

JOY AND PAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN BY T. W. H. ROLLESTON.

Two chambers hath the heart:
There dwelling,
Live Joy and Pain apart.
Is Joy in one awake?
Then only
Doth Pain his slumber take.
Joy, in thine hour, refrain—
Speak softly,
Lest thou awaken Pain.

The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1907.

Once more our old friend the minor poet is on the warpath, resolved to get himself taken seriously or to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the callous critic. A new series of volumes is coming out, devoted to "The Contemporary Poets," and incidentally the gentlemen projecting it assert "that while to-day there exists a large body of excellent poets and a fairly considerable body of intelligent readers of poetry, there has not of late years been any serious attempt to bring the one into contact with the other." We like that allusion, patronizing though it is, to "a fairly considerable body of intelligent readers." It is fun for those who know what poetry is to have the minor poet express confidence in their existence, and in their intelligence. But then we like the whole spirit of this momentous deliverance. There is something inexpressibly sweet in the thought of a formal campaign looking to the elevation of the minor poet to a place among the poets who are read. To be sure, as "The Academy" says, the idea of a really strenuous effort in this direction adds a new terror to life, but then it is such an amusing little terror. We can see, in our mind's eye, the lover of poetry suddenly confronted with an ultimatum, and compelled to show cause why he should not immediately batten upon the Works of Mr. Percy Popjoy.

Mr. Arthur Symons makes, in "The Saturday Review," what he calls "A Complaint Against London," and in the course of it he says some true things. Londoners have too many pictures to look at, they hear too much music, they see too many plays, and so on. It is an old story, one which we have frequently brought to the attention of our readers. We know just how Mr. Symons feels when he looks at the immense mass of new printed matter, and says:

Everyone is talking of books, newspapers are multiplying supplements in which books are reviewed, libraries and clubs and agencies are outbidding one another for the distribution of books, books are being cheapened, the "classics" are being thrust into the hands of the uneducated, everywhere there is a deluge of books, and of talk about books. Does it all mean anything? Do people really care more for literature than they did ten years ago? Do they discriminate any better between what is good or bad in literature? Is any good thing likely to come out of indiscriminate reading, any more than out of any other form of feeding indiscriminately?

In a measure this is plausible, but it is the kind of talk which must always be taken with caution. Much trash is written and read. Much good literature is wasted upon unthinking readers. But it is impossible to give a concise answer to the question as to whether it all means anything, and if people really care more for literature than they did ten years ago. All that can be said is that the general impression received by experienced observers is a favorable one; that the habit of reading good books seems to have increased and to be increasing every day. Moreover, it is a mistake to look for readers only among people bearing the stamp of cosmopolitan "culture." Mr. Symons himself thinks it clever to name, as three fertilizing books, the Bible, Shakespeare—and Walt Whitman! He might have been saved from that *bêtise* by many a reader whose intellectual interests and powers he would, perhaps, scarcely suspect.

There is a cant phrase, much in vogue amongst modern biographers, especially "critical" biographers, which ought to be laid away and allowed to rest for a long time. Convinced that they are speaking the last word on their subject, these gentry give their books the title of "The Real" So-and-So. The justification offered for this assumption of authority is often of the flimsiest description. If the biographer takes a fancy to whitewash a bad hero or expose the hidden weaknesses of a good one, he makes the most of very trifling evidence. It is a superstition with him that anything that can be called "new matter" must necessarily shed a flood of new light upon the man he is attempting to portray. This new matter may consist, if the subject of the book is an author, of writings rescued by a mercenary hand from the waste-basket in which they were intended to repose. Or it may amount to nothing more or less than the assertions of irresponsible gossip. It is bad enough to accumulate stuff of this sort and peddle it about in the guise of serious biographical material, but it is adding insult to injury to speak, with an air, of the false image thus created, as "The Real" Smith. In nine cases out of ten it is a figure which Smith himself would never recognize, if he could come back from the grave to see what his "friends" had been doing, nominally to strengthen his reputation.

THE CARDINAL KING.

Life of Henry Stuart, Last of His Line.

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS. Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York. By Herbert M. Vaughan. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, pp. 309. E. P. Dutton & Co.

