NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOAH WEBSTER.

NOAH WEBSTER. by HORACE E. SCUDDER. 8vo. pp. 302. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is one of those books of minor and condensed biography which are now in fashion—somewhat fuller than the notices of a biographical dictionary, and rather critical estimates like those which might be found in a quarterly review. Mr. Scudder gives us a good deal of his own moral and philosophical reflection, for which those who like such things will be much obliged to him; but the main interest of the book is in such biographical glimpses as we may get of a man who would probably have been remarkable in any age, and who was particularly remarkable in his own. Small as the book is, there is too much writing in it; but it fixes facts and dates, and may be regarded as preliminary to something better and fuller by and by.

Dr. Webster was a true scion of the old New-England stock. Upon his mother's side he was a descendant of William Bradford, the Plymouth Governor. The clever boys of New-England families were then sent to college, and Noah Webster naturally entered Yale College in 1774. His studies were somewhat interrupted by the Revolution; but he succeeded in graduating. Afterward he taught school and studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1781. In 1782 he kept a classical school at Goshen, N. Y., and there "compiled two small elementary books for teaching the English language." In 1783 he published his "First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language," followed in the course of the next two years by the second and third parts. The First Part was the basis of the spelling books which he afterward published. He had an idea that Americans should have school books of their own, and he based his compilations upon this. He adhered to this when he published his Reader, and many of the selections are from American writers and orators. His books were popular enough to make him feel the need of a copyright law, and to secure this by the legislation of the several States he studied assiduously, Congress under the Confederation having no power to protect literary property. It did not enact a copyright law until 1790. The Spelling Book, as everybody knows, was enormously successful. In 1847, twenty-four million copies of the book had been published, the sale averaging one million per annum. Upon this Dr. Webster received a premium for copyright of five mills a copy, and it was the profits arising from this book which, during the twenty years in which Dr. Webster was engaged upon the "American Dictionary," supported him and his family. Subsequent to the Revolution Webster won no little reputation as a political writer and pamphleteer. In 1786 he went to Philadelphia, at the invitation of Franklin, and stayed there a year, teaching an Episcopal academy, and taking a great interest in the debates of the Constitutional Convention. He established *The American Minerva* newspaper in New-York in 1793,—a paper devoted to the defence of General Washington's Administration. *The Minerva* was continued for five years, and then abandoned as unprofitable. Afterward he was engaged in various scholarly enterprises, and particularly in his revised version of the Holy Scriptures, in which he anticipated some of the conclusions of modern revisers.

But all this time Webster's studies were gravitating toward lexicography. He published "A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language" in 1806, which contained five thousand more words than could be found in the best English compends. This was accompanied by a promise of a fuller and completer work. In 1824 he went to Europe for the purpose of consulting men and books. He worked for some time at Cambridge, finding "rather barren sympathy from English scholars, and small encouragement from English publishers." He finished the Dictionary at Cambridge in January, 1825. He says: "When I arrived at the last word, I was seized with a tremor that made it difficult to proceed. I, however, summoned up strength to finish the work, and then walking about the room I soon recovered." Three years after his return to America the Dictionary was republished. It underwent one revision at the author's hands in 1840, and he was still at work upon it when he died in 1843. Indeed, the work of preparation, revision and publication occupied the rest of his life. He made an abridgment in octavo, and compiled a "Dictionary for Schools, Counting Houses and Families." He was constantly revising the "Spelling Book." He issued new editions of his "History of the United States," his "Teacher," his "Improved Grammar"; and he prepared a "Manual of Useful Studies." He worked to the last. On the 28th of May, 1843, death surprised him at his labors, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, "surrounded by his family, and cheerful with the sense of a full life and of Christian trust and expectation."

Mr. Scudder's book will doubtless awaken a good deal of popular interest. No name is more familiar to the American public than that of Dr. Webster. His Dictionary is considered almost a necessary thing in every American household; and those who daily consult its pages will be glad to know more of one whom they have been accustomed to regard as a benefactor.

PATRICK HAMILTON. A Tragedy of the Reformation in Scotland, 1528. By T. F. JOHNSTON. 16mo. pp. 133. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, MDCCCLXXXII.

