidence of an unbroken chain of psychical continuity between the lowest and the most complex life-forms, "even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect germinating" in the former. Nor did he stop there. Working further back, he added:

"I can see no excuse for doubting, in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, that all are co-ordinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will."

That faith he kept to the end; in the year before his death in 1895 he referred to Darwin's theory as one that "will modify the whole system of our thought and opinion and our most intimate convictions." In a letter which lies before me, dated November 18, 1892, Huxley says:

"I was looking through 'Man's Place in Nature' the other day. I do not think there is a word I need delete,



Darwin's home, 110, Gower Street, formerly 12, Upper Gower Street.

Here he lived from the time of his marriage in 1839 till his removal to Down, Kent, in 1842. Here he wrote his works on Coral Reefs, etc.

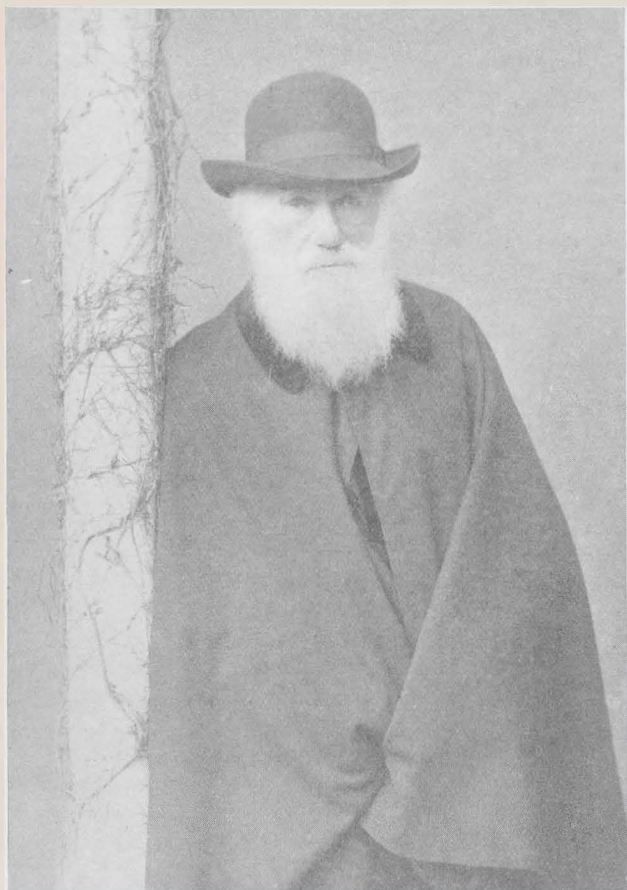


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Charles Darwin.

nor anything I need add, except in confirmation and extension of the doctrine there laid down. That is great good fortune for a book thirty years old, and one that a very shrewd friend of mine implored me not to publish, as it would certainly ruin all my prospects."

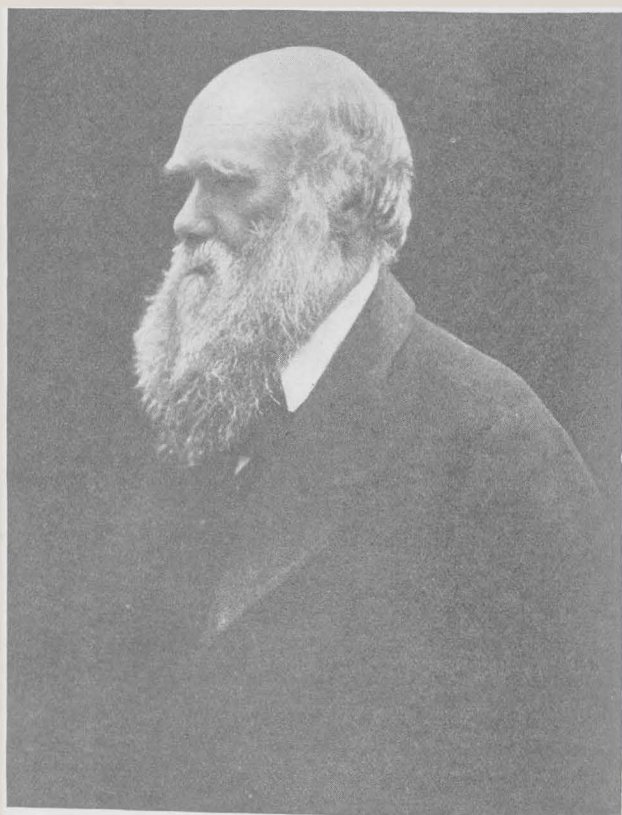
The shrewd friend was Sir William Lawrence, in whose "Physiology, Zoology, and Natural History of Man" theologians had detected heretical ideas, and it was on the ground that the book "contradicted the Scriptures" that Lord Eldon actually refused an injunction to protect the rights of the author against a pirated edition. To narrate how Huxley's book was received by polemic and obscurant is to repeat the story of the reception of "The Origin of Species." "Lyell's object is to make man old, Huxley's is to degrade him," said the *Athenæum*; while sermons, squibs, and satires were one in their aim, if varying in method. Mr. Courthope, confusing, like many others, the theories of Lamarck and Darwin, amused with his Aristophanic lines in "The Paradise of Birds":

"Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and more varieties struggled and bred,
Till one end of the scale dropped its ancestor's tail, and the other got rid of his head.
From the bill, in brief words, were developed the Birds, unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie,
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs, the Apes—and Professor Huxley."

But no opposition, serious or frivolous, could arrest the cumulative force of facts demonstrating that if the process known as evolution operates anywhere, it

operates everywhere, and that man can be no element of discord in a universal order which is alike his stimulus and safeguard. In forcing, as it were, Darwin's hand, Huxley rendered him enormous service. He prepared the way for the publication of "The Descent of Man," whereby the significant issues of the theory of natural selection were brought home to men's "business and bosoms." Significant, because affecting man intellectually and spiritually, as well as physically. Comparative anatomy has revealed fundamental identity between his mental apparatus and that of his nearest allies; comparative and experimental psychology have made evident identity of behaviour between him and them, and shown, in the words of Professor Baldwin, that "the development of mind in its early stages and in certain directions of progress is revealed most adequately in the animal." Continuity is thus proven in the psychical as in the physical; every faculty explicit in man is implicit in lower organisms. There are differences between them that can never be bridged, but they are differences of degree, not of kind. Articulate speech, that is, the association of certain word-sounds with certain ideas, is one of them. But animals communicate with each other, and the evolution of that part of the cortex of the brain wherein lies the speech zone in man is shown in the fact that it does not appear till shortly before birth, and is not fully developed until the end of the first year of infancy.

After marshalling the facts supporting the common descent of living things, and explaining the similitude between simian and human brains—the differences between those of man and ape being less than those between apes and monkeys—Darwin indicated the bearing of this upon the profound matters of man's



From a portrait in the possession of Mr. John Murray, and reproduced by his kind permission. Charles Darwin.

duty and destiny, round which thought revolves, centripetally tethered, as planet to the sun. He was not what is termed a moral philosopher, but what he has to say on the evolution of conscience or the ethical sense is a model of clearness with compactness. Every text-book on this subject is mainly an expansion of his lucid chapters wherein he expounds unbroken development from the throbs of the amœba to the emotions of man, and traces the origin of codes of conduct in the herd instinct. Society is possible only by the subdual of each individual to what the community determines is best for the whole.

Thus the doctrine is shown to be applicable to the

most momentous human interests, and the bringing of these into its pale was indirectly due, chiefest of all, to Darwin. For evolution, applied to cosmic processes, to cooling nebula and consolidating sun or planet, would have remained a fascinating study, but would never have become a guiding philosophy of life. It is in the extension of its processes as explanation of our social, political, ethical, and religious institutions that its abiding value consists, because it touches the heart of man. Hence, in the roll of that select company, who "having served their generation fell on sleep," and whose ashes repose in Westminster Abbey, the name of Charles Darwin will abide, undimmed in lustre.

RICHARD JEFFERIES AND LONDON.

BY EDWARD THOMAS.

THE development of Richard Jefferies as a country essayist may be said to have begun with his first long stay in the neighbourhood of London since he was a boy. The greater part of 1876, his twenty-eighth year, was spent at Sydenham, and about that time his earliest descriptive essays appeared in the *Graphic*. He must have gone up to find a suitable house near London, yet at the edge of the country, and to make sure of his newspaper connections. This was that bitter time of which he speaks in "The Story of My Heart," when it was necessary to be separated from his family. "There is little indeed," he wrote, "in the more immediate suburbs of London to gratify the sense of the beautiful.

