ADAMS'S BOSTON BAY BOOK

THE PIONEERS, ANTINOMIANISM, AND TOWN LIFE.

THREE EPISODES OF MASSACHUSETTS HISTORY. The Settlement of Boston Bay. The Antinomian Controversy. A Study of Church and Town Government. By Charles Francis Adams. In two volumes. 8vo. Boston and New-York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Adams's sub-titles indicate for the reader those three episodes in the history of the Bay State to which the author has devoted himself, and yet, in a sense, this book is not more a book of State history than it is one of town history, that town being Braintree, and a portion of old Braintree that is now Mr. Adams's native town of Quincy. Eighteen years have passed since his attention was first closely drawn to the early settlement of the region about Boston Bay. From the study of this subject he was naturally drawn into the study of the history of Quincy, within whose borders were enacted many of the leading events he has described. Mr. Adams, within his thousand pages, has brought together an extended mass of facts in local history. They are carefully grouped and co-ordinated, and the author supplies us with such independence in judgment, combined with a spirit of critical and historical analysis, that the work, instead of being a chronicle, is an extended historical essay.

To the first settlement of Boston Bay nineteen chapters are devoted. They relate to the Wessagusset and Salem pioneers, to Morton and his adventures at Merry Mount, and they close with the founding of Boston and the subsequent fortunes of Morton and others of Merry Mount. Of the plague which practically swept away the Massachusetts Indians four years before the landing at Plymouth, he says that Boston Bay seems to have been its centre, and that not more than 500 persons, of whom forty were warriors, survived. These few Indians could not be said to occupy the country in any real sense, and hence the way was open to an easy invasion by the white men. First of the men from Plymouth who explored Boston Bay was Miles Standish and his twelve companions, three of whom were Indians. Earlier than Standish by seven years had come Capt. John Smith, who pronounced the bay "the paradise of all those parts." Of early transactions with the Indians, Mr. Adams writes without any bias toward the Pilgrim Fathers: "In the matter of worldly cunning," he says, "the God-fearing elders of Plymouth, with all their simplicity, were far more than a match for any savage," and he adds distinctly that when it came to the question of surrendering Squanto to Massasoit, according to their treaty with Massasoit, they "contrived to evade the obligation."

The character of Standish Mr. Adams admires. Before he arrived in New-England Standish had never seen a savage, but the moment he came in contact with one he knew by instinct how the savage should be dealt with. Standish never made a mistake with the Indians. He always bore himself in their presence with boldness, and yet he was friendly; he neither permitted liberties nor gave evidence of fear. In cases of stealing he always demanded restitution, and an insult he resented with promptness and force. Standish never had an opportunity to show his military capacity on a large field, but on small occasions he proved to be something more than merely a born fighter. He had correct insight into the methods and characteristics of the men opposed to him, and thus possessed one of the most important attributes of a great military leader.

Morton probably first came to Boston Bay in June, 1622, remaining at Wessagusset during that Summer and returning to England in the Fall. It is probable that he came back with Capt. Wollaston in 1664, and Mr. Adams inclines to the opinion that Morton guided Wollaston's company to its destination. Morton's apologists will not find much in Mr. Adams's book to encourage them. He describes Morton as a man born a sportsman, bred a lawyer, ingrained a humorist and an adventurer, who "by some odd freak of destiny was flung up as a waif in the wilderness on the shores of Boston Bay." He liked the life he found there, for he had a robust frame, and was fond of nature and sport, and moreover, "was one of those whom the harsh, variable New-England climate, with its brilliant skies, its bracing atmosphere, its rasping ocean winds, and its extremes of heat and cold does not kill—and such it exhilarates."

In a foot note, Mr. Adams attributes the apologies that have been made for Morton to sectarianism, Morton having posed in his own time as a Church of England martyr, and men of our time having taken him at his word. But he was, in fact, according to Mr. Adams, "a born Bohemian and reckless libertine, without either morals or religion, and he probably cared no more for the Church of England than he did for that of Rome." Morton's book, from beginning to end, is "saturated with revelry and scoffing." He was an "amusing old debauchee and tippler, who attempted to become a martyr at once, or at least as nearly the semblance of one as he could make himself."

