## SOME NEW BOOKS.

### Goldwin Smith's Essays.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH expresses the opinion, in the preface to a collection of his recent *Lectures and Essays*, that "the great public is sick of reprints, and with good reason." And he has accordingly published the present volume at his own expense, for private circulation. We trust that measures will be taken to bring these remarkable papers before a wider audience. Regarded merely as models of literary treatment, of the admirable style which comes of clear thinking and honest, unaffected striving to reach the reader's mind, this man's writings deserve careful study. But the matter also of this volume is of uncommon and enduring value. It contains the strenuous thought on a variety of themes, which have a keen and lasting interest for us all, of one of the soundest, most penetrating, best trained, and most thoroughly equipped intellects of our day. If we were asked what man using the English language has the best claim, by virtue of his attainments and abilities, to sit on the same bench with Mr. Matthew Arnold as a critic of human life, we should name Mr. Goldwin Smith. In one respect it seems to us that his conclusions commend themselves more forcibly than do Mr. Arnold's to plain straightforward people, who aim simply to get at the truth concerning a given subject, and who do not stop to measure how much credit may be due to the author for his insight and sagacity.

There is an impersonality in Mr. Smith's discourse. When he grapples a topic he forgets himself, and we lose sight of the thinker as we follow the current of his thought. With the other writer whom we have named, we may recognize that what he says is just and true and useful, but there is borne in upon us at the same time an impression that this truth is the prize of self-conscious endeavor, and the subject of serene self-gratulation; that it has, in short, been expounded by an oracle whose name is Matthew Arnold. At the close of one of those delightful essays whose judicious and suggestive reflections are set forth in temperate, well-balanced, felicitous diction—in whose substance and form alike there is a characteristic blending of light and sweetness—we seem to hear the author repeating in low tones of sober self-satisfaction the words ascribed to Augustus, "Have I played my part well? Then give me your applause."

When we say that Mr. Smith's style is markedly impersonal, we of course would not affirm that he writes like a scientist—like Herbert Spencer, for example. Egoism is one thing, partisanship is another; and Mr. Goldwin Smith is conspicuously a partisan. He forgets himself, but he never loses sight, even when descanting upon themes apparently unassociated with social and political progress, of those liberal aspirations and democratic ideals whose steadfast and redoubtable champion he is. Mr. Smith is as truly the modern exponent of that Puritan England which brought forth the Commonwealth in politics and the "Paradise Lost" in literature, as Mr. Arnold is the upholder of that Anglican conservatism and culture which welcomed the restoration of the monarchy, and whose highest literary outgrowth is to be found in the writings of Dryden and Pope. Mr. Arnold thinks it was a happy thing for England that the Commonwealth collapsed. Mr. Smith believes that its miscarriage thrust England back at least two centuries; indeed, he would scarcely think of placing contemporary Britain on the same level with the England of 1648, seeing that the second Reform bill was followed by the triumph of those Conservatives whom he probably regards as Lord Beaconsfield's dupes and janissaries. This diametrical opposition in respect of points of view and standards of merit between two men who represent, with perhaps equal distinction, the scope and quality of Oxford discipline and acquirement, must have struck many readers as one of the most interesting phenomena in current literature. The antithesis is brought out with peculiar emphasis in the present volume, which contains a discussion of "Falkland and the Puritans," being a reply to Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay on the man to whom Clarendon devoted the most eloquent and laudatory pages in his history. It is this paper that illustrates so happily, by contrast with Mr. Arnold's, the author's distinctive attitude, on which we would now dwell, though the reader will thank us for calling special attention to several other essays in this volume. Such are the papers on "The Greatness of the Romans" and "The Greatness of England," those on "The Ascent of Man" and "The Proposed Substitutes for Religion," and the two discussions of fundamental economical questions respectively entitled "The Labor Movement" and "What is Culpable Luxury."

Mr. Smith is far from echoing Carlyle's sneer at Falkland; on the contrary, he acknowledges the title of the pure-minded, conscientious loyalist to our admiration and love. But he points out, and this is the key note of his essay, that the attractive combination which his character presented—that of practical activity and military valor, with high culture and a serious interest in great questions—though rare enough in our time, was not rare in the England of the seventeenth century, especially among the great Puritan chiefs. He reminds us, also, that Mr. Arnold is guilty of a (doubtless inadvertent) suppression of truth when he seeks to confine our sympathies to one side of the great conflict between Parliament and King; for with the blood of Clarendon's hero "on the field of Newbury mingled that of many an English yeoman, whose cheeks were as wet when he left his Puritan home to die for the religion and liberties of England as were those of Lord Falkland when he left the lime trees and violets of Great Tew."

