HENRY CURT-MANTLE.

A GREAT KING OF ENGLAND.

HENRY THE SECOND. By MRS. J. R. GREEN. 12mo., pp. 224. Macmillan & Co.

The right of Henry the Second to a foremost place among the statesmen concerned in the making of England is not to be contested; but it is straining a point somewhat to call him an English statesman, for, as Mrs. Green puts it: "He was a foreign King, who never spoke the English tongue, who lived and moved for the most part in a foreign camp, surrounded with a motley host of Brabancons and hirelings; and who in intervals snatched from foreign wars hurried for a few months to his island-kingdom to carry out a policy which took little heed of the great moral forces that were at work among the people." Nevertheless he did a great work, and one which perhaps could not have been done by a native-born English sovereign. It was a long time before Henry came to understand that his English kingdom was the most important of his possessions. He was a Continental ruler. His statecraft was European, not insular. He was absorbed in keeping and extending his Norman and other territory across the Channel. For many years English politics brought him more vexation than anything else.

But he was a born administrator and a man of iron will and exhaustless energy. All through his restless, rushing career, he was flying from place to place, dragging a breathless court after him—dashing from England to France and back again—hurrying from end to end of his island kingdom—taking every one by surprise wherever he went, and transacting more business than fifty average men could do. He was the man for the age, too; physically a giant, bold, brave, rough, hardy, with an intellect as robust as his body, a broad sagacity which struck out large lines of wise policy almost as by instinct, a combination eminently fitted to meet the existing conditions, and to rule half-savage though rapidly advancing peoples. It was better for England in the long run that he should have been an alien, for in the measures which he took to reduce the haughty and turbulent English baronage to a subordinate position he was, as a foreigner, hampered by no domestic alliances or complications, and could proceed with the rough directness of purpose habitual with him. The same consideration applies to his relations with the English people. He found maladministration rampant; the laws a mere tangle of contradictions; a thousand separate jurisdictions where but one was needed; the barons sitting each in judgment for himself; the masses bound in the meshes of obsolete customs; everywhere extortion, injustice, oppression and lawlessness.

He introduced sweeping reforms, but like most reformers, he failed to take account of the instrumentalities he had to work with. It was probably impossible to find men at that time capable of administering the King's laws instead of the barons' who would not with the change smuggle in some fresh abuses. So it came to pass that while the administration of justice under Henry's reform system was an immense theoretical advance upon the past, the greed of the new officials so surrounded the courts with snares and pitfalls that the people found themselves plundered even more mercilessly than before. They were less likely to be hanged, but they were more likely to be robbed. This made the King very unpopular. For a time he was unaware of the knavery of his officers. When he found it out he spurred fiercely through England, removing, punishing, redressing wrongs, and making it understood effectually that the laws must be administered with equity, and that the masses must have free access to the courts. He meant to be King, and he soon perceived that he would have to contend with the Church for his crown. In this matter he made the mistake of his life, but it was one which a shrewder judge of human nature might have fallen into as easily.

When he made Becket's acquaintance, the young clerk was a thorough worldling, and quite prepared to cast in his lot with the King as against the Church. Perhaps he maintained this determination until after he had been made Archbishop. Certainly he allowed Henry to believe that he continued of the same mind. Becket was a strong man, and an able, but when he found himself elevated to the Primacy, a pride took possession of him which was not altogether the religious sentiment he seems to have thought it. He ranged himself on the side of the Church from that moment. In the affair of the Constitutions of Clarendon, he made Henry understand that nothing was to be hoped from the new Archbishop. Becket stood for Rome. The demands of the Church were, as Henry asserted, incompatible with the preservation of the royal authority and dignity. Becket was not constantly at the height of his resolution. More than once he seemed on the point of yielding. Once he did consent to the King's propositions, but eventually repudiated this agreement. The breach inevitably widened. Becket became a thorn in Henry's side. He interfered with the royal policy. He hindered the subjugation of the barons. He threatened excommunication and interdict. The King personally feared neither, but he knew that a score of powerful enemies waited but the Papal ban to attack him under the pretence of fulfilling their duty as faithful sons of the Church. He was compelled, therefore, to temporize, and he alternated offers of compromise with furious bursts of anger against the rebellious Primate. It was in one of these passionate outbreaks that he uttered the wild wish for the removal of his great ecclesiastical adversary which proved the death-warrant of the Archbishop.