By the year 1627 Mr. Adams thinks that as many as fifty human beings of all ages and both sexes were living in separate communities on the shores of Boston Bay, but none of them were in Boston. John Endicott's coming to the bay occurred a year later, in 1628, just three months after Standish's "energetic abatement of the Merry Mount nuisance." Morton probably reached England at just about the time that Endicott set foot on shore in Salem. It was an advantage possessed by Endicott over other pioneers who came before him, that he and his associates not only had some property, and came not as adventurers, but with fixed purposes never to return to the old country. So rapidly did the Bay Company go forward with its work that in the Autumn of 1629 about 100 persons are believed to have been living in or near Charlestown, and the building had been erected which was afterward to become the meeting house.

After the attack on the charter, growth set in more heavily, and in 1634 the colony "far exceeded in wealth and population the older settlement at Plymouth." Something more than 3,000 English people were now distributed among some twenty hamlets, and Boston presented some appearance of a town of log huts and rude frame buildings, with a meeting house for the chief edifice. By this time the settlers began to desire more land. It was a peculiarity of the Massachusetts men that they, more than the men of Plymouth, retained the familiar English fondness for landed possessions. When, finally, the peninsula of Boston became too small to satisfy ambition, steps were taken to find "convenient enlargement" at Mount Wollaston, which is now Quincy, and soon that territory was added to Boston as a sort of outlying dependency.

Thus fairly on the road to prosperity, these communities were soon to find themselves cast into the throes of the memorable antinomian controversy of which John Wheelwright and Anne Hutchinson were the prominent figures, as they were also the celebrated victims. Mr. Adams remarks that the colony for more than a century and a half "bore the deep pit marks of those controversies." Antinomianism in that colony was something more than a religious dispute. As a protest against formulas it was the first of many quickenings in the direction of intellectual and political development. But in the year 1637 to call a man an antinomian was "another way of calling him a lawless libertine or a ferocious revolutionist."

The work which Mrs. Hutchinson undertook to do was to bring about "a revolt against an organized and firmly-rooted oligarchy of theocrats." She labored courageously, persistently, and with tact, but her movement was premature. Moreover, her entire course was "a direct and insulting challenge to the body of the clergy," and she made herself disagreeable by the exercise of her feminine ingenuity. Knowing much, she yet "talked out of all proportion to her knowledge," and, while she had thought a good deal, she had by no means thought clearly. She "belonged to a type of her sex for the production of which New-England has since achieved a considerable notoriety." Essentially transcendental, she might perhaps not inaptly be termed "the great prototype of that misty school" and the fate that overtook her after her condemnation was in part the result of her desire for excitement and notoriety, without which she could not be happy. Finding that as a sensation she had become a person of the past, she felt impelled to travel. In this fact Mr. Adams finds the true explanation of her removal to the Dutch settlement at the mouth of the Hudson, where the Indians fell upon and killed her.

Mr. Adams, on the other hand, finds no defense for the suppression of antinomianism which does not alone defend the entire system of religious and political intolerance that then existed. He says it is "impossible to ignore the fact and more than useless to deny it, that the New-England Puritans were essentially a persecuting race.

John Wheelwright, the other eminent martyr in that controversy, was a minister in what is now Quincy. Mr. Adams believes that Mr. Wheelwright's parishioners "sympathized fully in his views." It is to this town of Braintree, and especially to the part set off as Quincy, that his third "episode" relates. The facts disclosed are of interest quite apart from their local interest. We may take Quincy for a typical New-England town. What was true of it was true of many other places. Houses that belonged to the landed gentry are described as representing *times* when little property except land existed, and hence they were the homes of the eminent families of the period. Mr. Adams estimates that the entire accumulations in Braintree and Quincy for the 190 years ending as 1830 showed themselves on the surface as land and buildings, and the total he estimates as not more than $1,500,000. On this showing he bases a further one that the average annual accumulation in Braintree could not have been more than $8,000. To reach this he makes allowance for the goods and money brought from England. Each family in 1830 must have had, he thinks, an average of property of some kind worth $4,000.