Yet there was a cedar by which I used to walk up and down, and think the same thoughts as under the great oak in the solitude of the sunlit meadows." Early in 1877 he and his wife and child left Victoria Street, Swindon, for 2, Woodside, Surbiton. Woodside is a small block of whitish, stuccoed, flat-fronted houses of two storeys, just beyond the last shops and just before Douglas Road, on the right-hand side of the Ewell Road as you go to Tolworth by the electric tram. No. 2 is the second house towards Ewell, and has a poor small fir behind the railings of its front garden. It has been overtaken by London for some time, though its windows have a swelling leafy view of Hounslow, Richmond Park, and Wimbledon Common on one side, and of Hook, Chessington, Claygate and their woods on the other.

In his first spring there Jefferies was "astonished and delighted" by the richness of the bird life; he never knew so many nightingales. He saw herons go over, and a teal. Magpies were common, and he records ten together on September 9, 1881, within twelve miles of Charing Cross. There were the same happy greenfinches, his favourite birds, which "never cease love-making in the elms." The beautiful white bryony grew over the hedges. "Birds," he notes, "care nothing for appropriate surroundings." He was awakened by the workmen's trains in the March mornings, yet when he saw the orange-tinted light upon the ceiling, "something in the sense of morning lifted the heart up to the sun." Almost at his door was a copse of Scotch and spruce fir, hornbeam, birch and ash, now vanished, where he used to watch dove and pigeon, cuckoo, nightingale, sedge-warbler and missel-thrush; once a pair of house-martins built under his eaves, and the starlings were welcome though they dammed the gutter. Among many flowers, here was the fairest of those belonging to the Wiltshire downland, the "blue meadow geranium" or cranesbill. He was the first to point out that the flowers have sought sanctuary on the railway cuttings and embankments.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson,
Burnley.

Statue of Darwin in front
of the Old Shrewsbury School.

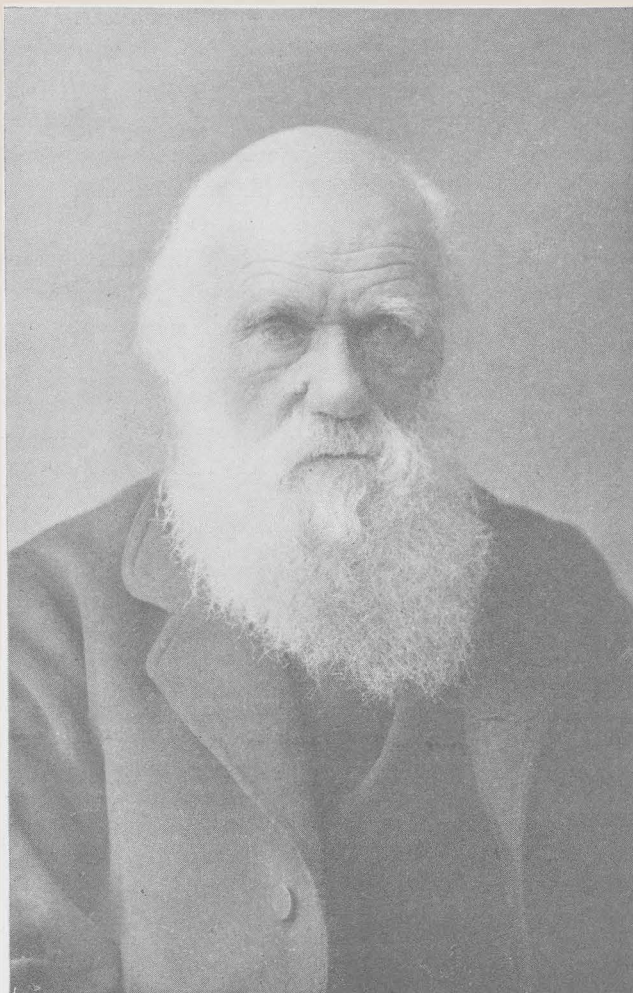


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A late portrait.

Charles Darwin.

