not create for himself some salutary trouble, and consults me if he should marry or open a banker's book. I advise him, however, to let well alone.

It was a mournful thing for FitzGerald and for Bernard Barton's daughter that their friend's counsel was not taken. We presently find Donne writing to Fanny Kemble, in the vein of de Sevigné, announcing the marriage of la Grande Mademoiselle; that Fitz is actually to be Benedick, the married man. He adds concerning Lucy Barton, who was a year younger than FitzGerald: "In respect that she is tall and well filled out Charles is wont to call her Barton-Barton, conceiving, I suppose, that Baden-Baden means double-Baden. However, though there be much of her, it is so much good, and as she and Edward have been intimate friends for at least a quarter of a century, and she has great reverence for him, I am not clear, though I have been as incredulous as Thomas and as full of denial as Peter, but that both have consulted and concluded wisely." Though the pair had been friends so long—and though FitzGerald was actuated by the gentlest sympathy in providing by marriage for the poor old maiden left penniless at her father's death—matrimony brought discord. Another letter from Donne to Fanny Kemble shows how difficult a person FitzGerald must have been for an unloved wife to live with:

Ed. FitzGerald has taken rooms at 24 Portland Terrace for 3 months, much to my delight, for he is within reach, much to his own discomfiture, for the rooms, it seems, are dark and dismal, looking forward on the wild beasts [in the Zoological Gardens], looking backward on a cemetery. The paper of his sitting room is a dark, indeed an invisible green, the windows are narrow, and he says that "his contemporary"—which, being interpreted, means his wife! looks in this chamber of horrors like Lucrezia Borgia. Most extraordinary of Benedicks is our friend. He talks like Bluebeard. Speaks "O' leaping o'er the line": really distresses even Spedding's well-regulated mind. I have however, so much confidence in him that I believe all this irony, with a rooted regard for Lucy, and so much confidence in Lucy as to believe she'll tame Petruchio, swagger as he list. Yet for the present I agree with your sister. "Your account," quoth she, "of Edward FitzGerald is very droll, but not comfortable, I think. At least if I was his wife, I should not like him even to play at being bored by me. I think my woman's feeling would revolt at that, and my woman's folly at being called the 'Contemporary.'"

A year or so later Donne describes what he calls the "pleasant but not proper" situation of his friends in Norfolk, with E. F. G. rusticating in great ease and comfort, and Lucy, or, as her husband then called her, "the elder," also rusticating a few miles away. Some months after Donne tells Mrs. Kemble that FitzGerald "is now gone on a visit of three or four days to his 'elder.' *alias* 'contemporary,' *alias* Mrs. E. F. G. It so happens that his brother John's wife resides in the same part of Kent with his (Edward's) elder, preferring, it seems, the charge of a lunatic to abiding with her husband! There is another lady in the same neighborhood dwelling under somewhat similar circumstances: in short, one friend describes the locality as 'a kind of park, where elders are turned out to graze.'" Donne ceases to write of this unhappy marriage as the translator of "Omar" returns more and more to the recluse ways of his bachelorhood. "I have not been well and we're growing old," laments Fitz after a while. "'Tis time to think of curling oneself up like a Dog about to lie down. Had I worked as you have done, I should have given way years and years ago; but like a selfish Beast I have kept out of obligations and self-sacrifices." One of the most welcome passages in the letters from FitzGerald to Donne is that in which he refers to his brief calendar of the life of Charles Lamb—"dear Fellow":

I hesitated at expatiating so on the terrible year 1796, or even mentioning the Drink in 1804; but the first is necessary to show what a Saint and Hero the man was; and only a Noodle would fail to understand the Drink, etc., which never affected Lamb's conduct to those he loved. Bless him! "Saint Charles!" said Thackeray, one day, taking up one of his Letters and putting it to his Forehead.

Donne and FitzGerald had many points of agreement in taste. Both, for example, were devoted to Scott's novels. "Who is the best Novelist I don't know," wrote the latter, "but I know that Sir Walter is delightful to me." And it is related of Donne in his last days that, long after the power to read it had passed, he would sit with one of Scott's books in his hands fingering it lovingly.

George Borrow was another friend of Donne, and the two walked together round Bury St. Edmunds, fell in with gypsies and "heard the speech of Egypt." "Borrow's face lighted by the red turf fire of the tent," says Donne, "was worth looking at."

He is ashy white now—but twenty years ago, when his hair was like a raven's wing, he must have been hard to discriminate from a born Bohemian. Borrow is best on the tramp—if you can walk 4½ miles per hour, as I can with ease and do by choice, and can walk 15 of them at a stretch—which I can compass also—then he will talk Iliads of adventures even better than his printed ones. He cannot abide those Amateur Pedestrians who saunter, and in his chair he is given to groan and be contradictory.