If anything were wanting to convince us that we are in the midst of a poetic period which is not productive of poetry, it is just such a performance as Mr. Johnston's tragedy. Not to admit that it possesses an uncommon degree of ability would be as absurd as to deny that that ability is lavishly and wasefully expended. It has the defects of the present school of English verse, in that its manner is better than its matter, for, with the exception of a few solecisms, it is written throughout in good English—harmonious, reasonable, scholarly English. It has, however, two faults, which are not to be condoned; it is in no sense, or in only the shallowest sense, dramatic, and it is steeped through and through with modernness. A tyro in dramatic reading might, perhaps, create for himself, in the reading, a faint idea of the personalities of its seven characters, but with this clew in his hand, supposing that possible, the tyro could not say to which of these characters any speech that might be read at random belonged, and in whose mouth it would be eminently fitting. Nor could an expert tell. They all talk alike—in the same mellifluous verse, with the same tropes and figures, and to the same expected end. Mr. Johnston cannot conceive characteristically, as the old dramatists did—the smallest of them more characteristically than Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne—and as one of the young masters, an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," Thomas Lovell Beddoes, sought to conceive his shadowy abstractions. An extract from one of his early note-books, written a year or two after the death of Keats, of whom it reminds us, ought to be studied by Mr. Johnston before he begins another tragedy. Here is what drifted through the mind of this child of Marlowe: "The words of each speaker to be, if possible, always characteristic: *e. g.*, those of *Leonigild*, deep, dark and treacherous, with an occasional simulation of candor, varied by bursts of venomous sarcasm and unholy ridicule, with a roughness of phrase. *Ziba:* solemn, antique, mysterious and authoritative, with an antiquity of phrase. *Melchoir:* rude, coarse and daring. *Luca:* the prose of a foolish old man. *Aurelio:* poetical from love or indignation; impassioned, with cadences of gentler feeling. *Armisia:* of more gentle innocence; soft and poetical, ascending to pure sublimity of feeling at the end. *The king:* majestically high; in adversity confiding in his fortune. *Marcia:* bold and ambitious, wordily so. Eight or nine variations to be observed." For the rest of the extract, which is equally weighty, we must refer the reader of this to the Posthumous and Collected Poems of this wonderful young man, who, quitting the worship of Apollo for that of Æsculapius, spent the last twenty years of his life in Germany, and passed out in the Unknown in unmelodious silence.

A few examples of the modernness of feeling and phraseology in Mr. Johnston's tragedy will suffice. We shall not comment upon them further than by saying that they are supposed to be appropriate to the discourse of sundry men and women of Scotland, an Abbot, an Archbishop, a Prior and a lady of rank, in the year 1528:

"No, no, Archbishop, act! *let not things slide.*"
"How *art rich* and how perfected a work!"
"*How sweet is life with nature, friendship, art,*
And the great thoughts that live for us in books!"
"And see more: *that life moves to some great end.*"
"'Tis Sabbath now: o'er all the prayerful *scene.*"
"Breaks down the tomb's dark wall, and *opens out*
Reaches of far *perspective* to our sight."
"Of that sweet household, *that most novel place.*"

The note of modernness, or which we might present other specimens from the dialogues, is struck still more strongly in the lyrical portions of this tragedy. As in the *solus*-song of Hamilton, on the deck of a ship in mid-ocean, of which this stanza is a fair specimen:

"Gone my keen zest for things human,
Heat book of longing and hate—
Calmness impartial succeeding
Where passion was late."

Or this song of Hamilton's betrothed, Isabel, in a wood near a mansion:

"Night-thes with all her blinded brood,
Within her arms lying,
And timid things on muffled wings
In her cold shadow flying."

Or this song, which the sister of Hamilton is supposed to sing in the distance:

"Soon cruel winter comes blowing so cold,
Blighting the blossom and shedding the leaf;
Soon cruel change comes, as ever of old,
Bringing the glad heart a grief."

