SOME NEW BOOKS.

Rome Under Pio Nono.

A picture of an interesting period in recent Italian history will be found in Signor R. DE CESARE'S *The Last Days of Papal Rome*, abridged and translated by Miss HELEN ZIMMERN (Houghton Mifflin Company). The chief merit of the book to the ordinary reader who is unacquainted with the intricate details of Italian politics must consist in the narration of a story which it is not so very easy to find in print in the confusion that attends contemporary and very recent history. The faults that mark Signor de Cesare's book and its translation are great; it is not likely that it will be readily understood by Italians of the present generation; still less comprehensible must it be to foreigners. Nevertheless when the author condescends to narrate events in their sequence, as he does in a good part of his volume, he tells intelligibly and in minute detail what occurred in Rome and in the Papal States from the return of Pope Pius IX. in 1849 to the storming of Porta Pia and the surrender on September 20, 1870, which at last gave Italy Rome for her capital.

Not one authority is given by Signor de Cesare for his account of many matters that are the subject of dissension among Italian historians and politicians. We must accept the assurance of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, who writes an introduction and is a competent judge of the Italian history of that period, that Signor de Cesare has had access to oral and documentary evidence of an unusual character. That he has personal knowledge seems unlikely, for his methods of treatment of history and his language so far as it can be judged from the translation belong to that newest Italy, born since the heroic days, which is ashamed of the ways of its forefathers and tortures its beautiful idiom in the effort to be original. Impressionistic sketches of social, economic and intellectual conditions are supposed to give more life to past history and complicated sentences containing incongruous metaphors and comparisons are intended to give vigor to a language that sounds too gently harmonious to those born to its use. Miss Zimmern, familiar with the Italian that was good enough for six centuries, has been evidently puzzled by Signor de Cesare's style and often driven to translating word for word, with the result that sentences are often meaningless. The fault is probably not always that of the translator.

From Signor de Cesare's narrative of events we shall not quote; the outlines of the story are well known and space is wanting to show where the author's individual touch appears in it. The character and quality of the book, however, may be indicated by briefer fragments, specimens of the kind of work in which he takes particular pride. He presents his reasons for taking up his task thus: "Rome since September 20, 1870, has so changed as to render the reconstruction of her past most difficult, a past complicated by historical circumstances and by reason of its geography; a city not really the centre of Italy, the political capital of a small Italian State and the religious capital of the Catholic world, girdled by a desert and marshes, almost skirting the sea, yet not a maritime city; subject to the enervating sirocco, enclosed with walls, of which two-thirds surrounded villas, vineyards, meadows, malarial cane fields and ruins. Notwithstanding the transformation caused by pulling down and rebuilding that has been so great as to cause the old city to be unrecognizable, this is as nothing compared with the moral revolution accomplished. The pyramid has become inverted. The laity, tolerated by the clemency of the ecclesiastics, has become their master; a laity, not Roman, but national. And with this new power, new systems have been imposed and needs have arisen which it seems incredible should not have been felt even before the day when Rome became the Italian capital. The old generation, of whom a few survive, is fast disappearing, and when it shall have disappeared none will know what the city was like in its intimacy, with its social classes, its public and private economy, its government, its hierarchies, its relations with the larger world, its political conspiracies and intrigues, not to mention a confusion of the temporal and spiritual powers, a fertile source of those religious and political evils which, though they were no greater than the evils of other Italian despotisms, had in the Papal States special characteristics of their own."

In his portraits of men Signor de Cesare usually dwells on the slighter, more intimate details, assuming, apparently, full knowledge about the really important points on his reader's part. A definite impression of Pius IX. is obtained because he is the protagonist in the story. When it comes to describing him this is what the author has to say: "The leading trait of Pius IX. was curiosity. Ever desirous of knowing all there was to know about every one, he kept his own affairs to himself. His *camerieri segreti*, and especially his *major domo*, De Medici, encouraged this curiosity, daily recounting to him all the local anecdotes, gossip, and spicy scandals. Of no amusement did Pius IX. deprive himself, either sacred or mundane. Many were the surprise visits he paid, delighting to arrive suddenly, unexpectedly at a hospital, a refuge, an artist's studio, a church undergoing repair, an oratory or convent. He derived special amusement from the confusion into which his appearance would throw the nuns. He took long walks outside the walls, sometimes penetrating far into the country, from Porta San Pancrazio, enjoying the wonderful spring and autumn sunsets. The remains of Christian archæology, especially of the first century, seemed to appeal to him. In his frequent visits to the Catacombs and Coliseum, he was interested in listening to the explanations given by De Rossi and Visconti, who often accompanied him. Seeking their opportunity, the two great archæologists pressed for permission to excavate in the Forum between the Temple of Castor and the base of the Capitol, with the object of discovering whether the remains were those of the Basilica Giulia. Amiability was his chief characteristic and his manners were gracious. If he did not greatly esteem Roman nobles and even tried to humiliate them, he knew how to be courteous, subtly flattering those who took his fancy. In his audiences with ladies he was extraordinarily gentle and spoke with great nobility, united with a sympathetic insight. He was extremely careful of his person, bathing and shaving daily, as well as changing his linen of the finest batiste. He also arranged his hair with attention, and took singular care of his hands. He had a great weakness for eau de cologne."

