SOME NEW BOOKS.

An English Democrat on English Royalty.

We should overlook some of the most striking signs of the times in England—signs that forcibly recall the state of things in France during the revolutionary discussions which foreran the convocation of the States General in 1789—if we failed to notice the appearance of a radically democratic and socialistic literature. In a catalogue of recent publications we find, besides a mention of the Socialist magazine, *To-day*, and the Socialist weekly, *Justice*, announcements of books with such suggestive titles as the "Principles of Socialism by Hyndman and Morris," an English translation of Lassalle's "Workingman's Programme," and a biography of Jean Paul Marat from the appreciative point of view of an English Socialist. From the same revolutionary press has issued a little volume, which now lies before us, entitled *The New Book of Kings*, by J. MORRISON DAVIDSON (of the Middle Temple), barrister at law (London, The Modern Press). This is a book that would have been keenly relished by those Commonwealth's men who applauded the beheading of Charles Stuart, and who viewed the usurper Cromwell with such detestation that they did not scruple to proclaim killing no murder. The author of this book is not one of those Englishmen who are said to have a sneaking fondness for royalty and to dearly love a lord; he regards such adjuncts and excrescences of the English body politic with the piercing and undazzled eye of Ludlow, Titus, and Sir Harry Vane, and he insists that his countrymen should cease to credit the obsolete and useless institutions of monarchy and an hereditary aristocracy, with virtues they never had, and services they never rendered. The object of his sharp indictment, in the course of which he dissects the character and actions of every monarch from the epoch of the Norman conquest, is to show the English people exactly what they owe their rulers, and how far the principle of kingship is justified by history and proved worthy of surviving in the form of a legal fiction long after its efficiency for good or evil has departed. It may be that his arraignment will seem overcharged to those whose sympathy with the progress of democratic ideas in Great Britain is pretended or lukewarm, but we have not remarked a single statement for which conclusive or strong evidence has not been given by conservative historians. The novel and impressive feature of the book is the marshalling of all these facts together, with the purpose of killing at a stroke the sentiment of loyalty, if in truth any such feeling now exists anywhere in England. That a book like this is not quite needless may be inferred from the extravagant professions of public grief at the death of the late Prince Leopold, for, insincere as those demonstrations often were, they at least implied a conviction that a blind loyalty existed somewhere and compelled lip-service.

We can best illustrate the spirit which pervades this democratic revision of English history, by noting what the author has to say of those most respected and popular sovereigns who are supposed to have redeemed the shortcomings of the rest. It will be remembered that an interdict was placed on the performance of Victo Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," on the ground that the institution of royalty in France could not afford to be disparaged in the person of one of the three kings who alone shed lustre on it. In like manner it might be thought that the principle of kingship would be jeoparded in England if less good than evil can be truthfully ascribed to Henry II., the so-called conqueror of Ireland; to Richard "Lion Heart," to Edward I., "the greatest of the Plantagenets;" to Edward III., the victor of Cressy; to Henry V., whose success at Agincourt Shakespeare has made immortal; to Henry VIII., the professed reformer of the English Church; to Elizabeth, the pretended "Virgin Queen;" to Charles I., the "Martyr;" to Macaulay's hero, William III.; and lastly, to that House of Brunswick, respect for whom was once inseparable from good citizenship, but about whose merits we hear less since Thackeray plucked up courage to paint the four Georges as they were. As to Henry II., Mr. Davidson sums up the ripest conclusions of historical inquiry when he says that Matilda's son misgoverned England with all his might. "His one aim in life was to render the monarchy absolute, and except from the Church he encountered but little opposition. * * * If he did not expressly order the brutal murder of Thomas à Beckett, his words were, to say the least, highly ambiguous. * * * Irishmen in particular have reason to execrate the memory of this king. To him they owe the beginning of their long-protracted national agony." Of his son, Richard I., we read: "This man was called 'Lion Heart' by reason of his habits of violence and brawling. * * * He was a mere atrocious bloodshedder, and nothing else. He had plenty of that animal courage which is still to be had in such abundance at the rate of eighteen pence a day. He was neither statesman nor General. In both these respects he was greatly inferior to the infidel Saladin. * * * Sir Walter Scott and others who have converted this merciless and purposeless scourge of humanity into a hero have truly much to account for. He himself formed a much more reasonable judgment. When speaking comprehensively of his house he said: 'We came of the devil and we shall go to the devil.'" Of Edward I., who has been styled the English Justinian, Mr. Davidson writes: "He was indeed a lawyer in the sense that when he wished to rob his neighbors in Scotland, Wales, or France of what belonged to them, he generally prefaced his attacks by legal quibbles of which an Old Bailey practitioner might be ashamed. He tried his utmost to set aside the provisions of the Great Charter, and when he found the Barons too strong for him he shed some crocodile tears in Westminster Hall, and abandoned the attempt." Mr. Davidson, of course, would not deny that Edward I. is a less contemptible figure than his father or his son, but on this point the author remarks, not inaptly, "kings and queens, to shine at all, must be judged by the lowest standard of moral excellence—that is to say, by the royal standard. In a royal personage the mere absence of a marked vice becomes an astonishing virtue. What surprises us with regard to princes is not that they are bad, but that, everything considered, they are not a great deal worse."

