

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A "Scholar Gipsy."

There can be no question that The Life of George Borrow by HERBERT JENKINS (Putnam) was worth writing. Borrow's books are occasionally referred to by readers who know them and also by readers who do not know them as "classics." That they are not. They belong rather to the byways than to the highways of English literature. As Emerson has it: "There is a class whose value I should designate as favorites," of which he proceeds to cite examples, and adds: "Many men are as tender and irritable as lovers in reference to their predilections. Indeed, a man's library is a sort of harem, and I observe that tender readers have a great pendency in showing their books to a stranger." With this difference, that the owner of a library fears a defective while the lord of a seraglio might apprehend an excessive appreciation of the part of the visitor.

George Borrow clearly belongs to this "class of favorites." We have nobody quite comparable to him in American literature. Truly Every Man in His Humour is a British character. Doubtless there is "Two Years Before the Mast," but Dana was by no means an eccentric. His Californian excursion was forced upon him and was an episode in an otherwise entirely conventional as well as distinguished career. Thoreau comes much nearer to the peculiar place of Borrow, but Thoreau furnished after all an exclusively New English version of the English "humorist." He was in sooth a good deal of a prig; his nonconformity was too "voul"; possibly he did it "with the better grace," but Borrow assuredly did it "the more natural." Stevenson, who had the instinct of vagabondage, was attracted to Thoreau in one of the best of his psychological studies. Had he been attracted equally to Borrow, as doubtless he would have been if Mr. Jenkins's book had been at his disposal, readers of this present review would be much better off.

Heredity is always a prime factor in the makeup of a born nonconformist, and the facts which Mr. Jenkins assembles about the inheritance of the author of "The Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro" are highly illuminating. Borrow's father, born 1758, as the father of a mob of "prentice boys" in 1783, had occasion to walk up the master to whom he was apprenticed. Of course that escapade finished him in that town. He enlisted, in 1783 to be sure, in the militia, which was then "embodied," worked his way up to sergeant, and in 1792 fought a draw with the then champion of England, apparently for no mercenary consideration, but for pure honor and glory. He was a Cornishman, which is to say a Celt, as might be inferred from this performance. He continued all the same to work his way upward, and in 1798 was commissioned adjutant and captain. The position was always anomalous in England of a commissioned "ranker." He can never quite attain the social level of "an officer and a gentleman." One always recurs to that sentence of Napier about those times: "Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy." Thomas Borrow had additionally complicated his position by marrying, in 1793, a girl of Huguenot descent whom he had met when she had run away from home to take a temporary part in a company of strolling players. The maternal Borrow continued in the service until the final conclusion of Napoleon in St. Helena "disembodied" the militia in which he was an officer, and he was retired on 8 shillings a day. On this slender income he managed to bring up George, born 1803, and an elder brother, until 1824, when he found that there was nothing more for him to do but "to bless my little family and go."

The progeny of such a union could not be expected to be conventional Britons. The elder brother imagined himself a much more conventional and respectable citizen than George, to whom he wrote: "Your want of success in life is owing to your being unlike other people." As a matter of fact, he himself, though he also held a position in the militia, was almost equally unconventional. He took to painting, became a pupil of "Old Crome," afterward of Haydon, did not amount to much either as officer or as artist, and finally threw up his commission to go adventuring in Mexico, and to die with "rich eyes and poor hands."

The boyhood of George Borrow was passed in Norwich, where lived a humorous Macedonian, William Taylor, who could afford to indulge his eccentricity and who encouraged the unconventional habits of boys who seemed to him bright and interesting. He was, we are told, an admirer of German literature and a defender of the French Revolution, "two eccentricities which might be pardoned to a well-to-do and mature citizen but were by no means calculated to commend a striving boy to his spiritual pastors and masters. We still read with shudders that young Borrow "told an archdeacon that young Borrow "told an archdeacon with £7,000 a year that the classics were much overrated." But Taylor did what in him lay to bring out the extraordinary linguistic faculty of the boy, who at the age of 20 was said to have translated with facility and elegance from twenty different languages. But as Borrow said of himself, he was "not formed by nature to be a pallid indolent student," and he afterward remarked, with a naïveté which was one of his attractions: "I could not help thinking that it was fortunate for myself that with me the pursuit of languages has always been modified by the love of horse." His linguistic precocity seemed to betoken, however, a scholastic career. When he approached manhood for a boy who had adventured by the gift of tongues he would like to get into the Office for Foreign Affairs, but does not know how. The question was difficult of a boy who diversified his studies with running off to see prizefights attended by "Thomas Ribb, champion of England," "Savage Sheldon" and "Fearless Sorogians." No wonder that Harriet Martineau said afterward that there was a burst of laughter in Norwich at the notion of Borrow as a Bible agent.