The cart-horses of the neighbouring farms wore "the ancient harness with bells under high hoods, or belfries, bells well attuned, too, and not far inferior to those rung by handbell men." The farmhouses, the stone staddles for the corn-ricks, were old; so, too, the broad and red-faced labourer with fringe of reddish whiskers. "Could we look back three hundred years, just such a man would be seen in the midst of the same surroundings, deliberately trudging round the straw ricks of Elizabethan days, calm and complacent though the Armada be at hand." There was a village shop, among cherry and pear orchards—"the sweets and twine and trifles are such as may be seen in similar meadows a hundred miles distant."

It was no wonder, then, that Jefferies kept his love of walking, though Northern Surrey has not the same temptations to long walks as the Downs. He walked regularly for an hour and a half in the morning, and for the same time in the afternoon, and would rise from his work at odd times to stroll round Tolworth. He liked to repeat his walks again and again as he did in Wiltshire. "From my home near London I made a pilgrimage almost daily," he writes, "to an aspen by a brook"; and this would probably be the Hogsmill near Tolworth Court Farm. By those walks he not only escaped from the "constant routine of house-life, the same work, the little circumstances regularly recurring," which "will dull the keenest edge of thought," but could repeat his prayer, his "inexpressible desire of physical life,

of soul life, equal to and beyond the highest imagining of his heart."

He visited Kew for the enjoyment of its silence as well as for study. He rowed on the Thames at Teddington and Molesey, and showed himself a good citizen by his protest against the destruction of the fauna and flora of the river and its banks. Londoners, he thought, "should look upon the inhabitants of the river as peculiarly their own. . . . I marvel that they permit the least of birds to be shot upon its banks." But having known the Wiltshire fields and been friendly with the nearest keeper and the farmers, he would have nothing to say to preservation "by beadle."

Nevertheless, "the inevitable end of every footpath round about London is London." He describes how he saw the London atmosphere come drifting one July day, "a bluish-yellow mist, the edge of which was clearly defined, and which blotted out distant objects and blurred those nearer at hand." The influence of London was everywhere. The elms were frequently spoiled by being used as posts for wire fencing; sewers carried away the water from some roots, and gas leaking from the pipes could do no good. And he saw foreign shrubs and trees, the emblems of sudden riches, rhododendron and plane especially taking possession of gardens, where he longed to see oaks and filbert walks. He missed the Downs: "hills that purify those who walk on them there were not. Still, I thought my old thoughts."

But with London itself it was different. London is one of the immense things of the world, like the Alps, the Sahara, the Western Sea; and it has a complexity, a wavering changefulness, along with its mere size, which no poets or artists have defined as they have, in a sense, defined those other things. Huge, labyrinthine, dense, yet airy and plastic to the roving spirit, it troubles the midnight stars and conspires with the winds and the setting sun to colour and mould the clouds. It is an epitome of the world, of "other people," and, plunging into it, the mind ranges through the humiliations or oblivions of insignificance to all the consolations and even triumphs of preserving its own integrity there, perhaps even—for some moments—the bliss of gliding as a wave in the world-mind that towers and roars and foams here with beauty and shipwreck and curious flotsam on its tide. London, except in paltry ways to lungs and feet, ends by overcoming any fanciful sense of the incongruity of towns with Nature. And that, too, not because of the excellent skies over it, the river, the wind in the smoke, the rain on the face, nor because of the fine grass that will grow through the grilles in the pavement round the trees by the National Portrait Gallery and the Gaiety Theatre, or the dock and groundsell and grass that quickly adorn—as with the hand that beflowered Nero's grave—the crude earth and bricks of demolished buildings, but simply on account of its ancientness, its bulk, its humanity, and, arising out of these, its inevitableness as part of what the sun shines on. Of Aymer Malet in his novel of "World's End," Jefferies wrote: "Like all men with

