SOME NEW BOOKS.

Jew France.

When a book which is neither a realistic novel nor a scandalous memoir runs in the space of a few months through something like a hundred editions in Paris, its publication acquires the proportions of an event. Such is the species of success obtained by two stout volumes, comprising together some 1,200 pages, which, under the title of *La France Juive*, profess to be an essay in contemporary history. The author, EDOUARD DRUMONT, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has wrenched from Chaplain Stöcker the doubtful honor of commanding the anti-Semitic crusade, while at the same time making a literary sensation unsurpassed by the crudest revelations of Zola or Maupassant. Not only are his readers numbered by scores of thousands, but everybody is talking of his book, fiercely denouncing his calumnious assertions, or quoting with complacency his epigrams and innuendoes. He has certainly escaped the fate of Goncourt, who, as he alleges, through the influence of Jews over the press, was for a lifetime smothered by a conspiracy of silence. His book has been, and still is, the subject of reviews and leading articles in almost every French periodical and newspaper from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* down to the meanest collector of the gossip of the Boulevards. It has exposed him to a duel of a deadly character most unusual in France, and that it has not caused his arrest for criminal libel is amazing and inexplicable. It is natural that such a work, however we may condemn its motive and its methods, should be regarded with a great deal of curiosity in other countries besides France, and we suppose that its appearance in an English garb may presently be looked for. Meanwhile, such extracts as may serve to disclose the author's animus will be laid before our readers. This we do with the less scruple, because not even M. Drumont himself would affirm that the pretended curse of Jewish domination has yet blighted the American republic, which has no cause to fear and ample reason to esteem its Israelite citizens.

One preliminary word as to the curious change which seems to have come over the author's impulse and aim in the course of the prolonged study and labor which the composition of this book must have involved. There are signs scattered through the work that in the beginning and at bottom M. Drumont was rather an Orleanist than a Jew hater, and that resentment at the ruin of the Union Générale, said to have been brought about by Hebrew capitalists, had something to do with this strenuous attempt at literary reprisals. Observing that neither the secularization of education, nor the persecution of deserving religious orders, nor the wasting of French resources in foreign expeditions, nor the notorious corruption and jobbery of certain Ministers availed to shake the people's faith in democratic institutions, he seems to have originally conceived the idea of arraying on the side of the reactionists the one passion which he thought more deep rooted and implacable than the aversion to monarchy, namely, the antipathy of the Christian masses to the Jew. If that had been the only purpose by which the author of this book was animated, it would be impossible to visit him with too harsh a condemnation. But it may be said on his behalf—and he is welcome to so much exculpation—that he soon loses sight of the political motive which primarily inspired him. *Convertitur eundo;* as he writes, he becomes apparently a sincere convert to the anti-Semitic propaganda which has such vigorous upholders in Germany, in Austria, in Roumania, and Russia, and which even in England has found a champion in Goldwin Smith. In the sweep and fervor of the bigotry which is soon awakened in him, M. Drumont almost wholly misses the political object of which now and then he perfunctorily reminds himself. Wherever he sees a Jew he hits him, and as he often finds the target of his detestation in the inmost circle of the Faubourg St. Germain or in the council room of princes, he leaves the reader perplexed to determine how his anti-Semitic enmity is going to be slaked by any change of Government. This same fanaticism, which may serve to relieve him from the shame of a cold-blooded attempt to revive the race hatreds and persecutions of a barbarous past operates of course, upon the other hand, to deprive his work of the cogency and weight which might possibly attach to a more circumspect and temperate arraignment. As it always happens when men write under the impulse of passion, he will not concede enough, and he tries to prove too much, to say nothing of his frequent sins against good taste and decency. But with this word or two by way of caveat, which after all may be superfluous, we will let M. Drumont speak for himself.

The thesis of the book is propounded in the introduction. "Taine," says M. Drumont, "has depicted the Jacobin conquest; I desire to depict the Jewish conquest. The only human being who is a gainer by the French Revolution is the Jew. From the Jew everything proceeds; to the Jew everything accrues. We have here a veritable conquest; the chaining of a nation to the glebe by an infinitesimal but cohesive minority, a phenomenon like the enslavement of the Anglo-Saxons by the sixty thousand Normans of William the Conqueror. The processes are different, but the outcome is the same. Here reappears the essential characteristic of a conquest—a whole people toiling for another, which, through a huge system of financial spoliation, appropriates the profits of labor not its own. The immense Jewish fortunes, the Jewish chateaux and palaces are not the fruit of any productive labor; they represent the tribute wrested by a dominant from an enslaved race. It is certain, for instance, that the Rothschild family, which has ostensibly three billions for the French branch alone, did not have them when it arrived in France. It is credited with no invention, it has discovered no mine, it has cleared no land. It has therefore wrung from Frenchmen these three billions and given them nothing in exchange. This enormous fortune, too, is swelling by a kind of fatal progression. Dr. Ratzinger has justly said, 'the expropriation of the social body by floating capital is proceeding with as much regularity as if it were a law of nature. If nothing is done to check it, within the space of fifty years, or at the longest, of a century, the whole European community will be turned over, bound hand and foot, to a few hundred Jewish bankers.'"