There can be no suspicion of the genuineness of Henry's grief when he heard of the murder. It was a crime of a kind to revolt his thoroughly manly spirit. He might have slain a foe in a moment of frenzy with his own hand, but he was incapable of plotting assassination in cold blood. The deed, too, shattered all his continental plans; placed him at deadly feud with Rome, where he knew no professions of innocence would clear him; encouraged all his enemies; and raised a deep and bitter outcry in England. Henry never flinched but he was the greatest politician of his time, and he saw all the danger. It did not cow or confuse him. He rose to and nearly conquered it. But there was something like a curse upon his last years, and a superstitious age did not hesitate to ascribe his successive misfortunes to the enmity of the martyr Becket, for men thought it but natural that he should avail himself of his enlarged spiritual powers to avenge himself upon his ancient adversary. Henry would have withstood a world in arms, but the defection and cruel treason of his own sons, and especially of his favorite, fairly broke his heart. After a life of almost unbroken conquest and success in field and cabinet, he died at last in the bitter shame of defeat and the ignominy of spoliation. When the news of Count John's treason was broken to him, he started up from his pillow. We will let Mrs. Green describe what followed: "Is it true," he cried, "that John, my very heart, whom I have loved beyond all my sons, and for whose gain I have brought upon me all this misery, has forsaken me?" Then he laid himself down again and turned his face to the wall. "Now you have said enough," he said, "let all the rest go as it will; I care no more for myself nor for the world." From this time he grew delirious. But still in the intervals of his ravings the great passionate nature, the defiance, the unconquered will broke out with unextinguishable force. He cursed the day on which he was born, and called down Heaven's vengeance upon his sons. The great King's pride was bowed in the extremity of his ruin and defeat. "Shame!" he muttered constantly, "shame on a conquered King!" He died, and his grave was made far from the people over whom he had ruled so wisely and so sternly, and who, though he was a foreigner, and though he spent but a third of his reign on their soil, knew him personally far better than they had known many a native prince. For Henry had pushed and driven everywhere. There was no corner of the kingdom too obscure or distant for him to penetrate to; and his powerful individuality impressed itself upon all who met or saw him. He was undoubtedly a great man; in the very front rank in war, politics and diplomacy; a scholar as well as a statesman; a jurist no less than a captain; able to draft and to interpret his own laws; skilled in the canons of the Church; always thirsting for knowledge; just beyond the moral standard of his age; a strong clear mind, marred by a passionateness which sometimes seemed to degrade him into a maniac. Temperate, abstemious in a drunken time, careless of luxury, indefatigable in labor, no prince in the past presents so perennial an appearance of tremendous energy and ceaseless activity, nor is any clearer or deeper thinker to be found in the history of the period. Mrs. Green has written the present monograph admirably. To her late husband's historical knowledge she adds a literary grace not always to be found in his writings, and she has made a picture of the second Henry which is full of attraction for the variety and interest of the details, and valuable for the analytical judgment which defines and characterizes the subject.

THE KALEVALA.

THE NATIONAL EPIC OF FINLAND.

THE KALEVALA: The Epic Poem of Finland. Into English by JOHN MARTIN CRAWFORD. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. xliv., 744. John B. Alden.

The national epic of Finland escaped the research of scholars until recently. Scandinavian philologists were naturally the first to collect and publish it, but for years after it had been printed Europe generally continued in ignorance of the existence of this literary treasure. Even now, though it has been translated into Swedish, German and French, it has been left for an American scholar to give it its first English version. The history of the Kalevala is brief and unsatisfactory. There is no tradition regarding it. Until less than a century ago it was transmitted orally, having been handed down after the manner of the Vedas, and sung by the Finnish bards much as the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata, was sung by those of Hindustan. Of its antiquity the only evidence is derived from the poem itself, and that which is most relied upon is negative, namely, the absence of all mention of any of the neighbor nations and races known to modern history. Finns and Lapps are the only peoples that figure in the Kalevala. But while this lack of all reference to Russian or Scandinavian neighbors is open to the interpretation put upon it, it is perhaps too soon to conclude that the Finnish epic is as venerable as at present supposed. One historical fact certainly appears to militate strongly against the theory of its remote antiquity.

Tacitus mentions the Finns (Fenni) in his "Germania. He says of them: "The Finns are extremely wild, and live in abject poverty. They have no arms, no horses, no dwellings; they live on herbs, they clothe themselves in skins, and they sleep on the ground. Their only resources are their arrows, which for the lack of iron are tipped with bone." This was written in the second century of our era. If it is a trustworthy description of the Finns of the period, the latter were at that time in an extremely backward and undeveloped condition, and cannot be recognized as the people described in the Kalevala. For it is certain that the latter was written by those who knew and enjoyed the use of iron as well as copper (or bronze); who built stately houses; who decorated their apartments; who had several industrial arts; who were skilled in the forging and working of many metals; who made and tempered steel; whose weapons were the sword, javelin, spear, club and battleaxe, as well as the bow; who understood and practised agriculture; who built granaries for their surplus crops; who brewed beer and made mead; who used horses for draft, travelled in sledges, built boats elaborately, and may be said generally to have attained a stage of civilization very far beyond the patent savagery of the Finns whom Tacitus describes. To make the antiquity of the Kalevala a plausible hypothesis, therefore, it would seem to be necessary to assume an early Finnish development followed by a reversion to barbarism But it is evident at the first mention of such a notion that it is unscientific, strained, and without support or probability. There is no ground for supposing that the Finns first rose and then fell. All the scanty evidence attainable indicates a slow but uninterrupted advance. There is also another feature of the Kalevala which is suggestive of a much more recent origin than has been assigned to it hitherto. We allude to the Rune of Mariatta, in which the legend of a virgin-born child of miraculous power is embodied. It is argued by some scholars, and the position is a strong one, that there have been so many pre-Christian legends of this type as to destroy the force of considerations intended to prove the post-Christian origin of similar traditions. Due weight must be accorded to this representation, for it is founded on facts; but nevertheless when we find in an epic the age of which can only be surmised from internal testimony, so remarkable a version of the immaculate conception, we have, in the absence of anything pointing unambiguously to Oriental or other sources, at least the right to demand that the doctrine of probabilities shall not be strained or perverted in order to fortify the no doubt fascinating hypothesis of an archaic origin.

