NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

to be done. At the end of the third year, he thought it was not worth while to disturb the course of things, as in one year more his office would expire, and he was decided then to retire." Everybody, however, Republicans as well as Federalists, urged him to continue in his post for four years more. He consented, but how unwillingly is evidenced from the fact that on Aug. 2, 1793, soon after the beginning of his second administration, he exclaimed, according to Jefferson's report: "By God, he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation." If Washington disliked the situation in 1793, he must have abhorred it three years later. His signing of the Jay treaty and his refusal to communicate the documents concerning the precedent negotiations to the House of Representatives cost him a multitude of supporters. Significant is the incident recorded by Madison in a letter to Monroe on Feb. 26, 1796, four days after Washington's birthday: "You will recollect the usage of adjourning for half an hour to compliment the President on the anniversary of his birth. Last year there were but thirteen dissentients [in the House of Representatives]; this year the motion to adjourn was negatived by 50 against 38." Much more grievous to Washington must have been the reception of his "Farewell Address" by the Legislature of his native State, Virginia. That Legislature, indeed, expressed regret at his retirement from the Presidency, but when his friends in the House of Delegates endeavored to ascribe to him "wisdom in the Cabinet, valor in the field, and the purest patriotism in both," the amendment was lost by 74 to 69. The fact is often overlooked that toward the close of Adams's term, when the Federalists feared that Jefferson would beat Adams in the prospective contest, there were many suggestions that Washington should accept the Federalist nomination. Washington asserted the belief that he could not draw a single Democratic vote: "Let that party," he said, "set up a broomstick and call it a true son of liberty—a Democrat—or give it any other epithet that will suit their purpose, and it will command their votes *in toto*." He added: "I am too far advanced into the vale of life to bear such buffeting as I would meet with in such an event." As a matter of figures, Washington was but 67 years old at the time when he penned those words.

In his concluding paragraph Mr. Hapgood shows that he has not written in a carping spirit. He points out that while Washington made enemies in his life he left none at his death. "When he was once past and judged his bitterest opponents became his eulogists. Jefferson, the leader of the opposition party, was disappointed when Napoleon became an autocrat, because he had hoped that Washington's fame would lead the French conqueror to emulate his devotion to liberty. From Jefferson to Jackson, from Calhoun to our own day, the Democratic party has vied with Federalists, Whigs and Republicans in honoring and obeying the President whose glory they all felt." M. W. H.

The Making of a Marchioness.

It was proper to choose Emily Fox-Seton to be the heroine in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's story, "The Making of a Marchioness" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). No matter what the run of Marchionesses is like, no matter if there are plenty of them who are not as agreeable as they might be, there can be no question that it is sometimes desirable to have a Marchioness who is sweet and kind and modest and good looking. We are sure that any properly constituted Marquis will admit as much. As for improperly constituted Marquises, we suppose that they should be provided with Marchionesses to match.

The Marquis of Walderhurst, in Mrs. Burnett's agreeable and vivacious story, was a very properly constituted Marquis. He bore his middle age lightly. He looked well in knickerbockers. He did not talk much. His monocle became him. He could wear it without seeming to be in pain. When he dropped it with a bold lift of the brow, and when he restored it with a broad sweep of the elbow, his action was self-possessed and often eloquent. He passed by the Lady Agatha Slade, whose delicacy of complexion was such that she might have been china, and Miss Cora Brooke, who came from America, and chose as his Marchioness Emily Fox-Seton, who was about to be turned out of her hall bedroom trimmed in Turkey-red and dearly prized (her friend, the landlady, was going out of business), and who sorely needed and richly deserved the solace and the exemption from sordid care involved in the heavenly good fortune that befell her.

Emily Fox-Seton "was 34, and a well-set-up creature, with fine square shoulders and a long small waist and good hips. She was a big woman, but carried herself well and having solved the problem of obtaining, through marvels of energy and management, one good dress a year, wore it so well and changed her old ones so dexterously that she always looked rather smartly dressed. She had nice, round, fresh cheeks and nice, big, honest eyes, plenty of mouse-brown hair and a short, straight nose. She was striking and well-bred looking, and her plenitude of good-natured interest in everybody, and her pleasure in everything out of which pleasure could be wrested, gave her big eyes a fresh look, which made her seem rather like a nice overgrown girl than a mature woman whose life was a continuous struggle with the narrowest of mean struggles."

Against these recommendations we are willing to believe that the Lady Agatha Slade's complexion and Cora Brooke's French heels, with which that rather artful young lady threatened to ruin the tennis ground, had no right to count. Emily Fox-Seton's hall bedroom, as we presumably should call it, must have been a fairly cheerful place to one of Emily Fox-Seton's robust state of physical and mental health. [illegible]

cold of the streets, doing other people's shopping or searching for dressmakers' or servants' characters for her patrons, she used to think of her bed-sitting-room with joyful anticipation. Mrs. Cupp always had a bright fire glowing in her tiny grate when she came in, and when her lamp was lighted under its home-made shade of crimson Japanese paper its cheerful air, combining itself with the singing of her little fat black kettle on the hob, seemed absolute luxury to a tired, damp woman."

When Mrs. Cupp gave up it was time for a Marquis to come forward with consolation. It was a Marquis's opportunity. Lord Walderhurst found her with eyes which had taken on something of the color of the Turkey-red decorations. "You have been crying," he said. She owned up. She told him why. She confided to him the fact that Mrs. Cupp was going away. "You will have to give up your room," he said. "Yes," she admitted, "I must find another." A tear ran down her cheek. "I can find a room," she said, "but I can't find"— she choked. She meant that she couldn't find another Mrs. Cupp. At that the Marquis proposed.