The fact of their actual serfdom, the imminence of a more hopeless destitution are unsuspected by the great majority of Frenchmen. Why? "The reason is simple. The Jew Lassalle has himself pointed out how meagre is the intellectual fund of the bourgeoisie whose opinions are manufactured for them by the newspapers. Sixty years ago Fichte, in a kind of prophetic vision, depicted those readers who will read books no longer, but only what newspapers may say about books, and in whom this narcotic reading will at last extinguish all volition, all faculty of thought, and even the power of comprehension. Now, almost every newspaper and all other organs of publicity in France being in the hands of Jews or dependent on them indirectly, it is not surprising that they should seduously hide from us the meaning and the bearing of the vast anti-Semitic movement which is organizing everywhere else in Europe. Another thing about which we never see anything in print is the agency of the Jew element in the delorous agony of a generous nation, the part played in the destruction of France by the introduction of a foreign body into an organism which before had remained sound. Many see it, talk of it at table, wax indignant at encountering the Hebrews everywhere, elbowing them into the ditch; but they like peace, and for a multitude of reasons shrink from putting their impressions upon paper. It would have been wiser, possibly, for me to imitate their prudence, but I remember that St. John puts the timid among those who people the infernal deep, and I do not regret publishing this book. What I have attempted is merely a preparatory classification. For the past I have had recourse to historical documents, for the present to the sundry facts, unquestioned and notorious, recounted in the newspapers. It is in the street that I would have you look, bringing nothing to the examination but the habit of reflection, which helps to draw a lesson from the smallest detail, and the good sense of a patriot who would fain find the reason for the lamentable plight in which he sees his country fallen."

In the first chapter M. Drumont undertakes to bring out the moral and intellectual differences between the Aryan and the Semitic type. Some of these distinctions may commend themselves to other students and observers, while many, doubtless, will be rejected as far-fetched. One of his paradoxical assertions is that while it may take several generations for an Aryan stock to produce a gentleman or a man of genius, the Semitic growth is faster, but is certain to stop short at a certain rather stunted limit. "In the East a camel driver, a water carrier, a barber is noticed by the sovereign. There you have him all at once a pasha, vizier, the prince's confidant, like that Mustapha-ben-Ismail, who made his way into the Bardo by selling little cakes, and who, according to the enigmatic slur of M. Dauphin, did his master service day and night, to reward which meritorious performances our by no means scrupulous Government bestowed on him the cross of grand officer of the Legion of Honor. It is just so with the Jew. Outside of the sacerdotal families that constitute a true nobiesse, no such thing as noble birth exists. There are no illustrious families; some indeed may transmit credit from father to son; not one of them can transmit glory. By the age of twenty, in case circumstances have been favorable, the Jew attains his full development. He is born in the depths of a Judengasse; he wins a few dollars in his first operation, hies him to Paris, gets himself decorated through the intermediation of Dreyfus or some one of his kidney, buys a title of baron, presents himself brazenly in a first-rate club, and gives himself the airs of one who has always been rich. In him the transformation is, so to speak, instantaneous; he experiences no astonishment; to him certain shynesses are utterly unknown. Take, by way of contrast, some honest fellow of French stock who has honorably enriched himself in the calling of a builder; he will always have a rather labored and constrained air; he will shun too elegant society. His son, born under other conditions, will be quite different, and his grandson, if the family continue to rise while remaining honest and Christian, will represent the real gentleman, will have a delicacy of thought and a nobility of feeling that the Jew can never get. On the contrary, although the Hebrew may at a bound achieve aplomb, he can never reach distinction. Aside from certain Portuguese Jews, who when young have fine eyes, and when old a certain Oriental majesty, you never find in them the calm, the ease, the courtesy, the dignity which makes a true French *grand seigneur*, a Frenchman by race, always recognizable, though his coat may be threadbare. The Jew is insolent, never proud. He never gets beyond the first degree, which, it is true, he reaches very easily. The Rothschilds, in spite of their billions, have the air of dealers in old clothes. Their womankind, for all the diamonds of Golconda, will always remind us of female hucksters in face powder and hair oil, not in their Sunday, but in their *Sabbat* habiliments. The Jew, beside the Christian, always lacks the fundamental charm of social intercourse, equality. The Jew—here is another observation which should be heeded—will never be the equal of a man of Christian stock. He grovels at your knees or grinds you under his heel; he is overhead or underneath; he is never at your side."