Nevertheless the Bible Society offered in England of that time the best opportunity for a boy who had adventured by disposition. It was a long time before he found his vocation. He did hack work on the hardest terms and for the meagre remuneration for a year or two for a pompous patron, Sir Richard Phillips, who had started a literary magazine. After this came what his biographer calls "the veiled period," lasting for seven years, from 1825 to 1832, that is from Borrow's twenty-second year to his twenty-ninth. During this time nobody knew what became of him but Borrow himself, and he never would tell, except that it was clear from what happened afterward that he traveled extensively and increased his linguistic acquirements. He emerged from

this seclusion to commend himself to a humane and benevolent clergyman, who in turn commended him to the Bible Society, but who has read the Bible in thirteen languages." It happened that the Bible Society was at the time much in need of an agent to translate the Bible into the Manchu-Tartar dialect, and Borrow was sent to St. Petersburg to supervise the prosecution of this enterprise. He fell in love with Russia and the Russians, and more than earned his small pay. He even showed a keen mercantile intelligence when he needed it in behalf of his employers and not of himself, and made excellent bargains for paper and printing. The experiment was sufficiently successful to commend him again to the Bible Society when it had need of an agent in Portugal and Spain, and in 1836 he sailed for Spain and really began his literary career.

Adventures are to the adventurous. These Spanish adventures he has himself recounted so as not to leave much to be desired. But nevertheless his latest biographer shows upon them some interesting sidelights. It is quite impossible to tell how much, if any, there was of a real evangelistic "vocation" mingled with "the pursuit of languages" and "the love of horses." The correspondence between him and his employers makes it amusingly plain that their dialect was not "one of the many which he had acquired. We find them solemnly chiding him for saying "lucky" when he ought to have said "providential," but his counsel to them was full of the wisdom of the serpent. For example, he proposes to print and introduce into Spain at first only the New Testament, "because the Old Testament is so infinitely entertaining to the carnal man." He had evidently spent a considerable part of the "veiled period" in gypsying, for he knew his Romany very accurately when he landed in Spain. One of his fellow passengers, a Spanish Marquis, related that "when they stepped onto the quay at Cadiz, Borrow looked round, saw some Gitanos lounging there, said something that the Marquis could not understand, and immediately that man became une grappe de Gitanos." They hung round his neck, clung to his knees, seized his hands, and he had to be rescued by the Marquis, who liked to join his comrade again after such close embraces by so dirty a company." A still more curious touch is that of the astonishment of the Spanish gypsies, when he tried to evangelize them with a Romany version of the New Testament, to find that their talk was a real language which could be written and read from the printed page.

Borrow as an evangelist is really a contradictory character. The love of adventure which took him into dangerous parts makes us wonder how large a proportion of his ancient Crusaders were actuated by any real desire to recover the possession of the Holy Sepulchre and how large a proportion by the mere mundane love of fun. One perceives that a large part of Borrow's correspondence with the Bible Society must have been conducted by Borrow with his tongue in his cheek. He writes, for example: "The last skirts of the cloud of papal superstition are vanishing below the horizon of Spain," which in 1812 seems a tolerably bold prediction to have been made in 1836, so that he had his feet out of the evangelization there can be no doubt whatever. When he harangued a Spanish village mob, "Peasants, peasants, I bring you the Word of God at a cheap price" it is clear that he was greatly enjoying himself; and when he was imprisoned, though only for twelve days, for "cheeking" a petty Spanish official who had inquired into his bookkeeping procedures, he wrote the Bible Society, and this time most evidently with his tongue in his cheek, that he "had won the martyr's crown." All the same, his tact and management of men really shine in comparison with the exhibition, or non-exhibition, of these qualities by Lieut. Graydon, a British officer, who also seems to have been a sincere evangelistic zealot, and who managed to complicate not only himself but also Borrow, and to a certain extent his Government.

One does not see the necessity or relevancy of so much as the book contains about the house of Murray, a succession of Britons as conventional as Borrow was unconventional, and especially of Borrow's "Glorious John," the result of the House of whom Carlyle remarked, after waiting upon him with the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus": "Stupider man than the great Murray I have never encountered." All the same, it is a delightful book, even to those who have not the habit of Borrow, and of course much more to those who have. It is in fact the "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal," and Mr. Kipling has retrospectively estimated with great exactness the author of "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain":

Therefore from job to job I've moved along,  
For couldn't I do when my time was done,  
For something to my 'ead upset me all,  
Till I'd dropped whatever 'twas for good.  
An' out at sea he'd the dock lights die,  
An' me my mate—the wind that tramps the world!