Mr. Davidson does but echo the judgment of every competent historian of the fourteenth century when he points out that not one of the many surprising victories gained by Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, secured England any permanent advantage, and that "whoever wishes to realize the wickedness and absurdity of human ambition should study this reign. * * * He [Edward III.] was a merciless marauder, without a single perceptible notion of statesmanship, and the Black Prince was, if possible, worse. Among the latter's achievements was to recast on the throne of Castile the double-dyed murderer, Pedro the Cruel. In a single expedition in the south of France this Black Prince, this darling of romance, at the head of his Free Companions, burned to the ground five hundred towns and villages. On one occasion he caused three thousand men, women, and children to be massacred in cold blood in the town of Limoges. Lucky it was for England that she escaped the rule of such a miscreant." Mr. Davidson says truly that what we know for certain of Shakespeare's Prince Hal is in singular contrast with the dramatist's delineation. "He [Henry V.] stands out in history simply as a stern religious bigot and ruthless soldier, carrying on unscrupulous wars abroad to divert the minds of his subjects from the defectiveness of his dynastic title. While Prince of Wales he superintended the burning of a poor heretic, John Badby," and afterward handed over his bosom friend Sir John Oldcastle to the tender mercies of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who caused the disciple of Wycliffe to be burned alive. Another of the author's entertaining sessions upon this King cannot be contradicted, viz., that he waged war with even greater savagery than had been exhibited by the Black Prince. "When a city capitulated he seized the available goods, put the richer citizens to ransom, expelled all who would not become English, and hanged a selection of its bravest defenders." By his vaunted victory at Agincourt he simply sowed the wind and his son reaped the whirlwind.

It is evident that English democrats do not approve Froude's whitewashing of Henry VIII. "Assuredly," said Mr. Davidson, "no more detestable tyrant ever breathed. His horrible cruelties proceeded from the profound depravity of his own heart. They were without excuse of any kind. They fell indifferently on friend and foe, noble and ignoble, saint and sinner, Catholic and Protestant, wife and child. Lust, gluttony, vanity, pride, rapacity, blood-thirstiness, all strove for mastery in the breast of the first Defender of the Faith. That such a monster of iniquity should have been permitted to die a natural death must ever strike the historian with astonishment." Neither does this English Radical heed the traditional injunction, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope." She was, according to our author, "The most shameless dissimulator and liar of her own or almost any age. The very fact that she laid claim to purity of life is about the best proof that she was, as even charitable observers were compelled to believe, a woman of the most abandoned morals! Her court is described by Warrington as a place 'where there was no love but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus,' where, according to Faunt, 'all enormities reigned in the highest degree.' Dudley, the husband of the hapless Amy Robsart, the most callous libertine of the day, the Queen openly fondled before the whole court, calling him her 'sweet Robin.' His bedroom was placed next to her own. She indulged habitually in the coarsest jests. Hatton, Rawleigh, Oxford, Blunt, Simier, Anjou were all reputed among the number of her lovers." And again, Elizabeth was "perhaps the only soul in England who regarded the massacre of Saint Bartholomew with as much indifference as if it had occurred in the planet Mars. * * * Her cruelties, unlike those of her sister Mary, had not even the poor excuse of religious bigotry. It is doubtful if she had any personal faith; the life she led was pagan, not Christian. When she persecuted it was only to enforce her own supremacy as Head of the Church. What the Church taught she cared not. Yet within twenty years it is calculated that no fewer than two hundred Catholic priests were put to death, while a still greater number perished in the pestilential jails into which they were cast. * * * But it was not Catholics alone that suffered. Two Anabaptists, Peters and Turwert, were committed to the flames, and the Brownists, Thacker and Copping, perished in like manner, because, by objecting to the Book of Common Prayer they were held constructively to have questioned the royal supremacy. Indeed, it is on the whole hard to say why Queen Mary should have a monopoly of the epithet 'bloody.'"