When indeed we turn to the mythology of the Kalevala we find many perplexing circumstances, and some which may possibly be regarded as supporting a theory of great antiquity. The remarkable parallelism between the magic of the Kalevala and that of the Chaldaeans has been discussed at some length by Lenormant (Le Magic chez les Accathieus), and it is rather curious that Dr. Crawford makes no reference to this work in his interesting introduction to the poem. The method by which the Kalevala has been preserved is in itself an argument on the side of great antiquity. Oral transmission is probably a practice which originated in Asia, where it has been certainly employed from time immemorial. It is true that in Europe, prior to the invention of printing, the scholar's memory was his library, and that mnemonic culture, being indispensable to all who aspired to know literature, was carried to a pitch scarcely to be credited at the present time. But it is questionable whether any race so rude and undeveloped as the Finns of Tacitus ever attained to the careful, systematic memorizing of important literature, even supposing such a people to have preserved—otherwise than by introduction from without—any such literary matters. Of course, the authority of Tacitus is open to impeachment. He may have had little or no personal knowledge of the Finns. They may have been much more advanced in the second century than he gives them credit for being. But all that can be said with confidence is that the Kalevala deals with a comparatively forward state of civilization, and that it possesses analogies with mythologies of Asia too apparent to be overlooked, and too close to be explained on any other hypothesis than that of racial affinity. The Kalevala is full of magical deeds and incantations, and one of the oldest of Oriental doctrines pervades it, namely, the power of the spoken word upon nature spirits. This is identical with the Vedantic doctrine of the Mantra, according to which the most miraculous things could be done by the rhythmical chanting of verses from the Vedas. The myth of the "lost word" also appears in the Kalevala, the principal hero, Wainomoimen, going through a course of expeditions and labors in order to secure the potent secret. The heroes of the Kalevala are all magicians, and it is to be observed that most of their supernatural feats are accomplished by singing or chanting.

Wainomoimen sings his boat together, sings it into the water, sings a phantom crew into it, sings a froward maiden into a seagull, sings his anciems to sleep when he goes, with Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, to obtain possession of the magic Sampo, or talisman, which Ilmarinen had forged. Lemminkainen is almost equally powerful in these mythical enchantments, and in nearly all the encounters between rival magicians the same arts are resorted to.

The Kalevala is a stirring, picturesque epic. Its principal hero is Wainomoinen, a person of supernatural origin. He possesses, together with his brother Ilmarinen, the smith, and perhaps also Lemminkainen, "the reckless," certain divine attributes. The poem describes the adventures of Wainomoinen; his ship-building; his contention with a musical rival; his wooing; his search for the lost word; his expedition to recover the Sampo; and his invention of the harp. The course of the poem is interrupted in an arbitrary manner to introduce the story of "Kullerwoinen, Son of Evil," whose stormy and tragic life occupies six runes. After his death, by his own hand, the thread of the epic is again taken up. This burst reminds one of the interruption of the Indian Mahabharata by the Bhagavad-Gita, though it has no didactic purpose like the latter. The matter of the poem is characterized by a truly Oriental wealth of imagination. The part played by the supernatural is as important as in the "Thousand and One Nights," and the reader may be reminded of that collection of tales by the magnificence of the inventions and the splendor of color which are everywhere present. Nothing is too formidable for these great magicians and sorceresses to undertake. Wainomoinen does not hesitate, in his search for the lost word, to visit the dread realm of Luoni, the underworld, return from which is well-nigh impossible. When he and his companions, having captured the Sampo, are flying across the sea with their booty, the same hero by his magic causes a mountain range to rise out of the sea in his rear to stop the pursuit of the Witch of Polhyola. Then the latter, nothing daunted, changes his ship into an immense eagle. "one of whose wings rests on the sea, while the other beats the heavens," and which is able to carry a thousand spearmen on his back.

Incidentally, the Kalevala contains a great deal of most interesting detail concerning manners and customs. A whole rune is filled with a description of the first discovery of beer-brewing. A Finn wedding occupies more than one rune, and, judging from the solemn advice and instruction given to the bride previous to the ceremony, by a sort of Advocatus Diaboli, the duties and functions of a housewife in those days must have been manifold, arduous and disagreeable. The poem abounds with graceful and beautiful nature-myths, descriptions of scenery marked by sympathy and graphic power, and invocations which are often solemn and noble. The metre of the Kalevala is "the eight-syllabled trochaic, with the partline echo the characteristic vein of the Finns," as Dr. Crawford states. The simple structure of the language makes its translation into English comparatively easy, though the paucity of diminutives in the latter tongue makes it difficult to convey many of the softer and tenderer inflections and meanings of the original. The metre employed by Dr. Crawford is that of the poem itself: a form made familiar through Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Dr. Crawford has certainly made a spirited translation, and one which appears to reproduce with commendable fidelity the archaisms and the race and national characteristics of the original.

NEW NOVELS.

BY FOUR AMERICAN WRITERS.

"MISS LOU." By Edward P. Roe. 12mo. pp. 368. Dodd, Mead & Co.

GLORINDA. A story. By Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd. 16mo pp. 293. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A WAR-TIME WOOING. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 195. Harper & Brothers.

WHY WAS IT? By Lewis Benjamin. 12mo. pp. 257. Belford, Clarke & Co.

In his last romance, which he was not to complete, though he left a sufficiently full outline of its conclusion, Mr. Roe went back to the war period for his plot, and placed his scenes in that Southern society the analysis of which had evidently a special attraction for him. There is no indication in "Miss Lou" of waning powers. In some respects it strikes us as one of the freshest novels its author wrote. The heroine is a sweet Southern girl, unsophisticated, a genuine American product, owing nothing to social environment, but nearly everything to heredity, innate virtue and self-culture. A novelty of situation is introduced in making the chief perils of this young woman grow out of the stubborn determination of her selfish and hot-headed cousin, Madison Whateley, to marry her against her will and consent. Through ignorance of her rights the girl narrowly escapes the audacious conspiracy against her liberty, but a young Northern soldier opportunely arrives on the scene, and falls into the role of rival to turbulent "Mad" Whateley. There is plenty of dashing movement, for the tide of war rolls near the Baron plantation, and a smart engagement takes place within sight of the planter's house where "Miss Lou" lives, while the interest is heightened by the presence of both her lovers in the opposed ranks.