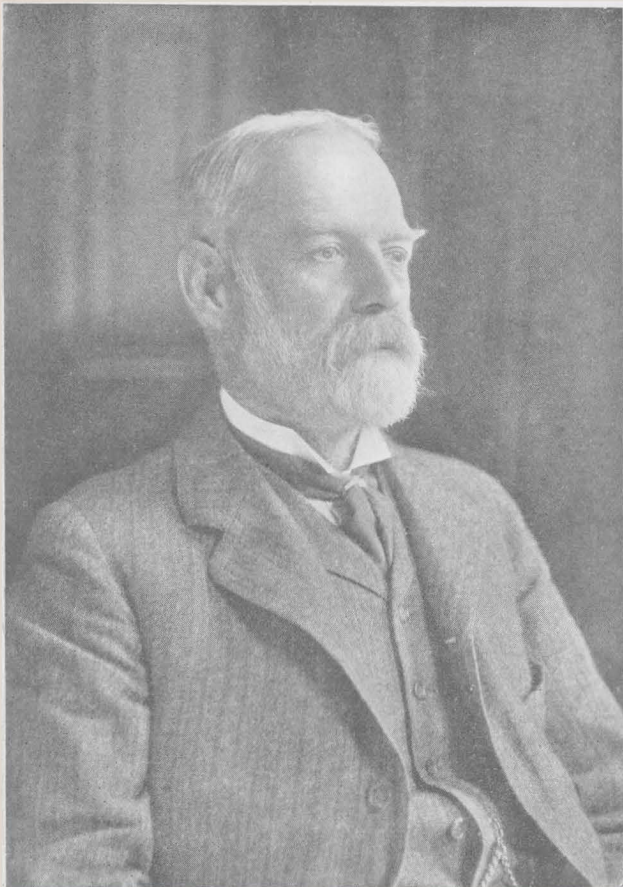


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B.

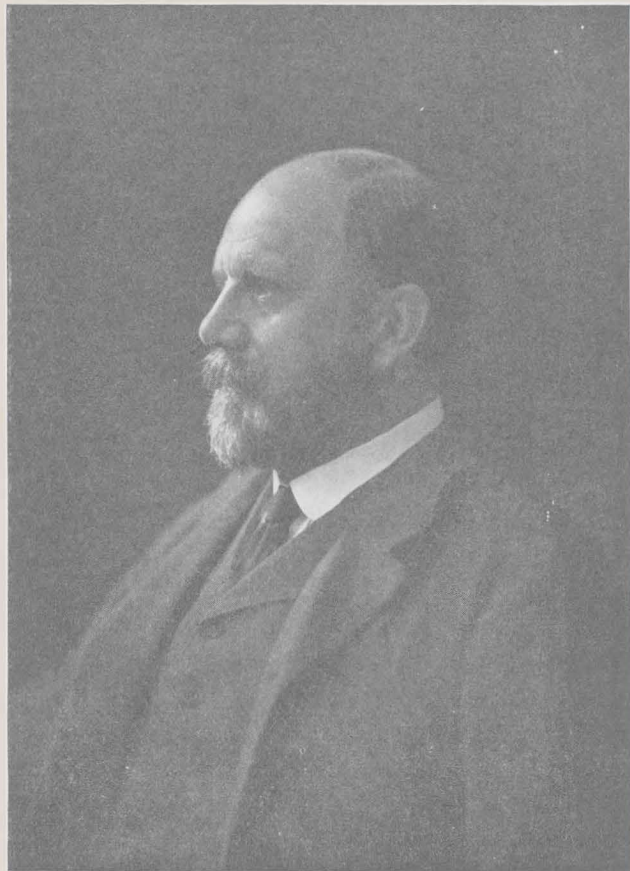


Photo by Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Mr. Francis Darwin.