Sir George Trevelyan.  
Unhappily there is no denying that the fifth and, as it appears, penultimate volume of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's American Years, published under the subtitle of (George), Third and Last Series (Longmans), is a disappointment to American readers who have followed the story of the previous volumes with a fascinated interest. The first four volumes are in effect an epical Washington. Singular that the best praises of Washington should have been Englishmen, singular and adapted to give rise to reflections on our part. Of the fact there is no doubt. Beginning away back with Byron's "Cincinnatus of the West," through Thackeray's last chapter of "The Virginians," and Lecky's cool and troublesome England, we wrenched their rights from us, even down to Mr. Kipling's conversational "Brother Squares" and his lyrical "If," they have done it better than we have. A fact possibly equally creditable to both parties, but certainly highly creditable to the loser. It is true that a certain acrimony remains traditionally and that even the candid Mr. Kipling has been misled into repeating that Paul Jones was the American pirate, the designation meaning merely that Paul was an annoying and troublesome person to the coastwise population of England in the year 1779, the plain fact being that he was neither more nor less an "American pirate" than George Washington was an American highwayman. But none of these casual tributes, though every one of them has done its part in cementing the "understanding" which comes so near to being an informal alliance, is to be compared, either as a "healing measure" of international relations or as a contribution to history, with the elaborated and impartial treatment of the theme in Sir George Trevelyan's earlier volumes. Our own contributions to this

period of our own history, not forgetting even John Pike's rapid and masterly sketch, were either embraced or effaced by that at once spirited and "documented" narrative.

Why should the historian have allowed himself to be diverted from the story he really had to tell and was in the course of telling so acceptably into the elaborated episode which constitutes so much of the matter of the present volume and which furnishes its specific title? Truly, what had Charles Fox to do with the American Revolution? He was too young with the outbreak and too much occupied with "urgent private affairs" of a not especially edifying or reputable character to exert any influence upon the course of events. British champions of American rights there then were, at the beginning of the struggle, whose names are "freshly remembered" in the America of to-day. Chatham ("My Lords, you cannot conquer America"), American recognition of whose services is brought to the daily notice of every passenger on the elevated road who has occasion to transfer at Chatham Square, though the street named after him has been submerged in Park row by the action of Aldermen who brought this to deodorize it, and Barre, whose conjointed names infallibly date a city in Pennsylvania as from the beginning of the Revolution; Burke, who to modern readers is the most important of all the parliamentary champions of the American cause, but who was rather curiously overlooked in the gratitude of Americans at the outset of the Revolution, even though he had for some years already been on the motion in the Provincial Assembly of Philip Schuyler, the agent in London of the province of New York.

But what, in those early days, did Charles Fox do or say to entitle himself to be remembered in the annals of the American Revolution? By the candid confession of his present celebrant, nothing whatever. When the Boston port bill was brought into the House of Commons he observed "a cold and cautious neutrality," being already, at 24, a member of the House of Commons. Horace Walpole wrote that Fox "left himself at liberty to take what part he should please." No parliamentary Laodicean of this temper could endear himself to either party, and even less to the distant colonists who needed friends and knew only care to commend itself to a stupid and pig-headed monarch. The, when Burgoyne surrendered, Fox was a very rising politician, and soon after he came by force, though still only 28, the leader of the Opposition. But the surrender of Burgoyne brought on the French alliance, the revolting colonists having, by bringing about the surrender demonstrated that they "would not be deceived" in the enterprise. With the alliance the hope of subduing the American rebellion vanished from every British mind, excepting possibly that of his Majesty, who presently began to have his own tardy doubts. In the words of the author, "enacted Fox undoubtedly made good his position and his own importance. But in the drama of the American Revolution he was not only not a protagonist, he cannot be said to have been an actor at all. As Kingslake said about St. Arnaud at the Alma, it is impossible to detect 'the impress of his mind on the battle.'"

Why, then, did the historian divagate from his self-allotted task, which he was performing to the satisfaction and applause of all concerned, to expatiate upon this episode, which has scarcely an epistolical connection with his main theme? The answer is obvious. It was satisfactory. Sir George Trevelyan found it "laid upon him" to continue his "Early History of Charles James Fox," published just about a generation ago (1890). An interesting book it was and is. It loses nothing and gains much by a comparison with the avocation of the riper years of a distinguished and now veteran British statesman, Lord Rosebery's "Lord Chatham: His Early Life and Connections." It was not so much marred as marked by an obsession of style, the style being that of the author's distinguished uncle. The perhaps unconscious mimicry of Lord Macaulay lends a zest to the perusal of it by the cultivated reader, who enjoys, from sentence to sentence, even from paragraph to paragraph, the sententious and sonorous roll of Thomas Babington, whose style imposed itself on a great many young writers of that time who had not the advantage or excuse of being his nephews. Up to that time the nephew had been known, or at least known in a literary sense, only as a composer of university verse after the good old models of Oxford and Cambridge, to which, as much more eminently to the "Early Years," the mimic brought something of his own. Between the "Early Years" and the "American Revolution" he had worked himself quite free of his borrowed manner, and, as the French say, had "found his handwriting."