There is much by-play among the negroes on the plantation, and the author had evidently made a careful study of the old field hand, and the typical "mammy" for his darkeys, both men and women, are among the most easy and natural, whether in movement or conversation, we have encountered for a long time. "Chunk" and "Zany" and "Aun' Jinkey" are each and all drawn with skill and sympathy only less than the humor which pervades the studies, and the negro parts of the story are consequently by no means the least interesting. The realism of the field-hospital sketches too, is striking, and Mr. Roe has designed some pathetic tableaus here. Young Scoville the Northern soldier, is naturally the hero of the story, but he is altogether subordinated to "Miss Lou," who has been drawn with evident loving sympathy, and who, as a Northern ideal of a Southern girl, certainly ought to be accepted in the light of a peace-offering at the South. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story occupies the admittedly high ethical plane upon which the author always wrote. If it is not high art, it is at least wholesome work, breezy, bracing and manly, and in no sense meretricious.

Mrs. Dodd's story is concerned with the development of a young girl, whom circumstances have so deprived of all discipline that whether she will turn out well or ill seems a question likely to be determined by the merest accident. The daughter of an easy-going Southern planter, stranded by the war; motherless and without guidance of any kind, the girl Glorinda (fearful name) grows up with a tendency to sentiment dangerously strong—a tendency which a practice of spouting Shakespeare in the woods for the edification of a select audience of small darkeys does not diminish. Glorinda's dramatic proclivities are purely natural. She knows nothing of elocution, and her declamation is crude; but she is extremely pretty, and a young New-Yorker with plenty of money, who happens to witness one of her performances, barely escapes falling in love with her, and comes perilously near to wrecking her life. There is a homespun hero named Jake, who has long worshipped Glorinda, but she revolts from his commonness, and, like the average "young person," dreams of romance and fairy princes.

It will be perceived that the story is cast on familiar lines, but it does not after all end in the conventional way. Glorinda does not break her young heart for the fascinating New-Yorker who "loves and rides away." Neither does she run away to be a great histrionic artist—though she tries to do so. But she gradually develops common sense; sees the sterling worth of homely Jake Crossley; and having realized that after all she never had been genuinely in love with the brilliant stranger, marries Jake and is as happy as anybody deserves to be. Mrs. Dodd's novel is gracefully written and the interest does not flag. She is fond of describing scenery and does it with poetic effect. The picture of Glorinda in the woods acting before the little negroes is quite striking in its way. Glorinda herself is lovingly and delicately moulded and is a gracious figure. The old planter, her father, is lifelike. Wither is somewhat wooden, and the Irish gypsy strikes us as scarcely a possibility; at least we do not think that Borrow, Leland or Palmer ever speaks of Hibernian Romanys. But the little story is natural and wholesome. Calypso consoles herself, as why should she not?—and she does so in an eminently nineteenth century manner, by marrying a man who has blossomed into president of the richest mining company on the Pacific slope. A prosaic consummation, perhaps, but practically preferable to unlimited plaintive verse, perennial tears and the regulation early grave.

Captain King always writes interestingly, and one reason of this is that he takes his stories out of his professional experiences to a great extent, and so gives himself the advantage of expert knowledge. A soldier writing about war and a sailor writing about the sea always command attention, and it must be added that both soldiers and sailors have brisk and attractive ways in dealing with love stories. In "A War-Time Wooing" Captain King has gone more into mystifications and cross-purposes than is usual with him, and at first the idea suggests itself that he is trying to follow Gaboriau's or Boisgobey's methods. But the complications eventually prove to be not so very formidable, though the villains (there are two) are rather melodramatically villainous. The plot is intricate enough to satisfy the most exigent novel-reader, though the principal characters are not particularly solid; the hero, a blue-blooded Bostonian, being somewhat too neutral-tinted to evoke the interest a hero should attract. But there are some really admirable descriptive passages in the volume, the best of these being the brilliant and beautiful picture of early morning in the Union lines along the Shenandoah. Another capital passage is the description of the calling out of the cavalry when the news of Stuart's raid is received. A fragment dealing with the opening of the Battle of Fredericksburg occurs near the close of the book, and all of these are so graphic, so full of careful observation, so marked by the artistic imagination, that the reader regrets their paucity, and wishes Captain King had given more space to his military reminiscences, for it is there he treads most firmly. No doubt the poor boys in blue who were fifed and drummed out of their blankets, and if the dew had been heavy, arose damp and chilled, saw little of the picturesqueness of the soldier's life, and as a rule cared not a doit for the natural beauties of the scenery in which the camp was pitched or the halt made. It is, here as everywhere, only by the lookeron that the picturesque can be appreciated in actual life, but the novelist is authorized to employ certain licenses, and to cover up, whenever the exigencies of the plot demand it, the ugly realities. This Captain King has done neatly and well, and his story moves rapidly on to the denouement, which is both dramatic and pathetic. The illustrations are good.

There is a sombre realistic effect in Lewis Benjamin's story, "Why Was It"—for it has the air of being more or less the record of a personal experience. The fact that few people can go through life without coming in contact with men answering to the general description of Hugh McDowell, and that nearly all can parallel even the most melancholy incidents recited in his history, gives to the tragic tale something of the interest which attaches to autobiographic chronicles of mental analysis and conflict. Hugh McDowell is a handsome, brilliant young man, of amiable disposition, honorable purpose and excellent prospects, but fatally handicapped with an inherited craving for drink. He marries a sweet girl, whose love for him is stronger than death, and he proceeds to make her life a prolonged martyrdom. Every step of his descent is recorded with a dispassionate minuteness which is far more impressive than denunciation or lament. Nothing is concealed or disguised. Hugh struggles, at first manfully and hard, but after a few slips less and less earnestly. He soon loses his moral sensibility, and lies to deceive his wife. Next he ceases to reflect upon or care for the consequences either to her or himself of his indulgence, and from that stage to selling off all the household goods in her absence and going on a protracted spree which ends in his desertion of the poor girl, is a natural and inevitably rapid progress. The realism of the story is shown in the refusal of the author to represent McDowell as finally reforming, in order to make a happy ending. Such men never reform. It is not possible for them to surrender the habit which is destroying them. The only concession this stern moralist makes is to kill Hugh with pneumonia instead of delirium tremens; but the pneumonia is the direct result of the drinking which has weakened the man's system and predisposed it to disease. In all such cases it is the drunkard's wife who is the principal sufferer, and the more faithful and devoted she is the crueller is her fate. This is powerfully emphasized in Lewis Benjamin's story, which, though its style is somewhat unformed and the language not always such as educated people speak, is full of the force which belongs to truth earnestly presented, and is free from the drawbacks which so often render so-called temperance stories repellant and a vexation to the spirit.