It is with the chapters on this and related topics, such as those which affect social life, habits, customs, &c., that the second volume is nearly filled. An example of the interest Mr. Adams gives to such topics may be found in the following passage concerning the universal use of strong drink on farms:

"Recurring to the regular use of spirits in connection with all agricultural work, it is not easy now to get any correct idea of what must have been the physical condition of the average farm laborer during the New-England haying season of a century ago. He worked with scythe or fork from ten to twelve hours of the July day, and the unnatural heart action necessarily incident to exertion of this kind was then stimulated by draughts of cider, reinforced by an infusion of New-England rum. How, with blood naturally fevered by heat, and throat and tongue artificially coated by alcoholic stimulants, the laborer of those times slept at all, after a day in the haying field, is difficult to understand. Every rule of health or principle of physiology, as now understood, was not only disregarded, but habitually set at defiance. Under the midday heat of an almost vertical sun, men worked with hardly an intermission, while such meats as they ate were strongly impregnated with salt, and the craving of thirst was assuaged by draughts of a fiery stimulant."

WONDERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

SOME STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY. THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTHWEST. By Charles F. Lummis. New-York: The Century Company.

Mr. Lummis hopes to live to see Americans proud of knowing America and ashamed not to know it. He marvels that men should go to Australia in order to see boomerang throwers when the Pueblo Indians kill thousands of rabbits with a weapon heretofore believed to be used only by bushmen. Impossible stories are told of East Indian jugglers who climb up rope ladders which hook on to nothing, but Mr. Lummis says there are in North America half-civilized magicians who would "give points" to the Hindus. Again, why should we go to Ober-Ammergau to see the Passion Play when in New-Mexico one may witness, if he has the heart to do so, a passion reality? As for snake charmers, what is a cobra to a rattler? The Moqui, in his sacred dance, does his peculiar business with serpents in a way which far outdoes the ablest snake charmers of the East. Mr. Lummis remarks that these "are but a few of the strange things at home of which we know not"; and there are thousands of others, and "if it shall ever become as fashionable to write about America as it is about Africa, we shall have the chance to learn that in the heart of the most civilized nation on earth are still savage peoples, whose customs are stranger and more interesting than those of the Congo."

Would you have desolation? Why seek the Sahara? We have the so-called Great American Desert, 1,500 miles long from north to south and nearly half as wide, where may be had a Summer heat of 136°, in which a piece of metal which has lain in the sun "can no more be handled than could a red-hot stove." It is not heat alone which astonishes you, for you may be benumbed by the cold. Mr. Lummis says that a change of 80° in a few hours is not rare, and "no Arabian simoom is deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado Desert." It holds back an express train. Once caught in such a sandstorm, "there is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance." How few persons know that there are camels in that God-forsaken land! Years ago for purposes of transportation camels were imported from Africa. Either we did not understand the management of the ship of the desert or the mule was found better adapted to our wants, for the camels were permitted to escape to the desert, where they made themselves at home, and "there they roam to-day, wild as deer, but apparently prospering, and now and then frightening the wits nearly out of some ignorant prospector who strays into their grim domain."

There is nothing in this world that can surpass in grandeur the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Take the tallest mountain east of the Rockies, "dig down around its base a couple of thousand feet so as to get to the sea level, uproot the whole giant mass and pitch it into the deepest of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and its granite top would not reach up the dizzy crests of the cliff which wall the awful bed of that muddy river." Think of a chasm so wide and so deep that if you had the North River there running between the cliffs, "it would look like a silver thread." Mr. Lummis quotes Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who wrote that some one said all that was needed to perfect the scene was a Niagara Falls, but he thought of the poor figure a fall 150 feet high and 3,000 feet long would make in this arena, for it would need a spyglass to discover it. Mr. Warner thought an adequate Niagara "should be at least three miles in breadth and fall 2,000 feet over one of these walls."