The same sketchiness is noticeable in the accounts of the prominent nobles. He has a delightful picture of the art loving Duke of Sermoneta, but it is hard for the uninitiated to make out what part the Duke played in the politics of the time. The generalizations about the manners of society seem rather broad: "Practical jokes were the rule in society in those days. Poor hangers on, parasites or buffoons, cleric or lay, were made the victims of humiliating or brutal jokes. To draw away a chair from under them when about to sit down or to smear it over with tar so that they remained stiffened to it, to fill their nostrils while they slept with strong snuff, to fix paper tails to their dress coats, to place dead toads and mice in their beds, to sprinkle pepper and salt in their coffee, to place crackers in their rooms and to explode them during their first sleep, or to introduce a procession of lighted gutta percha serpents which burnt with a sickening odor, was considered the cleverest joke imaginable among the Roman as well as Neapolitan nobility. Comfort was usually entirely absent in those princely residences that were so rich in frescoes and priceless pictures. A *scaldino* was the only protection against cold; baths were rare, still rarer a heating apparatus or even the most elementary hygienic conveniences." Has Italy, even outside of Rome, improved very much in the matter of heating and other comforts in the forty years since?

The suggestion that the general pauperism of the Roman citizens under the Papacy was a survival of the *panem et circenses* days of the empire and the late republic is interesting. There were other regions of Italy, however, where the populace lived on indiscriminate charity: "The census of 1871, confirming that of 1857, showed one man of means to every fifty inhabitants and demonstrated that, deducting all persons employed in manual labor, traffic and commerce, the three professions, the army, clergy and Government employees, out of a population not exceeding 200,000 there were 112,000 of both sexes who wrote themselves down as of no occupation, and of these, deducting the children, there remained a mass of 70,000 unemployed, not counting the floating population which varied in numbers with each month of the year. These people all lived on official charity left by pious founders who had provided for every necessity of life, and it would be no exaggeration to affirm that any one in any way able to prove a claim could avail himself of the benefit of these institutions. It might cause astonishment if the chief sources of supply for the greater part of the population should be these charities if we did not remember that these traditions, which antedated Christianity, had become a social law and in themselves had pauperized, corrupted and reduced the beneficiaries to servitude as illustrated by the numerous corn laws of the republic."

In his comments on the people of Rome Signor de Cesare seems unable to discern the traits that would distinguish them from the town dwellers of Naples or Palermo, Venice or Florence. Italian newspapers certainly report deeds of violence in all the cities of the peninsula; more in the south, it may be, than in the north, and the police of New York would find nothing distinctively Roman in this description: "Feelings of honor were not lacking among the lower classes and infractions were usually vindicated by the knife. Neither vivacious nor talkative, wary and rather insincere, almost rough and of a sardonic humor, the populace loved amusements and feasts. A dinner at an inn—preferably outside the walls—was the height of their ambition; but not seldom at those same dinners, after having enjoyed the food and wine, either from motives of jealousy, in quarrels over cards or for more trivial causes, their knives were drawn. Their roughness of manners was due to want of education, to the proud Roman prejudices, to the example of the upper classes and the example set by the priests."

There is much to arouse thought in Signor de Cesare's book; plenty of interesting questions are suggested. The answers, however, are evasive and not often satisfactory. The book will be appreciated much more by those who know a good deal about Italy and her recent history than by those seeking information for the first time.

A Quest for Land in Beaufort Sea.

On maps of the north polar region there is a great space marked "Unexplored" where the Beaufort Sea expands north of Alaska. A tradition among whalers and the Eskimos that the sea has a coast somewhere far up in the Arctic Circle, where there is always ice and nature is never hospitable, fascinated Mr. Ejnar Mikkelsen, a young Danish sailor, and Mr. Ernest D. Leffingwell, a young American geologist. On May 20, 1906, they sailed in a small schooner, the Duchess of Bedford, with a picked up crew, from Esquimault to find land in the vague ice waste of the far north and win fame as explorers. Their venture was known as the Anglo-American Polar Expedition, because the expenses were paid chiefly by patrons in the United States and England. Among them was Mr. Leffingwell's father, whose contribution was a handsome one, the Royal Geographical Society, and the noble lady whose name was given to the ship.

The story of the expedition, which failed, but heroically failed, has been written by Mr. MIKKELSEN. The title of his book, *Conquering the Arctic Ice* (George W. Jacobs & Co.), although not altogether satisfactory, has a certain felicity, because if it was the ice that actually conquered, proving to the explorers that their audacity was foolhardy and futile, they fought their way over the frozen sea to the edge of the continental shelf to learn by sounding through the ice that they must stop where an adequately equipped expedition would make its real start for the other side of the Beaufort Sea. Concerning the mythical country Mr. Mikkelsen says:

"The reason why former explorers thought that there might be land north of Alaska was that the ice was always found close in shore and of an exceptionally old and heavy kind. The ice which is a characteristic feature of Beaufort Sea is indeed so heavy and old that it is hard to explain how ice of so formidable a size can be found in an open polar sea where the ice is continually drifting out and getting renewed. The heaviness of the ice was accounted for by the supposed existence of a tract of land to the north of Alaska which prevented the ice from drifting away, and would to a certain extent explain why it would always be found close to the coast of Alaska. The fact that large flocks of ducks and geese were reported to fly northward of Point Barrow for the breeding season gave further strength to the theories of existing land, and this was also corroborated by Eskimo legends. The people of Point Barrow told of a man who had walked across the ice and had returned some time later with accounts of a wonderful land far away to the north, inhabited by Eskimos who spoke his own language."