LITERARY NOTES.

A fine portrait of the author of "Robert Elsmere" will be found in the forthcoming number of "The Book-Buyer." It shows a woman whose handsome figure is surmounted by a beautifully shaped head. Her wavy locks are wrapped around it in the English fashion. The upper part of her face is a repetition of that of her uncle, Matthew Arnold. Her mouth and chin are much stronger that were his. Her graceful attire shows that she does not disdain the gentle arts of the lady.

Mrs. Ward has been, says "The Book-Buyer," for the past eight or nine years, a frequent contributor to "Macmillan's Magazine," her articles being chiefly critical reviews. She has been much pleased by the popularity of her book in this country. "It has been a great pleasure to me," she writes, "to receive so much evidence of American sympathy with my book as I have lately done, and I am grateful to my new public beyond the seas."

Mr. Andrew D. White owns what is said to be a remarkable collection of Sir Walter Scott's proof-sheets and MSS. On these Librarian Woodruff, of Cornell, has based an article dealing with Scott's methods of work. The article will shortly appear in "Scribner." accompanied by an introduction by Mr. Whi

Not only is Mrs. Burnett going to write a novel for "The New-York Ledger"; Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has engaged to do the same thing.

Thomas Hardy, the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," of other books as clever, and of various others not so clever, lives near Dorchester, England. His dwelling, which he calls "Max-gate," is a red-brick house of his own designing. It is about a mile distant from the humble cottage in which he was born. Dorchester is presumably "Casterbridge." Mr. Hardy is a pleasant-looking man, small of stature, with a rounded brow and a full head. He wears a carefully trained Elizabethan beard, and dresses very neatly.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Sant' Ilario," begun in the October number of "The English Illustrated Magazine," brings back to us some charming old friends—the Saracinescas. The old Prince, his son and Duchess Corona are more delightful than ever in their new surroundings.

The story about Frederika Bremer being requested by the women of Emerson's family not to play the piano on Sunday is told by "The Boston Transcript" in a way differing from that in which it appears in Mrs. Gilchrist's Memoirs. When Miss Bremer, according to this latest version, was implored by members of the family not to render some of her Swedish National airs to the accompaniment of the piano, because it was Sunday evening, Emerson said, with an expressive smile and in his sweet way, "You know, Miss Bremer, you are in Puritan New-England and not in Sweden," a humorous apology to her being made evident by the tones of his voice.

A dazzling fact has just been communicated to the literary world in England—the Marquis of Lorne is about to publish a new poem entitled "Rome." It is a composition after the style of Gray's "Elegy."

Mr. Firth, the author of a new English book on America, says in effect that as long as you praise Americans you are declared to be the most appreciative of men, and altogether an Englishman of great common sense. "But should you, as the result of much patient investigation . . . mildly express your opinion that Americans drink too much iced water; that their politics are not quite so pure as they might be; that their railway system is a huge monopoly under whose iron rule the people are helpless; that the hoop-iron table-knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suited for cutting beef; that their laws are not always well administered; that they often neglect their political duties, and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues; that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health and the requirements of a healthy life—the pleased expression leaves the face of your friend, and you are immediately told that you have not devoted sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries on these points, and it may even be hinted that you are not nearly so sensible as you were considered to be half an hour before. In all this Americans only show how extremely English they are."

Archbishop Cranmer's splendid collection of books has lately been discovered, scattered about in various English libraries. It is to be hoped that the books and MSS. may be brought together again.

Victor Hugo's letters will form a large part of his posthumous works. He scattered them everywhere in the most lavish fashion during one period of his life. It is said that he was in the habit of receiving presentation copies of new books from authors in every part of the world, which he carefully placed aside without reading. This did not prevent him from writing apocalyptic letters to the authors, telling them that on their brows was the mark, in their hearts the flame of true genius. Latterly he did not even write these letters, but employed a secretary to do so.

FROM ANACREON—BY THACKERAY.

From The Early Writings of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Prepare thy silver, god of fire,
And light thy forges up;
No soldier I to ask of thee
Bright arms and glittering panoply;
To these let warrior chiefs aspire—
I ask a mighty cup!

A mighty cup! but draw not on it
Orion grim with clubs advancing,
Or heavenly wains, or rampant bears;
What cares Anacreon for the stars?
Draw Love and my Bathyllus on it,
'Mid clustering vines with Bacchus dancing.

LONG LIFE.

SOME REMARKABLE STATISTICS.

From The Popular Science Monthly.

I had 5,000 blanks printed, asking for the following information in relation to men and women over eighty:

Name, residence, age, nationality; whether married or single; general description, including size, weight, complexion, etc.; children, how many, ages, state of health, etc.; habits, hours of rising, retiring, meals, exercise, etc.; occupations, past and present; food and drink, quantity, kind, etc.; attacks of sickness if any, and at what ages, nature of disease, etc.; condition of teeth, hair, beard, skin, etc., at time when seen by the correspondent; age at which father and mother died, and of grandfather and grandmother, whenever possible.