Charles Reade, Donne describes as sitting during his calls with head on one side like a magpie and deriving, seemingly, much amusement from the contemplation of his host. "Long are his calls, long his pauses of silence, during which it is useless to talk to him—he hears or marks you not." Such little pictures are scattered throughout this volume, and we leave the reader to find them for himself. We will quote only an anecdote about Donne himself, one having reference to his work as an Examiner:

Mr. Donne was extremely particular as to what plays he licensed, and several cartoons appeared in the illustrated papers at his expense. It is said he never allowed the word "God" to appear, and a story is told of a gentleman calling on him and finding him seated with his children looking over manuscripts. As he entered he heard a voice say, "Here's another God, father," and the answer, "Very well, my dear, cross Him out, and put 'Heaven' as usual."

## *A COLONIAL TOWN.*

### *Ancient Wethersfield in Connecticut History.*

THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT WETHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT. Comprising the Present Towns of Wethersfield, Rocky Hill and Newington, and of Glastonbury Prior to Its Incorporation in 1693, from Date of Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Based upon manuscript collections of the late Judge Sherman W. Adams, and recast, enlarged and edited by Henry R. Stiles, A. M., M. D. With 137 illustrations and maps. 2 vols., royal 8vo, pp vi, 995; viii, 946. The Grafton Press.

Dr. Stiles brought to the preparation of the two monumental volumes of the history and genealogies of ancient Wethersfield the same painstaking care and capacity for research that characterized his previous work on "Ancient Windsor." He was aided, moreover, by his past experience and the voluminous collection of manuscripts and other data left by the late Judge Adams. Despite the limitations imposed by ill health, the fact that Dr. Stiles had never visited Wethersfield before undertaking his herculean task, and the miscellaneous and inchoate character of the Adams papers, he has succeeded in compiling a remarkably thorough and consecutive history of the town.

The inquiry into the beginnings especially of these old Connecticut River towns has, of course, an interest not merely local. They were among the first offshoots of the original Plymouth Colony, and have been the cradles of families that have taken leading parts in shaping the destiny, and imparting their most salient characteristics to American life and manners. The greater the number of facts that one can discover about these sturdy pioneers, no matter how trivial many of their doings may appear in the perspective of nearly three centuries, the closer we can come to understanding the forces that have so largely made for our present development.

Wethersfield, which later acquired fame for its onions and State prison, was founded by one John Oldham, an adventurous and lawless individual of Watertown, Mass., who characteristically obtained permission for the migration of himself and his associates after it was an accomplished fact. The settlement was, indeed, first known as Watertown, and the reason of its change of designation to Wethersfield has been shrouded in mystery that Dr. Stiles now seeks to clear away. He thinks the name was suggested by the Rev. John Sherman, the town's first minister, in honor of the Rev. Richard Rogers, of Wethersfield, England, a brother of the Rev. John Rogers, of Dedham, in whose honor Dedham, Mass., was named. The connection is rather remote, but in the absence of any better solution it may be accepted as at least possible.

The town, however named, and in spite of the unruly character of its founder, was law-abiding in theory, if not always in practice, and the duties of constable were so arduous and unpleasant that "to many a citizen the payment of a fine of 40 shillings was preferable to the acceptance of such an office." And as we read that in one year seven men who were successively elected refused to serve, it seems likely that the people were accustomed to cast their votes with an eye to the town treasury rather than to the availability of the candidates—an inhad its anti-Stamp Act demonstration, and by force of arms secured the resignation of the stamp master, Jared Ingersoll. Thereupon five hundred mounted farmers, armed with peeled staves, accompanied him to Hartford and compelled him to read his withdrawal from the obnoxious office from the steps of the courthouse, wherein the General Assembly was then in session.

Very interesting is Judge Adams's account of the trials for witchcraft. The first of these was held in 1648. The victim was Mary Johnson, "by her oune confession . . . guilty of familiarity with the Deuill." It was of this case that Cotton Mather wrote that "her confession was attended with such convictive circumstances that it could not be slighted (!) . . . and she dy'd in a frame extremely to the satisfaction of them that were spectators of it."

MADAME BURON.
(From the portrait by David.)