The style of the "Early Years" was Macaulayese, but nobody could pretend that it was what Matthew Arnold imputed to Hepworth Dixon, "middle class Macaulayese." The fluent narrative of the "American Revolution" has nothing to do with the antithetical manner of the "Essays" or the "History." Did anybody ever praise Lord Macaulay's style as "fluent"? But although Sir George Trevelyan's obsession of style and his passion for an obsession of subject matter remained. He simply had to write some more about Fox. Charles Fox is his Charles I., and he has had as much trouble, as is evident to the discerning reader, even of the earlier volumes of the "American Revolution," in keeping his Charles I. out of the history in which he has no proper place as Dickens's Mr. Dick had in keeping his out of the celebrated memorial to the purport of which the memorialist was dimly aware that the memorial was distracting irrelevant. The end of such a struggle is not easy to foresee. In the fictitious case of the memorialist seems to have lapsed from the consciousness of Mr. Dick, or rather of his creator. In the actual case the historian read up on Charles Fox and on the American Revolution and "combined the information." It is an unhappy solution of continuity, a grievous flaw in art.

That once said, the long episode is very pleasant reading. The historian is steeped in his period and in his epical subject. For him it embraces the entire history of the Whig party, for it is noticeable that Sir George never condescends to call himself a Liberal. The chief interest seems to have been in the whole consciousness of Mr. Dick, or rather of his creator. In the actual case the historian read up on Charles Fox and on the American Revolution and "combined the information." It is an unhappy solution of continuity, a grievous flaw in art.

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quence as it is recorded is inferior to that of more than one of his contemporaries and utterly fails to attract the appreciation of declamatory schoolboys in quest of ringing sentences, who betake themselves rather to Burke and to Chatham. As we have it it wholly fails to account for the great influence it undoubtedly exerted and the admiration it excited in the House of Commons, where the speeches of Burke which we still read with admiration a profit fell so flat. Fox appears to posterity merely as the greatest of parliamentary gladiators and the most popular and beloved of men. In our own political history the resemblance to the career of Fox was that of Henry Clay. Even Charles Dickens, who found Daniel Webster a pretentious old hump, and satirized him as Elijah Pogram, found Clay "perfectly enchanting, an irresistible man." Through the traditions of Holland House, which Macaulay partook and transmitted, the present biographer has retained for his hero the personal affection that hero inspired among his contemporaries. There is no reason to regret that the historian has taken up and continued his history of Charles Fox, except that the continuation has diverted so much of his attention to the episode from the episode. "Everybody knows or should know," that Sir George Trevelyan knows how to tell a story. While we may regret his diversion from the story he undertook to tell, and had told, up to the time when the surrender of Burgoyne and the French alliance brought the American rebellion into the field of European politics, with a power surpassing that of any of his predecessors, we must admit that he finds interesting stories to tell of the new scene of action. The battle of Ushant and the trial of Keppel are mainly known, to most modern readers, from the passing allusion in the "Letter to a Noble Lord." Here is the story, and of course well told. There is also the story of "Burke at Bristol" known to most readers only through the great speeches to which it gave occasion, and again worth the detail which has here been given to it.

Nor is it true that the main subject has been altogether neglected. The statement at the beginning of the volume of the condition to which the Ministry was reduced by the surrender of Burgoyne is altogether germane to the history of the American Revolution. It could no longer be concealed from the British public that it had a very incompetent Government. Really nobody but the pig-headed monarch wished to continue the hopeless war. "He had brought upon himself and on his subjects calamities and distresses almost as bad as the plagues of Egypt, but his heart was hardened against America, and he would not let her people go." Sir George Trevelyan brings out strikingly, and we think with novelty, that the new plan of campaign adopted by the King most cruelly and perditionally abandoned the American "Loyalists" to whom their monarch was not loyal. Indeed, the American Tories, undoubtedly cruelly persecuted by the Whigs, both during and after the struggle, and cruelly deserted by the British authorities, expiated most severely the not very heinous crime of "sacking the wrong house" and "treasoning to continue the state of things which they had always known."

The last chapter of the present volume is given to the episode of Arnold and André. Often as it has been told, the most extensive readers will find this latest version of it still highly readable. Most readers that on Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," a neighbor and friend of André's at home, denounced "Remorseless Washington" in pretty bad verse as "Thou cool, determined murderer of the brave."

