ficent activities. Yet there is much in the intensive study of that one phase to exhibit the essential nature of the man. One is disconcerted to find the person who had boasted that when he had crossed the Styx,

> "S'ils ont de préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres,"

so bound by racial and personal prejudice; and one is dismayed to discover this rugged old fighter for "enlightenment" and "justice" so inconspicuous, in literary dealings, for common honesty. Yet one who reads the record attentively will discern how little of this seeming mendacity arose from intentional deceit, how much was referable to the spontaneous activity of the "literary temperament." Indeed, Shakespeare and Voltaire might with advantage be assigned as collateral reading for the many earnest students of Mr. Barrie's Tommy.

But after all it is the mighty genius of Shakespeare — winning his way by the resistless compulsion of his art through prejudice and hostility to men's regard — which dominates the imagination of the reader. The final impression is pretty much that contained in the fine paragraph which Professor Lounsbury quotes from Maurice Morgann's Essay on Falstaff. Morgann, it will be remembered, was the accomplished and modest gentleman who had the singular felicity and distinction of hearing from Dr. Johnson's lips the words: "Sir, I have been thinking over our dispute last night. You were in the right." Fully as right as that forgotten contention has proved to be the prophecy which must have seemed but sound and fury to so many of his contemporaries:

"When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Appalachian Mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciola shall resound with the accents of this barbarian. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of Lear be alleviated, or the charms and wit of Rosalind be abated by time." *F. G.*

Early Georgian England.

In the spring of 1725 a young gentleman of Lausanne, belonging to a Huguenot family who a generation earlier had found there a refuge from persecution, set forth on his travels. From England, where he remained more than five years, he wrote letters, then and long afterward found interesting by many readers in Switzerland, Voltaire among them. The youthful visitor had clear and very observant eyes, an open mind, and a simple, straightforward manner in recording his impressions which at once wins confidence, and his letters, now translated and edited by the wife of one of his descendants, have a quite living interest, as well as a somewhat exceptional value, as a picture of early eighteenth-century England.[1] Naturally, too, they throw side lights upon contemporary manners and customs on the other side of the Channel. "The English are very clean," says M. de Saussure, adding that not a day passes without their washing themselves, and that "in winter as well as in summer." He also declares that the amount of water they use in cleansing their houses "is inconceivable," and after giving details of this daily scrubbing, he records that "even the hammers and locks on the doors are rubbed and shine brightly," and more than once he refers admiringly to the Englishman's table, where the linen is always white, the silver brilliant, and, most surprising of all, knives and forks are changed "every time a plate is removed." And yet with all this lavish use of water "absolutely none is

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[1] *A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II.* The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family. Translated and edited by Madame van Muyden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: John Murray. 1902.

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drunk," not even by paupers. On ordinary occasions he finds that the English gentleman dresses far more plainly than the Frenchman, but his cloth and linen are always of the finest. That the lower classes should be so comfortably clad (and also shod) at once attracts his notice, as does the well-being of the peasant. He warns his friends that in mixing with a London crowd keeping holiday, it is best to eschew finery, else the stranger will be saluted with the cry of "French dog," their worst term of opprobrium. Reconstructors of early Georgian London are much inclined to lay stress on the ill-lighted streets, but this actual observer finds most of them "wonderfully well-lighted" all the night through. They are badly paved, but on either side is a smooth, raised path where one can walk pleasantly and safely however great the press of carriages and horses, — safely that is, if the "By your leave, Sir," of the chairmen is heeded, for these strong and skillful bearers go so fast that they cannot turn aside.

The visitor explores the town from end to end, noting the excellence of the houses, the opulence of the shops with their "magnificent" swinging signs, and also the pugnacity of the "lower populace" always ready to settle quarrels with their fists in fair fight. He even adventures to Bartholomew's Fair, not very different from the pandemonium of a century earlier, to the cockpit and the ring. Once he is at Tyburn, what time Jonathan Wild met his not unmerited doom, and remarks with approval that torture is not used, either at trials or executions. But these are the investigations of a traveler; his habitual way is that of the class called "civil, sober gentlemen." He does not find English comedy "at all refined or witty," but greatly admires their tragedies in "unrhymed verse," though they are too "bloody." He takes so lively an interest in all memorable pageants, that friendly readers are glad that he had a partial view of what he pronounces "the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is in any one's lot in life to witness." If he did not see the actual Coronation, nor hear the "fine and suitable sermon," or the greatest singers and musicians uniting in "admirable symphonies conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel," the processions and banquet tax all his powers of description.