## *JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID.*

### *Three Rare Souvenirs of the Famous French Painter.*

There were sold last Thursday at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, three portraits by J.-L. David, belonging to an M. R., which direct attention to a very interesting phase of the painter's career. In a preface to the catalogue we have just received from M. Paul Chevallier, some particulars are given in regard to the portraits and their origin by M. Roger-Miles. He finds in them useful material for contradiction of the legend which presents David as, above all things a painter of the Napoleonic epoch, which is to say, of the earlier nineteenth century. He sees in the canvases links which connect David with Boucher and his school, a view of the matter amply borne out by the illustrations, one of which, showing the portrait of Mme. Buron, we reproduce. This lady's husband also figures in the trio, which is completed by a portrait of M. Desmaisons.

David's father fell in a duel in December, 1757, when the lad was only seven years old. Boucher, then court painter, and a kinsman, was consulted by the widow as to her son's education, and the subject seems also to have been put before M. Desmaisons, architect to the King, and the Burons, all relatives. They wanted the boy to pursue his studies before adopting a career, and when that career was to be chosen they were not certain that it ought to be one of painting. The boy was persistent, however, and he was placed in the atelier of Vien. In 1769 the grateful young painter executed the portraits of the Burons; M. Desmaisons he did not paint until 1782. All three canvases carry us back to his earlier period, to the time of his freshest enthusiasm, when his technique was still free from the classical influences destined to count for so much in his development. They seem to be beautiful works of art, interesting as studies of character and delightfully flexible in execution. Here, indeed, are echoes of Boucher and of that century of elegance and suavity with which one would not otherwise think of associating the David of the Napoleonic régime.

## *LITERARY NOTES.*

"Back to Sunny Seas" is to be the title of Mr. F. T. Bullen's book describing his recent journey through the West Indies.

Mr. Henry James is going back to England next month, and his book on his recent impressions of America will probably appear early next year. It will, no doubt, be welcomed with much curiosity, for many of Mr. James's countrymen believe that he is too much out of sympathy with his native land to write of it impartially and with understanding.

The Great Lexicographer!—is it possible that we may have a fresh glimpse of him in the attitude most revered by the august Miss Pinkerton! A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" communicates a saying of Dr. Johnson on taking a pinch of snuff, which has not to his knowledge at any time appeared in print. Here is the saying:

Permit me to immerge the summits of my digits in your box of pulverized odoriferous sweets for the purpose of producing a pleasing titillation of the olfactory nerves.

As for the authenticity of this elegantly ponderous and polite sentence, it is thus attested by Mr. O. B. Fellowes: "It was repeated by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, who again repeated it to Sir James Fellowes (her literary executor); he repeated it to my father, and my father to me."

Mr. Bodley, the author of a notable work on France, has been prevented by a long illness from finishing the second series of that work. He is now recovering and will soon take up again the new volumes dealing with religious questions in the great republic—a subject which is just now interesting in many directions.

An English bookselling story is told by a clever woman who asked for a volume of Robert Browning's works. "I haven't got it, madam," replied the bookseller. "I make it a rule never to stock any books I can't understand, and I can't make head or tail of Mr. Browning. Can you?" Scarcely knowing whether to be amused or annoyed, but prepared to take another volume, the lady said: "Have you Praed, then?" "Yes, madam," quoth the bookseller, "I've prayed, and that don't help me."

A poem by Browning, hitherto unpublished, is coming out in an English periodical. It is called "A Forest Thought," and was written by the poet in a woman's album nearly seventy years ago.

There is an interesting note of Browning's which was written to Lady Dilke and is reproduced in her husband's just published memoir of her:

As for news, I have none. We are all reading the "Life of Dickens" and admiring his sensitiveness at having brushed shoes and trimmed gallipots in his early days, when—did he see with the eyes of certain of his sagest friends—it was the best education imaginable for the like of him. Shall I versify?

In Dickens, sure, philosophy was lacking,
Since of calamities he counts the crowning,
That, young, he had too much to do with Blacking,
Old he had not enough to do with B—g.

R. B.

A short biography of George Borrow is in course of preparation by Mr. C. K. Shorter. A quantity of Borrow's MSS., comprising poems, prose and letters, have been procured by him from the executors of Borrow's stepdaughter. It was of this Henrietta, by the way, that Borrow proudly observes "she has all sorts of good qualities, and several accomplishments, knowing something of conchology, more of botany, drawing capitally in the Dutch style, and playing remarkably well on the guitar—not the trumpery German thing so called—but the real Spanish guitar." There is a pleasant picture in "Wild Wales" of Henrietta playing on her guitar the old muleteer tune of "El Punto de la Vana" while her stepfather jovially sang the words, with here and there a line that somehow swings through the reader's memory, like—The lasses of Havana go to mass 'n coaches yellow.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is writing a new novel, which is to be published serially before coming out in book form. He will issue a volume of short stories in the autumn.