It is not so well known that Washington was so much affected by the denunciation that after the war he asked one of his aides de camp who happened to be travelling to Coligny after the signing of the peace to submit to her the documents which showed that she had done him injustice and that the poetess "regretted the injustice of which she had been guilty."

Margaret of Savoy.

Miss WINIFRED STEPHENS has dragged forth from historical oblivion a noble and excellent lady and written an account of her life in Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy (John Lane Company). Although avowedly biographical, Miss Stephens's book has more interest as a picture of the court of Francis I. and Henry II. than as a record of the character and career of its heroine. Margaret of Savoy was not the type of woman to appeal strongly to the imagination of posterity and to rank by such contemporary standards with Catherine de Medici, Stuart and Diane de Poitiers. She had virtues which the last three named lacked, but it is an incontrovertible fact that the fascination of historical personages, Margaret of Savoy's nobility of mind and heart was not of the gentle sort which attracts the romancer. Even in the age of the "Peace of the Ladies" and of petticoat rule in general she was known as a strong minded woman, for whom it took thirty-odd years of bickering to provide a suitable husband. "Thanks be to God, peace is made and madame, the King's sister, married," Constable Montmorency wrote to Coligny after the signing of the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, and it seems probable that his prayer was echoed in the heart of Henry, for that monarch had the marriage ceremony performed at the side of his deathbed. "La seur unique" of Henry II. is more interesting as Duchess of Savoy than as a woman. Naturally as generous a biographer as Miss Stephens does not fail to credit her with feminine charm and fascination, but her life discloses more of her talent for statesmanship and of her breadth of mentality than of essentially feminine attributes. She inherited the good judgment of her grandfather, the King of France, and the moral purity of her mother, which she retained in a court where Boccaccio was the favorite author. From her father she perhaps acquired her love of art, but she escaped both his vices and his magnetism. She was never very close to him. Francis I. found more pleasure in the companionship of his 14-year-old son's child wife, Catherine de Medici than in that of his own daughter, and the latter, in her turn, gave to the iron warrior, Constable Montmorency, the love which her father took no pains to secure for himself. The second of the "Three royal Margarets," the most much praised pearl, was one of the most learned of the savants of the French Renaissance. As a girl she learned Latin, Greek and Italian. Miss Stephens tells us that late in life she took delight in reading Plutarch in the original with Amyot, the famous translator, and in discussing the Ethics of Aristotle with Baccio del Bene, a Florentine poet. Margaret was, in fact, the patron of literature of her brother's court, the protectress of La Brigade, a coterie of poets who represented the revolutionary spirit in

French letters of that age. Henry II. concerned himself little with poets or their productions, and any preference which these needy individuals received were due to the generosity and tactful intercession of the King's sister.

The only hint of romance in Margaret's life for which there seems to be some authentic foundation, unless her marriage is viewed as a romance, was the devotion of Joachim du Bellay, the poet, who became known to her through his book of sonnets entitled "L'Olive" and a prose work on the possibilities of the French language. True, romancers have credited Margaret with having cherished a romantic passion for the man who became her husband, during the twenty-one years between their first meeting and their marriage, but as Miss Stephens reminds us, Margaret was five years her husband's senior, and no girl of 15 would be likely to fall in love with a boy of 10, especially in the sixteenth century, when the girl of that many years was regarded as being at the most marriageable age. The Du Bellay romance can be erected with less disregard for probability. From the time of his introduction to Margaret until his death, all of the poet's work, including "Les Regrets," his most beautiful poem, which Sainte-Beuve admired, and in which Peter found a touch of Rousseau, was dedicated to her. Even when he had a fleeting fancy for another woman he dedicated the effusion inspired by it to his royal patroness. Miss Stephens quotes from a letter written by him after the latter's departure for Italy. "What use is it henceforth to rack one's brain for something good, seeing that we have lost the presence of such a princess, of her, who, since the death of that great King, Francis, the father and founder of good letters, hath remained the only support and refuge of virtue and of those who profess it. I cannot continue to write on this subject without tears, the truest that ever I shed." A footnote explains that Du Bellay used the word "virtue" in the Italian sense of artistic excellence. Two months after writing this lament he was dead. Owing to the resemblance between the unknown lady in Du Bellay's "L'Olive" and "Princesse Madame Marguerite," whom he did not meet until after the appearance of this poem, ingenious students have suggested the hypothesis that there was a repetition of the story of Petrarch and his Laura, that Du Bellay had for a long time worshipped from a distance the woman whom he kept busy dodging, and after he had come directly under her influence. The present biographer is inclined to credit the theory.