Mr. Lummis tells much that is interesting of the Zunis, Navajos, and Pueblos. The prayer wheels of Burmah we wonder at, but the Pueblos have their prayer sticks, which answer the same purpose, only our Indian's idea is the prettier. There is no cogwheel business in it. The Indian binds a feather to a stick, puts the stake in the ground, and as the wind blows the plume flutters, and so the spirits are propitiated. Around the remote pueblo of Zuni Mr. Lummis has counted over 3,000 of these strange invocations in one day's ramble. We do not know why a Navajo should be afraid of his mother-in-law, but if by any evil chance he happens to catch a glimpse of her, "it takes a vast amount of fasting and prayer before he feels secure from dangerous results."

Marvelous are the tricks of the Shamans, who do not perform for money, but for religion's sake. Having none of the cabinets, mirrors, false-bottom cases, or other appliances of our stage wizards, and lacking the convenient sleeves and pockets, their tricks "are done with a bare room, with a hard clay floor, under which are no springs or wires, with no accessories whatever." How would Mr. Herrmann manage to draw out of his mouth "a foot-long branch of the myriad-bristling buckhorn cactus"? A magician, within a small lodge, can make the thunder reverberate, and catch a flash of forked lightning. The prettiest trick must be the planting of a corn seed in the morning. By noon there is a tasseled-out plant, and by sunset it has silk-topped ears of corn. How the trick is performed Mr. Lummis has never been able "to form so much as a satisfactory guess; but done it is, as plainly as eyes ever saw anything done, and apparently with as little chance for deception."

A chapter containing much that is novel is the one entitled "The Praying Smoke." There is much about smoking which we have yet to learn. It is only of late that we are assured that Greeks and Romans used pipes, and it is supposable that they smoked something or other which was not tobacco. Mr. Lummis believes, that before the advent of the Spaniard and the introduction of tobacco, these Pueblo Indians smoked. The ancient substitutes for tobacco were two herbs known in Tigua as ku-a-rée and pée-en-hlóh." The author says these were highly aromatic herbs, but, as the Indians observe, they didn't "make drunk so much" as tobacco. The aboriginal smoked a kind of cigarette. The pith of a reed was removed and filled with the aromatic herbs. It is not, however, certain that tobacco was not in use. We are discovering every day that among primitive people there were interchanges of many commodities. There is reason, then, to suppose that tobacco, coming from further south or from the east, was known at least by the Pueblo Indian.

FACTS ABOUT OLD ENGLAND.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Being a Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F. S. A. New-York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Gomme is both collector and collator, and he has found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a vast amount of curious and interesting matter. In the present volume he treats of English topography, restricting himself to Cambridgeshire and Cumberland. In working over the old material he is judicious as to the editing of it, only omitting passages where former contributors "thought a little sentiment in Johnsonian phraseology would illumine the facts they wrote about." Some passages, however grandiloquent with the reverberations of a past style, are, however, discoverable, and we do not hesitate in declaring a certain liking for them.

The old relationship between England and America is found in many a name given to cities, towns, hamlets, rivers, lakes, and the seats of the gentry. There are no names of people going back even 800 years ago which are not familiar to us. Some of them you will find on the doorplates of the people who live to-day in your own street. Still, comparatively speaking, we are of yesterday. Nothing like what happened to a firm of cutlers in Chester, England, could ever find its counterpart in Chester, Del. Wanting cellar room, the English cutlers determined to clear out the rubbish under their workshop, and they found that beneath them was a chapel with arches beautifully groined, resting on pilasters, and that there were niches for holy water and steps to an altar. It could only be a surmise what had been there, but it was supposedly a portion of an old monastery, the remembrance of which had long been lost.

Nice little bits, showing derivations of English words, are discoverable when you rake over the clinkers of the past, for something crystallizes and remains unsplintered. These was St. Etheldreda, daughter of the King of East Anglia, who was foundress of a monastery in the Cambridge of the seventh century. Etheldreda, being a word of four syllables, was not convenient as an address for a saint, and so the Anglo-Saxons, with their natural tendency to clip things, called her for short "St. Audrey." There was a fair at Ely, and here ribbons were sold, and St. Audrey's shrine was at Ely. The value of the ribbons was singularly enhanced if they were placed on St. Audrey's shrine, and so the name was given them of "St. Audrey's ribands." Our present word "tawdry," which, according to the best authorities, means whatever is "vulgarly showy in dress," is derived from this good saint.