Few who have read Mr. Arnold's sketch of Falkland will dispute Mr. Smith's shrewd comment that the subject was "converted into a sort of ventriloquial apparatus through which the biographer preached to the present from the pulpit of the past." The philosophy ascribed to Falkland is, it is submitted, "partly that of a teacher who was then in the womb of time." Mr. Smith would not have felt called upon, he tells us, to mark this intrusion of personal ideas in a paper purporting to be historical, if the praise of Falkland had not been turned to the dispraise, and even to the vilification, of men who are at least as much entitled to reverend treatment, and if Mr. Arnold had not, at the same time, taken occasion to disparage the large body of English citizens who, at the present day, are nonconformists. Mr. Arnold saw fit to designate those who should subscribe to the Falkland testimonial as the "amiable," and Mr. Smith, with delicate irony, announces his conviction that "few would be so careful of their money and so careless of their reputation for moral beauty, as to refuse to pay a guinea for a certificate of amiability, countersigned by Mr. Matthew Arnold." He adds, however, that even the amiable might hesitate to take part in erecting a monument to the honor of Falkland, if it was, at the same time, to be a monument to the dishonor of Luther, Gustavus, Walsingham, Sir John Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Vane, and Milton. Mr. Arnold had, it seems, expressly bestowed on some of these the name of Philistine, the exact meaning of which epithet Mr. Smith does not pretend to know. He has no doubt that originally it pointed to some specific defect on the part of those with regard to whom it was used, "and possibly, also, on the part of those who used it." But our author thinks that "with the fate that usually attends the cant phrase of a clique, it is degenerating, by lavish application, into something which irritates, without conveying any definite instruction."

The purport of Mr. Arnold's essay was to contrast Falkland most favorably with Hampden, special emphasis being laid on the former's "extraordinary largeness and lucidity of mind," and his "almost divine superiority to party narrowness and bias." His explicit averment, however, that "alone amongst his party Falkland raised his voice against pressing forward Strafford's impeachment with unfair or vindictive haste," is shown to be scarcely reconcilable with Clarendon's statement. Neither is there adequate evidence that Falkland refused, as his biographer asserts, to concur in Laud's impeachment. In general Mr. Smith considers it hardly possible to draw a sharp line of distinction in any respect except that of practical ability between Falkland and Hampden. The latter seems to have been a highly educated man of the world, some of his extant letters blending regard for religion with enlightened liberality of view. Our author thinks the political and ecclesiastical ideal of both men was pretty much the same, and that the real difference between them was that Falkland failed to understand, while Hampden understood, the character of Charles I. and the full peril of the situation. It would be even more diffenit, in Mr. Smith's opinion, to separate Falkland's general character from that of Pym, whose political philosophy is most distinctly constitutional, and whose speeches leave little to be desired in point of breadth or dignity. But perhaps the most effective stroke in our author's rejoinder is delivered when he sets against the portrait of Falkland the picture of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, far from being a coarse, crop-eared, and snuffling fanatic, was a highly accomplished, refined, gallant, and most "amiable," though religious and seriously-minded, gentleman.

Mr. Smith has little patience with the complacent mood in which Mr. Matthew Arnold flings epithets at Cromwell. Our author eloquently reaffirms the judgment of Carlyle, though he is not blind to the defects in the latter's sketch of the Protector. He pronounces Cromwell "about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose, and, in that sense, about the greatest man, take him all in all, that ever trod the scene of history." As regards Cromwell's statesmanship, Mr. Smith suggests that his critics are too apt to leave out of consideration the union of Scotland and Ireland with England, successfully accomplished by him, repealed by the Restoration, and, like not a few of his other measures, revived and ratified by posterity after a delay fraught with calamitous consequences in both cases, and which, in the case of Ireland, may perhaps even yet prove fatal. Our author admits, however, that Cromwell was indeed guilty of one great and irretrievable error, viz., he died before his hour. He declares the Restoration was a reaction not against the Protectorate, but against the military anarchy which ensued. "Had Cromwell," we are told, "lived ten years longer, or had his marshals been true to his successor, to his cause, and to their own fortunes, there would have been an end to the struggle against Stuart prerogative; the temporal power of ecclesiastics would have troubled England no more; the union with Scotland and Ireland would have remained unbroken, and the genuine representation of the people, embodied in the Instrument of Government, would have continued to exist in the place of rotten boroughs, the sources of oligarchy and corruption, of class government and class wars." But although Mr. Smith believes Cromwell's hold over the hearts of the English people is growing all the time, he will not deny that the problem of his statue is still, and, so far as England is concerned, seems likely long to be, unsolved. In the line of Kings, or out of it, he would be hopelessly incongruous, incommensurable, and out of place. "He is, in fact, the man of the New World; his institutions, in the main, embody the organic principles of New World society; at Washington, not at Westminster, should be his statue." These are sterling words, and here in America, at all events, we have reason to be grateful to Mr. Goldwin Smith for the consoling fact that all the siren of eloquence and culture, all the accredited exponents of amenity and enlightenment, are not enlisted on one side—that in our age, as in the seventeenth century, Puritanism finds a competent laureate.