Probably no Valois princess had more tentative matrimonial schemes arranged for her than this Margaret of France who became Duchess of Savoy. She had two narrow escapes from becoming the bride of Henry VIII. and was suggested, at different times, as a suitable wife for both the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip. Charles V., who became a widower at the height of his power, was the matrimonial catch of European royalty and was kept busy dodging a succession of matchmakers. During a lull in the constant quarrelling which went on between France and Spain, Francis I. offered his daughter in marriage to the Emperor and invited the latter to become his guest during a trip through France from Spain to the Low Countries. Charles warily accepted the invitation only with the understanding that no matrimonial plans should be discussed while he was on French soil. Magnificent fêtes were given in his honor but they availed nothing. "We have no intention of marrying again; and we are, moreover, too old for Madame," the Emperor wrote when he had reached the Netherlands in safety. Miss Stephens tells us that Charles V. was then 40 and Margaret 17. Mme. Margaret had a good idea of her own dignity and importance and scornfully rejected mediocre matches. Antoine, Duke of Vendôme, the father of Henri Quatre, was one of those considered below the mark, and the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, the son of Pope Paul III.'s "nephew," another. Pope Paul offered to release his grandson from his vows as a Cardinal to marry Margaret but such a marriage was considered as incompatible with the dignity of the house of Valois. The soldier of fortune whose name Margaret gladly became after he had grown to be a power in international politics was likewise rejected several times when he was the penniless Duke of Piedmont.

The great French romancer probably drew on his imagination for the plot of his "Le Page du Duc de Savoie," but nevertheless Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Piedmont and Savoy, was a true Dumas hero, a gallant fighter, a darling of the boudoirs, a clever diplomat and, moreover, one who had one eye always on the money bag. Miss Stephens describes him as a short man, with a well proportioned figure, gray eyes and a ruddy complexion more suggestive of Saxon than Piedmontese blood. Although a delicate child, he acquired in the military camp of Charles V., whither he was sent at the age of 17, a power of endurance that earned him the sobriquet of "Tête de Fer." In pouring rain or the hottest sun he rode bareheaded, with his helmet slung at his side. Miss Stephens says that in spite of his reputation as a courtier, his tastes were those of the soldier. He rode, swam and played tennis and was interested in all the arts and sciences connected with war.

Emmanuel Philibert came into his own when he won the battle of Saint-Quentin for the Emperor Charles, captured Constable Montmorency, Henry II.'s most prized adviser, and Gaspard de Coligny, the great Huguenot. Twenty years before he had been a landless duke, with nothing but his sword to win back the provinces which his father had lost, and restore Savoy to her former greatness. During those twenty years he had risen to be the greatest military captain of his generation. From the time of his marriage in 1558, when he first came into prominence, until the signing of the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, his career was a succession of brilliant military successes. Sagacious and farseeing, Philibert exacted good round sums in ransom from the vanquished and laid it away for the day when he should have the opportunity of rehabilitating his lost estates. The most serious fault ever charged against him was an over apathy in pocketing his share of the spoils of war. "If se remplira un peu," critics said, but he at least had the justification of a patriotic purpose behind his avarice.

As Philibert's fortunes brightened his stock rose in the matrimonial market. Mary of Portugal, the daughter of Queen Eleonore of France by her first husband; Juana of Spain, the daughter of Charles V., and Princess Elizabeth of England, afterward the great Virgin Queen, were suggested as suitable wives for him; but Margaret of France, a princess of the house of Valois, was still the wife whom he most desired. An alliance between

him and Elizabeth was the favorite project of his ally, Philip of Spain, but it was rendered impossible both by Elizabeth's religion, the Duke of Savoy being a devout Catholic, and by the jealousy of Queen Mary, who set her face against any marriage for Elizabeth which would increase the latter's influence. When by the victory of Saint-Quentin France was placed at the mercy of Spain and England and the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis arranged, restoring Savoy and Piedmont to their duke, Emmanuel Philibert had his revenge on the woman who had refused his suit. This time he did not ask to marry Margaret, but suggested instead that Claude, the second daughter of Henry II., should become his wife. A marriage for Claude had already been arranged, however, so in the end Emmanuel Philibert married his first choice, Margaret. He made her a devoted husband for a year or two and until her death a respectful and thoughtful one. They were always the best of friends and Emmanuel Philibert deferred to his wife's judgment in the administration of his provinces long after his fancy, in the fashion of the age, had turned to others.

