Ivanhoe belongs to the class of
of fiction called historical romances.
The plot of the story is happily
suited to the unfolding of Scotts
peculiar genius. His talent for dyeing
dramatic situations and scenic ef-
fects finds here a rare opportunity.
Prince Johns attempt to usurp his
brothers crown and the timely return
of Richard Coeur de Lion from the
Holy Land are facts upon which
Scott has built an historical romance
and more a romance it is than
history. In the delineation of char-
acter he reflects only the surface.
Costumes, scenery, external alone
are exact; actions, speech, sentiments
are arranged in modern guise.
Time says of him thus "He is in history

as he is at Abbotsford, but on arranging points of view and trying walls the man will come in well there between the towers; here is a nicely placed breakfast; the ray of light which it throws back is pleasant to see on those red hangings."

With his strong love for people and for their society, as shown in the friendly entertainment given to hosts of friends at Abbotsford, he had no taste nor talent for searching into the depths of character. He was accustomed to look at men on the side presented in the drawing room and he asked no questions concerning that which they preferred not to disclose. And thus his own life was so nearly blameless without reproach that he was not moved by the knowledge of the presence of evil in himself to search for it in other people.

If you have never heard of a divine

Richmond, Ky.,
Jan 9th, 1890.

Plainfield Addition Co,
Castle Rock, Colo.:—
Dear Sirs,
Please send deed for
one of your lots to Miss
Adeline Francis Merritt

before, suddenly, should you find yourself in relation, in time incredibly short you will meet as many persons suffering from the same cause or who have friends who have or suffered that you will be forced to the conclusion that you have been unpardonably indifferent not to have known of this [illegible] which is as common as [illegible] or "La Grippe". This knowledge of the good things that life affords, left him no time for asking if life were worth living or for debating questions as trying. To him life was not a dark disease and he did not therefore meditate its cure.

If from the reading of Geo. Eliot or the still more realistic Balzac, we turn to Scott, we at once feel that we have left the presence of actual beings from whose lives

[illegible] may account for the still [illegible] certain [illegible]

the veil of conventionality has been torn away and left us to our gaze the actual struggles of a human soul with all its wondrous complexity of strength and weakness for a study of customs and manners.

One who is accustomed to look for a moral in all he sees or reads may with a little trouble find one in the story of Ivanhoe; but if the author set out with the purpose of "pointing a moral", he put as much stress upon "adorning the tale". That the moral is well concealed that in the midst of gold lace and the glitter of burnished armor. If I succeeded in finding the inner and larger meaning referred to in better suggestions it is this, the story and almost all - are purely in-

Thomas ~~Wolfe~~ inherited Puritanism and idealism ~~from his~~ ~~father~~. Cedric though in many ways a character to be admired, leaves his only son and dishonors the happiness of his ward the Lady Rowena in order that he may marry her to the cordid and vassalled Athelstan because the latter is a descendant of ~~Edward~~ Confessor, and the Grand Master of the Knights Templar is so absorbed with hatred for a Jewess that in the name of a religion that teaches charity is all he is about to have her burned in the most horrible manner.

It has been said that no milestone ~~so~~ voluminous and ~~so~~ male minded as Scott is so little apolid. This ~~is~~ accounts for

by the fact that he is not given to moralizing or by giving his reflections upon the conduct of his characters. Brian de Bois-Gilbert and most of his fellow knights use religion as a cloak in which to cover their own lusts and appetites the Grand Master subdues the flesh and is intensely religious as he understands religion. We are not bored by the author which is admirable.

Gilbert and his fellows speak of women always as the lightest prey of unhallowed passion, Ivanhoe is as pure as Rebecca. Here again the Author is content to present the picture and leave the reader to make his own comment. But whatever preference recent critics may give to

In the analytic school of novelists, it seems to me that we can not afford to do without Scott. The young at that hopeful imaginative stage need him. If he sees the faults of his kind he does not ever after destroy the hope that the next may be redeemed. If — Gilbert was shocked it was not with the wickedness of Titi, Mandeville or Arbaces, he must have as well as sad and had the grace to die ere performing the act for which he could not otherwise have been forgiven.

In style Scott is easy rather than energetic. He tells his story right out with no more manner — save that was natural to the gentleman of his time. His words follow each other with delightful rhythmical effect. In some instances passages

as he is at Abbotsford, but in arranging points of view and foliage backs. The moon will come in well there between the trees, here is a nicely placed beautiful, the ray of light which it throws back is pleasant poem in these old hanging up."

With his strong love of his kind and friendly as displayed in the host of friends who decided friendly entertainment at Abbotsford, he had no taste nor talent for searching into the depths of character. His keen relish for the good things real life afforded left him no time for asking is Life worth living? or for detailing questions so crossing.

Apt from the reading of Geo. Eliot or the still more ridiculous Goldsmith, in him he beat, we at once feel that we have left the presence of actual beings from whose lives the veil of conventionality has been torn away

might with little effort be brought into good repute.

The humour is natural, but I should say of a very high order, humour such as we might expect from a King's Jester, the gentleman Athletan and the Commercial Prior Jack, Compared with Irelands it is broad.

In Franhoe as in all his writings Scott shows his eager sympathy with the feudal virtues and his biographers repeatedly tell us that his enjoyment rises to the thrill of a distinct pride if an historical family, that he thought with a smile of the distant generation who voted for their ancestor Sir [illegible] first baronet of Abbotsford