M. W. H.

### Semper's Animal Life.

The latest number of the International Scientific Series is a closely printed volume of some five hundred pages, in which Prof. CARL SEMPER of Würzburg discusses animal life as it is affected by the natural conditions of existence. The scope and purport of this book may be best indicated by a remark quoted in the preface, that enough has now been done in the way of philosophizing by Darwinists, and that the task now before us is to apply the test of exact investigation to the hypotheses laid down. This indispensable step involves, of course, a very different and an immeasurably more laborious application of the intellect than is called for by the framing of some conjectural process by which causes equally conjectural may have led to the result observed. The author points out that the remarkable phenomena comprehended under the current terms "heredity" and "variability" are merely denoted, not defined, by those expressions, and that they still await a philosophical explanation. It appears to him that of all the properties of the animal organism variability is that which may most easily be traced by scientific inquiry to its efficient causes. He has accordingly endeavored to give an impulse to research in this direction, and to facilitate the task by here presenting a general view of those facts and hypotheses which bear upon the subject.

Prof. Semper's own attitude toward the crucial questions connected with the origin of species may be indicated by saying that, while he is a Darwinist, he is not an Haeckelian. In one of his notes we are reminded that the question whether similar forms can be derived from independent parent stocks, or whether the similitude conclusively demonstrates an identity of origin, is the pivot on which turns the vigorous controversy between the partisans and the opponents of Haeckel. The author of "The Natural History of Creation" categorically affirms that all those characters of a species or of a genus which present themselves to us as identical must have been derived from a single stock. According to this conception, all the species of a genus must have descended from one parent species, all the genera of a family from one parent genus, &c. On the other hand, Dr. Semper concurs with those who maintain that the forms arbitrarily classified by modern observers in a genus or a family may have come from more than one parent species or genus. Of course the author does not deny the logical soundness of Haeckel's deduction, but he disputes the correctness of his premise. If the observed characters of different individuals are really, and not merely apparently, identical, then we must postulate a common origin, for the twofold evolution of one and the same species from different parent forms, brought into existence by dissimilar causes, is admitted to be physically inconceivable. Dr. Semper finds the error of Haeckelism in the unwarranted assumption that certain forms or individuals are necessarily identical because zoölogists have chosen to class them under the concept of a species—a classification made on extremely various grounds that are, without exception, of a subjective character. Our author insists that no one is competent to deliver an objective decision as to whether certain individuals actually constitute one or two or more species, simply because he is unable to trace back their history through vast tracts of time and obtain the criteria needful for such a determination. We are further reminded that Haeckel's hypothesis ignores the fact that in by far the greater number of cases two individuals are needed for the propagation of new forms, but these parents need not invariably belong to the same species, seeing that the possibility of hybridization, or the fertile union of two individuals of different species, is now fully established. Indeed, hybridization would seem to be a favorite method employed by nature, if not her most powerful expedient, for the origination of new forms. Dr. Semper cites a passage from Darwin, in which the latter investigator recognizes the distinction between apparent similitude and historical identity. "I will only remark," says Darwin, "that if two species of two closely allied genera produced a number of new and divergent species, I can believe that these new forms might sometimes approach each other so closely that they would, for convenience' sake, be classed in the same genus; and thus two genera would converge into one." We must certainly draw the inference from his language that Darwin thinks it possible that what, owing to apparent points of likeness, we have chosen to call a species, may comprehend individuals derived not only from different species of the same genus, but from different genera.

While Dr. Semper finds ground for differing with Haeckel, he also declines to follow Wagner in opposing his theory of "isolation" to the "struggle for existence." It seems plain that Wagner misconceives Darwin's phrase when he assumes it to mean nothing but a competition between two animals for a certain possession. It was, of course, intended to comprehend the effort of a single individual to escape inanimate agencies tending to its destruction. For instance, epidemics among land snails are commonly caused by too great moisture or drought. Those that cannot escape rapidly enough perish; those who cannot endure drought are destroyed. Is not this a struggle for existence? Moreover, Darwin himself recognizes the influence of isolation considered as a plastic agency, though he does not think that any change in surrounding conditions exerts so great a selective power as the personal contention between two individuals of the same species. On this head are cited a number of pertinent and decisive extracts. Thus, in his "Descent of Man," Darwin admits that "there can be no doubt that changed conditions [such as are involved in isolation] induce an almost indefinite amount of fluctuating variability by which the whole organization is rendered, in some degree, plastic." Not, however, as he is careful to insist in the "Origin of Species," that either isolation or migration, in themselves, can do anything. "These principles come into play only by bringing organisms into new relations with each other, and, in a lesser degree, with the surrounding physical conditions." He points out, too, in "Animals Under Domestication," that "the prevention of free crossing and the intentional matching of individual animals [which measures are tantamount to the isolation of a species] are the corner stone of the breeder's art." Elsewhere Darwin says "a country having species, genera, and whole families peculiar to it, will be the necessary result of its having been isolated for a long period sufficient for many series of species to have been created on the type of predisiting ones."