We cannot think M. Drumont successful when he next essays to dispute the possession of original genius by the Semitic races, and particularly by the Jews. Such names as those of Spinoza and Heine at once occur to us, and the author's attempt to parry or rather to ignore such objections is unsatisfactory. He would have done more wisely to admit the quality of intellect demonstrated in such instances, and to have rested his argument on a quantitative difference. But let us hear him: "We must not judge," he says, "of the artistic or literary merits of the Jews by what we hear of anything that they produce to-day. Christian master works are left in the shade, while the bass drum is beaten before everything that bears the Hebrew trade mark. They award the epithet of honor, the epithet *clever*, to the feeblest quillman or most frightful dauber connected by a close or distant tie with the confraternity. The truth is that the Jew is incapable of mounting beyond a grade by no means elevated. The Semites have no man of genius of the stature of Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Newton. We cannot conceive of their having one. The man of genius, almost always misunderstood and persecuted, is a superior being who donates something to mankind. Now, it is of the very essence of the Jew to give nothing away. No wonder they prefer a talent deliverable on tap for money down. Their Corneille is Adolphe d'Ennery, their Raphael is Worms. In art they have created no original, puissant, and touching figure; no master work. They want nothing but what sells; they will accept the sublime, if need be—the mock sublime, of course, I mean—but they prefer the base, which allows them at once to enrich themselves by flattering the gross appetites of the multitude and to serve the Hebrew cause by drenching with ridicule the enthusiasms, pious memories, and august traditions of the peoples at whose cost they live. If, indeed, you would unchain to the thumping of a street band the howling crew of the Clodoches—lo, the Jew, Strauss, orchestra conductor, will lift his bow. Would you turn the army into ridicule at a moment when a terrible war is close at hand? Here's the Jew, Halevy, who'll invent for you the Gen. Boum. Is it opportune for our enemies that everything a nation should revere, heroism, true love, its immortal *chef d'œuvres*, should be made the butt of mockery and sneer? Jew Offenbach, the Prussian hireling, is quite ready. Would you have the dancing halls, where once our youth took their pleasure with frank gayety, become disreputable holes? The Jew Markowski is your man. The Jewess Simia, the Jew hermaphrodite Wolf are there, too, to out-Herod Herod in bestiality, and to lure men of society.

"Note, nevertheless, that even in this mean order of things the Jew creates nothing. He confines himself to fouling what exists; he defiles a thing which had been decent as long as he let it alone. Of the old French dance, jocund and merry, he makes the ignoble cancan; of the song, blithe roundel or gay carol, which our sires brought on with the dessert, the Jew has made the operetta, with its hoarse evohés, obscene *double entendres*, lubricious rhythm; of the journalism of our fathers—now and then a little lively, biting, teasing—he has made the blackmail *chronique*. What gives the stroke a double edge is the fact that while German Jews invade France and commit these infamies, other Jews stay in Germany and write, 'Look what France has come to; look at her literature; look at what she produces!' But when did the progenitors of these men join in prayer with ours? In what corner of town or hamlet are the gravestones of their family? In what old parish register can you find the names of these new comers, who less than a century ago had no right to dwell upon this land of France from which now they would fain shoulder us? Wherein have these fellows a portion in the traditions of our race? That is how we answer the true Germans, the compatriots of Goethe and Schiller. Whereupon they say: 'So much the worse for you; you ought not to have let such people in; you might well have guessed they would not enter your homes but to dishonor and betray you.'"

As we read this tirade we wonder how M. Drumont will account for the fact that the staff writers of the Paris newspapers, whose cleverness is undeniable, are in so many cases Hebrews. He does not overlook the circumstance and tries to explain it in this way: "Mark this new point that while you can mention no Jew who is a great French writer, yet the Jew can catch up admirably the Parisian jargon. Heine, Albert Wolff, Halevy, and many of our German confrères, are more Parisian than we who were born in Paris. There is in very truth a *chic*, an artificial whet, a conventional, factitious go (verve) which the Jew contrives to gain the instant it is proved to him that scandal (*chroniques*), operettas, and society paragraphs (*articles Paris*) meet with a quick and profitable sale. Besides, his hate for everything which is fine and glorious in our past inspires him in this work of pulling down by raillery, at which our Frenchmen look on with an idiotic laugh. To write French is quite another thing. To write a language you must first think in that language; between the expression and the thought there is a close correlation. You cannot call upon a Leven or a Reinach to get his style naturalized as he gets his person; he must have sucked in as a nursling the wine of the fatherland—have truly sprung out of the soil. Then only, when it is your business to attack men, as Voltaire, Paul Louis, or Proudhon attacked them, or to defend them, as Veuillot did, will your phrase have a smack of the soil drawn from a common fund of feelings and ideas. What more convincing proof of this fact than Gambetta, whose astounding phraseology we shall later have occasion to examine?"