We are disposed to allow the greatest possible license to a dramatic poet; but all the same, we demand that his work should be, if only in a loose sense, in keeping with itself. We do not insist that Hamilton, his betrothed, or his sister, should sing, or speak, the broad Scotch which they probably used, and which one of their future monarchs certainly wrote fifty odd years later; but we insist, we demand—we have a right to demand—that any lyrical utterance of theirs should have a certain archaic flavor, if not in feeling, yet in diction and rhythm, especially in rhythm, and should not remind us of Shenstone, or the famous Person of Quality. Whether Hamilton was familiar with poetic literature is not indicated, either in the tragedy, its preface, or its notes, but as he sings we have, perhaps, the right to suppose so, and supposing so, with what poetic literature was he likely to be familiar? Waiving the classic poets, which a student at Louvain and Paris, a Master of Arts, a resident of St. Andrew's and an Abbot, could not well help knowing; and waiving also the Italian poets, which were beginning to be read in the British Isles; what English or Scottish poet might have come in his way? Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate might, James the First, Henryson, Dunbar might; possibly the Bishop of Dunkeld might; but in none of these could he have found any indications of such hop-skip-and-jump measures as disfigure his lyrics. There is—let us say, and have done with it—a sort of lyrical movement in his blank verse, which Scotticisms excepted, is a well-modulated specimen of the long drawn sweetness of modern English; but which, nevertheless, marches on with a jaunty strut, which is laughably suggestive of the long tumultuous roll of the early dramatists, notably of Massinger. Mr. Johnston conceives conscientiously, though not characteristically, and executes fluently and fervently, with a grace, a picturesqueness, and a loveliness which almost reaches the beautiful. But he is not a poet, or only another among the crowded company of literary, æsthetic, bric-a-brac British bards.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY.

The most notable article in this number of *The Century*, which is otherwise of even and remarkable excellence, is naturally Mr. Emerson's essay on "The Superlative." It is a cheerful and manly plea for the simplicity of absolute truth, for the grace of exactness. There is a superlative temperament, he complains, which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation:

Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk sometimes with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phœnixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate, because you have got or have not got a shoestring or a wafer you happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken; that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker lose a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskilful dreamers. From want of skill to convey quality we hope to move admiration by quantity. Language should aim to describe the fact. It is not enough to suggest it and magnify it. Sharper sight would indicate the true line. 'Tis very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences, all exquisite, intense and tremendous—"The best I ever saw"; "I never in my life!" One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a grimalkin; nor each unpleasing person a dark, diabolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations, nor ecstasies, our daily bread.

The superlative is as good as the positive, if it be alive. If man loves the conditioned, man also loves the unconditioned. We don't wish to sin on the other side, and to be purists, nor to check the invention of wit or the sally of humor. 'Tis very different, this weak and wearisome lie, from the stimulus to the fancy which is given by a romancing talker who does not mean to be exactly taken, like the gallant skipper who complained to his owners that he had pumped the Atlantic Ocean three times through his ship on the passage, and 'twas common to strike seals and porpoises in the hold. Or what was similarly asserted of the late Lord Jeffrey, at the Scottish bar,—an attentive auditor declaring, on one occasion, after an argument of three hours, that he had spoken the whole English language three times over in his speech.

All rests at last on the simplicity of nature, or real being. Nothing is for the most part less esteemed. We are fond of dress, of ornament, of accomplishments, of talents, but distrustful of health, of soundness, of pure innocence. Yet nature measures her greatness by what she can spare—by what remains when all superfluity and accessories are shorn off.

Nor is there in nature itself any swell, any brag, any strain or shock, but a firm common sense through all her elephants and lions, through all her ducks and geese—a true proportion between her means and her performance. *Semper sibi similis.* You shall not catch her in any anomalies, nor swaggering into any monsters. In all the years that I have sat in town and forest, I never saw a winged dragon, a flying man, or a talking fish, but ever the strictest regard to rule, and an absence of all surprises. No; nature encourages no looseness, pardons no errors; freezes punctually at 32°, boils punctually at 212°; crystallizes in water at one invariable angle, in diamond at one, in granite at one; and if you omit the smallest condition the experiment will not succeed. Her communication obeys the gospel rule, yea or nay. She never expatiates, never goes into the reasons. Plant beech mast and it comes up, or it does not come up. Sow grain, and it does not come up; put lime into the soil and try again, and this time she says yea. To every question an abstemious but absolute reply. The like staidness is in her dealings with us. Nature is always serious—does not jest with us. Where we have begun in folly, we are brought quickly to plain dealing. Life could not be carried on except by fidelity and good earnest; and she brings the most heartless trifler to determined purpose presently. The men whom she admits to her confidence, the simple and great characters, are uniformly marked by absence of pretension and by understatement. The old and the modern sages of clearest insight are plain men, who have held themselves hard to the poverty of nature.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed, but where they speak and think and do what they must, because they are so and not otherwise.

