

manor house, or inn on the roads which were to lead his hero (using the word conventionally) to Tower Hill, nor does it appear that any relic connected therewith has escaped his attention, and from beginning to end the book has not an illustration which does not illustrate.

S. M. F.

ALL readers of eighteenth-century memoirs and letters have at least been introduced to that beautiful daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom the young king, being much in love, made proposals of marriage, which came to naught. Later, the lady — she was then but seventeen — was married to Sir Charles Bunbury; and after floating for a few seasons on the top of the social wave, she made what seemed, according to all human probabilities, utter shipwreck of her life. But she came to herself in the quiet, lonely years that followed; her second marriage brought everything the first had missed, and the last glimpse we had of her was as the adored mother of a group of heroes. Well known, too, are her portraits by Sir Joshua: the pseudo-classic Lady Sarah Bunbury Sacrificing to the Graces, and “the canvas worthy of Titian” which shows her looking down from a window in Holland House upon her nephew, Charles James Fox, hardly younger than herself, and the boy’s cousin, Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, Lady Sarah’s close friend for well-nigh seventy years. To this friendship, which defied chances and changes, long separations, and entire frankness on both sides, we owe our first real knowledge of a very interesting woman; for her letters to Lady Susan were carefully preserved, and are now given to the world by the present mistress of Holland House.¹ These letters, dating from the writer’s giddy girlhood to her gracious and beau-

¹ *The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, 1745–1826. Edited by the COUNTESS OF IL-

tiful old age, serve well enough the purposes of an autobiography; for Lady Sarah had quick perceptions, great sincerity, and never was woman less of a *poseuse*. Her correspondent had her romance. Walpole has commemorated the theatricals at Holland House, in which Lady Susan and her friend distinguished themselves. The handsome young player, William O’Brien, appears to have acted as director to the very youthful amateurs. He and Lady Susan forthwith fell in love; and as the latter’s family naturally disapproved, an elopement followed. Even the Whig magnates among the bride’s kin seem to have found considerable difficulty in suitably providing for the unwelcome bridegroom. One expedient was a colonial post, and the pair spent some years in America, chiefly, it is to be inferred, in New York. Some of Lady Susan’s letters therefrom perhaps would have proved interesting. We have at present so much of the later provincial life in fiction that some new glimpses of it in fact might illustrate — or contrast.

Lord Holland tries to describe the beauty of his young sister-in-law, but finds it beyond his words. He was much more interested in the king’s advances than was Lady Sarah, to whom the death of her pet squirrel was a far greater grief than the coming of the Princess Charlotte. It is plain enough that had the girl been older, more self-seeking and worldly-wise, and a little in love, she might have made Lord Bute’s arrangements very difficult. But she willingly figured as the chief bridesmaid, — her brilliant beauty making the bride’s lack of it the more apparent, — and though “the time when we used to fancy great things” was never forgotten, it was not remembered regretfully. At sixty she writes: “I am delighted to hear the king is so well, for I am excessively partial to him. I always consider him as an

CHESTER and LORD STAVORDALE. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1902.

old friend who has been in the wrong ; but does one love one's friends less for being in the wrong even towards oneself ?" Her old friend often earned her disapproval by his public acts ; for though Lady Sarah was not a political any more than a literary woman (though, oddly enough, she is misprinted in these volumes as sacrificing to the *Muses*), she faithfully reflected the Whig sentiment of the time, and her kinsmen were emphatically of the ruling class. For Fox in especial her affection was steadfast, even if, with the most charming amiability, he always neglected to do anything to advance her husband's interests, though Colonel Napier's high character and distinguished ability — "No one of us is his equal," declared his son Charles — well deserved such furtherance.

Many aspects of this intimate record of a woman's life might be dwelt upon ; but, after all, it is as a mother of men that she will be remembered, — a mother singularly honored and beloved. With keen sympathies and warm affections, she was preëminently a brave woman, physically and morally. This was shown in early life in her acceptance of the results of her own misdoing, without railing at the world's judgments or blaming any one but herself. And later, the cheerful courage with which she encountered heavy cares, great anxieties, and what was for her almost poverty was equaled by her fortitude under the most heart-breaking bereavements and the blindness which was for so many years her portion. Of the heroic Napiers she cannot be counted the least. *S. M. F.*

DURING Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, he fell into discussion with Boswell over the relative advantages of great and little European courts as schools of manners.

¹ *The Book of the Courtier*. By Count BALDESAR CASTIGLIONE. Translated from the Italian and annotated by LEONARD ECKSTEIN OPDYCKE. With seventy-one Portraits and fif-

Both men agreeing that smaller courts were superior in this respect, the doctor closed the conversation by remarking, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Corteggiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it." These words were spoken in 1773. Previous to that date there had been three translations of Castiglione's *The Courtier* into English. The admirable translation by Mr. Opdycke¹ is the fourth English version, but it follows its latest predecessor by the space of a century and three quarters. Few English and American readers, except those with a knowledge of Italian, have taken Dr. Johnson's advice to read the book.

Yet, in its present dress, there could scarcely be a more delightful volume than *The Courtier*. It is composed of four discussions, each extending through an entire evening, concerning the training and the character of the ideal gentleman and gentlewoman. The speakers are all residents at the court of Urbino, in the splendid summer time of the Italian Renaissance. They are scholars, soldiers, statesmen, wits, and great ladies, representing Italian culture in its most highly perfected form. Count Baldesar Castiglione, the author, whose kindly face is familiar through the portrait by his friend Raphael, now in the Louvre gallery, was for many years in the service of the Duke of Urbino. His book was written partly at Urbino and partly at Rome, between 1508 and 1516, and it was first printed at the Aldine Press, Venice, in 1528.

Not the least charm of Mr. Opdycke's sumptuous edition is due to the full and unique collection of illustrations. There are three portraits of Castiglione, besides sixty-eight other portraits of persons mentioned or taking part in the dialogues.

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