There are many stories relative to persons who, supposedly dead, have come to life again. The probability is that such cases never occur to-day. The only really authentic one seems to be that of the Abbé Prevost in the last century. A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of forty years ago presents the story of Lady Edgcumbe, who lived in 1748. Lady Edgcumbe was ill, and to all appearances died, and her body "was deposited in the family vault of the parish church." The sexton coveted a massive gold ring on her ladyship's finger, and so forced open the coffin and tried to pull off the ring from Lady Edgcumbe's finger. "The body moved in the coffin, and such was the terror of the man that he ran away as fast as he could, leaving his lantern behind him. Lady Edgcumbe arose, astonished to find herself dressed in her grave clothes and numbered with the tenants of the vault. She took the lantern and proceeded at once to the mansion." Her Ladyship got along quite comfortably after that experience, for she became the mother of Sir Richard Edgcumbe. The story has often been repeated, and is still believed. When her Ladyship did actually die, she went to her rest in a very heavy oak coffin well secured by screws.

Ancient local life in England is passing away, and what happened in the homes of the people stands a poorer chance of future recognition than the doings of Kings and nobles in their palaces and castles. It was the villagers in the old England that impressed their characters on that progeny, made America what it is, and so the modern writer of history will seek for information in the volumes Mr. Gomme is making.

OLD AND NEW PERU.

LATIN-AMERICAN REPUBLICS. A History of Peru. By Clements R. Markham. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

The history of Peru is an interesting one, as she was among the first to break away from Spain, and ever since then she has been struggling in the face of difficulty "to establish a national existence based on well-ordered liberty." To understand her history the physical features of the country must first be studied. Upon this conformation has depended its varying condition. The Peruvian Andes stretch in three chains through the land and are designated as Maritime, Central, and Eastern. Between the Maritime and Central chains there is a cold and lofty region. There is greater width between the Central and Eastern Cordilleras, with plains and rich valleys. The Eastern Andes is a continuous range, pierced, however, by six rivers. Between the Central and Eastern chain the Sierra was once the seat of Inca civilization. Between the Andes and the ocean the width of the land has only an average of twenty miles.

Mountains affecting climate, it is the more distant ranges that precipitate the water-laden air from the Atlantic side, draining it of its moisture, and so for certain seasons there falls no rain on the coast. The difficulties of communication in former periods must have been insurmountable. Climatic influences exert no small power on a people. It the long past it was in the mountainous region of Peru, where the climate was temperate, that the Incas rose in power and civilization. Mr. Markham devotes several well-written chapters to the aboriginal history of Peru. It is not clearly proved that the power of Incas had been weakened in the country prior to the conquest. What the Spaniards under Pizarro found was a country "densely populated by a docile, intelligent, and industrious race."

The story of the conquest and of the civil wars which followed it is almost bewildering after the peaceful narrative of Inca civilization. There was horrible confusion in Peru, and Charles V. tried to bring the rich realm under Spanish administrative rule. The first viceroy, Don Andres Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis of Cañete, entered Lima in 1556. After Mendoza followed Viceroy after Viceroy. Some had good intentions and were fairly intelligent, but the main idea of Spain was that a colony was fitted for nothing but to supply the mother country with money. Demands, then, for silver and gold were increasing. Indians were taxed. Insurrections were constant. Spain gave nothing and took everything. The mother country introduced the vine, the sugar cane, and a few vegetables, and, as the author writes it, "these products of the earth introduced from the Old World are the only benefits which Peru derived from her connection with Spain."