The late Dean Stanley's article on Frederick W. Robertson defines the famous preacher's excellence in the substantial and not too graceful manner in which the Dean ever wrote. In truth the good man will be remembered more for the beauty of his character than for harmonious verse or felicitous prose. Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Hermes Trismegistus," is interesting as the work of one crowned with years as well as honors; and it has the atmosphere of poetry and an elusive melody. Nevertheless one might with justice quote concerning it a favorite phrase of the late J. T. Fields: "It is unimportant if true."

THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge fills several pages of *The Atlantic* with a just and polished sketch of Daniel Webster. He writes of the Massachusetts statesman without enthusiasm and without austerity, acknowledging his faults and defining his virtues. Mr. Lodge tells us nothing new when he says that when Webster failed it was a moral failure. He declares that Webster's attitude in accepting large and countless gifts from his friends and admirers was that of a feudal baron:

He protected his supporters' interests as the baron did his peasantry, and then levied tribute from them. The baron took what he wanted with the armed hand. Webster took what he wanted by his services, his overshadowing personality and his great intellect, and at a fitting moment acknowledged the act by a magnificent compliment to the donors, individually or collectively. The principle in the two cases was about the same. It was rather predatory and very wrong and unbecoming, but it was not a question of improper influence; it was simply a stain upon the character of a great man.

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His mind was not profoundly original, nor did he have that unknown subtle quality, rarely met with among statesmen or lawyers, but to be found in poets and artists, which men have agreed to call genius. We watch the feats of some superb athlete, and all that he does is impossible to us, far beyond our reach; but we understand how everything is done, and what muscles are needed. We observe the performances of an eastern juggler; we see the results, we appreciate the skill, but the secret of the trick escapes us. This is true also of mental operations; it is the difference between the mind of Shakespeare and that of Pitt, a difference, not of degree, but of kind. Webster belongs to the athletes. We can do nothing but admire achievements so far beyond our grasp, and gaze with wonder upon a development so powerful, so trained, so splendid. But we can understand it all, both the mind and its operations. It is intellect raised to any power you please, but it is still an intellect, a form and process with which we are familiar. There is none of the baffling sleight of hand, the inexplicable intuitions of genius.

He had perfect readiness in reply and swiftness in attack or defence, great command of facts, and an obedient and retentive memory. He was never a maker of epigrams or a master of keen retort, and never indulged in parliamentary fencing. He did not come upon the field like the modern duelist, trusting only to skill in the use of a thin, flexible, pointed strip of steel, but, like the knight of olden time, he rode into the tournament in full panoply of glittering armor and with well-poised lance, bearing down his opponents by force, weight and address, and never shrinking from the full shock of arms. In one respect Mr. Webster's career as a debater and orator is peculiar. He never, save in one memorable instance, when Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, and Dickinson, of New-York, assailed his integrity, gave way to denunciation of his opponents. The temptation must have been great to a man of Webster's powers to indulge in personal attacks, but he always refrained, and used the dangerous weapon of invective only against arguments and principles. With his opponents he employed a cold, disguised, rather argumentative and very effective sarcasm, which suggests laying, as in the case of Mr. Hayne. Yet this sarcasm has not the bitterness which commends its victim to the listener's pity, but has rather beneath its gravity a throb of laughter and a sense of the ridiculous which keep the hearers in sympathy with the orator. This grave sarcasm, with a subtle mingling of ridicule and amusement, appears very strongly in Cicero's orations against Milo, and closely resembles the same trait in Webster. It would be difficult to say why he was so sparing in the way of humor pure and simple; certainly from no natural defect, for it abounds in his private letters, from the first exuberant gambols of youth down to the last utterances in the days of age and disappointment, while with those nearest to him the spirit of fun was always breaking out. Before the world, however, Webster was very grave and dignified, and this grave dignity waxed ever more lofty and solemn as he advanced in years and fame.

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He was assuredly most like the great models of antiquity, and this fact takes him at once out of range of the fervors of Continental oratory. Fox and Webster most nearly resemble each other, for both possessed that which in the former was again and again described as a "manly eloquence." Burke was more profound, more metaphysical, richer, more various than Webster, but no one ever said of Webster what Goldsmith did of Burke:

"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

Webster, again, was less splendid than Sheridan, but many of the glittering sentences of the "Begums" look very dim now, and the tinsel of the "greatest speech of the age" has tarnished sadly, while Webster's classical simplicity is as pure, fresh and glowing as when the words were uttered.