On a March morning in 1725 a tall, lean, raw-boned personage, in whose manner dignity contended with delight, came down the stateliest apartment in his Roman palace, bearing in his arms a very small, pink, uninterested infant. The most august of Romans awaited him with congratulations—no less a person than the Pope, Benedict XIII. To this benignant visitor his majesty King James III of Great Britain, otherwise the Old Pretender, exhibited his new-born son—"I present the Duke of York to Your Holiness, that you make him a Christian." The Pope promptly baptized the Stuart baby in the Royal Chapel, giving him his own name to follow the first—

The English travellers of those days had an immense curiosity to see the Stuart King and his children, and the author quotes various interesting contemporary comments. Mr. Crisp—who makes in his old age so lovable an appearance in Fanny Burney's diary and letters—goes upon the Grand Tour like other well-to-do young gentlemen of his nation, and observes the boys admiringly at the Marchesa Bologneta's ball: "I think I may say with truth they are two as fine youths as ever I saw; particularly the youngest, who has more Beauty and Dignity in him than even one can form to oneself in Idea; he danced miraculously, as they say he does all his exercises; singing, so I am told, most sweetly, and accompanies himself, and is, in short, the admiration of Everybody." Gray, the poet, thought they were "good fine boys," the younger having the more spirit of the two. The Frenchman, Charles de Brosse, gives this glimpse of them in a letter from Rome:

Both have the Stuart air, but the younger is still a child, with a pretty face. They are amiable, polite and gracious, but they exhibit no signs of ability, and both are less developed in ideas than princes should be at their age. The younger is the more popular of the two in Rome, on account of

French ships were sent to search for him. When the two at last met in Paris the younger wrote to the melancholy father in Rome:

The very morning after I write you my last I had the happiness of meeting with my dearest brother. He did not know me at first sight, but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has undergone. Your majesty may conceive better than I can express in writing the tenderness of our first meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives; and, indeed, I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part, I can safely say that all my endeavors tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me. . . . The Prince sees and will scarce see anybody but myself for a few days, that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him.

Alas that all this brotherly affection should be suddenly cast to the winds. The young Duke of York had no sooner returned to Rome than he took the step which the author believes he had long been meditating—he took the red hat and joined the Roman priesthood. King James, in a letter to his elder son, argues that he could not in conscience forbid the younger to follow his vocation, and deftly suggests satisfaction at seeing him thus provided for. It is not to be wondered at that Prince Charles Edward, returning sore and disheartened from his luckless campaign, flamed into wrath, for none knew better than he the temper at that time of the English people as regarded the Roman Church. "Under more favorable conditions the effects of Culloden might yet have been wiped out," but this "definite and official connection of the Stuarts" with the Papacy could not fail to fix their fate in Protestant England. "Whilst, therefore," says Mr. Vaughan, "we condemn and deplore Charles's bitter rancor toward his brother and his heartless neglect of his father, we cannot deny that he had a genuine cause of grievance against both for their total upsetting of his cherished schemes. He never saw his father again, and for eighteen years thereafter the brothers were as strangers to one another."

The Cardinal Duke of York took up his priestly work in all singleness of mind, and was, through the greater part of his life, one of the most excellent as he was one of the most distinguished and wealthy princes of the church. Many posts were bestowed upon him, among them the Vice-Chancellorship of the Holy See—an office which carried with it the occupancy of the beautiful palace of the Cancellaria. There, for forty years, he lived when in Rome; but as Bishop of Frascati, most of his days were spent in the mediæval castle of that fascinating and beloved Tusculum of old. Full of enlightened beneficence was his life in the little city, and there is only one blot upon the memory of his episcopate. It is sad to record that this cultivated prince pulled down the famous ruin on Monte Cavo, supposed to have been built by Tarquin in honor of the Latin Jove. Out of its splendid materials was erected a commonplace church—a church which might easily have been placed elsewhere without despoiling the great temple of ancient Rome. It is pleasanter to remember the story told by his biographer of the noble fashion in which he brought civilization and comfort to the savage, neglected half-starved outcasts of the Molara settlement.

It was natural that on Charles Edward's death the Cardinal should have claimed his right of succession to the British throne as "Henry the Ninth." That claim was placidly made and disturbed nobody. The royal crown replaced the ducal coronet on his belongings; his household knew that he must be spoken of as Majesty; and he had a medal struck in honor of his shadowy accession. He even undertook to touch with medals scrofulous people who applied to him for cure, in accordance with an ancient tradition of the sovereign's health power. It is said, too, that one of the princesses of the Hanoverian line of England once visited Frascati "on purpose to be touched by the representative of Edward the Confessor, in whose person alone rested the true virtue of healing." The author notes that with Henry Stuart's death, touching for the King's Evil disappears completely from English history. In such uneventful ways the Cardinal's life passed until the French Revolution brought upheaval in Italy as elsewhere. With other high ecclesiastics the Cardinal stripped himself of his private fortune and his historic heirlooms to help in the payment of the enormous sum demanded by the French from the Papal Government. The period of safety thus secured was a short one, and the French invasion of 1798 sent the Stuart King with many of his brother Cardinals flying from Rome to Venice. In exile and poverty and intense physical suffering he received an unexpected and unsolicited relief. His unhappy state was described to George III, who promptly ordered that a handsome pension should be settled upon the fugitive. "Nor in all the various dealings between the government at home and the exiled Cardinal at Venice," says Mr. Vaughan, "was the slightest hint ever advanced that the recipient of the royal pension was any other than the grandson and last surviving representative of King James II; while the Duke of Sussex invariably treated the Cardinal Pretender with every mark of royal distinction." We are reminded that Henry held to the day of his death the conviction that he was the rightful monarch of Great Britain, and never gave up the hope that in some peaceful way and by strength of prayer his restoration might come about. The dream was as gentle