Notwithstanding Viceroys and Bishops the condition of the country was getting worse and worse. Forced labor at the mines killed off the Indians. "In a century nine-tenths of the people [in certain districts] had been destroyed by overwork and cruelty." But all Spaniards were not bad. In the middle of the seventeenth century Juan de Padilla raised his voice against the atrocious system, but he was poisoned. The last Viceroy was de la Pezuela. In 1817 he reported to the Home Government the desperate condition of affairs. In Buenos Ayres José de San Martin prepared men and means for the emancipation of Peru. The initial movement began in 1814. The war of independence was a long and bloody one, and freedom was gained at Ayacucho in 1824. In 1825 a decree was passed making a new republic, Bolivia, out of Upper Peru.

The history of Peru from President Gamiawa in 1829, to the Presidents Balta and Prado of recent dates does not afford pleasant reading. The sales of guano and nitrates, from which the Government derived its resources, instead of benefiting the country, were disadvantageous. Having too great means for the time being, Peru entered into a reckless course of expenditure. Her nitrates and the money to be had from them aroused the jealousy of Chile. The recent misfortunes excite sympathies. Her sufferings were intense, for Chile was merciless and exacting. Peru has shown the utmost heroism in her hour of affliction, and is working manfully for her rehabilitation. Her resources are immense, and only providing there is internal peace, in ten years she will stand among the first of the Latin-American republics.

THREE NOVELS.

PRINCE SEREBRYANI. A Novel of the Times of Ivan the Terrible. By Count Alexis Tolstoï. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. New-York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

UNDER PRESSURE. By the Marchesa Theodoli. New-York: Macmillan & Co.

ZACHARY PHIPS. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston and New-York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Wonderful indeed is the man who has enthusiasm sufficient to study the ancient history of that Russian region drained by the Dnieper. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, in translating Count Alexis Tolstoï's historical novel, shows himself an adept, and in his preface describes many things having to do with Kiev, Galicia, Poland, Lithuania, Finland, Astrakhan, the Crimea, and Moscow. You may get some idea of the horrible conditions which existed in Russia when a dozen barbarous Princes were fighting for supremacy. Tsars and Metropolitans were invariably at outs. Somebody always was calling somebody else a traitor. There were the bad Shuiskis and the wicked boyars, who wanted to depose Ivan, but it is with some sense of comfort that the reader learns how Ivan was finally extinguished by the Shuiskis, the Kurbskis disappeared forever, and "the destinies of Russia were confided to new men." Count Alexis, who is not to be confounded with Leo Tolstoï, writes a historical triology about that peculiar fiend called Ivan the Terrible. Never was there an Apache who had such savage instincts. Nero in point of cruelty was as a sucking babe to Ivan. He had the thirst of blood. In one of the chapters Ivan, at the head of his troops, proceeds to the grand square and is clad in uniform. "The top of his helmet was ornamented with an enameled picture of the Saviour, and on the sides the mother of God, John the Baptist, and different saints." As a decoration his horse had in lieu of a tassel a dog's head. The Tsar was present to give his sanction to a huge series of executions and tortures, which were similar to those employed by the aboriginal Mexicans in the performance of their religious rites. Count Tolstoï's description of the imperial orgies is excellent. Somehow or other modern sympathies are not in unison with such brutal scenes as were enacted in Russia in the sixteenth century. Individual boldness and courage there were, as shown by the hero of "Prince Serebryani," and fidelity, as in his henchman Miheich, but the reader is inclined to have a surfeit of horrors when he reads of the deluge of human blood that flowed in those days.