As a ruler, Margaret of Savoy displayed the same conspicuous virtues and talents. Sensible, even tempered, generous and in many things broad minded beyond the majority of women of her generation, she won the hearts of the people of her adopted land. As a patron of art, literature and education, and as a mediator between her husband and her effeminate nephew, the King of France, the present biographer claims that she played an important part in the founding of the United Italy, over which her descendant now rules. Margaret had a very considerable gift of diplomacy. No better proof of it could be asked than that she kept as her lifelong friends such antagonistic personalities as Catherine de Medici, Coligny, Anne de Montmorency, and Michel de l'Hospital. Her friendship with Catherine dated from the time when the latter came as a girl bride to the French court and was put in the school room with the children of Francis I. That it remained unbroken at the day of her death was either because her interests never clashed with those of her Italian sister-in-law or because Catherine was not altogether incapable of gratitude for the kindness shown her by the peace loving French Princesses in those early years. Miss Stephens affirms that it was Margaret's intervention that saved the life of l'Hospital, Catherine's former adviser, on the night of Saint Bartholomew.

Margaret of Savoy was often suspected of being a Protestant, and not the least of the good things she did was the winning of her husband to a tolerant policy as regards the religious convictions of his subjects. Miss Stephens gives an interesting account of the little Protestant sect known as the Waldenses, who inhabited the mountain valleys of Piedmont. Founded in the ninth century by Claudius of Turin, an apostle who preached the restoration of primitive Christianity, the Waldensian faith survived through seven centuries of persecution and complete isolation from all reformed faiths. When the wave of the Reformation swept over France the Waldenses received a fresh impetus, and at the same time were subjected to fresh persecution. Miss Stephens says that the tenets of the Waldenses were in many respects in accord with those of the Reformation leaders. Like the latter, they placed the Bible above the Church as an authority, and, like them too, they held the priesthood in distrust. Two Waldensian pastors visited the Reformers in Switzerland in 1550 and shortly afterward Guillaume Farel came down into Piedmont. When Emmanuel Philibert married Margaret of France, the Waldenses became of the new Duchess well known sympathy for the Huguenots. Immediately appealed to her for permission to pursue their religion unmolested, Philibert was at first doubtful of the wisdom of allowing a set of religious among his subjects, an attitude in which he was naturally supported by the Pope, and commenced a war of extermination. The peasants, entrenched in their mountain retreats, worked such havoc with bow and arrow and slingshot among the finest of the Duke's soldiers, that his Catholic zeal abated somewhat and he was persuaded by his wife to sign a treaty granting religious freedom.

Margaret of Savoy was 51 years old when she died, an age which seems young to the twentieth century, but, as Miss Stephens points out, she was in the middle of the Renaissance period. Then life is short and turbulent. Women married at 15 and died more often at 50 than at 60. Margaret of Savoy's mother died at 26 and her grandmother, Anne of Brittany, at 37, the latter having nevertheless accomplished three marriages in her short life. Margaret had one son, who succeeded his father upon the latter's death six years later as Charles Emmanuel I. From him is descended Victor Emmanuel, the present King of Italy. Miss Stephens's book is pleasant and conscientious, and her heroine, if she does not fascinate, at least commands respect.

DUNMOW'S FELICITY FLITCH.

Ancient Ceremony Revived—Oath Taken in Gravelard.

The ancient ceremony of the Dunmow Flitch, which for the last five or six years has been allowed to lapse, is at last to be revived. Excitement reigns at Dunmow, says the London Daily Graphic, and the preparations for the forthcoming pageant are already in progress. The ceremony is one that has its roots in the historic past. It was during the reign of John—or so at least it is said—that an award of two flitches of bacon was first made in the village of Dunmow to the two couples who were able to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial court that they were their first year of married life free from any shadow of unhappiness. They were required to swear that neither of them, "in a year and a day, either sleeping or waking, repented of their marriage." The test, it will be admitted, was a severe one. Here is the oath administered: You shall swear, by custom or confession, if ever you made nuptial transgression. If you either married man or wife, if you have braided or entangled strife, if, when the parish clerk said Amen, you wished yourself unmarried again; Or, in a twelvemonth and a day, Repented not in thought any way; But continued true in thought and desire as when you joined hands in the quietude. If to these conditions, without all fears, Of your own accord you will freely swear, A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive. And if there is love and good leave, For this is our custom at Dunmow known, Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own. The oath had to be taken before the prior and convent and the whole town, the parties kneeling in the churchyard

upon two hard, pointed stones. "They were afterward," writes Brand, the antiquarian, "taken upon men's shoulders and carried first about the priory churchyard and after through the town with all the friars and brethren and all the townfolk, young and old, following them with shouts and acclamations, with their bacon before them."

The custom appears to have been kept up very intermittently. One reads, for instance, in 1772, the loss of the manor—prior and convent had alike long since disappeared—refused the flitch to a couple of applicants who had demanded it in accordance with ancient custom, this reward of their conjugal felicity. In 1809 the festival was abolished and one hears nothing more of it until 1851, when another couple of applicants presented themselves before the lord of the manor. Their request was refused, but ultimately they were presented with a flitch of bacon, the customary ceremonial being omitted.