Touching the expediency of the execution of Charles I. the author of this book writes with discrimination. "It was the impossibility of binding Charles by any compact that nerved the Commons to put him to death * * * No man or party could rely for a moment on that 'royal word' of his, to which he invariably appealed when he contemplated some act of unusual perfidity * * * About the justice of the King's sentence there can be no rational dispute. He had violated the fundamental laws of the State and plunged the nation in torrents of blood. The Commissioners who tried him were men of the highest probity, and of their President, Bradshaw, the worst that Whitlocke could say was, that he was 'a stout man and learned in the law—no friend of monarchy.' Charles declined to acknowledge the authority of the court, on the ground that the English monarchy being hereditary, he himself was the fountain of all law. Bradshaw overruled the objection, asserting that in England kingship, on the contrary, is an elective trust, and that the people are the source of all rights." This is the thesis, by the way, which Prof. Freeman has applied all his learning to establish. "But all things," adds Mr. Davidson, "that are lawful are not expedient. There are numerous 'wenches' in society, as Casca said, always ready to cry 'alas, poor soul,' when a high-placed criminal meets his deserts—aye, even 'if he had stabbed their mothers'—and out of consideration for these weak vessels it can hardly be doubted that exile or imprisonment would have been a more politic penalty than death. What was to be dreaded was a monarchical reaction, and that, at all events, the execution of the King did not prevent."

It is clear that no status will be reared to Oliver Cromwell in the coming English commonwealth if the views of Mr. Davidson prevail. He is no more deluded by Carlyle's special pleading than Sir Harry Vane would be. "Between the Man of December, 1851, and the Man of April, 1653, there is little to choose. Napoleon turned on his enemies, Cromwell turned on his friends. Cromwell, before committing a flagitious act, said his prayers; Napoleon drank brandy. But both were the destroyers of republics, and both earned the everlasting execration of those who regard libericide as the greatest of crimes. How Cromwell ever came to be looked on as a republican is a mystery of mysteries. * * * His gigantic apostacy gave the cue to scores of minor traitors. He made patriotism a byword and a reproach among Englishmen. His guilty ambition restored the Stuarts, who seemed a minor evil by comparison, and threw back civilization for a couple of centuries. He was no saviour of society. 'Self in the highest' was ever first in his thoughts. I care nothing for the piety of his 'letters and speeches;' the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank were equally pious. I see in him only the Judas Iscariot of the English republic, on whose like let us hope Englishmen will never have occasion to look again."

Macaulay's Dutch William, who profited by the "glorious revolution of 1688," does not fare much better than Cromwell at the hands of Mr. Davidson. "His body was weak, and his mind devoid of culture. With a pious Calvinistic creed, he was as much addicted to wine and women as his feeble health would permit. His temper was sullen and despotic. If he relinquished any attribute of kingship it was not his fault. As a General he was below mediocrity." The author does not slay the slain by portraying at any length the characters of the ignoble Guelphs. He applies to the first two Georges the phrase used by the mother of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who, writing to Lord Harvey, said: "I will give it you under my hand that my dear first born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I heartily wish he were out of it." That George III. was a bigamist, and his son George IV. illegitimate, Mr. Davidson thinks indisputable. It is certain that more than two years after the latter was born his father and the Princess Charlotte Sophia ("Snuffy Charlotte") were privately remarried, the fair Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, having died in the interim. There is also abundant evidence that when "the first gentleman in Europe" was impecunious he did not fail to threaten his royal parents with exposure as a means of extorting money. We are also reminded that during one of the insane fits with which George III. was afflicted, "the Regent and his amiable brothers testified their sympathy and filial piety by tying the paternal leg to a bed post, and playing 'bait the bear' with their august sire, who would run at them with demoniacal shrieks and jabber as far as his tether would permit." The author points out that George IV. also was a bigamist, having married, in 1785, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was still living and undivorced when, in 1794, he led to the altar Caroline of Brunswick. "He, of course, denied the prior contract when it suited his purpose, but after his death his executors, the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton, admitted the validity of the proofs. * * * As a gambler he repudiated his debts of honor, and if he was not a turf swindler, his contemporaries in the affair of his horse Escape slandered him most foully. With regard to so vile a creature as the 'first gentleman in Europe'—who was as expert a wife-beater as any cab-driver, and whose language habitually smacked of the brothel—it is abundantly safe to reverse the ordinary legal maxim and hold him guilty of everything until he is proved innocent." As to William IV., who succeeded his brother George IV., Mr. Davidson remarks that "nobody ever accused William of being a gentleman. * * * It were hard to say whether the blackguard, the buffoon, or the madman predominated in the character of 'the bluff Sailor King.'" Finally, about the present Queen, Victoria, the author indulges in some disdainful observations, which may be summed up in a remark attributed to Mr. Disraeli before his turn had come to bask in court favor, namely, that she is physically and morally incapable of government.

We have thought it well to give the reader some glimpses of this book, not because its estimates of royalty would in the least surprise us if they came from a French or American republican, but because they are penned by an English barrister. If literature of this kind is becoming popular in England—and there is reason to believe that the demand for it is rapidly increasing—the reign of Albert Edward may be a short and troubled one.