These blanks were sent to the representatives of the paper in all parts of New-England, accompanied by a letter of explanation which cautioned them to be accurate rather than enterprising. More than three thousand five hundred of these blanks were filled out and returned in the course of two months, and the story that they tell I will try to give in outline.

Every county in Massachusetts, and nearly every county in the whole of New-England, is represented in these returned blanks. Some of these old people live on the sea-coast, some on the lowlands of the Connecticut and its tributaries, some among the Berkshire Hills, White and Green Mountains, some upon the sands of Cape Cod, some among the pine woods of Maine, and others in the manufacturing cities and towns. The canvass has not, of course, been complete, but it has been as complete in the cities as in the towns and on the farms, as complete in one section as in another, as complete among one class as among another. If these 3,500 instances prove anything—and I think no one will dispute that they do—many of the commonly accepted theories would be overturned, and strange facts take their places.

In looking through these blanks, the first thing noticeable is that few of New-England's old people have remained unmarried throughout life, the total being less than five per cent. The ratio of unmarried women to unmarried men is about three to one, and, taking married and single together, the women exceed the men by 251. In Massachusetts the list shows that the women exceed the men by 450; in the other States the men exceed the women. The great majority of both men and women have been married only once, usually in early life. The average number of children as a result of these unions is five, and those children now living are generally recorded in the blanks as healthy.

The fact that in Massachusetts, taking the whole population into account, the women exceed the men by several thousand, accounts in some degree for the greater number of old women, but not, certainly, for anything like half of the excess over the men. I attribute this excess to the fact that during the past half-century the bulk of the population of Massachusetts has been on the seaboard, and a large number of the men have been fishermen and mariners. Because of the great loss of life among this class, especially before the time of steamships and during the palmy days of the whale-fishery, the male population shrank in numbers below the normal level, this showing most strikingly in a list of old people.

Another very peculiar thing revealed by this canvass is the fact that five out of six of these New-England old folks have a light complexion, with blue or gray eyes, and abundant brown hair. In stature the men are mostly tall and the women of medium height; in weight the men range from 100 to 160 pounds, with a few of 200 and over, and the women from 100 to 120, with exceptional cases of 180 and over. Throughout life the men have been bony and muscular, the women exactly opposite. The condition of the hair, teeth, beard and skin of these old people at the time when the blanks were filled out was recorded in about 2,500 instances. In nearly all the hair remains thick, the teeth are very poor or entirely gone, the skin is only slightly wrinkled, and very few of the men wear any beard. In many instances the correspondents speak of the skin as being "fair, soft, smooth and moist." One case is given, that of a man of eighty-nine, from whose mouth not a tooth has been lost. In most instances of those not over ninety the eye-sight is still good, and in dozens of cases it is pronounced "remarkably good."

The information which the blanks give on the subject of habits coincides with the opinion of most people, formed from observation, that longevity without regularity of habits is rare. These old people, men and women alike, are put down as early risers and retirers, almost without exception, and fully nineteen out of every twenty have observed this custom throughout life, except perhaps at some short period in youth. Meals have been eaten regularly, three each day, with dinner at noon, the exceptions being so rare as to indicate nothing. Exercise in most cases has been hard work up to sixty-five or seventy, and after that period has consisted (when the regular occupation has been given up) of walking, gardening, or both. Except in cases of sickness these old people are as a rule as active and as fond of constant occupation of some sort to-day as most men and women are at thirty-five.

Eight hundred out of 1,200 women have been farmers' wives, and all but fifty of the remainder have been housewives. Four women only, all unmarried, have supported themselves through life by inherited wealth, and are now aged respectively eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-six and ninety. Three other unmarried women have been milliners, and six, one unmarried, have been dressmakers. Seven, two unmarried, have been nurses. Six, two unmarried, have been school-teachers.

Among the hundreds of remarkable instances which illustrate constancy of occupation cited by the correspondents are a few that I cannot refrain from giving, because I believe that they point to a very important fact, and at the same time make most interesting reading:

Elijah Tolman, of Brockton, Mass., is eighty-five, and was a stage-driver for thirty years. For the past seven years he has worked in charge of a coal-office, and has been but one day from his duties in that time.

Andrew Stetson, of Duxbury, Mass., is ninety-five, and was constantly employed all his life making shoes until one year ago.

Aaron Farnham, of Cambridge, Mass., age eighty-seven, sold Bibles in Vermont for seventy years.

Daniel Bigelow, of Athol, Mass., now eighty-seven, has worked as a farmer for seventy-seven years, and mowed grass with a scythe for seven tons of hay the past summer.

William E. Cook, of Portsmouth, R. I., is eighty-nine, a blacksmith, and still works in his shop six days each week.

Ira Chamberlain, of Bangor, Me., age ninety-five, worked at the tailor's trade until his last birthday.

Thaddeus Rising, of Hatfield, Mass., is eighty, and works daily, as he has for the past sixty years, at his trade of whip-maker.

Mrs. Jane Huntress, of Augusta, Me., ninety-two years of age, still does her own cooking, washing, ironing and gardenwork. Since she was fifty-five she has earned the money for and built a fine house, going herself to the mill and selecting the lumber, and superintending the building operations. She is one of twelve children, all born without the aid of a physician.

The blanks tell one simple story, with so few variations as to be positively monotonous, in relation to the food eaten by these old people. The diet has been regular New-England home-made dishes of meat, vegetables and pastry, with breakfast early, dinner at noon, and supper late. Very few are mentioned as small eaters or large eaters; most are mentioned as not particular, with good appetites through life. A half-dozen never eat meat, and two have abstained from water. More than two-thirds have been habitual users of tea and coffee, and of the remainder nearly all have drunk tea. Few of the men, and none of the women, are given as users of more intoxicating beverages than cider, and not a dozen out of all have ever used liquors to excess. Ten of the women are mentioned as habitual smokers, and a score as snuff-takers. Of the men, a large majority have used tobacco—either chewing, smoking, or both. Most of the tobacco-users have been moderate, although numbers of cases are given where the amount consumed is enormous, and continued up to the time when the census was taken. A few broke away from the habit after it had lasted for twenty, thirty or fifty years, and have now been without the narcotic for perhaps a decade or more.