It is to the once popular novelist, William Harrison Ainsworth, that we owe the revival of the ceremony, and all the antique splendor. Ainsworth was living in Essex at the time, and in 1855 he inaugurated the festival in the Town Hall of Great Dunmow, as the lord of the manor of Little Dunmow declined to lend his estate for the purpose. On this occasion Ainsworth presented the flitch himself.

There was once a widely circulated story to the effect that Sir Henry Lucy, known to all of us as the "Toby, M. P." of Punch, was a winner of the Dunmow Flitch. The story found its way into political circles and both Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Charles McLaren were verecund in celebration of the event. A year or two later the story was believed to have been made Sir Charles McLaren's mother wrote to a friend: "Mr. and Mrs. Lucy are here. Don't you remember how interested we were two years ago in reading of their having won the Dunmow flitch of bacon and thinking it showed much more of a claim in claiming it? But I can understand now how they claimed and won it."

A pretty compliment. Yet, as Sir Henry has himself admitted, there was not a word of truth in the rumor. It resulted from a not unattractive misunderstanding. Mr. Lucy (as he then was) had been staying with Sir John Aird, who was at that time living in the neighborhood of Dunmow, and one morning Sir John drove his two guests into the town and purchased at a provision shop a flitch of bacon, which he presented to Mrs. Lucy. So the wheels of rumor were set revolving. One can imagine how unmercifully "Toby, M. P." must have been chaffed by his colleagues in the press gallery of the House of Commons.

CHARLES MAJOR AS PHILOSOPHER

Some Words of Wisdom in "The Touchstone of Fortune."

In his new novel, "The Touchstone of Fortune," Charles Major, though still dealing with Carolinian romantic days and themes, turns philosopher at times, as evidenced in such extracts as the following:

"Goddess Fortune seems to delight in smiling on a man who risks his all, including his perhaps only desperate chance of life, in gambling the mere life of a lady's frowns and he loses his friends, call him a fool; if he wins they say he is a lucky devil and are pleased to share his prosperity, if he happens to be of a giving disposition, luck. No. He has simply mistied his course."

"What is the use of being wicked if one hides one's light under a bushel?" "If a man must be bad he should be gentlemanly picturesque in his wickedness."

"In the gambler's game the mere life of chance does not put much money in a man's purse. Good luck is but another name for skill in trickery. If one would thrive by cards and dice one must be a thief."

"The first favor a young girl shows to a man when she finds herself in a 'comin' or disposition' is to hide some of her intimate personal belongings in his pocket, say her handkerchief."

"It is much easier to do a difficult thing to-morrow."

"There is an infernal charm about sin which should have been given to virtue, but unluckily got shifted in very early human days."

"Scandal like unsalted butter will not keep. If we don't tell it some one else will."

THE ROYAL PAIR OF RUSSIA.

A Glimpse at the Crowning of the Czarina.

The widow of an American diplomat, who has published her memoirs of foreign courts in "Intimacies of Court and Society," describes the royal pair of Russia as they looked at their coronation.

"The Czarina was easily the most beautiful woman to be seen, and many spoke of her as the aristocrat of the century queen. But her loveliness had nothing of the vanity which seeks a public homage; it had rather the appealing gentleness which made her mother, under the happy freedom of English skies, the most beloved princess of her day, and to me she was more the type of the sheltered woman, to me, at least, a very lovely soul. "Her face upon her coronation day was charged with profound emotion—it has haunted me ever since. It was like the face of a martyr walking with measured steps to her funeral pyre. "And the man who was the centre of the gorgeous pictures, whose austere aloofness and sanctity of person contrasted with the gaudy and unnecessary pomp and sacred ceremonial, produced in himself no illusion of royalty such as may impress and thrill even the most devoted when they face to face with a king who is really kingly. His narrow forehead and receding chin, visible even behind the beard, spoke little of intelligence and nothing of power, while the insignificant of his small form was emphasized beside the tall men of his family, splendid looking fellows, all over 6 feet."

AUTHOR'S SELF-ANALYSIS.

Composed Mostly of Don'ts—An Observation or Two.

Hanna Rion, author of "Let's Make a Flower Garden," recently published by McBride, Nast & Co., makes an auto-analysis.

"I don't love my neighbor as myself," she says. "I don't cross bridges before I reach them, and I dynamite all bridges I have already crossed. I have never mastered the multiplication table, and I can only count on my fingers. So far this has not been a handicap," as Mrs. Brewster says when she faces a king who is really