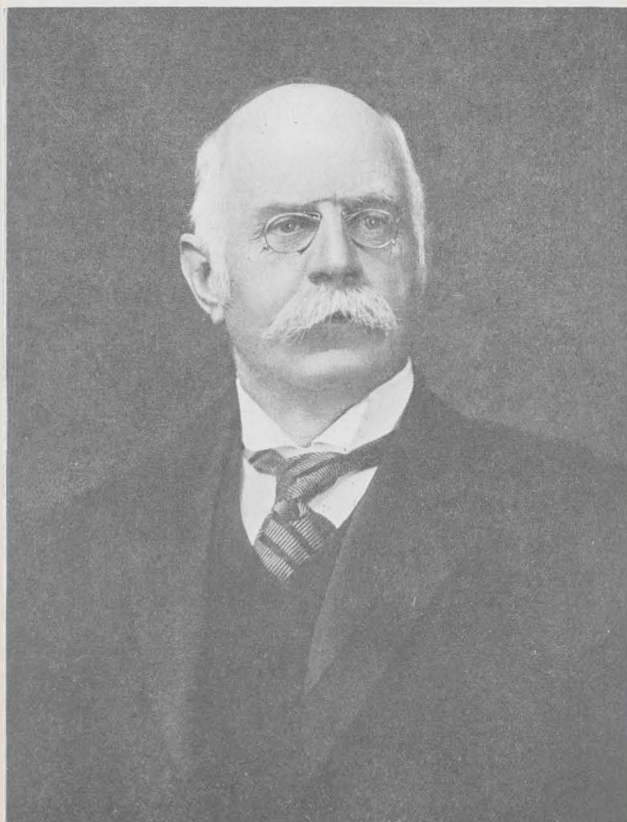


Photo by Thomson, 141, New Bond Street, W.

Major Leonard Darwin.



Photo by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. Horace Darwin.

FOUR SURVIVING SONS OF CHARLES DARWIN.

any pretence to brains, though he delighted in Nature and loved the country, there was a strong, almost irresistible desire within him to mingle in the vast crowds of cities, to feel that indefinable 'life' which animates the mass." He said himself: "I am very fond of what I may call a thickness of the people such as exists in London"; "I dream in London quite as much as in the woodlands"; "I like the solitude of the hills and the hum of the most crowded city; I dislike little towns and villages." In a crowd there is, too, a welcome distraction to one who knows that the hearts of most human beings can stand a longer siege than Troy, that every word is an arrow or a stone of defence if not offence, that families are secret societies

against humanity; especially to one who, like Jefferies, asked, "Has any one thought for an instant upon the extreme difficulty of knowing a person?" In one of his essays in "Nature near London," he shows that London fascinated him by itself, as well as from its power of such consolation. "It is the presence of man in his myriads," he wrote; "it is a curious thing that your next-door neighbour may be a stranger, but there are no strangers in a vast crowd. They all seem to have some relationship, or rather, perhaps, they do not rouse the sense of reserve which a single unknown person might." He continues: "Still, the impulse is not to be analysed; these are mere notes acknowledging its power"; the neighbourhood of the city induced "a mental, a nerve-restlessness" out in the Surrey fields;



Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.

Here he lived from 1842 till his death in 1882.

"the hills and vales, and meads and woods are like the ocean upon which Sindbad sailed; but coming too near the lodestone of London, the ship wends thither, whether or no. At least it is so with me, and I often go to London without any object whatever, but just because I must, and, arriving there, wander whithersoever the hurrying throng carries me." He tells us of seeing Jupiter and the stars as he came down the Haymarket, or in the Strand. He watched the differences of definition in the changing atmosphere with delight; the exquisite London fleetingness of impressions fortified his keen interest in the weather. He knew the sunsets from Westminster Bridge, "big with presage, gloom, tragedy," the light of winter and spring sunsets shining on the unconscious westward faces in

Piccadilly; once he watched the sunrise from London Bridge, and never forgot it. He dreamed in Trafalgar Square and by the portico of the British Museum. To live fixed in London was impossible to him; yet of London, simply as a gaudy, opulent place, he was no mean admirer. "Let the grandees go to the Opera," he wrote in "Amaryllis at the Fair"; "for me the streets." When he thought of the shops he was a hearty countryman in his enthusiasm.

London has the exuberance and carelessness of Nature herself. There is a wonderful, feverish glow, a romantic glow even, together with a sad penetration, when he writes of Fleet Street: "Let the meads be never so



Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.

View from the road. Darwin's study was in the building on the right.

sweet, the mountain-top never so exalted, still to Fleet Street the mind will return." He is, in fact, one of the great Londoners. On London Bridge and by the Royal Exchange he "felt the presence of the immense powers of the universe," felt himself "in the midst of eternity, in the midst of the supernatural, among the immortal." So great was his admiration that he called London "the only *real* place in the world."

"The cities," he continues, "run towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that

they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. . . . A house is not a dwelling if a man's heart be elsewhere. Now, the heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of man in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here and you are real."

It is not the least of the City's praises that it was part of the culture which made Richard Jefferies's mature work memorable.

THE PENALTIES OF FAILURE.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

"**W**HATEVER difference may appear in men's fortunes," says Rochefoucauld, "there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill that makes all equal"; a syllogism peculiarly applicable to denizens of the world of art. Thus, one man may succeed in making literature whilst at the same time failing to make a livelihood; and another man may gain riches and fame only at the sacrifice of his self-respect.