In 1854 Capt. Collingson wintered in Camden Bay and started with sledges early in the year to find the reported land, but after two days of bucking the ice ridges he gave up his search, returning with some of his men disabled. Sir Clements Markham and Capt. Hovgaard of the Danish royal navy are among those who believe that Beaufort Sea has a northern coast line. It is plain, however, from the experiences of Mikkelsen and Leffingwell that if land is to be added to the map it will be discovered only when the ice conditions are unusually favorable and by explorers much better equipped than they were. It is true that as far as their means went their supplies, instruments, &c., were well selected, but the money at their command gave them but a slender chance of success. Whether they made the best use of their opportunities may be doubted, for although they served with the first Baldwin-Ziegler expedition they had much to learn about Arctic exploration, and besides youth, enthusiasm, courage, intelligence and an extraordinary capacity for hardship, they had little in their favor. The experience that comes of planning, leading and surmounting difficulties they did not have, but they qualified themselves for new ventures in the Arctic Circle and they may yet write their names high on the roll of explorers.

Mr. Mikkelsen is modest about his powers as a writer, but he has produced a narrative of striking interest, lighted up by many human touches and indispensable to the Arctic guild for its information about ways and means. Perhaps it is sometimes overloaded with detail, especially in the diary parts of the book, but the writer's interest in his subject is so intense and his helpfulness so evident that this is an attractive fault. One can understand from the following little picture why Mikkelsen found friends and believers everywhere and succeeded by gentle methods where other men would have failed by robust self-assertion:

"Some few days before we left Victoria the Rev. Mr. Campbell came down to the ship with his little daughter, a dear little girl aged 9. She handed me an envelope, and imagine my surprise when I saw that it contained a $5 gold piece, her savings for almost a year, and a letter in which she asked me to receive the contribution, telling me that she was not at all sorry to give it, and hoped that we could buy something with it and thereby keep warm during the terrible cold in the Arctic. However, the money did not go to buy clothing. I kept the small piece of gold as a proof of the interest our enterprise had aroused, and—why not admit it?—as a charm to bring luck. Not till many months later, on my long march southward, was I obliged to use the money to buy food for myself and for my starving dogs, which I should otherwise have had to go without, and my thoughts went back to Victoria and to a little figure in a white dress, fondling her doll in the burning sunlight and offering her year's savings to a party of men who were going out to penetrate the unknown, to fight against the dangers and cold of the Arctic."

The Duchess of Bedford, built in Japan and a sturdy craft to look at, was a disappointment. She leaked so badly that the crew spent many hours at the pumps when they should have been resting; she had a faculty of getting into trouble and a genius for balking her navigators. In the end she sank at her winter quarters and had to be broken up. Mr. Mikkelsen's original plan was to go north from Victoria in a whaler with the equipment of the expedition; but the ships on which he relied had been caught in the ice the previous year (1905) and there was nothing for it but to buy a schooner and pick up a crew. As the Duchess of Bedford had no auxiliary power it was September 5 when Point Barrow was reached, and then it became necessary to abandon the original plan of beginning the sledge journey from Banks Land and going out on the ice in a west-northwest direction until land was encountered or 76 degrees north latitude and 145 degrees west longitude was reached, when if water of 400 meters depth was found the intention was to return to the Alaskan coast.

The explorers had to winter at Flaxman's Island, close to Camden Bay, where Capt. Collingson wintered with the Enterprise in 1850-54, and make their start from that point to take a chance of finding land directly north in a quarter not regarded as favorable to success. With three dog sledges and one other man Mikkelsen and Leffingwell launched themselves on the great ice plain off the coast and for sixty days battled with ridges and hummocks, intense cold and furious gales, taking desperate risks of drowning in lanes of water that appeared in their path and about their camp when the force of the ocean drift burst the ice asunder. There was also the haunting peril that when they turned back, which they did only when soundings proved that they had failed in their quest, the open sea would consign them to a fate that had befallen so many other gallant spirits before them. At sixty-five miles from the coast, which they had been able to traverse only at a snail's pace when they could make headway at all, there was no bottom, the edge of the continental shelf had been reached, and with their rations low and their remaining dogs in poor shape they had to turn back if life were any object to them.