A New Life of Abraham Lincoln.

The story of *Abraham Lincoln's* life has frequently been told, but Mr. W. O. STODDARD has been prompted to write a new biography by the conviction that the current idea of the man's character is vague and incomplete. In the volume before us, published by Messrs. Ford, Howard & Hulbert, he has undertaken to portray the origin, education, and early career of his subject with more accuracy and fulness than have marked any preceding memoirs. It is in a strict sense a personal biography and not a history, like Masson's Life of Milton, no attempt being made to delineate the times in which Lincoln lived or the conspicuous persons with whom he was brought in contact. There is room, doubtless, for a broad composition of the kind last mentioned, but American readers will also welcome a painstaking, sober, conscientious study of the man as he was estimated by those who knew him well before events had clothed him with national importance and tragical dignity. The author has some special qualifications for his task, having become, it seems, intimately acquainted with the subject of the memoir during a residence of several years in Illinois, and having been for nearly four years one of the President's private secretaries. He is therefore in a position to make good the claim that his book contains much not included in any previous biography.

Among the authentic incidents related in this volume is one connected with the remarkable speech delivered by Lincoln in the course of his contest against Douglas for the Illinois Senatorship—the speech in which he affirmed with more positiveness than Mr. Seward the existence of an irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom. By this utterance he had stridden forward too far in advance of the Republican party in his State, and it was unquestionably chargeable with his defeat. There was also reason to fear that it would render him an unavailable candidate for the Presidency, and so, perhaps, it would, had the speech been as widely read outside of Illinois as Mr. Seward's similar declaration. His friends knew or foresaw all the immediate and possible consequences of what they deemed the rash and unlucky disclosure of Lincoln's opinions. One of them, a Dr. Long, did not hesitate to avow his regret. "I wish," he said, "it were wiped out of existence. Don't you wish it, now?" Mr. Lincoln, we are told, turned a sad, earnest, half-contemptuous smile upon the mourner. "Well, Doctor," he said, "if I had to draw a pen across and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased." There is no doubt that between the lines of that speech might have been discovered the germ of the emancipation proclamation, or at least of a spirit which, in a supreme exigency, might have recourse to that expedient.

We learn from this narrative precisely what foundation there was for the designation of "rail splitter" which proved so effective in the Presidential campaign. During the Illinois State Convention, held at Chicago in May, 1860, which made Lincoln its candidate for the Presidency, an old man bore into the "wigwam" two fence rails purporting to be "from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon Bottom in the year 1830." Mr. Lincoln, being present, was obliged to respond to the vociferous demand for the rail splitter, and he did it most discreetly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I suppose you want to know something about those things. Well, the truth is, in the year 1830 John Hanks and I did make some rails in the Sangamon Bottom to fence a piece of land. I don't know whether those are some of those rails or not. The fact is, I don't think they are a credit to the makers. But I do know this: I made rails then, and I think I could make better rails than those now."

With regard to Lincoln's domestic relations—a topic which could not be altogether passed over in a personal biography—Mr. Stoddard writes with reserve and delicacy, as will appear from the following extract: "What is known as 'happiness' had been denied him in his home relations—faithful, devoted, loving as his wife assuredly was, and utterly true to her as was he himself. The one love which can insure the highest married happiness had come to him once, and it had been buried years and years ago on the banks of the Sangamon. No breath of scandal ever assailed the purity of his domestic life. No smallest stain blotted the clear record of his integrity. Of all the citizens of Springfield he was the best known, most highly honored, best beloved. But those treasures of human life which were as daily bread to the men and women who loved and honored him were impossible possessions to the man whose merry jokes they were so fond of repeating, and for whom they and others invented such a wealth of varied humor over and above all that he ever uttered." On another unpleasant subject the biographer touches briefly and sternly. Speaking of the widespread discontent in the spring of 1863 with the conduct of the war, he says: "His [Lincoln's] very family was attacked in public and in private by the most vile and cowardly calumny. Not a few bitter tongues roundly asserted that Mrs. Lincoln herself was in constant correspondence, as a spy, with the chiefs of the rebellion. Through her they obtained the secrets of the Cabinet and the plans of Generals in the field. The insanity of the accusation does not seem to have been considered. It was of no avail that she was as ignorant of Cabinet matters as if she had been in Maine, and that she did not see enough of her husband to ask his over weary brain a question about the war. It was equally unimportant, though strictly true, that she refused to open her own private letters, and insisted that all which came to her through the mails should first be opened by one of the President's private secretaries. The absurd and wicked slander refused to die, and it is barely possible that some obtuse or ignorant people accept it as truth to this very day."