This book will be found a trustworthy and useful chart of our existing knowledge regarding the influence of the natural conditions of existence on animal life. How little we really know is confessed by the faint and often broken character of the outlines, whose principal service is to indicate the space to be traversed and the direction to be taken by the future inquirer. It is, indeed, imperative, as the author of this volume never wearies of affirming, that the students of zoölogy should henceforth carry out the most minute and exact research possible, by means of experiment, and wean themselves of the convenient but pernicious habit of theoretical explanations deduced from general propositions. Otherwise, there is danger that the bright expectation which Darwin opened out to us by his theory may be baffled, viz., the prospect of gradually bringing even organic being within reach of that method of inquiry which seeks to discern mechanical efficient causes.

### The Story of George IV.

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD has given us an entertaining book in the *Life of George the Fourth*, of which the first part, bringing down the story of his subject's career to the year 1808, is now published by the Harpers. The author's style is slovenly enough, yet it is not devoid of a certain careless grace, well adapted to the anecdotes and gossip of which this volume is principally made up. The amount of industrious burrowing into the memoirs, correspondence, and fugitive literature of the time, whose fruits are sifted and digested in the volume before us, is really surprising. Mr. Fitzgerald has a keen eye for a piquant incident or a smart saying, and he has, perhaps, been at more pains in the course of his researches to glean diverting materials than to probe their authenticity. As he is tolerably careful, however, to cite authorities, it is easy for the suspicious reader to verify his assertions, and considering the dearth, in English, of those lively memoirs so abundant in French, we are grateful to the author, on the whole, for preferring to make an enjoyable compilation rather than to add another to the list of trustworthy, but prosiex and dull, histories.

There is a special reason why a life of George IV. will be scanned with interest by the present generation of English readers. There is much in the situation, and something, it is believed, in the character of the present Prince of Wales to remind us of his great-uncle, who, like him, was forced to content himself with the position and resources of heir apparent for very many years after attaining his majority. Both received the most careful education and moral training during youth, and both had the advantage of admirable examples of decorous and upright conduct on the part of their parents. It is noteworthy, indeed, that George III. and the present Queen are the only sovereigns of the House of Brunswick whose private lives have been not only free from gross stains, but positively unimpeachable. While, too, the mother of George IV. was an estimable and amiable woman, it is equally true that the late Prince Albert was one of the most accomplished and high-minded men who, at any time or in any country, have occupied the difficult position of Prince Consort. It is significant however that the only two epochs since 1715 during which the British Constitution has been subjected to grave strain were precisely the periods during which honor, virtue, and a high sense of public duty distinguished the occupant of the throne. It cannot be gainsaid that experience justifies the cynical inference that Parliamentary institutions and the English people, from whose progress and welfare they are inseparable, have less to fear from a pleasure-loving than from a duty-loving monarch. The fact seems to be that even a sovereign's intellect, which is not often of a high order, craves to be busied about something, and that it does less harm in the long run when absorbed, as was the mind of George IV., in petty whims and sensual appetites, than when, as in the case of George III. and Prince Albert, it spends its force in the effort to exert a personal pressure upon affairs of state and deranges the nice equipoise of the English political machinery. How little the upholders of the existing Constitution have to dread from the jealous self-assertion and political intermeddling of the present Prince of Wales if he be, as is currently reported, addicted to a luxurious, self-indulgent life, will be made sufficiently plain by Mr. Fitzgerald's memoir of his great-uncle. It would be impossible to name a more hard-working, well-meaning, conscientious person than George III. among the many narrow-minded men on whom the irony of fortune has imposed the task of reigning. It was the object of his existence, from which his poor, groping, purblind intellect never swerved till it became utterly unhinged, to do his duty as a father and as a king. On the other hand, it may be said that his son never knew, in his long life of seventy years, but two aims, namely, to gratify his passions and to shake off his load of debts.