The record of sickness is so varied that scarcely half a dozen cases are alike out of the whole long list, except where there has been no illness other than the usual complaints of infancy.

Out of 1,049 men, 382 never were ill since early childhood; and of 880 women, 286 have enjoyed the same good health. One hundred and fourteen men and 117 women have had petty diseases only, and 495 men and 402 women have been seriously ill. The serious illness of the majority was a fever of some sort, typhoid heading the list. The other diseases are as numerous almost as the individuals afflicted, running from Asiatic cholera to shingles, and the attacks have been at all periods of life. As might be supposed, rheumatism is the most general complaint, usually in conjunction with other diseases. Locality seems to have had no influence on sickness, the same diseases appearing on high land and on low land, on dry land and on moist land, in the interior and by the seashore.

The average age reached by the parents and grandparents, taken together, of these old people was about sixty-five, and in a few instances have both the father and mother or the grandfathers and grandmothers died under fifty, although in many cases—about 25 per cent—either the father or mother has died before reaching this age. Not over one-third of the children of these aged people have reached middle life, and about one-half died either in infancy or before thirty, and about one-fourth only are still living. The health of the latter, however, is in almost every instance put down as good. The blanks do not tell what would, perhaps, be a valuable thing—how many brothers and sisters the subjects had, and whether or not they died young; it appears, though, from the names, that few members of the same family have survived, unless it is supposed that the remaining members were older and have died, or enough younger to come under the eighty-year limit.

Perhaps it is true that only an expert or a philosopher should draw conclusions. I pretend to be neither one nor the other, yet I think a familiarity with the facts gathered about these hundreds of old people will excuse anything on my part that might at first thought look like presumption. What I have tried to learn from this vast amount of information that has been collected about these examples of long life are these things:

What is the influence of the different occupations upon the length of life?

Does the physical build of a person have anything to do with the length of his life?

Can one so regulate his habits of work, sleep, eating, drinking, use of stimulants and narcotics, and exercise, as to prolong life?

Is there such a thing as an inherited tendency to long or short life?

Few of the people accounted for by this census are employes, unless the housewives be called such, and in New-England I certainly think they can not be. The occupation that claims most of the men is farming, which means dependence on circumstances and not on men. Of the men and women alike, throughout the list, they are the exceptions who have not been weighted with responsibilities, but responsibilities which, by being borne without intermission, have become fixed habit. The fact that so many of these old people are not employes, considered in conjunction with the fact that the great mass of mankind is made up of wageworkers, points toward a very important conclusion. It seems evident either that a man with the elements of long life within him is more independent in his nature or that a spirit of independence fostered for years tends to prolong existence. It needs no collection of statistics to prove that, in most cases, one who works during a long period for another has a weaker individuality than he who is an employer. The brain of the wage-worker may weigh and measure as much, and his physical strength may be as great, as his who takes the risk of profit and loss upon himself, but in New-England, at least, his life is not so long as the average, and it is rare, as the statistics show, that he lives beyond the age of eighty. This result can not, certainly, be due to any considerable degree to amount of labor, to irregularity, or in any degree whatever to care—supposed to be so deadly in its effect—or to want of nourishing food.

I doubt also if any well-informed person will claim that sanitary conditions have any influence, certainly not if he knows as much as I do of the conditions under which the bulk of these people whom we are considering live.

Very few instances are given where occupations were changed except in the cases of the mariners, who have mostly become farmers in a small way. The life of nearly all these people has been what is usually considered a monotonous one, with regular hours of steady labor and moderately sure returns. Few appear to have taken any risks in life, and while most of them have carried more than the average New-Englander's share of mental and physical burdens, these burdens have been so evenly distributed throughout life that the strain has not been jerky. Surely the housewife has more cares than the woman who works in a shop or as a house-servant, and yet her cares are so similar day after day and year after year that they become easy to bear. So also with the farmer compared with the clerk or mill-hand. Few in all the list have been either more or less than moderately successful—successful above the average, to be sure, but they have achieved neither notoriety nor wealth. They have, in fact, been placed above the wasting worry of want, and have, on the other hand, escaped the softening of the tissues and aimlessness of purpose that generally accompany wealth easily and rapidly obtained.

I have alluded to the fact that in the subjects of the census the complexion in most instances is light. While this may be due to the northern origin of the majority of New-England people, and have no special bearing upon the subject of longevity, it may possibly be very important as showing the effect of temperament upon the length of life. That the sanguine temperament predominates in these people is undoubtedly a fact, and it appears that the sanguine-nervous (judged from complexion, color of the eyes, and general build) is most common. In theory, certainly, this temperament is that which would most conduce to longevity. Other facts, of the nature of these gathered in New-England, from some other locality, might offset these and disprove the theory; but, until these other facts are gathered, I think the theory that people with nervous-sanguine temperaments, and the two nicely blended, are liable to live longer than those who possess a nervous-bilious or a bilious-lymphatic temperament, with either predominating, is strong enough to work with; and, while it does not directly teach us how to live longer, it points to something in the future that means a great deal to the human race.

The fact that the majority of the men are bony and muscular, and the women plump, is easily explained, I think, by the occupations. In the work of the men their muscles have been brought into play so much, and have used such a large proportion of the nourishment taken into the system, that fat could not accumulate. With the women the reverse has been true, especially after they reached the age of fifty, when grown-up daughters took the hardest of the work from their mothers' shoulders.