Mr. Stoddard shows that Lincoln deserved peculiar credit for the appointment of Stanton to the Secretaryship of War, which was at first unwelcome to the time-tried abolitionists, but which proved so beneficial to the Northern cause. The President, it seems, had some time before conceived a species of antipathy to Stanton. It seems that during "the summer of the year 1859 Mr. Lincoln had gone to Cincinnati as one of the associate counsel in the great 'McCormick reaper' case. The leading counsel on his side was Mr. Stanton, and the latter gentleman had imbibed a bitter prejudice, political or otherwise, against his ungainly colleague from Illinois. Such was in consequence his habitual and pointed rudeness that Mr. Lincoln's self-respect compelled him to retire from the case. When he got home he remarked that he 'had never been so brutally treated as by that man from Pennsylvania.'" It is true that when Lincoln called Stanton to his Cabinet he considered it indispensable to assuagin the war Democrats, whose support had vastly strengthened his Administration and the Union cause. Nevertheless, the selection of a man who had deeply wounded him did honor both to his discernment and his magnanimity. To friends who expressed a fear of mischief to come from what they called Stanton's impulsiveness Lincoln replied: "Well, we may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know of out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations that they are obliged to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. We may be obliged to treat Stanton the same way, but I guess we will let him jump a'while first."

The biographer adverts, with good temper and good sense, to the charges once so frequent in the mouths of Lincoln's enemies that he had no sense of personal or official dignity, and was often guilty of profanity and buffoonery. Mr. Stoddard recounts an incident or two which may have served as pretexts for such imputations. For example, at a meeting of the Naval Board, convoked to discuss the proposed construction of a "monitor," Mr. Lincoln remarked that "he knew very little about ships, but he did understand a flatboat, and this invention was flat enough." Pressed finally to give a serious and decisive opinion on the matter, "Well," said he, "I feel about it a good deal as the fat girl did when she put her foot into her stocking; she thought there was something in it." We are told that on another occasion—during the momentous winter of 1861-62, when the Northern people were clamoring for an advance on Richmond—Lincoln was alone in his room when a staff officer was announced by the doorkeeper and admitted. The President turned in his chair to hear and was informed, in respectful, set terms, that the advance could not be made. "Why?" he curtly demanded. "The pontoon trains are not ready." "Why in hell and damnation ain't they ready?" was the angry response.

Without attempting to defend such occasional ebullitions of temper or the ill-controlled propensity to jest, Mr. Stoddard appreciates very justly these aspects of Lincoln's character. "He labored," we read, "under one disadvantage, perhaps, as a ruler. If he met a Governor, a General, a foreign diplomat, a visitor of especial distinction, it was out of his power to look upon the great personage before him as other or more or less than a human being like himself or any other man to be met and spoken to. Some of the dissatisfaction caused in this way has been duly recorded by the sufferers." Elsewhere the author tells us that Mr. Lincoln preferred to look on the ludicrous side of many incidents which had no doubt their serious side also. He "freely declared to more than one who conversed with him that the most effective relief to his heavy load of care and anxiety was that which he found in his capacity for enjoying fun for its own sake. He could still tell a story or laugh at a joke, and he could still use either as a weapon or a shield. In any form of employment they were of invaluable use. They whose solemn shallowness enables them to disregard the structure of the human brain will probably continue to wonder at the trustworthy anecdotes of the President's unaccountable frivolity in his days of overstrain."

A New Book on Whist.

Among modern English writers on whist, Dr. WILLIAM POLE holds a deservedly high rank; indeed, his well-known treatise is one of the best books that can be commended to a beginner, Drayson always only excepted. His new book, *The Philosophy of Whist* (De La Rue & Co.), has already run through several editions, and is deserving of more attention than it has received. As a matter of course much of its contents will possess but a limited interest for American readers devoted to the game dear to Mrs. Battle, since there is a marked tendency on this side of the Atlantic to abolish the honors—which, with all due deference to that accomplished authority, Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, we regard as alike laudable and logical—to ignore the rubber and to substitute the seven-point game for the scurry of five points. Part of Dr. Pole's book, too, may be dismissed with but scanty notice, since it travels over familiar ground, dealing with the philosophical basis and the *raison d'être* of the rules and maxims which all players practise as a matter of routine. As a rule, Pole is sound, if somewhat conservative, and disinclined to accord sufficient attention to exceptional cases; and the first part of his new volume—that devoted to the Philosophy of Whist Playing—will be found profitable reading by the student. It is, however, the second part, a really useful example of the application of philosophical principles and processes of a somewhat high order to the theory and practice of the game, that will be found to possess the keenest interest and the most positive value. Curiously enough, though Hoyle, the father of whist, paid particular attention to the subject of probabilities, and not only laid great stress upon it in his familiar treatise, but devoted a special essay to it, that subject has very seldom been introduced into modern books, the exceptions being a *brochure* published at Vienna some forty years since, and the little English tract of "Reuben Roy." Consequently the twenty chapters in which the different problems of whist probabilities are attacked by the modes of mathematical calculation, records of verificatory experiments being appended in most instances, possess for the reader the attraction of novelty as well as that of importance.