Everybody is familiar with the caricature etched by Thackeray and labelled George IV., and there is no doubt that if we chose to run over this biography with an eye only for the worst traits and shabbiest acts revealed in it, we should find quite enough to justify that acrid sketch. But Mr. Fitzgerald has essayed to photograph the life of a human being, and he has abstained, therefore, from depicting its earlier stages in the sombre hues appropriate only to its later tendencies and ultimate significance. He is aware that no life is all of a piece, that no man who has a fair start becomes bad, much less despicable, all at once. It is in a tolerant, good-natured tone that he describes the follies and excesses that marked his subject's first plunge into the world, and he is not unwilling to excuse them in some sort as denoting a natural reaction from the preposterous restraint and surveillance to which the young Prince had been subjected by his father during his minority. He shows us that the eldest son of George III. had some substantial claims to the title of the first gentleman in Europe, on which Thackeray has expended so much sarcasm. There is reason to believe that he was a much better educated man than the satirist himself. His private tutors had been Markham, previously master of Westminster School, and Hurd, afterward Bishop of Litchfield, whom Dr. Parr pronounced one of the foremost Greek scholars in England. It was Dr. Hurd, by the way, who, in reply to a question as to what might be expected from his pupil, said, "I can hardly tell; he will be either the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe, possibly an admixture of both." It is unquestionable that the Prince was a better Latin and Greek scholar than the great majority of Oxford graduates of his day, and to the end of his life he took pleasure in coming forward as arbiter on a question of a disputed quotation or classical allusion. He was certainly a more accomplished man than his lampooner, Thackeray, could pretend to be. He could not only read but speak French, Italian, and German with ease; he had some knowledge of thorough bass and counterpoint, could himself sing with taste and correctness, and perform on several instruments, and was deemed by impartial observers no mean connoisseur in music and in art. The speeches which he made offhand in the House of Lords on occasions when there was no possibility of warning or preparation sufficiently attest his power of dealing with serious questions, and the great quantity of private letters written by his own hand which are now accessible dispose of Thackeray's charge that the first gentleman in Europe could not frame a decent sentence, or even spell. As to his manners, it was said not only by his parasites, but by those who had nothing to gain from him, and who detested the animalism of his private life, that not even Louis XIV. himself could have eclipsed him in a ball room, or while doing the honors of his own house. The portraits of him at the date of his majority represent him as an interesting young man, with a distinguished air and a face almost juvenile from its glow and brilliancy. There was, it seems, in all his conduct, a certain gay readiness, spirit, and *savoir faire* that was remarkable in one so young. As regards his character, he seems to have been a man of good though short-lived impulses. We are told that all through his life he was found ready to answer an immediate and pressing appeal to his sympathy and affection. But after an interval, when these impulses had time to grow stack and cold, nothing would be done. The present biographer, who, although disposed to be lenient, cannot be accused of indulging in the valet style of panegyric, concedes that benevolence exercised on such principles is merely gratifying an appetite, and is morally worthless. The truth seems to be that George IV. was, by nature, one of those negative, plastic, problematic characters whose definite cast and trend are wholly shaped by their surroundings. We need not say that the environment in which he found himself, after enfranchisement from his father's control, was the worst possible.

What sort of men were his comrades in his grosser pleasures may be inferred from the fact that even before he came of age the Prince chose Charles James Fox for guide, philosopher, and friend, as the revered director of his intellect and conscience. At this time Fox was about 33 years old, a brilliant, debauched creature, his health impaired by excesses, and his fortune ruined by gambling, but still the idol of his friends. He was now lodging in St. James street, so as to be near the great gaming club, Brookes's, and here, of a morning, when he had just left his bed and was making his toilet, he would be obsequiously attended by the young heir to the crown. Inasmuch as Mr. Trevelyan has recently given us a highly idealized picture of Fox, we may now cite a touch of realism from Horace Walpole, an eye-witness of these morning levées: "His bristly, black person, and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen nightgown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds and with epicurean good humor did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the crown attend his lessons and imbibe them." Those who recall the selfish cunning which often promoted the Prince's political tergiversations in later life may fancy they detect a certain method in the Prince's devotion to Fox at this period. The latter was expected to become (as he did) a leading member of the Ministry, on whom it would devolve to fix the annual allowance payable to the heir apparent after he had reached his majority. Fox promised to give the Prince £100,000 a year, and tried to keep his word. But the King interfered, and cut it down one-half, so that the Prince's whole income, including the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, did not exceed £63,000. This did pretty well for pocket money, however, and he adopted from the start the habit of buying everything on credit, as the nation discovered later. Before he was five and twenty he was as fairly crippled and ruined as the most abandoned spendthrift. Indeed, by the autumn of 1784, about a year after he came of age, he owed £160,000. Even his gambling debts were paid with I. O. U.'s, which securities were bought up, of course below par, by the Jews, who frequented the gambling houses in the morning for that purpose. One of the most notorious dealers in this species of commercial paper was known as "Jew Travers."