But will this incorrigible Jew hater really leave no patch of ground for the tired Semitic dove to rest upon? Surely he will own that long ago, in the far-away dark ages, the Hebrew rendered some good service as the custodian of Aristotle, as the colporteur of Hellenic science from the East to the West. Not even this, without such surly and broad qualifications as strip the service of value and of honor. "Unable to launch forth in discovery amid the regions of art, the Semite is equally incapable of interrogating the unknown regions of science. Everything which is an exploration of the infinite by man, an effort to aggrandize the terrestrial sphere, is utterly beyond his powers. He will sell you opera glasses, or fabricate spectacles, like Spinoza, but he detects no stars in the immensity of heaven, like Leverrier; he no more feels a presentiment of a continent beyond the horizon, like Columbus, than he divines the laws of gravity, like Newton. Nowadays that they set up for arbiters of opinion, that, thanks to the cowardice of Christians, they dominate Academies, the Jews spin us stories of the past; they guarded, we are told, the precious bequest of science throughout the middle ages; they transmitted to us the discoveries of the Arabs. Nothing is more false; the Jews obtained a show of learning by turning to account some fag ends of the books of Aristotle, but since we went to the fountain head we have learned that nothing came from them. In spite of their horror of relics they have simply played in this business the part of the ass in the fable. They monopolized for centuries the practice of medicine because this made it easy for them to play the spy in families, and yet they never guessed for a moment the circulation of the blood. Bail, though he is very favorable to them, recognizes that they were a thousand times more ignorant even than their Christian contemporaries from a scientific point of view; they supposed the heavens were solid, the firmament (*rakiak*) pierced with holes to let the rain through. They regarded the bone *Luz* as the root of the body at which all the entrails abutted, and which could be neither broken nor bent; they formulated maxims of the worth of the following: 'A little wine and bread, taken when fasting, saves the liver from sixty maladies.' Or, again, 'It is a sure sign of a bloody flux to dream of a cock's comb.'"

Poor Jews, according to our author, they do not even smell like other people. This is what M. Drumont is at some pains to demonstrate in discussing the Hebrew from the nosological point of view. Negro blood, they say, can be detected in the most reduced infusion by the blood under the finger nails and a certain conformation of the cartilage at the tip of the nose. Even so, as we are soberly assured in this extraordinary book, you may detect by scent alone the taint of Semitic origin after repeated intermarriages with Aryan women and apparently complete incorporation with a Christian community. "By a phenomenon," says M. Drumont, "which was attested a hundred times in the middle ages and which has been anew confirmed during the invasion of the cholera, the Jew seems to enjoy a special immunity from epidemics. It seems that there is in him a kind of inbred pest that guarantees him from any outward pestilence; he is his own vaccine, and, so to speak, a living antidote. When it smells him, a plague recoils. The truth is that the Jew smells badly. Among the most refined there is an odor—*fetor Judaica*—which stamps the race and helps them to recognize each other. The most charming Jewish woman by the very perfumes with which she drenches her person justifies Martial's saying, 'Who smells too well, must smell ill.' The fact has been often verified. 'Every Jew stinks,' said Victor Hugo, who for all that died begirt with Jews. The question, indeed, why Jews should smell badly has long preoccupied the learned. In the middle ages people fancied that you might rid them of the stench by baptizing them. Bail asserts that the phenomenon is due to physiological causes, and notes that there are in Guinea negroes who exhale an insupportable odor. Bonazzini, in his 'Treatise on Artisans,' attributes the offensive smell of Jews to their uncleanness and to their immoderate fondness for the flesh of the he-goat and the goose."

Thus far we have only quoted from this ill-natured but amusing book some of the passages that frame the author's malignant indictment of the Hebrew race in general. At another time we shall recur to the assertions and arguments which form the substance of the work and which profess to show the part played by Jews in the modern, and, especially, the contemporary history of France.

The Career of a Kentucky Judge.

In 1884 Richard Reid was a Justice of the Superior Court of Kentucky, to which office he had been elected on the Democratic ticket in 1882 by the largest vote ever given in his district, the Republicans naming no candidate in opposition. This court was a temporary tribunal, just organized by act of the Legislature to supplement the Court of Appeals, and assist in bringing up the arrears of work on the docket of that body; and, therefore, when Judge Hargis of the appellate bench decided not to make a canvass for renomination at the expiration of his first term, in August, 1884, Judge Reid offered himself as a candidate for the more permanent tribunal, to which he had already aspired five years before.