THE CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK.
(From an anonymous portrait.)

"Henry, in memory of eight English Kings." And thus Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart entered the world of Christians in which he was to lead a life mostly blameless, kind and generous.

The household which welcomed little Henry Benedict maintained regal state, for James had been settled in Rome as Titular King of England, and successive Popes had with genuine sympathy made the situation of one who had "suffered for his religion" as easy and comfortable and dignified as possible. There was probably not much lavish splendor in the Palazzo Muti, however, for James spent a large part of his pension in aiding his impoverished adherents. Also there was not much happiness, save in the nursery wherein the baby's five-year-old brother, Prince Charles Edward, found plenty of amusement. James III was a melancholy man, disappointed, soured and absorbed in political schemes. We must go elsewhere than to Mr. Vaughan's pages for any clear conception of the Stuart King's character. His portrait there is more or less vague, and nearly as unpleasant as that other picture of his youth, which "le grand sérieux," Colonel Esmond, hath painted. But we may at least give James Stuart the benefit of a few doubts, remembering that he has been credited upon occasion with a deed or two of kindness and large-mindedness, and that so unselfish a writer as Mr. Lang has said of him that "he had a keen sense of honor, undeniable dignity, and Christian stoicism." Whatever good qualities were his they were not sufficient to preserve the peace in his home; his wife, the pious and narrow young Polish princess, Maria Clementina Sobieska, lost patience with him to the extent of retreating to a convent six months after Henry's birth, and staying there for three years. The boy was in his tenth year when she died, after much suffering of mind and body. Devoted to her religion and her charities the invalid Queen had not much thought to spare for her boys, and it would seem that they hardly missed her when at thirty-three she left them forever.

his handsome face and charming manners. Yet I gather from those who know them intimately that the elder is made of far better stuff, and is more beloved by his own suite; that he is kind-hearted and courageous, and that he feels his present position acutely, and that if he does not make a serious effort some day, it will not be for lack of initiative. Both princes are devoted to music and understand it thoroughly. The elder plays the violoncello very well, and the younger sings Italian songs with a clear, child's voice, and in the best taste; they give a concert once a week; it is the best music in Rome, and I never miss it. Yesterday I entered whilst they were performing Corelli's famous work, the "Notte di Natale," and I expressed my regret at not having arrived in time to hear the whole of it. When it was over, and they were about to pass to another piece, the Prince of Wales said: "No, wait! Let us begin over again, for I chanced to hear Monsieur de Brosse say he would greatly like to listen to the whole piece." I gladly inscribe this little incident, as it shows much attention and good nature.

So far as energy went, Charles Edward did indeed show himself in his twenties to be of the better stuff. In the final struggle for the English crown in 1745 his courage and his fortitude were unquestioned. The author notes that the King in Rome regarded the project with dismal foreboding, and thinks that Henry, who was then twenty-one, probably shared his father's feeling. However this may be, the youth, who by that time had lost his high spirits and had turned more and more to ecclesiasticism, undertook to further his brother's efforts by organizing in France an army of invasion. Month after month passed, while Richelieu and his master made promises of help, only to break them with cynical unconcern. Henry Stuart had nothing of the daredevil boldness that would have led his brother in his place to land alone on a dangerous coast; he watched an idle fleet and prayed. It is remembered that while at mass one day he kept a council of war waiting. "You may perhaps gain the kingdom of heaven by your prayers," said Richelieu, "but never the kingdom of Great Britain!" It may well be that Henry's disappointment and sense of failure, and his disgust with the deceit and treachery he encountered in France, finally turned his mind, already *devote*, against the mundane life. When, after the disaster of Culloden, the young chevalier was a hunted fugitive in Scotland, Henry never rested until two