The most interesting chapters of this volume are those devoted to an account of the Prince's relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The author makes it plain that this lady was a person of high principle and stainless purity of character, and that, far from wishing to entrap the Prince into a private marriage, she would not even consent to such a union until he had tried, or pretended, to commit suicide, having actually stabbed himself. She was five years older than the Prince and in her second widowhood, but an extant portrait by Conway sufficiently explains her fascinations. We shall be curious, by the way, to see whether Mr. Trevelyan, in his next volume, suppresses (as Earl Russell has suppressed) that part of Fox's letter on this occasion which suggests the Prince's contracting with Mrs. Fitzherbert any other species of connection but that of marriage. After all, such advice as Mr. Fitzgerald points out was to be expected from a man of pleasure, who had himself been cynical enough to marry a courtezan. The reports of his intentions were flatly denied by the Prince in letters to Fox and other friends, but either he must be charged with flagrant mendacity, or else we must assume that the lady's charms overcame a purpose really cherished up to the last moment. Unhappily for the Prince's reputation, there were not only equivocations, but square denials of the truth even after the wedding had taken place. It is now undisputed that, on Dec. 21, 1785, the Prince of Wales was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert by the Rev. Mr. Burt, an English clergyman, who received £500 for performing the ceremony. A certificate of this marriage is extant in the handwriting of the Prince, and with the signatures of both parties. The witnesses' names were added, but, at their earnest request, in a time of danger, they were afterward cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law. A subsequent letter of the Prince, however, has been preserved to supply any deficiency, in which he thanks God that the witnesses to their union were still living. A letter also of the officiating clergyman is still preserved, together with another document bearing the seal and signature, but not in the handwriting of the Prince, in which he repeatedly terms her his wife. For Mrs. Fitzherbert, of course, this union was but the opening of a series of humiliations and trials. Even during the early period of their relations, while the attachment of her husband lasted, she could number but few happy hours. For the first time in her life she found herself extremely straitened in her means of meeting household and personal expenditure. Before her marriage to the heir apparent she had an income of £2,000 a year, but she was now often very poor, and the Duke of Wellington used to tell a story of her having to borrow money to take the Prince so short a journey as from Richmond Hill down to Newmarket.

It will be remembered that Thackeray, in his sketch of George IV., dilates mainly on the clothes to which he intimates the first gentleman of Europe gave the whole of what he called his mind, and on the disreputable persons with whom he chose to consort. It cannot be denied that during his headlong race after pleasure he showed much relish for certain friends, beside whom Fox and Sheridan seem sober and respectable. By a sketch of the careers of the Prince's more dissolute companions, our biographer exemplifies the type of "buck, blood, or man about town," which, in the fast life of that day, combined vice and eccentricity to a singular degree. Of the Barry family we are told that the characters of its members were indicated by their nicknames. Lord Barrymore, the head of the House, who ran a short career, contriving to get through £200,000 in about two years, bore the sobriquet of Hellgait. His next brother, the Hon. Henry Barry, being clubfooted, was dubbed Cripplegate, while the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry went by the name of Newgate, for the illogical reason that he had been an inmate of every other jail, except that in the kingdom. There was a sister who became Lady Melfort, and who, owing to her ready and copious use of oaths, was known as Billingsgate. A favorite diversion of the Barrys, when driving in a hackney coach, was to imitate the screams of a woman struggling with abductors—"Murder! Rape! Let me go!"—whereupon the passers-by would be aroused, rush after them, and stop the coach to rescue the sufferer. The fast lords and their companions would then descend, fall on the interposers, bewildered to find there was no woman in the coach, and administer to them a sound thrashing on the public highway. Barrymore made it a rule, whenever he met a wagoner on the road who would not give way, to get down from his coach and fight it out. If the winner, he would present the man with a guinea; if the loser, he would shake hands good-humoredly. One of Barrymore's practical jokes was to fit a coffin to the back of his servant, taking the bottom out so as to leave room to allow the man's feet to move; the coffin was then carried by its inmate to some gentleman's house and made to lean against the hall door. On one occasion, when the door was opened and the sinister piece of furniture disclosed, a pistol was discharged, which penetrated the coffin barely an inch above the servant's head. At another time Lord Barrymore disguised one of the most noted bagpipes of the day as a clergyman and took him to Vauxhall, where he fomented a row with the purpose of witnessing the discomfiture of policemen and others who attempted to collar the spurious divine. Of his brother Cripplegate we learn that his claim to remembrance rests on his invention of the "Tiger," the smart, juvenile servant who, in those days, did not stand behind, but was seated beside the owner of the cab. Another master, or exemplar of the Prince of Wales in disreputable living, was "Old Q.," the last Duke of Queensberry, who, though his escapades began during the first half of the last century (he was born in 1725), managed to keep himself alive until 1810. It was Old Q. who made and won a bet with an Irish gentleman that he would drive a carriage nineteen miles in an hour. Coming home once in the morning from a ball, arrayed in his stars and decorations, and some rustics bursting into a sort of horse laugh at the sight, the Duke said shrewdly to a friend as he tapped his insignia, "What, have they found out this humbug at last?" It appears that Old Q. had taken a hint from the Chinese and bestowed on a distinguished physician an annuity of £500 a year for the Duke's life, with the understanding that nothing was to be expected after his patient's death. Still another conspicuous member of this edifying school of rakes was the Duke of Norfolk. He is described as a "vulgar, heavy, dirty mass of matter that could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beefsteak like a buckhorse." Here, again, as in the case of Fox, we come upon a trait which indicates that the frequent use of the bath is a thing of recent origin in English society. Of this Duke of Norfolk we are told that he carried the neglect of personal cleanliness so far that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. Ablutions, however, were not more unusual with him than was a change of linen. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my Lord," said the other, "did you ever try a clean shirt?" One more of the Prince's cronies may be mentioned, namely, Sir John Lade. Of him it is enough to say that he married a woman drawn from the slums of St. Giles's, and who had been a mistress of sixteen-string Jack, the notorious highwayman, during whose execution at Tyburn she managed to attract the notice of several persons of quality, including that of her future husband. Such were some of the "bloods" with whom the heir apparent spent the greater part of his time, and the wonder really is, as his biographer submits, that he did not become a thoroughly-paced reprobate and hopeless sot—that, wallowing as he did in such a slough, he could retain any relish for the less repulsive and more intellectual vices of Sheridan and Fox.