Experienced players have long been aware that the common odds of 5 to 2 on the winners of the first game taking the rubber are not long enough, and that the betting should be, instead, three to one, to be increased if both deal and skill are in favor, but diminished in the contrary case. Mr. Perceval's record of 16,000 rubbers shows that in 12,080 cases the winners of the first game won the rubber, losing it in 3,920. Upon this record Pole has based several interesting calculations concerning the value of personal skill, one of which deserves to be reproduced. (The reader will understand that .500 represents an even chance.) Probability of winning a single game:

With deal and skill	0.534
With deal, skill being even	0.523
With deal, against skill	0.512
Ignoring both deal and skill	0.500
With skill, ignoring deal	0.511
With skill, against the deal	0.488
Against both deal and skill	0.466

Or, to present the matter still more briefly, the advantage of the deal is about 11 to 10, and of skill about 21 to 20.

The probability of a given player holding any given number of cards of a particular suit named before the deal is concluded has been calculated by Pole as follows: Will hold cards

0—Once in	80 deals
1—80 times in	1,000 deals
2—306 times in	1,000 deals
3—297 times in	1,000 deals
4—239 times in	1,000 deals
5—125 times in	1,000 deals
6—Once in	24 deals
7—Once in	114 deals
8—Once in	860 deals
9—Once in	12,100 deals
10—Once in	243,000 deals
11—Once in	11,000,000 deals
12—Once in	1,250,000,000 deals
13—Once in	635,000,000,000 deals

When dwelling upon these figures it may be well to say that the number of different hands which any single player at whist may obtain from a pack of 52 cards, without ever repeating the same combination of cards, is 635,013,559,600, and that the 52 cards may be distributed among four players in 53,644,737,765,488,792,839,237,440,000 different ways. Of more practical importance is the following table, showing the probable number of trumps held by a dealer or a non-dealer in 1,000 deals:

Trumps.	Dealer.	Non-Dealer.
0	—	17
1 or more.	1,000	983
2 or more.	975	885
3 or more.	846	651
4 or more.	585	373
5 or more.	292	137
6 or more.	100	35
7 or more.	23	5
8 or more.	4	—
9 or more.	1	—

Or, to present the conclusion in a form easily to be remembered, the average number of trumps held by the dealer is 8.62, and by the non-dealer 3.06. From Dr. Pole's table one important deduction is to be made: If the dealer's partner holds only one trump, the chances are 66 in 100 (or nearly even) that the dealer holds five trumps, or more, so that there is justification for the well-known instinct of good players to lead a single trump if it is a tolerably high one and they have otherwise good cards. But if the dealer holds only one trump, the chances of his partner holding five or over are only 35 in 100; and if the deal is with the adversary they are reduced to 26—an effect often underrated, or completely overlooked.

A series of calculations of no little importance deals with the number of times that a suit will probably go around when one player holds a given number of cards of that suit. The most practical table is as follows:

Cards held by leader	4	5	6	7	8
In 1,000 deals the suit will go around: Once or more	966	867	678	300	085
Twice or more	642	570	341	143	0
Thrice	158	0	0	0	0

Imperfect shuffling, it should be added, will cause the suits to go around oftener.

In an interesting chapter Dr. Pole discusses the probabilities affecting the lead of the ace from ace and four small ones in plain suits, a lead the propriety of which has at times been called in question. The usual rule, as every one knows, is to begin with the ace, lest the suit should be trumped on the second round. The probability of making the ace on the first round is 958 in 1,000—in other words, the chances are 24 to 1, while if a small card is led, the leader will probably make one trick in the suit 836 times in 1,000 deals. The odds in favor of opening with the ace are therefore about 8 to 7, but it may very fairly be doubted whether this difference is so great as to be absolutely conclusive. As to the information afforded to the partner by the lead of the ace, followed by a small one, as much would certainly be given by beginning with the penultimate; and those who believe with Hoyle that "by passing the ace twice" three tricks may be made by one's own hand alone have at least a reasonable ground for their faith and practice.