On the 26th of March, 1879, Judge John M. Elliott of the Court of Appeals was murdered on the steps of the Capital Hotel at Frankfort by Thomas Buford, a man belonging to a prominent Kentucky family, because of a decision which had been rendered by that court, Buford had put all his own money and the whole estate of his sister in a tract of land in Henry county, the title to which afterward proved to be unsound. A suit was accordingly pending before the Court of Appeals for the annulment of the contract and the repayment to Buford of the money—between $20,000 and $30,000—which he had paid on the land. A year previously, under a decision of the Circuit Court, the farm was sold for the deferred payments still due from Buford, and the property was bid in for $12,000 merely by the parties from whom he had purchased. If this decision and sale stood Buford would be a pauper, and therefore he appealed the case to the supreme judicature of the State. On the 21st of March, about a month before the assassination, that court rendered a decision sustaining the sale, and Buford brooded over his wrongs until at last he killed Judge Elliott in his fury. Buford was convicted of the murder and sentenced for life, but afterward was sent to a lunatic asylum, where he died.

At this time Reid was a successful practising lawyer of distinction in the State, and he was advised by both Bench and bar to offer himself as a candidate for the place left vacant by the murder of Judge Elliott, of whom he had been an ardent supporter; but he failed by a few votes of getting the nomination, which went to Judge Hargis, on behalf of whom his competitor promptly took the stump. Reid bore his own discomfiture in a spirit of Christian philosophy. "The day after he reached his home," writes his widow in a biography of her husband ("Judge Richard Reid, a Biography, by Elizabeth Samson Reid"), "he went as usual to his place in the Sunday school, where he was congratulated on his defeat by his fellow teachers, 'for,' said they, 'we do not lose you in church, prayer meeting, or Sunday school.'"

When Judge Reid was elected to the Superior Court, in 1882, he was spoken of by the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville as an "able, learned, and laborious lawyer," and the newspapers of his district described his legal abilities as remarkable, and his religious character as worthy of the highest admiration. His widow also lingers tenderly over his Christian and domestic virtues, for he was a man of gentle impulses and deep religious convictions, having been baptized at the early age of 14 years into what is known as the sect of Christians, or Disciples, a branch of the Baptist communion of which Alexander Campbell was the founder, and to which Garfield also belonged. He grew up in a time of great religious revivals, and Campbell, who was going through the South calling for the purification of the faith, seems to have been a frequent guest at his father's home in Mt. Sterling. "The heroes of that reformation," says Mrs. Reid, "still fought over their battles around the fireside in the long evenings." Therefore, the boy's character took a decided religious bent, and the more easily because he had suffered a physical injury in his infancy which made him, "until he was 17 years old, a victim to the torture of rude instruments," and disposed him to extreme sensitiveness and meditative habit. "He knew none of the vices common to boyhood," and "not a single oath ever stained his lips, nor did he ever in any way evade the truth. To bar rooms, games of chance, cards, horse races, ball rooms, he grew up a stranger. Taught by his Christian parents to view the carrying of pistols, bowie knives, or any weapon as cowardly and disgraceful, he ever ignored them and condemned their use by others." He became active in the church and prayer meeting, and two years after marriage was chosen elder in his church at Mt. Sterling, where, in the absence of the minister, he would address the congregation, as Garfield was wont to do. "The prayer meeting," writes his pastor, "was his delight. When called upon to pray or speak he never failed to respond, to the comfort and edification of his brethren," and his prayers "had the sweet aroma of his meek and gentle spirit, his childlike faith, and unaffected piety. I knew but one man who could pray like Richard Reid," continues his pastor, "and he is a distinguished minister in an Eastern city."

These particulars concerning the life and character of Judge Reid are necessary to an understanding of his feelings and conduct during the terrible trials through which he passed in 1884 and up to the time of his death. On the 4th of April of that year he began his canvass for the Court of Appeals as the successor of Judge Hargis, and, "after two weeks' travel, he was perfectly satisfied that he would carry his district without trouble." When he returned to his old law office at Mt. Sterling, among those who called upon him was J. J. Cornelison, an attorney whose professional practises had been condemned in an opinion by the Superior Court, though Judge Reid had taken no part in it himself. He received his visitor kindly, and accepted an invitation to go on the 16th to the office of Cornelison, who pretended that he had some private papers to show him. While he was there engaged in looking at a document, with his back turned, Cornelison, who was a muscular man, struck him a series of powerful blows on the head with a hickory stick or a cowhide. "Stunned, dazed, bewildered, warding off the blows as best he could," Judge Reid escaped to the street, and, "with the mere animal instinct of self-preservation," ran into a store to avoid his assailant, who followed him, and was arrested "in his double purpose to disgrace as well as kill."

It is hard to imagine that a man so assaulted and outraged could anything except sympathy for his treatment at the hands of a treacherous ruffian. But when Judge Reid was able to go abroad he was met with reproaches, because he did not start forth to kill his assailant; did not "defend his honor." His family, too, were made highly indignant by a published report of the outrage, in which his face was described as scarred by the blows of Cornelison. As Judge Reid was unarmed at the time of the assault, and was taken entirely unawares, of course he could offer no effective resistance, especially as he was a man of comparatively feeble physique, and was still further weakened by recent illness. "He had never carried a weapon, nor had he dreamed of a personal enemy," but neither Judge Reid nor his friends, continues his wife, "ever for a moment debated what he would have done had he been armed."