It is marvellous that under the terrible conditions that the explorers were obliged to face and to live in a diary so full and rich in detail as Mikkelsen's could have been regularly kept. There were days when the elements forbade any progress at all, and the little company kept warm as best they could in their small tent, while the gale shook its flimsy walls and the hungry and freezing dogs howled outside in lugubrious concert. The only literature they had was copies of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," not happily calculated to dissipate the gloom of existence in the Arctic wastes, with pale death, for all they knew, waiting at the door. They kept of good heart though, and Mikkelsen to while away the time would make such entries in his diary as this:

"The increasing unrest among the dogs, the frequent fights, &c., show that their feeding time is drawing near, and the man nearest the door has to attend to this unpleasant work. First he has to get on his kamicks, the only thing that we usually take off while in our bags; then the overall has to be put on, tied well around ankles and wrists to prevent the snow from penetrating, and when all this is done he has to go out in the cold, the wind and drifting snow. The dogs are waiting for him and set up a howl of delight when he comes, jump round him, trying to lick him and showing their delight in every possible way. Then comes an awful noise as the food is divided and the last dogs are afraid that nothing will be left for them. An ominous quiet follows the barks and howls; we in the tent know that the dogs are now eating and have no time for growling. But peace does not continue long. A yelp of pain breaks the silence; a rush of feet, barking, howling and yelping from the dogs and bad language from the man, inform us inside the tent that one dog, having finished his own ration, wants to steal a smaller dog's share, which again results in a great fight, and the whip is applied vigorously until order is at last restored."

There was an ache in Mikkelsen's heart when a worn out or sick dog had to be killed and cut up for its companions, and when he finally parted with his favorite Journiska, which had cuddled up with him in his sleeping bag and shown almost human intelligence as his friend and servant, the young explorer paid the sturdy little fellow a tearful tribute in his diary.

When the coast was finally reached the Eskimos refused to believe the story of their wanderings told by the young adventurers. "White man plenty lie" was the comment of the natives. They could not understand why the perils of the Beaufort Sea ice should have been braved for so fantastic a purpose. The bad news of the sinking of the Duchess of Bedford left Mikkelsen and Leffingwell no alternative but to release their little crew and send them back to civilization by the first whaler going south. Leffingwell decided to live among the Eskimos for another year to study them as a people and examine the geology of the mainland.

Mikkelsen had not had enough of hardship, apparently, for he determined to make a winter sledge journey of 3,000 miles by way of the coast, the Seward Peninsula and the Yukon River to Valdez in southern Alaska. His descriptions of the bleak country he traversed and the miners and the natives he met in their camps and villages, as well as his observations upon the fatal contact of the Eskimo with the white man, make instructive and excellent reading, but they are not relevant to the topic of Arctic exploration. This supplementary period of exposure and hardship can be regarded, however, as proof that Mr. Mikkelsen is well seasoned for any other venture in the far north for which he can get financial backing. He was six months on his remarkable journey from Flaxman Island to Valdez, and the reader certainly will not regret the performance, since it produced some admirable photographs of the coastal and interior wilderness. The book from cover to cover, indeed, is handsomely illustrated, but we think that the text in many places is equally graphic.

Mr. Mikkelsen has not only written an attractive book of a failure so discouraging that most men would not have had the heart to make copy out of it, but he has introduced us to a virile and pleasing personality for whom we cannot help wishing good luck and success in the exploring hazards that he will manifestly encounter again, for the spell of the north is upon him and he cannot fail to respond to its call.

Richard Jefferies.

An enthusiastic yet not undiscriminating book is the *Richard Jefferies; His Life and Work* (Little, Brown & Co.) of Mr. EDWARD THOMAS. Jefferies died young; his private life was homely and uneventful, and so it is not surprising that Mr. Thomas has less to say about it than about his writings. From the 300 pages of this work, however, it may be doubted whether enough pertinent information of any kind has been omitted to justify a rival biographer hereafter entering the field.

Richard Jefferies, whose rural descriptions have already delighted two generations, was born in 1848 at Coate Farm, in the southern English county of Wiltshire, where an ancient agriculture is still interspersed with heaths and downs retaining a "wild life" not so very much changed since the days of the Druids. There in the usual social environment of a yeoman Jefferies spent the first three-quarters of his career, going to country schools, working on his father's farm, hunting, poaching, loafing and at last writing. At 16 he ran off to France with the idea of walking to Moscow—he was always a great walker—but succumbed somewhat quickly to the difficulties of foreign tongues and returned home. The same year he started for America, but his money gave out at Liverpool; and excepting these outbreaks and one or two other brief excursions his absorption of the rustic neighborhood of his home continued without interruption until at the age of 27 he moved with his wife (a farmer's daughter) and first child to a London suburb.

During his last ten years—he died in 1887—he returned to Wiltshire more than once, hovered on the outskirts of London, sojourned here and there in Sussex; in fact, was scarcely ever above a hundred miles from his birthplace. A born nomad, he was able, like Thoreau, to satisfy his roving instinct within a narrow compass by making the most of it; and when he philosophizes on this economy of space some of Thoreau's words come to our mind. Says Jefferies: "It has long been one of my fancies that this country is an epitome of the natural world, and that if any one has really come into contact with its productions and is familiar with them and what they mean and represent, then he has a knowledge of all that exists on earth." Really coming into contact with the Coate countryside and growing familiar with what its human and animal and vegetable life meant was Jefferies's main occupation for a quarter of a century, and he brought fine senses and sensibilities to the task.