Finally, Dr. Pole has made some excellent calculations concerning the play of the king and a small card second hand, a small one being led, a subject that has provoked much and not always satisfactory discussion. It has been customary to assume that when a small card was led the ace was equally likely to be in the hand of the leader, or of the third or fourth player, the fact being overlooked that 40 times out of 100 the lead of a small card indicates the non-possession of the ace. We have not room to follow, or even to summarize, the computations, but their result may be given as follows: If a player holds king and a small card second hand, and a small one is led on the right, it is probable that the ace will lie with the leader 180 times in 1,000, with the third hand 410 times, and with the fourth hand 410. Dismissing the fourth hand as immaterial, since that player will not put the ace on his partner's king unless he is compelled to do so—a contingency not worth considering—it appears that the king put on will win the trick 590 times in 1,000, or about six times in ten. This is with reference to plain suits. In trumps the case is different. The leader has probably more trumps than any one else, and is more likely than he would be in plain suits to keep up the ace; in fact, when second hand holds king and a small trump, and a small trump is led to the right, it is probable that the ace will lie with the leader 400 times in 1,000, with the third hand 300, with the fourth as many, so that putting on the king would win the trick seven times out of ten. The difference between the practice in plain suits and in trumps commended itself to Clay, though the reason which he gives shows that he was guided by experience, not by any study of the philosophy of the subject. But there are several other considerations affecting the problem, so that it will perhaps be well to give the summing up of Dr. Pole's investigations in his own words:

"In plain suits the advantage, on the ground of the strict probabilities, is with the play of the small card in the first round, and this is in some degree enhanced by the exposure of the hand consequent upon the play of the king. In trumps there appears, on the ground of the strict probabilities, a slight advantage for the play of the king, but this is largely outweighed by the increased disadvantage of the exposure and the greater opportunity of adverse finessing. If it be desired to win the first trick, the king put on will win it, on the average, in trumps seven times out of ten; in plain suits, rather less than six times out of ten. If it be desired to win at least one trick in the suit, there appears a little advantage in playing the king in trumps and the small card in plain suits; but the difference is not great either way."

TO WOULD-BE RUNAWAYS.

Sage Advice to Youthful Aspirants for Greater Glories than they Have at Home.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Come, now, my lad, but you want to run away. No boy ever yet reached the age of 15 without having several times firmly resolved to leave home. When a boy has made up his mind to a thing of this sort he ought to carry it out by all means. The first step in the programme is to begin saving up bread and meat. When you have a bushel or so of provision hidden in the barn, or under the woodshed, you are ready for the battle with the cold world. Make your start at night. This will prevent the sun from tanning your complexion, and you will be quite certain of the company of a tramp or two.

Some boys leave a note pinned to the pillow of their bed. This note goes on to say that the boy has been jawed, bulldozed, starved, pounded, and knocked down and dragged out, until he has made up his mind to sever the connection. He will never be heard of more. It is probably the best way to leave a note of this kind, as the family are then made to fully realize what they are driving the poor boy out among strangers.

When you have packed up your little bundle and are off, it will be well to settle upon some plan for the future. Perhaps you want to be a sailor? Nothing is easier. Make your way to some lake or seaport, and most any Captain will take you. He can't disgust you with the sailoring business in about a week, far buckets, seasickness, poor provisions, and a rope's end will be called upon to assist him.

Perhaps you want to become a mighty hunter? Mighty hunters are not made in a few days or weeks. You want to begin by letting your hair and finger nails grow, sleeping in a haunted house, and wasting a worth of ammunition to kill a ten cent chipmunk.

If you have decided to become a bank clerk, well and good. Make tracks for the nearest city, and the first bank you enter will jump at the chance of employing you at a salary of $200 per month. If it should so happen that the bank didn't do any jumping as you made your application, you can console yourself with the reflection that is about to bust.

But, speaking in all seriousness, my boy, if I had a dozen sons I should be glad to have each and every one of them take his turn at running away from home. It is the best cure in the world for that disease called "swell-head." There's no figure of romance in the idea of running away. You think of the sparkling sea, the green prairies, coral strands, robbers' caves, and pirates' treasures. You feel that you know so much more than your father that it is a waste of brains for both of you to remain in the same house. You have been forced to go to school, and have been ordered to split wood, and go to the grocery after butter like a common slave. Don't stand it any longer! Pick up your duds and leave the house and go forth into the world.

What! Come to a full stop in the road before you are a mile away! You've got a peck or more of sour meat and mouldy bread in a pillow case, seventeen cents in your pocket, and just think how your father and mother have missed you at home! The romance begins to wear off, eh? You don't care half as much about mermaids and palm groves and pirate ships as you did an hour ago. You hate to go back to your father and perhaps father isn't so much to blame for boxing you around. Come to think it all over, perhaps you'd better return home and try and stand it for a few more weeks.