The question as to what he should do troubled his conscience seriously. "Two courses remained open for Judge Reid," says his wife. "Either was the way of darkness and woe." His son wrote from Princeton College, begging to be allowed to come home to avenge the insult. "I could kill him with far less compunction than I could shoot a dog," wrote his niece from California, and from four different directions came word to Mrs. Reid, "If you say so, we will come and mob Cornelison." "There is not a member of Judge Reid's family," continues his wife, "but would have taken the assassin's life at the cost of their own, had there been the permission and the right in so doing." But he "took the more difficult part. He would leave this man to the vengeance of God, to his own remorse, to the punishment of the law, to the scorn of the world, whose civilization, justice, decency, religion he had outraged."

That was the only reasonable and defensible course to take, and yet because of it Judge Reid suffered what his wife describes as martyrdom. It is true that Cornelison was hanged in effigy at Mt. Sterling, and that resolutions were passed at an indignation meeting held there, applauding Judge Reid for his moral courage "in declining to violate the law by avenging his own wrongs;" but he was warned from other sources that his canvass for the Judgeship would fail if he did not take the law into his own hands against Cornelison; and it is evident from Mrs. Reid's book that both he and his family were cruelly hurt by the reflections on his courage. He endured in his soul the tortures of a martyr to the faith. The church of which he was elder even delayed the exclusion of his assailant, who also was a member, until after Judge Reid had come to a violent end. At first it merely drew up a series of conditions which Cornelison was required to fulfil to escape excommunication. They were that he should withdraw charges he had made against the character of his victim, acknowledge in person to him that the assault was wicked, and beg his forgiveness, declare to the church his repentance, and promise to make no legal defence, but to throw himself on the mercy of the court. That was an extraordinary proceeding for a Christian church toward such a ruffian. Cornelison did not apologize, and appeared in "a most prominent pew, and in full communion and fellowship, extending personally the right hand of fellowship to two persons who connected themselves by letter with the church!" It was not until June that Cornelison was dropped, and then he seems to have had a considerable party in his favor. Meantime he went about in high feather, and "as sureties on the bond of the assassin State and Church joined together in the Mayor of the town and the minister of the Gospel."

On the 15th of May, within a month after the assault, Judge Reid was found dead in the office of a friend at Mt. Sterling. He was shot through the head from back of the right ear. On an unsigned card near by was written: "Mad! mad! Forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide, but his wife is loth to accept the theory that he came to his death at his own hands. Even if the card was genuine, she holds that his true murderer was Cornelison, whose blows had "fatally injured his head."

It is not necessary to draw any moral from this sad narrative of a widow. No society really civilized can have any other feeling than that Judge Reid behaved only as became a reasonable creature in turning over his assailant to the officers of the law. Even if he had not been a sincere Christian, there was nothing else for him to do consistent with his own dignity, with law, with order, and with common sense. The wonder is that he suffered at all, because of his refusal to put himself on a level with the ruffian, either in his own mind or from the criticism of any sane human being whose opinion was worth a moment's thought. Did anybody in Kentucky expect that a Judge, the candidate for a Supreme judicial position, would go about seeking to murder a cowardly savage who had struck him?

A portrait of Judge Reid shows a sensitive face in which the gentle traits and characteristics his wife describes are plainly indicated. He was born Oct. 3, 1838, and died May 15, 1884. Cornelison was indicted for assault, found guilty, and sentenced for three years, but the case was appealed on a point of law, and no final decision had been rendered when this book was written.

Book Notes.

Hawley Smart's clever novel, "Hard to Beat," forms the last issue of Harper's Handy Series.

Cassell & Co. publish two volumes of pleasant, light reading, entitled "Who Took It, and Other Stories," and "Showed Up, and Other Stories."

"Love and Medicine," by Dr. Charles F. Gilliam (Gray & Clarkson, Washington), is a novel through which medicine, adventure, and love are pretty equally distributed. It is readable.

"Mistis and Remnants," by L. D. Ventura and S. Shevitch (Ticknor & Co.), is a volume not inappropriately named. The contents are so trivial and sketchy that the reader cannot but wonder why they were given to the public in book form.

Edwards Roberts is the author of "Santa Barbara and Around There" (Roberts Brothers, Boston), a little volume intelligently and truthfully describing a resort for pleasure seekers or invalids, which is to America what Nice or Mentone are to Europe. Evidently there are few places in the world having a more uniform temperature the year round. The book is well illustrated.

Notwithstanding a rather crude and clumsy plot and an occasional attempt at fine writing, "As Common Mortals" (Cassell & Co.), is a novel worth the reading. The author is evidently a close observer of character, and some of the types peculiar to New York and Brooklyn are felicitously portrayed. The passages in which the social and the religious life of the latter city are analyzed exhibit no little command of quaint humor.