Though he remained so long on the farm he did not settle down to its routine with enough steadiness to satisfy his father. He read, rambled and thought too much for a proper agriculturist, and though the farm was not prospering earned little money except a few shillings made by selling hares which he snared or shot. The tall, loose limbed youth began to be noticed for his idleness and eternal loafing with a gun, and a neighboring squire remarked of him, "That young Jefferies is not the sort of fellow you want hanging about in your covers." His father used to point with disgust at "our Dick poking about in them hedges," and a laborer on the place expressed the opinion that he was "all cut out for a gentleman, if only there had been the money." His habits became as solitary as those of Hawthorne or Thoreau, and to the end he remained a good deal of a recluse.

Friction with his family and a sense of independence first drove Jefferies into writing. He began with occasional notes for country newspapers and then sent articles to the London journals and reviews on the economic side of agricultural life, some of which attracted general notice. He also ventured into fiction and published several rather melodramatic novels without success, but he did not begin to write about the country in the vein that has made him famous until he left it.

From a London suburb he contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the papers afterward reprinted in "The Gamekeeper at Home." In this and his other works of the same period, "Wild Life in a Southern County," "Round About a Great Estate," "The Amateur Poacher," Jefferies poured out almost anyhow the wealth of country lore which he had been amassing for years. He was trying, as he told one of his editors, to "bring in some of the glamour—the magic sunshine and green things and calm waters," and he succeeded; the colors and scents of the country pervade his pieces, yet there is no trace of design about them. They are the spontaneous productions of a man thoroughly imbued with his subject and bursting with information for which he had at last found a literary channel. They show a vast amount of detailed knowledge about fields, ponds, hedges, dogs, snares, birds, peasants—the entire rural scene—and it all comes out with a joyous gush in vivid colors unshaded by moralizing or reflection. "Things occur in his pages as they do in walks," remarks Mr. Thomas, "haphazard and often unconnected. Descriptions, portraits, narratives, arguments, odds and ends of superstitions, customs, curiosities come together with nature's own abundance." But to the townsman, for whom they were written, something more important than the news in these books is the happy sense of outdoor life which they breathe, and Mr. Thomas adds truly: "It is the sun and wind, rain and open country, that count long after the facts are forgotten."

The works of few authors fall so definitely into two kinds as those of Jefferies do. In the first period all is plain going, joyous, simple; in the second he becomes increasingly wistful, complicated, mystical. The change may be explained from his circumstances. In the books mentioned above he was reproducing the life and memories of the healthy country youth; when "Wood Magic," "Bevis," "The Story of My Heart," "After London" were written his health was gone and city life had penetrated him. He was thrown back upon himself; he became self-conscious, troubled, subtle, and instead of taking nature on the surface tried to perceive in her deeper down something corresponding to his new moods. At the same time he showed far more poetry and imagination than in his earlier books, and his literary style, always facile, became defter and more refined. "The Story of My Heart," besides being a bold confession, presents something of a mystical natural religion which probably appeals to many in these days.

The work of the second period, however, fine as much of it is, is tentative and incomplete in its kind compared with that of the first. There is often something hectic about its beauties, something unbalanced in its thought, and Jefferies's wider popularity does not rest upon it, while the attractiveness of the earlier books is likely to increase with the size of cities.

The ill health which beset Jefferies from 1881 onward made it difficult for him to support his family, and his life became in all ways a struggle till consumption ended it in 1887.

The Turk at Home.

The discovery that the Turk is a gentleman is too old and too well established to permit any credit for a rediscovery of this interesting fact to attach to the volume in which Miss LUCY M. J. GARNETT presents her study of *Home Life in Turkey* (the Macmillan Company). The fact that outside of business hours and apart from certain imperative duties of a civic and governmental character the Turk is a genuinely attractive citizen of the world has been thoroughly established in the Occidental mind despite the efforts of numberless unsympathetic statesmen and missionaries.

Miss Garnett, however, frankly confesses to a liking for the Osmanli Turk and even to an enthusiasm for this rather terrifying personage when he has relinquished the scimitar and assumed the more important duties of the hearth, which contributes no small charm to her book. At the very outset she tells of the courtesy of two coffee venders of Stamboul which falls little short of confounding the Western mind. She had seated herself at one of the little stalls of a coffee vender and demanded service from a Turk, arrayed in the uniform of the trade, who stood by. This purveyor, however, hastened to inform her that the place she occupied was in the domain of his rival. A second vender was equally explanatory. Then both together sent out to find their rival, each urging her not to change her seat to his stand because the third vender would soon return. Can it be greatly wondered that a race possessing so primitive notions of the competitive system of trade has occasional recourse to massacre to preserve the necessary balance with its Armenian, Greek and Christian business rivals?

Although written at the moment when the constitutional movement in Turkey was making its first forward step and containing many interesting references to details of this revolution Miss Garnett's book is frankly confined to the social rather than the political phases of Turkish life. It is true that in a final chapter she relegates the Osmanli Turk to Asia, but even here she acts in a friendly capacity. That the "Sick Man of Europe" may easily become the healthiest citizen of western Asia if freed from the burden of European provinces is her firm conviction. Nor does she attach permanent character to the union of Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians and other Macedonians in the constitutional government of the present moment.