There are deep shadows as well as brilliant lights in this veracious picture of the London where the Hanoverian Georges reigned and Walpole ruled, but nothing mars the writer's delight in the English country and its life, a life in which socially the country town still had a share. He rejoices in the Thames, "wide, beautiful, and peaceful," a waterway for the Londoners with its fifteen thousand boats. He can write understandingly, and entertainingly as well, of matters political, legal, and religious. The pride of the English he finds often is only reserve; they are more taciturn than the French by nature, but their friendship when proffered is sincere and can be counted upon. They are very brave, yet few of them are partisans of dueling. The liberty which their government affords "they value more than all the joys of life, and would sacrifice everything to retain it." Their freedom in writing on religious matters rather appalls the young Huguenot, who says that in any other country such books and their authors would speedily be consigned to the executioner. England is undoubtedly, he declares, the most happily governed nation in the world, and would be the most enviable were it not divided by different sects and parties, though he owns that in the opinion of many these differences preserve the liberties and privileges of the people.

The variety of points touched upon by M. de Saussure is as remarkable as his general accuracy in dealing with them. At once amiable and shrewd he proves an agreeable acquaintance, and it causes

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a twinge of regret that his departure from a country which otherwise treated him so hospitably should have been hastened by a never-forgotten disappointment. The family of the charming English girl whom he loved wisely and well would not consent to her marriage with an alien. One of the first English traits the visitor had noted was that foreigners in general were looked on with contempt, — he magnanimously adds that the wealth, plenty, liberty, and comforts which the English enjoy go far to justify their good opinion of themselves. Certainly César de Saussure was not classed by his many friends with the general, but Lausanne was far, very far, from London in 1730. *S. M. F.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Question of Orthography.

A RECENT writer to the Contributors' Club has confessed his affection for certain English words and dislike of certain others, and asked for sympathy in his preference. I fancy we all sympathize in the main, although we might not all hit upon the same antipathies. But I should like to go a step farther, and beg to know whether any one will agree with me in liking some ways of spelling better than others. The whole value of a word does not lie in its sound, nor yet in its meaning, nor in its association even. Though this last tempts me to pause and reflect how much association does have to do with the literary value of words. "Purple," now; I doubt whether any other color occurs so often in literature as purple, yet it is not only for the rich beauty of its syllables, but also for its hint of royalty. And then the heraldic colors — why do the poets choose them? Is sable more dark than black, or more yellow than gold? Nay, but at the sound of these words "the past shall arise," and all the panoply of the Middle Ages, monks and Crusaders and kings, march before us ,at the call of a magical word like "gules." "And threw warm *red* on Madeline's fair breast," — what were that line then?

But apart from beauty of sound or charm of suggestion, it also matters a good deal, to me at least, how a word looks. I wish I knew how many persons feel a difference between "gray" and "grey," for instance. To me they are two different colors, but I can get no authority for my fancy. The dictionary does not help out in the least, for after describing "gray" in its unimaginative way as "any mixture of white and black," it dismisses "grey" with saying coldly, "See GRAY (the correct orthography)."

After that rebuff I suppose it is very obstinate of me to continue to see any distinction between them, or anything in either beyond a mixture of white and black. But if they mean exactly the same thing, why don't the poets stand by one of them alone? Or if, since poets are a wingèd race who are not to be bound by rules of any kind, they have simply set down, hit or miss, whichever one they thought of first, am I then the only person whom they have befogged into thinking there is a choice between them? Does the dictionary mean to imply that Swinburne did not know what he was about when he wrote "Bird of the bitter, bright, *grey*, golden morn," or that Morris was merely suffering from the great man's inability to spell, when he sent "an old *grey* man" to inhabit his Dream? To my mind, that dawn of Swinburne's could not be half so cold, nor so early, nor so long ago, if grey had been spelled