Those who would know all about the sailing, fishing, shooting, and other delights of the Great South Bay, should read Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt's "Love and Luck" (Harper's), one of the most agreeable holiday books of the season. It relates the adventures of a congenial party who, embarking in a "sharpie," constructed especially with reference to the comfort of its inmates, found ample means to pass an exciting, pleasurable, and healthful summer on that famous sheet of water. Mr. Roosevelt handles his subject with the readiness of one long familiar with yachting and sea sports.

Mr. William Westall calls his "Phantom City" (Cassell & Co.) a "volcanic novel." If not precisely that, it is a tale overflowing with marvellous adventures and animated descriptions of the tropical regions of Central America, in which the hero and his companions, after almost incredible privations, discover a lost city of the Toltecs, teeming with inhabitants and forming the living counterpart of Uxmal or Palenque. It is similar in design to Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," and quite as readable.

POEMS WORTH READING.

What Rules the World.

From the American Invalid.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power, and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native sphere man finds;
Yet all his "ifs" and "buts"
To women's fair winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the golden ægis
With the colors in his hand:
Brave men they be, yet craven
When this banner is unfurled;
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mount a people's fate,
But the unseen hands of velvet
Three giants control the helm;
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Daisies on the Farm.

From Texas Siftings.

She painted them on canvas
With a rapt, artistic eye,
She wore them in her bodice,
And in her raven hair.
She thought farm life idyllic,
And said the greatest charm
Was lent it by the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

"Do you not love the daisies?"
To the farmer's son she saith,
But all the praise he uttered
Was underneath his breath.
It sounded energetic,
But she felt a vague alarm
That he did not love the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

She read to him a poem,
A pastoral chaplet;
He seemed unsympathetic,
Though her voice was very sweet.
With some repressed emotion
His face grew dark and warm,
For its burden was the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

Soon the charming summer boarder
To her city home returned,
For a soul of higher longing
He aesthetic nature yearned.
And the farmer's son, undaunted,
With his scythe upon his arm,
Went to battle with the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

Full meet.

From the Century.

He stood beneath her window
And beneath the lilac shade
(The lilac was a maple),
And he sang a serenade.
We hope she gauged his fervor by
Th' amount of noise he made.

"Oh, why art thou not near me?"
He sang it sixteen times,
To "fear me" and to "cheer me,"
And to fourteen other rhymes,
And interspersed with language cribbed
From Oriental climes.

She leaned from out her lattice;
Her lattice was not barred
(Her plate glass window, that is),
And perhaps she leaned too hard,
For the lattice was wide open, and
It opened on the yard.

A sudden flash of lightning,
Or so it seemed to him—
Then he felt his senses frightening,
And his sight grew strangely dim,
And he sank together earthward, and
All nature seemed to swim.

Was he happy, was he grateful
For this compliment of fate?
No; he muttered something hateful
As he crawled off toward the gate.
Is fulfilment of our wishes worse
Too soon than it too late?

MARGARET VANDERGRIFT.

Through the Mist.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Through the misty meadows,
Tree-passers we stole;
Round us there were shadows,
Shadows in my soul.

Clasped your hand more tightly
Through the mist I led;
Then, at first, and lightly,
As we walked I said:

Said with sudden candor,
Ere I could resist,
"Would that we could wander
Always through the mist."

You replied long after,
Pondering gravely, "Why?"
Sadness turned to laughter
As I made reply.

From the misty meadows
Gladly we stole,
And there were no shadows
Resting in my soul.

H. EDMUND CLARK.

John Gilbert.

From the Theatre.

A master of his delicate art,
One old in that most human art
Which, when the world was younger, quaffed
Its life blood from a Roman fleam—

Which has the sweetness of the truth,
And all the success of the stage
A semblance of the pangs of youth,
An echo of the lines that think.

Dear master with the frosted hair
And locks that show the scars of time,
I love his voice, grave, comforting air,
His speech of measured weight and chime.

I love his jocund mirth, his tears
That flow from eyes not lost to fire;
Ah, we shall weep when fairness years
Burn out his soul upon their pyre.

For he is of a noble race;
And the song he so nearly won;
There is not any other face
Like this old face beneath the sun.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

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XLIII.

Country Amusements.

