interruptions, as the feuilleton of the *Aïdée*, a Provençal paper published at Avignon on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of each month, edited by Folié de Baroncelli-Javon, under the supervision of Frédéric Mistral. The translation into French is announced to appear next October, under the title of "Les Mémores d'un Valet de Ferme." A preface is promised, in which Daudet will give to the public his views concerning the Provençal renaissance of to-day. The edition in French will be in three parts, entitled respectively “The Child,” “The Youth,” “The Man.” Dento & Co. of Paris will be the publishers.

New York, May 12, 1894.

CATHARINE ANN JANVIER.

Henry Morley’s “English Writers”

To the Editors of The Critic:

It strikes me as most remarkable that neither in your notice of the death of Prof. Henry Morley nor in that of the Sun is there any mention whatsoever of his great work, which is more truly monumental than the majority of publications to which that term is generally applied to his "English Writers," which he calls in the sub-title "An Attempt towards a History of English Literature." Ever since I had the privilege of reviewing earlier volumes of this series for the now defunct *Sun-States Press*, which was published in the village that I was honored to have felt the deepest admiration for the stupendous task and a fear lest its accomplishment were an impossibility. That sub-title always seemed ominous. And now it is only an "attempt," but a grand one, for the ten or twelve volumes to which the series has reached form a permanent part of every true library in English literature.

W. Patterson Atkinson, Instructor in English.
St. John’s Military School, Manlius, N.Y., 21st May, 1894.
[The successive volumes in Mr. Morley’s series of “English Writers” have been reviewed, as they appeared, in these columns. Ed. Critic.]

A Yellow Impertinence

The *Yellow Book* is the Oscar Wilde of periodicals. With enough cleverness to be successful by legitimate methods, Mr. Wilde preferred to attract attention with his long hair and skin-encased calves. It is the same with the *Yellow Book*. Its contributors and illustrators are clever enough to catch the public attention by serious endeavor, but its editors prefer to attract more sudden attention by mountebank methods. Both Mr. Harland and Mr. Beardsley are young men, and their attitude is that of one who sticks his tongue in his cheek at the public—and who has a great deal of cheek to stick in it.

Mr. Harland is enough of a writer himself to know that Mr. Max Beerbohm is “A Defence of Cosmetics” is a vulgar and impertinent article that has no place in a self-respecting periodical. Not only does he offend our moral sense by declaring that all women should paint their faces, but he offends our literary sense by the tone of the use of words.

Mr. Beardsley, on the other hand, in the ascendency of the rouge-party, is able to tell the customer that he can “rubid trip the cockawhop.” What stuff is this? Has the “cockawhop” gone from Mr. Max Beerbohm’s heels to his head? Another impertinence is “Stella Maris,” by Arthur Symons. There would be much more reason for Messrs. W. F. Smith & Co. refusing to circulate the *Yellow Book* with this poem in the gutter, than for the “first-class” newspapers refusing to circulate “Esther Waters.” The gayer is celebrated in prose by Mr. Crackanthorp, a young man who, when he writes of depravity, which he usually does, leaves nothing to the imagination. By the weak he is called “strong,” by the strong—but what do the strong and Mr. Crackanthorp agree among the many literary contributors? Neither of them appears to great advantage, and the fact that they have lent themselves to the making of this quarterly only shows that amiability makes strange bed-fellows.

The art of the *Yellow Book* is mostly humorous. That merry joker, Aubrey Beardsley, is at his funniest. His title-page, his portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, his “Night Piece” are deliciously funny. He can say a good deal with a very few strokes of the pencil. A clever fellow, but given to extravaganza. The best thing among the art contributions to the *Yellow Book* is the Portrait of Lady Charles W. Furse. As for the rest, they are mere sketches. The amount of attention that this periodical has attracted is proof, if any were wanted, that the mountebank in his motley can call the crowd; but is that all that the editors of this quarterly are aiming at? Have they yet to learn that notoriety is not fame? They claim that the *Yellow Book* is the embodiment of the modern spirit. If this be true, then give us the good old-fashioned spirit of Harper’s, The Century and Scribner’s, whose aim is to please intelligent people, and not to attract attention by “tripping the cockawhop” in public. (Boston: Copeland & Day.)

Stanley J. Weyman

The author of “A Gentleman of France,” reviewed in The Critic, of April 14, whose historical novels have placed him in the first rank of contemporary writers of fiction, was born at Ludlow, Salop, in 1853. He took his degree of B.A. at Christ Church in 1878, was for a period classical instructor in the King’s School, Chester, and then read for the bar, being called in 1881. He continued to practice till 1893, with the exception of the year 1885, which he spent travelling, often on foot, in France, Spain, Morocco and the Barbary States; in 1890 he visited Egypt, Italy and Sicily. His first important work, “King Pepin and Sweet Clive,” was published in The Cornhill in 1883. “The Story of a Courtship” appeared almost simultaneously in The English Illustrated; he continued for some years to contribute regularly to these two periodicals, his stories being of the Trollope school. In 1883, he wrote a long novel of the same kind, which was “returned with thanks” by innumerable publishers and finally destroyed by the author. The plot he utilized again, however, in “The New Recker,” published in 1891. In 1897, “The House of the Wolf” appeared in The English Illustrated. It was then published in book-form by the Longmans, after having gone the rounds of the other publishers in vain. It was at once successful, being translated into French and also reprinted in The Taurachitz Library. “Francis Cludo” appeared in The Leisure Hour, and was published in 1891. His *magnum opus* thus far, “A Gentleman of France,” was published last year, and has since been followed by “Under the Red Robe,” which appeared serially in The Illustrated London News, and has just been issued in book-form, and by another serial, “My Lady Rotha,” now running in the Sunday edition of The New York Sun.

Mr. Weyman has always been a voracious reader, according to a sketch in the April Book-buyer, from which the above details have been taken. He began with Charlotte Brontë before he was twelve years old, and his father used to give him sixpence for each volume of Maclay’s history that he read, but he says that he never lost of history beyond the dates of the kings of England when he left school. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, and numbers among his favorites “Quentin Durward,” "Martin Chuzzlewit," Thackeray’s “Christmas Books," "Lorna Doone" and King’s “Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlin.” He thinks the history of France more picturesque than that of England, its scenes more dramatic and its characters full of romance. The scope of a novel is, according to him, “properly limited to providing sound, wholesome amusement. The novelist should not strive either to preach or to prove, but merely to portray.”