Ah! my son, but we've all been there! All those wrinkled, and dignified, and bald-headed old men you meet on the streets have had about the same experience. We've had that same period of "swell-head," and eight out of ten of us have packed our bundles and slid out to escape parental tyranny. Eight out of ten of us have slipped back again, too, and the experience was the right sort of medicine for the disease. Any time you come to feel that you are a poor, overworked, and downtrodden boy, and that if you only had a fair show you'd know more in a minute than your father does in an hour, just skip. There's nothing like it.

She Called Him.

From the Boston Globe.

Snifkins had come home rather late, and when about half way up the first flight, had concluded he would just as soon sleep there as anywhere, but Mrs. S. appeared at the top and began: "Jacob!" No response. "Jacob, don't you hear me call you?"

"Yeah, I'm dear. Mothin' but two pair, sizes up."

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Charity.

From the Spectator.

The rich man gave his dole, not ill content
To find his heart still moved by human woe:
The poor man to his neighbor simply lent
The country savings he could scarce forego.

The one passed on, and asked to know no more!
The other's wife all night, with pity brave,
That neighbor's dying child was bending o'er,
And never deeming it was much she gave.

Oh! God forgive us that we dare to ask
Belaud of costly gifts and fruitless sighs!
Scorn on the sigh that shuns the unwelcome task,
The dole that lacks the cost of sacrifice!

No gilded palm the crushing weight can lift:
No soothing sigh the maddening woe can cure:
'Tis love that gives its wealth to every gift;
Ill would the poor man fare without the poor!

Farmer Nick's Scarecrow.

From St. Nicholas.

Out in the corn field, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty Farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true;
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

NORA E. CROSBY.

At Madame Manicure's.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Daintiest of Manicures!
What a cunning hand is yours,
And how awkward, rude, and great
Mine, as you manipulate!

Wonderfully cool and calm
Are the touches of your palm
To my fingers, as they rest
In their rosy, cosey nest.
While your own, with deftest skill,
Dance and caper as they will—
Armed with instruments that seem
Gathered from some fairy dream—
Tiny spears and scimitars
Such as pixy armorers
Might have made for jocund fays
To parade on holidays,
And flash round in dewy dells,
Its lone and its grain;
Or in tilting o'er the lea,
At the clumsy bumble bees,
Splintering their stings perchance
As the knights in old romance
Snapped the spears of foes that fought
In the jousts at Camelot!

Smiling? Dainty Manicure?
'Twould delight me, but that you're
Simply smiling as I see,
At my nails and not at me!
Haply this is why they glow
And light up and twinkle so!

I have read your secret!—now
I divine the why and how
Of the sorcery that thus
Gems my fingers glorious!
It is not the lapid bath,
Not the crescent blade and swath,
Not the frankincense and myrrh
And the spikenard, as it were—
(Not to name the rosaline
And enamel that I mean)—
Not the polishers and files—
Not the powder—but the smiles—
Ah, that matchless art of yours,
Daintiest of Manicures!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Equivocation.

From the Century.

We lingered, in the set to part,
The last word still unspoken,
By the quick beating of my heart,
The silence faintly broken.

So beautiful she seemed and pure—
Ah, me! how I should miss her;
Unable longer to endure
My wish, I asked to kiss her.

A blush of deepest rose o'erspread
Her face, as if to mask it,
As, with a woman's art, she said:
"Why, Frank, you should not ask it."

C. SOOVSMITH.

Hard Lines.

From the Courier-Journal.

In the crowd, there she stands,
A Jacqueminot rose in her hands;
Strong and straight like the rose.
She lifts up her head; no one knows
Of the thorn that doth prick
The rose to the quick.

No one guesses, while red
The rose lifts its head,
And its odorous breath
Is sweet on the air, that Death
With pain-poisoned dart
May be eating its heart.

No one guesses or knows
Where a proud heart bestows
Its passion and pain,
Its lone and its grain;
No one guesses or knows
What is death to the rose.

NORA PERRY.

To Rabelais.

After reading the Episode of the Abbey of Thelema.

From the Boston Transcript.

O dreamer! reaching forward through the ages,
Strong eyes were thine to see.
Since that grand vision that escaped the sages
Was given unto thee.

That vision of the world's unfolded glory,
Of Nature's golden prime,
When all that mars us now shall be a story
Of some forgotten time.

Then life shall flow as flows a placid river
Through all the summer day,
By sunny vales and shady forests ever,
And many a pleasant way.

No more shall sin the heart's deep yearnings smother,
The sounds of war shall cease,
And men and nations dwell with one another
Securely, and in peace.

Then gold shall have no smile, and wealth no beauty
To charm and to destroy:
And men no more shall ever speak of duty,
Since duty shall be joy.

And they shall need no law (being never smitten
With selfish madness more),
Nor statute save "*Fais ce que voudras*" written
Above each open door.

Then children shall know naught of pain or sadness,
Of hunger or of cr