Mr. E. P. Whipple in an article on Mr. Richard Grant White, reminds his readers that in our estimate of the position of an American man of letters we are apt to overlook what may have been his daily literary occupation and what should be his title to rank:

Take, in illustration, Bryant. His original poems occupy a moderate octavo volume, and his translation of Homer two octavos more; but of his forty years' labor on *The New-York Evening Post*, in which the pith and force of his mind were lavished on what we call ephemeral topics, we remember nothing, though probably his best intellectual activity was in writing, day after day, "leaders" on subjects which, as they referred to matters of pressing public importance, doubtless did much to give a right direction to public opinion in important junctures. Take George Ripley. There may be a volume or two, under his name, which give him a position among American authors; but the immense work he did as the literary critic of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, in which all the resources of his powerful mind, wide scholarship and genial nature were devoted to seemingly perishing articles on new books, is comparatively forgotten, though he was notoriously a far greater man than most of the writers of the volumes he condescended to review. Take George William Curtis. For many years he has written, month after month, short essays, displaying exquisite literary workmanship, for *Harper's Magazine*, under the leading title of The Editor's Easy Chair. Every cultivated reader of that excellent and widely circulated periodical turns instinctively to Curtis's department as soon as a number is issued. A selection from these charming essays would fill more volumes than Addison's contributions to *the Spectator*, and would now be much more attractive than Addison's, because they relate to subjects which interest the England and America of to-day. Yet Mr. Curtis is still represented as an American author by a few volumes, which, however good in their kind, convey no adequate idea of the force of his character, of the ripeness of his culture, of the variety of subjects on which he ventures to give intelligent opinions, and of the sweet persuasiveness of his method in discussing controverted topics. He was among the first to adopt unpopular doctrines; he has made them more or less popular by the beautiful urbanity of nature with which he has enforced their claims on public attention; and he has managed to insinuate into minds most reluctant to receive new ideas—especially when stormed in upon them according to the violent method adopted by most earnest reformers—a whole code of novel opinions. This he has done by the airy ease and elegance of expression with which he warns fashionable people that they will lose *ton* if they continue to resist principles which have become accepted by the acknowledged leaders of society. He has not only conquered gentility, but made philantropy genteel. Among these four or five hundred brief essays, there are a so delicious criticisms on art and literature, on great authors, composers, singers, actors and musicians; there are memories of travel in foreign lands, recording fine and exceptional experiences; and there are little suggestive treatises on matters of domestic and business life, which appeal directly to our homely good sense. Indeed, whatever may be the subject on which he discourses, his manner of doing it leaves on our minds the impression of a certain indefinable grace and charm. Yet Mr. Curtis has never condescended to gather into volumes even a selection from these delightful products of his mind.

We might go on enumerating other men, some of them very obscure indeed, who make no pretension to be called American authors, and yet have the satisfaction of knowing that their productions sink and melt into the public mind, and do their part in moulding public opinion. When we consider that writers like Bancroft, Ticknor and Prescott owed to their opulence the means of leisurely mouldging in the luxury of research and reflection, and of writing books every sentence of which was carefully revised, with no fear that a printer's devil should dare to disturb their sacred privacy and seclusion while they were engaged in the solemn task of verifying a quotation, or testing the exact significance of a word, we have a feeling of the injustice done to humbler men of letters, who may have possessed powers as bright as theirs, but who had to write under conditions which such authors would have called destructive to accuracy in matters of fact, and to judgment in matters of opinion.

In "Studies in the South," the author of "Some Dangerous Tendencies in American Life" gives a striking picture of an enlightened black planter, a man of original mind and simple nature. This sketch—and indeed the whole article—is worth a careful reading. Mr. Whittier's long poem is most musical, most melancholy; otherwise for poetry this number of the magazine is not remarkable.

HARPER'S.