That portion of the volume which deals exclusively with the home, with the Turk in his family circle, interests us most. If there is nothing actually new in the presentation of the Haremlik and the Selamlik the actual conditions of life in these two divisions of the Turkish house are retold with a detail and a sympathetic knowledge which are notable. Nor is it without interest in these days when the Turk is the terrible example of the suffragette and the envied of Christian "lords of creation" to learn that in point of fact the master of the Balkans is no more frequently the ruler in his own household than his more civilized fellow man.

The truth is, and Miss Garnett obviously finds feminine satisfaction in recounting it, that when anything of real importance is to be decided the woman of the family decides. The detail of marriage, for example, is completely in the hands of the woman. Indeed the fashion in which the son is disposed of is quite Occidental in character, and only in the frankness of the Turks is there notable divergence from the Western method. Thus when a mother has a son to start in life she first sets out on a tour of inspection of the eligible daughters of the neighborhood. Western notions of social amenities will doubtless be shocked at the fact that the mother announces the object of her mission at the door of the house to be visited, but it is doubtful if our reserve results in successful concealment. When the candidate actually appears the inspecting mother bursts into a loud exclamation of admiration: "Your daughter is like a full moon." After all, however, this is entirely noncommittal, a purely formal phrase.

Ultimately the inspecting mother returns to the resigned son and reports progress. On her report the son makes a tentative selection. Later he is favored with a transitory revelation of loveliness. After that the serious business begins with an exchange of gifts. Neither time nor space permits the description of the subsequent ceremonies. They last a number of months, they demand infinite exchanges of diplomatic embassies, and quite as frequently as in far more highly civilized communities they end in bankruptcy for all concerned.

Even in the detail of divorce the splendid barbaric freedom of the Turk seems largely legendary. He can, to be sure, dismiss his wife with half a dozen formal words, send her home to her family with apparent ease. The real trouble is that he is still compelled to present her with a sum of money craftily fixed in advance of the marriage. Moreover in Turkey, as contrasted with more advanced countries, a fondness for divorce on the part of the man arouses an unreasonable prejudice in the minds of those possessing eligible daughters. Every wife, moreover, is entitled to two trial marriages; that is, if her husband banishes her he may twice change his mind and remarry her, but the third experiment is final. Only an intervening marriage of the woman can open a way for the fourth trial. Despite their advance in constitutional government the Turks seem still to lag far behind in the number of divorces.

In the same fashion such delightful Western conceptions as those of Turkish slavery and the harem lose their alluringly sinister character at close hand. So far from believing that European intervention in the matter of slave trade has helped the lot of the slave, Miss Garnett points out that the majority of slaves, particularly the Circassians, are quite resigned to their not uncomfortable lot, and the effort of Russia to stop the traffic by a Black Sea patrol has caused endless hardship and no little loss of life, since travel must be during the winter months, when the seas are stormy and the patrols withdrawn. Not even the harem, for the abolition of which the enlightened West clamors so loudly, seems to the writer an unmixed evil. On the contrary she frankly asserts that any sudden change would result disastrously both to the inmates and to the general morals of the Turkish world.

The simple fact is that Miss Garnett has not merely found the Turk at home an attractive person but she has succeeded in making him appear so on her pages. Her descriptions of the superstitions, the customs, the religious and social life of the Osmanli supply pleasing change after the endless processions of travel tales of Normandy and Brittany, and her acquaintance with the Turk gives an unpopular citizen of the world a fairly complete certificate of good character, particularly as he stands forth in contrast to his immediate neighbors and rivals.

RELIC OF THE LOYALISTS.

Coat of Arms Carried From Boston to St. John in Revolutionary Days.

Perhaps few Americans know that an interesting relic of the Revolutionary War is carefully and pridefully preserved by the citizens of St. John, New Brunswick; yet there it is, and no amount of mere money could induce our Canadian cousins to part with it.

This attachment on their part, however, is not due to love of us and joy in our independence. Of course it all happened a long time ago and there's no hard feeling now, and all that sort of thing; but no one can be in St. John long without being reminded or informed that it is, with capitals, the City of the Loyalists.

The loyalists were the real founders of the city. Twenty shiploads of them, 3,000 persons in all, landed there May 18, 1783, and "began with vigor to build a city." They came from Boston and other New England towns. Some of them believed in the ultimate success of the British arms, and perhaps wanted to be on the winning side. Most of them though were sincerely loyal to England, either from belief in a monarchical form of government or from plain love for the old country.

Their loyalty in that day and generation went by another name in the colonies which were struggling so desperately toward independence, and Tories were as unpopular in Boston then as Copperheads were north of the Ohio in 1863. Hence their departure in 1783 to found a city where patriots would cease from troubling and a loyalist might rest.

One of these departing groups carried away with them an object of veneration to them and of something like execration just then to their fellow citizens. This was the British coat of arms, carved in wood, which had hung in the Council chamber of the old State House at Boston before the revolt of the colonies. It was taken first to Halifax and later to St. John.