In regard to food, the evidence is so uniformly one way that those who advise a simple diet, and those who cry out against meat, must either hold their theories to be above facts or give them up. There is certainly nothing "simple" about the diet of a New-England farmer. It consists of salt and fresh pork and beef and all sorts of common fish and vegetables, almost always poorly cooked, and pies and cakes of the most indigestible sorts. The food is "plain," truly, and gives the digestive organs an abundance of work to do, but it is not such food as a theorist would recommend to one who desired to live near up to the century-mark. Tea and coffee have certainly proved that they do not tend to shorten life, even if they do not prove that they help to prolong it. The generally accepted theory in relation to stimulants, that in excess they are not life-sustaining, receives strong support. Tobacco appears to prove itself harmless, at least on the temperament of these people. Whether it be a help to live long requires other evidence.

While the farmers of New-England and their wives are a cleanly people, they are not much given to bathing. This neglect may not have prolonged their existence or made them more healthy, but it is to be presumed that it has not cut off many years or caused much disease. Neither are the members of these families well informed in relation to sanitary matters. They know little of the unseen dampness to which the human system is so constantly exposed, and, knowing little, care little. May not this be an influence in favor of a prolonged existence, paradoxical as the supposition may seem? In Hingham, Mass., with only 4,000 inhabitants, there are eighty people over eighty years of age, and out of these seventy-five are of light complexion. In no other town in New-England, so far as could be learned, is there such a proportion of old people. This town is on the seacoast, lies very low, is without sewers, and has only recently put in a system of water-works. From a sanitary point of view, the conditions here are about as unfavorable to long life as could be conceived outside the crowded portions of the large cities. And in Boston, where the sanitary conditions appear to be the worst—in the North End and South Boston districts—the greatest number of very old people are found.

From the hours of retiring and rising given, I judge the average length of sleep to be about eight hours, with few exceptions. Regularity in hours of work, eating, sleeping, and everything, in fact, seems to have been rigidly observed. But is not this more the result of the temperament than the cause of long life? Is not the nervous-sanguine temperament more than any other like a balance-wheel or the pendulum of a clock. Is it not, after all, the great regulator of which the habits of these people are a manifestation, and to which is due their long life? And is it not something more than a regulator; is it not a repairer of waste and decay, a remedy more potent than any drug? I will not presume to answer these questions, for some of my more learned medical friends should be much better able to do so in spite of these new facts which I have.

Without more accurate and more complete information in relation to the ages of the parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and the brothers and sisters of these people in question, it is very difficult to make any deductions pertaining to hereditary longevity. Out of all the statistics that have been gathered, there are none which are full or accurate enough to base any theory upon, other than that a tendency to long life may be transmitted from parents to children. To gather the necessary statistics in relation to, say, 1,000 people, from eighty to ninety, would be extremely difficult, but it must be done before scientific thinkers can make deductions.

One thing, to me, seems to stand out above all others: that a strong vital principle, manifested outwardly by strong build and constant activity, has been the chief cause of the advanced age of these people. Given a certain organization of mind and body, I think that a man may count on long life—always barring accidents—with reasonable certainty. Such an organization need not be put under any particular conditions of life: it will seek them out for itself, as a plant seeks out in the earth and the air such elements as aid its development. There is no reason that science can see why a raven should live longer than a snipe, but there is a reason, nevertheless: so we can see no reason why a tall, bony muscular, light-skinned farmer should live long than a short, stout, dark-skinned clerk: but I believe there is one, and one that science may some discover.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

M. C. Gillington in The Overland.

Love that died ere his day was done
Came to my door last night,
Knocking and weeping and wailing on,
Shut out from the warmth and light.
"Now wherefore, wherefore, O thou Dead,
Return to trouble me so?
I thought the green moss covered thy head,
Where the earliest violets blow,
Where spring sound are calling,
And tender breezes go."

Then answered Love in woful tone,—
Without in the dark and cold,—
"Forget'st thou me who was once thine own,
In the beautiful days of old?
Arise, arise, and open the door,
And take thy weary one home,—
My lonely grave on the windswept shore
So dank with the salt sea-foam,
Where hoarse waves are howling,
And evil spectres roam."

So I loosed the latch and opened wide
To clasp the wanderer's hand,
—When I saw a vision glorified
Upon my threshold stand.
Lo, Love new-robed in a raiment bright
New-girt with an angel guise,—
With the old sweet smile on his lips of light,
He whispered, "O, be wise,
Return, thou heart's dearest,
With me to Paradise!"

THE DANISH ROYALTIES.

From The Epoch.

At Copenhagen the King and Queen, with the Prince Royal and Prince Valdemar and their families, inhabit the Amalienburg Palace, and in summer they live at the Chateau of Bernstorff; but when there are large family gatherings they are obliged to go to the Fredericksberg Palace, which is large enough to accommodate, on a pinch, all the royal children and grandchildren. Situated on Lake Esrom and surrounded with hills and woods, this princely "Chateau of Peace" is in a most attractive spot. The building, which consists of a central pavilion and two wings, is very plainly furnished, but has some masterpieces in its gallery.

In the King's reception-room there is a magnificent white bearskin, given him by the Czar, and in his study the most prominent object is a large photograph of the Empress of Russia, who is her father's preferred child. The Princess of Wales is her mother's favorite, and both being fine musicians, pass hours together at the piano. The civil list of the Danish King is not large, and when the Princess Alexandra complains each year about the same old instrument upon which she used to drum in her girlhood days, Queen Louise smilingly tells her that with such a large family she has been obliged to be very economical in the way of luxuries.

AN OBSERVANT YOUNGSTER.

From The Christian Advocate.

On a summer's morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt, and discovered a spider's web. She was delighted and exclaimed: "Oh, see! here is a hammock for bugs."

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