One of the pleasantest articles in this pleasant number of *Harper* is one on "French Political Leaders." The portraits of Conservatives and Liberals are drawn by a hand equally free and kindly. The women of society, the author says, those charming, *spirituelle*, brilliant women who are the sovereigns of this world, will tell you that at heart France is to-day both monarchical and Catholic:

That the present Republic has in its last crusade against the Jesuits, and in the blow it has struck at liberty by attempting to force upon France a laical education, when in reality French parents prefer to have their children's education directly under the supervisory eye of the Church—that by these outrages the Republic has forever alienated every woman in France (every woman, that is, who confesses to a priest, or who wears on her bosom the crucifix of her Saviour), while, of course, every woman who is a mother has a more purely personal and maternal reason for hating the "ex-dictator." The men will prove to you—young noblemen who represent the views of modern France—the France of conservative doctrines—that true progress is best attained under a constitutional form of government. They will point to England as a brilliant example, and will eloquently demonstrate that a tremendous reactionary movement is under way to restore the Orleans princes to the throne. Older marquises will go further still. With that well-bred tone by which an aristocrat veils the arrogant dogmatism of his belief, a peer of France will demonstrate that Gambetta's atheism has already precipitated France into a condition of moral chaos, that a religious war is imminent, that it will result in restoring the Church to greater power than ever, and that the rightful heir will be called to the throne of his fathers.

It would greatly depend on the precise fashionable locality where these political opinions were expressed as to who this "rightful heir" was claimed to be. It one found himself in the exclusive salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, the white plume of Navarre would be found to be the ensign of loyalty. But if one frequented the larger and more fashionably brilliant circles of gayer Paris—that Paris whose fathers and mothers composed the court of Louis XVIII., and who now keep up much of the etiquette and ceremoniousness of court life—these circles would name one of the Orleans princes as the coming King of France.

The Comte de Chambord, son of the eldest son of Charles X., is the last apostle of the doctrines of the "divine right." This prince, strong in his faith of the eternal justice of his creed and claims, was heroic enough to lift up the standard of the Middle Ages, and to flaunt it boldly in the light of the democratic, progressive, sceptical nineteenth century. The Comte de Chambord, since the time of his birth to the present day, has figured as one of the most picturesque characters in modern Europe. He has also had that element in common with the Middle Ages. In his early youth he enacted a role that might have been modelled from a Shakespearean drama. He made his first appearance before the Parisian populace on the day of his birth. His mother, the heroic and indomitable Duchesse de Berri, snatched him from among his laces on the afternoon of the day of her deliverance, and held him herself aloft before the crowd that filled the garden of the Tuileries. He was hailed as King of France. She stood on that balcony which to-day makes a part of the crumbling ruins of the palace, Fit emblem of her son's fortunes!

The young Henri was presented some ten years later as veritable king to his French subjects. Charle X., his grandfather (the young Henri's father, the Duc de Berri, was assassinated some months prior to his birth), put off with trembling hands the crown of France when he heard the menacing thunder of the Revolution in his ears. He presented the crown first to the Duc d'Orleans, who in turn placed it upon his young nephew's head. And for exactly twelve days Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonne d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux, was King of France. Then, one fine morning, Henri V., his grandfather the ex-King, and the Duc d'Orleans (who afterward regretted his hasty transfer of the crown) found themselves hastening toward Cherbourg, whence they sailed for Scotland. Hereafter Henri, called the Comte de Chambord, found his life encircled with the pathos of exile. It was an exile begirt, however, with many mitigating circumstances. In his youth he was trained in all princely accomplishments. During his early manhood his travels were extensive, and in whatever country he presented himself he was received with the honors reserved for monarchs. Personally, he proved the advantages to be derived from a kingly lineage of five hundred years. At this period of his life he was a singularly handsome man. In his bearing he was every inch the king. He was distinguished also for possessing many of the prince's qualities. His bravery, integrity of conscience, his loftiness of sentiment, and the amiable condescension of his manners were counted among his virtues and his charms. The Emperor of all the Russias said of him, "One feels he is the first gentleman of Europe." But "the first gentleman of Europe" may be all of these and still possess such a narrow range of vision and such religious fanaticism as to make him more fitted for the cuirass and helmet of the early Crusaders than the republican black frock-coat of the nineteenth century. For many years now he has held a small court at Frohsdorf, Austria, where his admirable spouse, the daughter of the Duc de Modena, both by her millions and the generous wealth of her amiable qualities, has done much to reconcile "the king," as she loyally calls him, to the loss of a throne.

This article is accompanied by some charming characteristic sketches by Mr. C. S. Reinhart. Miss Woolson's "Anne" grows stronger as it approaches its end, and promises to be in its entirety one of the cleverest and certainly the most original of American novels.

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