This is the relic which is still treasured by the descendants of the loyalists. It is excellently carved from a single block of wood and is about three feet square. It is decorated in the correct colors and gilding, and aside from its historic significance is an interesting specimen of eighteenth century workmanship.

When the coat of arms was rescued from the hands of the rebellious Bostonians its romantic career was by no means finished. From Halifax it was sent to St. John and given into the keeping of Trinity Church. It was placed above the main entrance on the inside of the building, a position it has occupied in five successive edifices.

During that time it has had its adventures—some of them very exciting. The first church building was small and was erected in 1784, the year after the loyalists founded the city. It was soon outgrown, and the coat of arms found a new resting place in a second church building, still referred to as Old Trinity, erected in 1791 and consecrated the next year.

The west end of this building, the end containing the coat of arms, was destroyed by fire in 1849, but the cherished wooden carving was saved and was restored to its old position when the church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1854. Thirteen years later this edifice too was burned in what is called the great fire. This time the coat of arms was in imminent danger of being destroyed, but a Mr. Hazen, a descendant of the Hazen family which emigrated from Newburyport, Mass., rescued it.

The fifth move of the trophy was to the present large stone building of Trinity Church, where it has remained almost undisturbed for thirty years. The break in its repose was when that end of the nave was remodelled by the introduction of new panelling and a canopied bust of Queen Victoria in honor of her first jubilee in 1887. At present the coat of arms is directly over the central doorway and directly beneath the white marble bust of the late Queen.

The St. John people are mighty proud of their treasure, and apparently the Americans who visit the church to look upon the relic do not begrudge them its possession, so everybody is happy. The loyalists have what they wanted and the Americans got what they were fighting for, so to-day the St. John folks look at the coat of arms tenderly, thinking of what it means to them, and the Americans look at it with a half smile of wonder, thinking of what it did mean once to their fathers, and then they both, the St. John folks and Yankees, ask each other what effect the tariff bill is going to have on the lumber situation, and they forget promptly about that particular piece of wood carved into a semblance of a lion and unicorn.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Bridge. R. W. H. says: Is there any authority for leading low from ace king and others?

It is the correct opening from that combination at no trump. With a declared trump it would be advisable only as a secondary lead, after the dummy hand was shown or the play developed. It is a common trick to lead through a twice guarded queen in dummy, hoping third hand has the jack. It is also good play to lead small from ace and king if it is desired to get third hand into the lead for any purpose, such as continuing a force.

S. B. says: Score 16 to 8 against the dealer, dummy is asked to declare on these cards: H., A K Q; C., K 9 7; D., A Q; S., J 9 6 4 3. In the opinion of A this is a heart, on account of the honor score.

No trumps is the only make at the score. Two by cards in hearts will not win the game for the dealer, but two at no trumps will. On the other hand, two by cards with either make would put your opponents out and it is difficult to conceive a distribution of the cards that would give them eight tricks at no trump.

T. L. M. says: No trumps declared by the dealer, eldest hand leads a queen. Third hand has king and two small and passes it up. It holds and eldest hand leads the ace. What is third hand's play?

Should give up the king at once. The queen is never led from ace queen and others by a good player unless he is very anxious to get the king out of his way. The lead is usually confined to suits of seven cards, with no reentry in any other suit.

T. A. P. says: What would be considered the proper lead from this hand under the following conditions: The score is unimportant. The dealer passes it and dummy goes no-trumps. Eldest hand holds: H., A Q 8 2; C., 5; D., K J 10 8; S. A 7 4 3.

The singleton club seems to be the only safe opening for those who do not believe in leading away from four card suits headed by honors not in sequence. Some would prefer the eight of diamonds or the ten of that suit. Good players dislike to open such suits as the red ones in this hand until they see what is on their left. These cards are better led up to. It is very unlikely that the dealer can get in often enough to lead through to advantage.

Auction Bridge. H. J. K. says: A bids two no-trumps. Y doubles and B redoubles. This prompts Z to shift, so he bids three in diamonds. A calls attention to this not being enough to overbid the two at no trumps, so Z says he will let the redoubled no trump bid stand. Can he do this?

No. He must name enough diamond tricks to make his bid higher than the last bid. This will compel him to offer four in diamonds and will annul all the doubling of the no trumpers.

S. M. K. says: We are in doubt as to one point in the scoring. Y and Z are the declarers and Y has bid to make two at no trumps. Instead of doing so, A and B make three at no trumps. A insists that they score for these three tricks, 36 points, and 100 more in the honor column for penalty, as Y and Z failed. Y bets it is only the penalty that is scored; but A bets that rule refers to the times when the bidders get the odd trick, but not enough odd tricks to make good.

Y is right. As A and B are not the declarers they cannot score anything toward game, no matter how many tricks they win. It is not the odd tricks that A and B make that are reckoned with, but the number of tricks by which Y and Z fail. If they bid to make two by cards and got four tricks only, they are four short, and the penalty is 200, not 100, as it is 50 points a trick.

Five Hundred. M. A. B. says: A bids no trumps and leads a suit. B holds the joker, and bets he has the right to call that joker the highest card of the suit that A is leading and to win the trick with it.