"I am not a marrying man," said Lord Walderhurst, "but I must marry, and I like you better than any woman I have ever known. I do not generally like women. [We are sure he thought of Cora Brooke's French heels digging up the tennis ground.] I am a selfish man, and I want an unselfish woman. Most women are as selfish as I am myself. I used to like you when I heard Maria speak of you. I have watched you and thought of you ever since. I came here. You are necessary to every one, and you are so modest that you know nothing about it. You are a handsome woman, and you are always thinking of other women's good looks."

Emily Fox-Seton gave a soft little gasp. "But Lady Agatha," she said. "I was sure it was Lady Agatha."

"I don't want a girl," returned his Lordship. "A girl would bore me to death. I am not going to dry-nurse a girl at the age of 54. I want a companion."

"I am so far from clever," faltered Emily. Her cheeks grew pink and her heart beat hard as the Marquis turned and looked at her.

"You are the woman I want," said Lord Walderhurst. "You make me feel quite sentimental."

A story that does the heart good, like "Cinderella" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and not a disturbing and tumultuous story about ladies of quality who should have been put in straitjackets, since they were plainly mad.

Mr. Scudder's Lowell.

Mr. Horace Elisha Scudder's "James Russell Lowell, a Biography" (Houghton Mifflin & Co; 2 vols.) completes and enlarges the portrait drawn in Mr. C. E. Norton's "Letters of James Russell Lowell." Mr. Scudder has an intimate knowledge of the subject and he has the taste, the tact and the sympathy of an accomplished man of letters. A formal biography is too often obscured by excess of insignificant detail or injured by the writer's partiality. Mr. Scudder is as skilful in selection as in composition and he is no friend of superlatives. He has never acquired the art of being tedious; and it is safe to turn to any page of his book with the expectation of finding something readable. It ought to be easy to write the life of a man of action; it is a much harder task to make interesting the biography of a man who was essentially a student and a recluse, with a small circle of friends, and did not come much into contact with the greater world until comparatively late in life. With a pipe of tobacco—does he still cling to Lone Jack?—and this book, Mr. Lowell could entertain a very cheerful day in the Poets' Reservation of the Elysian campuses.

Mr. Lowell had a half-whimsical, half-serious theory that everybody who amounts to much has a streak of Jewish blood. He was positive that Russell was a Jewish name. He held that all names ending in "son" were Jewish, so he would have found for R. L. Stevenson a Jewish instead of the Celtic ancestry which that author sought in vain to trace. Mr. Lowell was Celtic on the mother's side. His mother was the daughter of a native of the Orkneys, who became a merchant in Portsmouth and afterward purser of the frigate Philadelphia. On his father's side he was of a famous Massachusetts family whose American founder came to Newbury from Somersetshire in 1639. The name was sometimes spelled Lowle; and it is or used to be so pronounced by many Yankees. So often is what seems to be a vulgarism merely an inherited but forgotten good usage. Lowell was an excellent specimen of the cultivated Yankee, full of shrewdness, wit, common sense, racy of the soil and the idiom, smacking of the originality and strong individuality which persons with a thin paste of cosmopolitanism take for provinciality. Lowell rightly considered the late Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar a fine sample of the Yankee at his best. Perhaps our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed, is about as genuine and vigorous a Yankee as now can or ever could be seen. The saliences, the angles and the knobs of character seem to be disappearing nowadays. Everybody is getting to be like everybody else. Every New England village used to have its collection of originals. Time and the trolley are sweeping them away. If we should ever go back to Cambridge we should look in vain for those delightful humbugs, full of thirst and reminiscence, the "old Cambridge boys." They loved to dip their hoary chins into cherry rum; does anybody drink cherry rum now? [illegible]

[illegible]

gon, who was waiting for a Broadway car. Perhaps Mr. Lowell wears with a sack coat a sort of buff waistcoat, which may have been the mate of the one for wearing which Charles Sumner was disciplined by the Harvard authorities. Mr. Scudder relates that the undergraduate Lowell got into trouble by wearing a brown coat of a Sunday.

In those days students had to be neat, but not gaudy. Now there was nothing in the least ridiculous or incongruous in Mr. Lowell's summer clothes or in that vast straw hat which he used to wear in the summer vacation, and which may well have come from Somersetshire in 1639. He looked very sturdy, very distinguished. Evidently he dressed as he sweetly pleased. A certain independence, originality and love of room and air were thus expressed in fancy. It was the Cambridge tradition that he refused to put on a frock coat for his daughter's wedding; and it must have cost him acute pangs to reconcile himself to that respectable garment in England, where even a tu'penny 'bus young man has to wear one.

But we have left Mr. Lowell walking in the recitation room. He talks deliberately, introspectively. Once he went to Europe and for some reason, which he can't for the life of him make out, he didn't overdraw his account. "I must have forgotten the name of my bankers." Actually they owed him some money. When they found it out surprise and remorse seized them. By way of apology they invested his balance, made a little profit for him. Otherwise, he says, "I shouldn't have had a stick of furniture in my house." Then he chuckles as he tells how the Provincial troops, regarding a little wooden bridge over a narrow part of the Charles as a triumph of architecture, couldn't bear to destroy it, but simply tore the planks up and piled them one side of the stream. Along came the British; a few redcoats took a short swim and traffic was resumed. We hold that these anecdotes were much more profitable than dissertations on "The Troubadours mentioned by Dante" would have been. Mr. Lowell of the "Biglow Papers" was heard at every recitation. As he read in rather a sonorous voice

"M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna,"

the Lowell of the "Commemoration Ode" was revealed. In Mr. Scudder's volumes all the sides of this sound and manly character are shown. It should be instructive to the plutocratic authors of to-day to know how poor Mr. Lowell was for most of his life. And in 1845 Poe was writing for the *Broadway Journal* "at the rate of a dollar a column."

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Continued on Ninth Page.

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