You might think that Lavinia and Bianca in "Under Pressure" were the Blanchefiore and Rose of Théophile Gautier's mediæval story, only the daughters of the Princess Astalli live in the Rome of to-day. The Princess rules the Palazzo Astalli and her daughters with a rod of iron. Both father and mother are types of the past, and expect implicit obedience from their twin daughters. Bianca has been singled out for the Church because she is not the better favored of the two. Her mother would have her be a Carmelite, but the girl, who has a great soul, revolts, and wants to be a Sister of Charity, so that she may do some good in this world. Lavinia is to be married, and one day her mother says to her, all in one breath, "Pin up your braids, for you are betrothed." Then there is a flutter in the dovecote. Even the name of the man she is to share her lot with she does not know. Roman etiquette would not permit a girl's even whispering the name of her suitor. It is Uberto Casale, son of the Marchese de Vallinfreda, she is to marry. On her part it is love at first sight, for Uberto is so handsome and kind, and to her extreme delight she discovers that he had lost his heart to her long before. Everything seems to be going along swimmingly. The formal betrothal takes place. The most minute papers are drawn up, and the marriage is in the immediate future, when Uberto's father suddenly dies, and the fortune Uberto was to have had is lost to him for want of a will. Then the Princess declares that the marriage is off. But both Uberto and Lavinia have so much love for each other that they defy the Princess. Even the pious Bianca is in revolt and sides with her beautiful sister. There never was such a revolution in the Palazzo Astalli. That dear old priest Father Antonio is with the lovers, and unwittingly he serves the young people and thwarts the clever tricks of the unscrupulous Princess. The conclusion is a happy one. Lavinia marries the man she loves and Bianca becomes a Sister of Charity. The fiction is cleverly put together and the ways and manners of a princely Roman house are well described.

Mr. Bynner's hero is a fairly bad Boston boy—that is, at the beginning of his career—but in time Zachary Phips becomes what might be called an ornament of society. Zachary when a lad forms a part of Burr's expedition, and the arch traitor's manner and appearance are described. Many episodes of historical importance occurring in the first quarter of the present century are worked into the fiction. Zach goes to England and is attached to Dr. Rush and the American Embassy. Phips is impressed by a man with "a beaked nose and cold gray eyes." It is the Duke of Wellington. Malee is an Indian girl who figures in the story. "Zachary Phips" is written for the major part in dialogue, and the interest is well sustained.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A memoir of Sarah Childress Polk, the President's wife, and for forty years his survivor at her home in Nashville, has been written by Anson and Fanny Nelson, and the Messrs. Randolph bring it out in an illustrated and well-printed duodecimo volume. Mrs. Polk was a sickly child, and yet she lived only two years short of nine decades. She first met her husband in early youth, and was his constant companion and confidant so long as he lived. At Nashville, in her youth, she had attended a ball given by Gen. Jackson. Under John Quincy Adams's Administration she had made the long journey with Polk to Washington where he was to serve as member of Congress. While Polk was Governor of Tennessee, she lived with him in a house renting for $500, his salary being $2,000. It was while she was mistress of the White House that gas was first used there. Such are some of the entertaining facts belonging to the years when her husband was living. Polk died in 1850, and thus his widow had the civil war and forty years before her. She lost heavily in property through the war, but at her Nashville home was the recipient of respect and honor from the Union soldiers. Later years saw many men of note paying respects to the aged lady. Simon Cameron was one of these and George Bancroft another. Latest among the number was Grover Cleveland, who was accompanied by his wife. Mrs. Polk entered the White House in 1845. Mrs. Cleveland entered it just forty years later—in 1885.

William S. Baker's "Itinerary of General Washington," issued by the Messrs. Lippincott, is an extended enlargement of Mr. Baker's itinerary originally published in magazine form. As now published, it makes an octavo of 534 pages, the type being large, the paper excellent, and the binding strong and attractive in its blue cloth sides and with canvas back. While in color the binding does not correspond to the Putnam edition of Washington's writings, the volume is otherwise an excellent match for that edition, and, on the whole, it was perhaps better that the binding should be of another color. Mr. Baker, in this work, has done a thoroughly good piece of compilation. Washington's doings for the years of the Revolution are embraced in it, and we can recall few publications of recent years that would interest a student of American history in a higher degree. Under date of June 15, 1775, for example, we have an extract from the Journal of Congress detailing the acts by which Washington was made commander of the Continental forces, and under June 17, besides the resolution pledging the support of Congress, a passage from a letter Adams wrote to his wife informing her that Congress had chosen "the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esq." Similar extracts from letters, memoirs, newspapers, &c., covering a wide field of research, thus arranged under dates and showing where Washington spent each day, fill out a record of peculiar interest that is sustained to the end. For so fine a specimen of book manufacturing, the publishers have made the price very low.

Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park" has made its appearance in the charming Macmillan edition of her works, edited by Reginald B. Johnson. The two volumes each have three small etchings. Mr. Johnson's brief preface tells of the circumstances in which the book first was published and quotes interesting passages from the letters of Miss Austen.

"Little Folk Lyrics," by Frank Dempster Sherman, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,) is a dainty little volume devoted to verse and suitable for young persons. The poetic temperament in children is something to be brought forward and encouraged. The nursery rhyme is good enough in its way, but a better-constructed verse, appealing to young people's thoughts, is something hard to find. In Mr. Sherman's volume the subjects are varied, but all are treated with skill, and there are bits which are highly amusing, as

"Bees don't care about the snow.
I can tell you why that's so.

"Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me."

A lifetime spent in the United States never can prevent a Scotchman from remembering his own country. Thomas C. Latto's "Memorials of Auld Lang Syne," (Paisley: Alexander Gardner,) recalls days that long since passed away. The leading poem is entitled "The School Examination," in which Mr. Latto tells the happy hours of his boyhood. Picturesquely he describes the schoolhouse:

"Hard by that far-famed cape, the auld East Neuk o' Fife.
* * * * * * *
A low-roofed schoolhouse greets the stranger's eye,
Its belfry peeping thro' the leafy screen,
Where day by day a stately man serene,
Administers his rigid Spartan laws,
Training rude urchins by an instinct keen,
With careful precept and grave look that awes,
Eke with Draconian hint, persuasive from the tawes."

It is not with poetical license that Mr. Latto tells of the course of study carried out for lads in a fairly remote portion of Scotland. The branches of learning were many, and the classics were not overlooked:

"Imperial Homer's rolling lines resound,
Achilles' wrath is thundered out with force,
Andromache and Priam's grief profound,
When Hector, slain, is dragged along the course."

The poem of the "Norlan' Sea" has tone and quality. We quote the two concluding stanzas:

"Then of a Summer's eve, when fell
Long shadows on the ocean swell,
With all the joys that swimmers know
I launched forth from thy crags, Airbo!
The timorous seal had naught to dread,
Sea mews went skirling overhead,
Whilst I enjoyed with rapturous thrills
The grandeur of those liquid hills.
* * * * * * *
"See, changeless mother! I return:
Bare thy dear breast and welcome me,
Grand, glassy, gray, old Norlan' Sea!"

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley's series of papers on "Faith Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena" have been brought together in a well-printed and attractively-bound volume issued by the Century Company. Dr. Buckley's array of cases bearing on the subjects of which he treats is large and interesting. But he is practical and hard-headed. In a preface he prepares the reader for the point of view. "So long," says he, "as it is possible to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably is, there is no reason to suspect, and it is superstition to assume, the operation of supernatural causes."

The edition for 1892-3 of the "American Law Directory," published by J. B. Martindale of Chicago, shows the work to be in its twenty-fifth year. This volume of over 800 pages is a directory of lawyers in all the towns and cities of the United States and Canada. Besides names and addresses, it gives ratings, except in a few large cities. A private key accompanies each volume in cases where it has been regularly applied for. This application involves an agreement to treat the key with strict privacy in a place apart from the directory itself.

Volume XXXII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography," (Macmillan,) extends to Leigh. Early in its pages appears Walter Savage Landor, whose story is told by Leslie Stephen. He and his brother Robert are the only ones of the name who have a sketch in this dictionary. All the distinction in that family was therefore theirs. Other eminent men whom we find here are Landseer, John and Henry Lawrence, and John Law.

Anne Reeve Aldrich's "Songs about Life, Love, and Death" (Scribner's) are posthumous. She had arranged for their publication before her illness began. With one exception, they now appear in the precise form in which she left them. The exception is a poem called "Death at Daybreak," which was dictated during her illness, when she was too weak to hold a pen. It so happened that Miss Aldrich died just before the dawn on June 28 of this year. The volume has been beautifully printed and bound. The poems it contains are all short. Mainly they are the outcome of sad moods, and in some of them there is power.