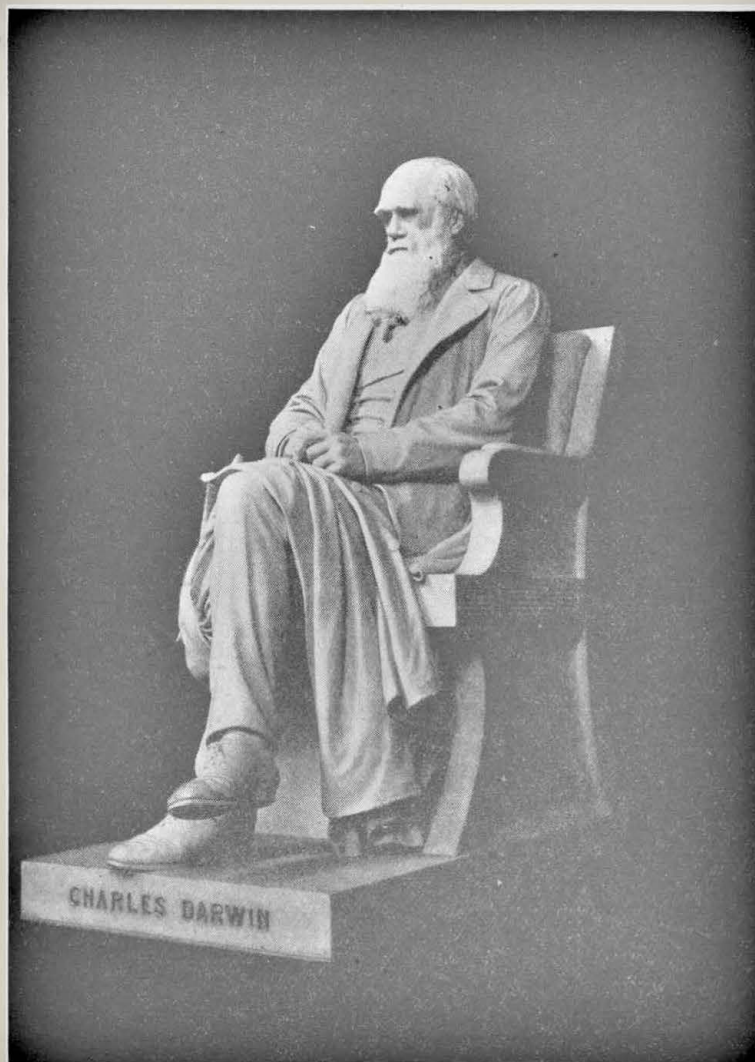
It will be sufficient for our present purpose, however, to assume that that author has failed who, though doing good work, is little known, and consequently has a difficulty in making both ends meet. And at the very outset it should also be made clear that the literary aspirant who never meets with any sort of acceptance cannot be said to have failed to the same extent as the writer who has attained to a position which seems to justify him in regarding literature as, incidentally, a means of maintenance. The one man has obviously mistaken his vocation; the other may be a writer of considerable talent, or even genius.

He has got his first book published: a comparatively easy matter. It does not (as we say)

sell; but it is well received by the critics, who acclaim it as a thing of promise and foretell a brilliant future for its author. On the strength of that recommendation editors will invite contributions from the flushed neophyte, whose work has, at any rate, the charm of novelty. The young author responds, does his eager, earnest best, and has the instant reward of seeing himself in print in half a dozen magazines during the first year of his literary career. He feels that he is now fairly launched on the flood-tide of success

and in a fair way to earn a sufficient competency by his pen. Meanwhile, he has done a second book, which is also published in due course, and well received—though not quite so enthusiastically as the first. This second book also fails to secure any large sale; but as yet the young author's reputation has suffered no irreparable injury. He has completed a year of literary life, has propitiated several editors, is known to and appreciated by a select band of readers, and has a small balance at his bank. The prospect appears golden.

Then there comes a little set-back. One of his short stories is returned by an editor, who has hitherto invariably taken his contributions, as being "not quite



Statue of Darwin in the British Museum, by Sir J. E. Boehm, unveiled in June, 1885.