It was his overwhelming money difficulties which finally compelled the Prince of Wales to repudiate his union with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and accede to his father's demand that he should contract a marriage with a person of proper rank. It would seem to have been Lady Jersey who had superseded his wife in the favor of the Prince, that directed his choice to Caroline of Brunswick. But for her there is little doubt that the beautiful and interesting Princess of Mecklenburg (afterward Queen of Prussia) would have been selected, and the subsequent frightful scandal averted. The Brunswick Princess, who was, we need not say, his cousin, is described as a rather ungraceful, hard-featured young woman, scarcely redeemed by an air of coarse good humor. She was by no means juvenile, being about twenty-seven; and as to her morals, the scandalous example of her father's behavior must have left a mischievous impression. Various escapades are reported of her girlish days. At the age of sixteen, for instance, when her parents had refused to allow her to attend a ball, she pretended to be ill, and presently she drew the whole court by her screams to her bedside, whereupon she informed her parents in the presence of the company that the time was past for concealment, that she was in labor, and begged that a proper doctor might be sent for. When the physician came she jumped up, owned the whole proceeding was a trick, and asked "whether they would try again to prevent her going to a ball." This trait was obviously in keeping with the admitted recklessness of her later career. It appears, from the diary of Lord Malmesbury, who brought her over to England, that she was not by any means nice, and hardly decent as regards cleanliness of person and apparel, and he foresaw that she would prove offensive to her husband on this account. He felt constrained during the voyage to converse seriously with the Princess touching the necessity of changing her petticoats, shifts, and stockings, and he took care that she should be well washed all over at least once before presentation to the bridegroom. When she arrived in London, though she was, as it happened, becomingly dressed, the Prince's mistress, Lady Jersey, sneered at her gown, and made her substitute another. As is well known, the Prince of Wales conceived for her at first sight an aversion almost amounting to loathing, and after barely uttering a word turned abruptly away, calling out: "Harris, get me a glass of brandy." On her part, the bride was equally disenchanted, complaining to one of her companions that the Prince was fat and wore a powdered wig, and had been grossly flattered in the portrait sent to her. It was remarked during the marriage ceremony that the Prince was perpetually looking at his favorite, Lady Jersey. We scarcely need to add that within a few weeks afterward a sort of separation was arranged between the ill-mated pair. Meanwhile, however, the Prince's debts, which now amounted to £630,000, were provided for, and a jointure of £50,000 was voted for the Princess. Mr. Fitzgerald has no doubt, after a review of all the evidence, that the Princess was driven, by the persistent ill-treatment of her husband, seconded by his mother, to the follies of her later life.

The present volume brings us down, as we have said, no later than 1808, up to which date the relations of the Prince and Princess of Wales, although unpleasant enough, had not yet culminated in the disgraceful trial which was impending. When the biography breaks off the Prince of Wales was forty-six years old, and his unfortunate father had still twelve years to live. It was in the latter part of his career that the political and social influence of such a man as is here depicted was most distinctly exhibited, and we shall therefore look forward with a good deal of interest to Mr. Fitzgerald's concluding volume. Meanwhile we commend the present installment to those who like a vivacious, unpretentious, thoroughly agreeable book.

### Forney's Anecdotes of Public Men.

Mr. FORNEY tells us that the "immense success" of the first volume of his *Anecdotes of Public Men* (Harpers) encouraged the preparation of the second volume now presented to the public. The reader would have lost nothing had the author profited by the interval between the publication of the first and second volumes to perfect the literary form of his present venture. As it is, exception may be taken to the choice of matter as well as to the arrangement and diction. People will buy this book to get the personal reminiscences of one who is known to have an extended acquaintance with public men. That, and nothing else, is what the title calls for. We do not buy the book to learn Mr. Forney's opinions of persons of more or less importance in American history, but regarding whom the author has merely gleaned information at second hand. Neither are we specially interested in what he has to say about actors and actresses who have figured on the American stage. But just such padding this book is, to some extent, made up. There is a chapter, for instance, on William Penn, another on Mme. Toussaud's wax figures, another on Benedict Arnold, Tom Moore, and Lafayette, another on Robert Morris, another on John Bartram, a contemporary of Washington, another on "patriotic clergymen of the olden time," another on "art and architecture in Congress," another on the French exposition of 1867, another on German, Irish, and Yankee burlesque, including long quotations from Hans Breitmann and J. R. Lowell, another on the old clubs of Philadelphia, another on the Pennsylvania Germans, and another on actors and actresses. In a word, at least one-half of this volume is made up of matter which is in no sense denoted by the title, and about which the reader really cares very little to hear Mr. Forney's opinions. The simple truth is that what attracts us to Mr. Forney's books is our knowledge of the opportunities which he has enjoyed, and which he ought to have turned to some account. We turn to him simply for information, and, not expecting from him either acuteness of thought or felicity of phrase, do not care to hear him talk about themes which have been or might be better handled by others.