There is no such thing as calling the joker anything in five hundred. When there is a trump suit the joker is the best trump. When there is no trump suit the joker is a suit by itself and cannot be used as a trump as long as the holder of the joker can follow suit. When the joker is led the leader can name the suit to be played to it, but that is not calling the joker anything.

Call-ace Euchre. J. S. says: Spades are trumps and A takes it up and calls for the best heart. When A leads he leads the nine of hearts. B trumps it, and C, who holds ace and ten of hearts, plays the ten. B bets that C must throw his ace of hearts on the trick the first time hearts are led, whether the trick is trumped or not.

B is wrong. There is no rule compelling the holder of the called ace to play it at any time unless he chooses to do so. It often pays to conceal from the other players the fact that you are the partner, as it may lead them to giving you tricks, thinking you are on their side.

Cribbage. H. N. Y. says: Playing two hand, A first, the cards fall 2 2 2 2 5 4 3. The pairs and pairs royal are agreed to, but when A plays the trey B disputes the run of four that A pegs.

The run is correct, as it does not matter in what order the cards fall.

W. C. R. says: A bets that three treys and a pair of sixes are worth 18 holes, fifteen ten, a pair and a pair royal. B bets 14 holes only, fifteen six, a pair and a pair royal. Which wins?

As both count the pairs correctly, for 8 holes, the difference is in the fifteens. The three treys taken together will combine with each of the sixes to make a fifteen. That is 4 holes. The two sixes taken together will combine with each of the treys to make fifteen, 6 more holes, so that 18 holes is correct and A wins.

R. D. C. says: In your decision that if there is a superfluous card in the crib when both players have their right number in hand the non-dealer pegs two points penalty and the crib is void, are you not making the dealer pay a double penalty? You should decide it a void deal.

We are not making the dealer do anything, but are simply giving the laws of the game as they stand. If both players have their right number of cards and the crib is wrong it is evidently a misdeal, and the penalty for a misdeal is two points, which the non-dealer pegs. As no player can profit by his own error the dealer cannot be allowed to count a crib which he has made wrong himself by his misdeal. Why should the non-dealer, who has picked up the right number of cards and put the right number in the crib, have the deal declared void?

Patience Poker. L. B. J. says: In this game what is the rank and order of the hands according to the latest rules? A bets that flushes are not in their usual place between triplets and fulls.

The English values are now very generally used on this side, just for the sake of uniformity. The scale is: Straight flushes, 30; four of a kind, 16; straights, 12; full hands, 10; three of a kind, 6; flushes, 5; two pairs, 3; one pair, 1. A is correct as to the rank of the flush. It is easy to get at this game.

Scoring. L. G. F. says: We are playing three hand, and at the end our scores are: A, 642; B, 580, and C, minus 82. How do we adjust them so that each shall pay each equitably?

The skat system is considered the best for all such reckonings. Settle the score between A and B first, then between A and C and then between B and C, like this:

A	B	C
+642	+580	—82
+62	—62	—724
+724	+662	—662
+786	+600	—1,386

A has 62 more than B, so A is 62 plus and B is 62 minus. A has won 642 from C and C has lost 82 to A. Add these and we have 724 plus for A and minus for C. B has won 580 and 82 from C, giving him 662. The additions prove, showing that it was C's party, he being the only loser.

Poker. J. G. W. says: The dealer did not understand that the player on his right was in the pot, and did not hear him ask for three cards, so he helped himself to the one card that he needed. Now what happens? Does the player get the card that the dealer has taken and seen, as one of his three, or does he get the next three, or does the dealer take another, or is the dealer's hand foul, or what?

It is usual to assume that such cases as this are unintentional errors, and the rule is to let the dealer keep the card he has taken, giving the player who has been passed over the number he asks for. While these may not be exactly the three cards the player would have received had he been helped in his right turn, the case is precisely similar to those in which the dealer has not given a player as many cards as asked for and has helped others in the interval before correcting the error. In that case the players retain the cards given them.

Pinochle. R. G. says: During the play of the last twelve cards in two hand A throws down his cards and calls out. B bets the hand must be played out, as the drawing from the stock has ceased.

B is wrong. A player can call out at any time.

H. J. D. says: A melds 40 trumps, ruffs with the king and lays down the A, 10, K, J for 150. B insists that the old queen is no good.

Not for the marriage, but it is all right for part of the sequence, so A is right.

E. H. B. says: Playing two hand neither calls out. Who has the right to count out first, the dealer or the non-dealer?

Neither can count out unless only one is out. If both are 1,000 the game must be set to 1,250.

P. M. S. wants to know the rule for dealing.

Four cards at a time, except in auction, when three at a time is the rule for the first round and the widow.

Auction Pinochle. C. S. says: A bids [illegible] and melds out. Is it necessary for him to win a trick?

Yes. His melds are not good until he wins a trick on the same deal as that in which the melds are made.

J. J. C. says: A is bidder but cannot get [illegible] B has melded enough but has no trick in [illegible] C calls out. Who wins?

C wins if he is correct in his count.