There are times when the diversions of the aristocracy are on so elaborate a scale that no establishment, however palatial, can receive the company or provide a theatre for the entertainment. The park itself must be the reception room, the entire landscape becomes the pleasure ground, and half a county is included in the arena of a day's amusement. When the hounds meet at a great mansion there is usually a hunt breakfast, and the scarlet coats and dazzling breeches of the men, the riding hats and habits of the women, make the long corridors and lofty stairways as brilliant with color and costume as the scenery of a play. Not only the "house party," as it is called, but crowds of guests from the neighborhood, come in to the late breakfast, which is more sumptuous, but hardly more formal than usual. The lawn is gay with a hundred equipages of every size and form and even color, some waiting for their owners or drivers from the house, others filled with company who decline to alight, preferring to remain lookers-on, yet themselves forming a part of the spectacle. The horses and vehicles of the farmers and middle-class people wait further off, for all English men and women are interested in a hunt, and free to attend the meet or follow the hounds. Spirited horses are led about in front of the house by careful grooms, but the hounds are just in sight in a hollow without the home park gates, restive in the leash, and requiring all the attention of the huntsman and his satellites.

There is always a long delay, and sometimes it is high noon before the gay crowd comes out on the terrace or through the porch. Then there is a bustle, and numerous visits are paid to the carriages, recognitions exchanged, orders given. Servants hurry to and fro among the company, the maids with the gloves and whips and veils of their mistresses, valets and footmen to buckle the spurs and fasten the stirrups of their masters. At last every one is mounted, the carriages are full and move off to get a view of the start, a crowd of the humbler sort following afoot. A laborer or a servant often trudges along the road for many a mile, and, knowing the country and the coverts well, is sometimes in at the death before the best mounted horseman of them all.

When the hounds are released the pack scatters for a moment, but comes together again, and then moves slowly at first, nose to the ground, snuffing for the scent, while the horsemen follow leisurely as yet, a novice taking a fence perhaps to show his pluck, but the more experienced avoiding hedges and gates till there is need. The landscape now is dotted with color, red and white gleaming against the background of green, and the most English picture of all English life is spread out to view. The pageant moves off in the distance, mounts a hillside, and disappears over the summit, or fades and melts away into forest and glade until the gay vision is gone.

It is late when the party returns. They come back in detachments. The smart attire has lost its gloss, breeches are splashed, habits draggled and torn, hats sometimes lost. A horse is lamed, or possibly a rider has been thrown and injured, even fatally. Then the great company that filled every room with its gayety in the morning breaks up before night and flies from the gloomy house, leaving sorrow and desolation behind. But no one is perfect, even country life, and Nimrods are full of spirit, for all the fatigue and the light mishaps of the day. One fortunate woman sports the brush, a tribute from the hero of the hunt, and all have a world of adventure and incident to tell over five o'clock tea. But soon everybody hurries to bath or dressing room to make ready for dinner and ball.

A hunt ball is not very different from other large country-house entertainments. The grand hall is devoted to dancing, as well as one or two of the drawing rooms. The music is not often elaborate; on rare occasions a band is brought down from London, but usually there are only three or four pieces from a neighboring town. Few decorations are added to the ordinary ornaments, but the house is ablaze with thousands of candles, shedding a soft lustre on the completed and dropping compensatory shine on the costume. The women are in customary ball dress, but the men who have hunted that day may wear dress coats of "pink;" and the same crowd of gay and radiant, anxious, weary, happy, disappointed people that is seen at other balls, goes through its round of dancing, feasting, love-making, manœuvring, scandal-mongering, jealousy, spite, triumph, and revenge, just as in any other land.

At a coming of age of the heir there is a great celebration. This is of course far more of an event than a meet of the hounds, for it occurs only once in a quarter of a century. It is a feast for tenants and family relatives, intimate friends and laborers on the estate. The house is crowded with guests, and the neighbors of rank often open their establishments and assist in the hospitality. There are booths and marquees upon the lawn, an ox is roasted whole, beer and wine are abundant, and the best of humor prevails. All classes mingle freely, and the upper tenants are invited to the dining room. A speech is made by the heir, often on the steps in front of the house, so that more may see and hear than can be crowded under roof or canvas. The father and mother and other relatives stand near, the flag flies over him, the tenantry and retainers cheer, the brothers and sisters are proud, or envious, who can say which? and the young lord feels all his grandeur and importance, perhaps more keenly than ever again.

There is a drive over the estate, which is everywhere decorated with indications of loyal regard; presents are made to the poor and their children; the parish church bells ring, and sometimes even poachers are forgiven or released. At night the great house and the villages are illumined. Everything is done to foster the feudal feeling that still lingers, and the paternal system and influence of the aristocracy are as conspicuous as on any occasion yet left in England.

The houses in the neighborhood of the great race courses are always open at the time of the annual meetings in spring and autumn, and sometimes summer. Doncaster, Ascot, Goodwood, furnish occasions for great country-house parties. The Derby is so near London, and has become so much of a popular festival, that the aristocracy do not affect this race as once they did. At Ascot many of the smaller gentry let their houses at exorbitant prices to a party that comes down for a week, and the gayety of the neighborhood is one of the great features of the London season. The Prince and Princess of Wales often make part of the company; sometimes as guests, sometimes they take a house themselves and entertain a score or so of favorites and friends. There is a royal box at this race course to which the people of the court are invited