About one-half of these 400 pages, embodying as they do the personal recollections of the author regarding persons of some prominence in the American world, is of some interest and usefulness. But even here much of the space allotted to a particular personage is found to be largely made up of quotations from stale public speeches and commonplace biographies. The chapter on Edward Everett, for instance, contains absolutely nothing that may not be found elsewhere, and, so far as personal reminiscences are concerned, simply records the fact that Mr. Forney had the honor of seeing, on several occasions, the classic orator of Massachusetts. Neither do we find in the sketch of George Bancroft a word which implies a personal intimacy, or which could not have been expanded from the notices in the Cyclopædias. There is a chapter also on Richard Rush, manifestly made out of Mr. Rush's writings, and containing not a scintilla of evidence that Mr. Forney ever exchanged a word with him. So, too, as regards the chapter on Daniel Webster, it is difficult to see how this can on any ground be included under the head of personal reminiscences, for there is not an incident or an opinion with which the reader is not familiar. On the other hand, there is a chapter on Morton McMichael and other Pennsylvania men which has some novelty, and for which the author has undoubtedly drawn on his own memory; but unhappily the reader takes no interest in the subject. Turning with some curiosity to a chapter entitled "Some New England Characters," we find that six of them are Fisher Ames, James Otis, Harrison Grey Otis, James Warren, Joseph Warren, and Timothy Pickering, scarcely one of whom the author could have ever seen, and that the seventh is Mr. G. S. Boutwell, in whom, we suspect, the average reader takes very little interest.

By going over these 400 pages with minute vigilance it is possible, as we have intimated, to pick out items of personal observation which are of positive value. But even in those parts of the book which deal with persons whom we know came within the scope of Mr. Forney's acquaintance, the search for such bits of treasure trove is like looking for a needle in a haymow. The author does not seem to understand that we are willing enough to see him officiate as Boswell, but do not in the least care to see him play the historian or the philosopher. And we may as well say, once for all, that had every chapter contained original and interesting matter, Mr. Forney could not be excused for the slovenly fashion after which this volume is put together. As it is, we are constrained to pronounce this compilation, which the author is pleased to entitle "Anecdotes of Public Men," one of the most egregious and unsubstantial pieces of bookmaking which have for some time been issued by a respectable publisher.

## LONG STEM AND CHINA BOWL PIPES.

### The Pride German Students Have in Decorating the Bowls with Coats of Arms.

Germans who smoke pipes with very long stems and decorated china bowls follow a custom of their fatherland, where the pipes are made. The bowls fit into one branch of a Y-shaped socket, and the stem fits into the other. A thick tube of flexible material, about two inches in length, connects a horn mouthpiece with the stem, so that the pipe hangs easily. The stems vary in length from six inches to three feet and a half, and are made of the pepper stalk, ordinary cherry, or weichsel, a particularly fine and redolent cherry that grows in Germany. Laborers in Germany smoke the shortest of these stem pipes. The longest are used by professors and persons of sedentary habits. They also use large bowls, which sometimes hold enough tobacco to last a couple of hours, and, with his pipe in his mouth, the bowl resting on the floor, the German professor will sit all day, scribbling off his thick folios on such topics as the Greek dative case or the wing of the fly.

The bowls of these pipes are usually of white china, and have pictures or decorative subjects painted on them. The finest are used in Germany by the university students belonging to the ancient academical secret societies, which usually boast of very beautiful and elaborately colored coats of arms. One of the first things a German student does when he joins one of these societies is to have its coat of arms painted on his pipe bowl by a decorative artist. The various guilds in Germany also have bowls with appropriate designs. Those smoked by bakers have a loaf of bread, pretzels, and cakes painted on them; the hunter's bowl has a deer or crossed guns and hangers; the soldier can buy one decorated with a helmet or a cannon; the musician can choose from a number with pictures of various instruments on them; while for the brewer there is a portrait of Gambrinus, and for the religiously inclined the head of the Saviour. The bowls used by members of one rural society are decorated with a shield on which is a horse. To the right is a graceful, smiling peasant girl, and to the left a farmer. Above are garners of grain, domestic fowls, and implements of agriculture.

Bowls for ordinary use have all sorts of pictures on them, painted with lofty disdain of