

of that unconvincing figure, Policeman Flynn. But Mr. Dooley — one can hardly elsewhere, unless from the mouth of Kipling's Mulvaney, hear so mellow and lilting a Hibernian voice as this. The papers must have been written with great care, although they have appeared very often. It is astonishing, in view of the great range of theme involved, and the periodicity of their publication, that there is so little unevenness in them. They are practically monologues, for the occasional introductory word is of the briefest, and the supernumerary Mr. Hennessey serves simply as the necessary concrete audience.

For several years now Mr. Dooley has been expressing himself in this manner upon the most serious themes, social, civil, and political. During the Spanish War his criticisms of army methods and of the general administrative policy were sharp and uncompromising. It has been said by a friend of McKinley's that the President followed the papers as they appeared in the press with the keenest amusement and attention. Certainly this was true of a great many of the American people. The reason for his vogue is obvious. With all his pure Irishness, he is pure American, too; and his commentary upon current events with its alternating simplicity and shrewdness, its avoidance of sentimentality, and its real patriotism, probably represents, very much as Hosea Biglow represented, the sober sense of the people. This union of individual and representative humor must be the basis of whatever claim can be made for the permanent value of Mr. Dooley.

But this is enough to give his creator a place among the humorists. A vein of jests is soon worked out, but humor is a perennial fount. The advance of years is too much for the cleverness of the funny man, while the humorist is fruitful to the end, and after.

H. W. Boynton.

IN herself, Mary Boyle had most of the good gifts which bring happiness to their possessor, — a bright intelligence, warm affections, unflinching cheerfulness, a large capacity for giving and receiving pleasure, for making and retaining friends. And a kind fortune attended the circumstances of her life. Well-born in every sense, the love and good comradeship she found in her own household extended outward to an exceedingly large circle of agreeable kinsfolk whose houses were her "extra homes." "Mary Boyle is a cousin of mine," said Lord Carlisle to Dickens. "I suppose so," was the reply, "I have never yet met any one who was *not* her cousin." It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the variously accomplished men and women whom she met in her London life, in her visits to great country houses, or in her sojourns in Italy, a country she fell in love with, early in life. Lowell speaking of her as he knew her, in her little house in South Audley Street, when she was verging on fourscore, says: "No knock could surprise the modest door of what she called her *Bonbonnière*, for it has opened and still opens to let in as many distinguished persons, and, what is better, as many devoted friends, as any in London. However long Mary Boyle may live, hers can never be that most dismal of fates, to outlive her friends while cheerfulness, kindness, cleverness, contentedness, and all the other good nesses have anything to do with the making of them."

One gift she possessed in so remarkable a degree that under other circumstances she might have become famous as a comedian. "She is the very best actress I ever saw off the stage," wrote Dickens to Bulwer, "and immeasurably better than many I have seen on it." Her dramatic reminiscences — beginning with an amusing account of the "romantic and tragical" play she wrote at the age of seven, and successfully

performed, with the aid of two of her small brothers, before a large audience, parts being doubled or trebled, with lightning changes of costume — are among the most entertaining portions of her book.¹ A friend of Mary Boyle declares that her conversation had a charm that was indescribable and perhaps unique. It is not difficult to believe this. Her gifts were preëminently social, and she would give her best in talk rather than with the pen. But her recollections, though dictated in old age, and when blindness prevented her from revising, rearranging, or supplementing what had been written, are pleasant to read and to remember. They will assuredly add to the number of her friends, so attractive in its gay good humor, its sweetness, and sanity is the personality revealed in these sketches for an autobiography.

S. M. F.

FIVE Oxford men have written with **Some Brief Biographies.** knowledge as well as with excellent judgment and taste sketches of the lives of five princesses of the House of Stuart,² four of whom, by their close relationship, their connection with and influence upon the history of their time, can well be placed together in a single volume, their stories being in a way different portions of the same family chronicle. The first of these ladies is Elizabeth, only the Winter Queen of Bohemia, but always the Queen of Hearts, — no less so in the long years of exile, of ceaseless ill-fortune and calamity, than in her happy girlhood in the England still bright with the after-glow of the Elizabethan age. It was in the ominous year when she wore a crown that Wotton dedicated one of the loveliest of English lyrics to *The Mistress*, and in the evil time to come there were always those willing to devote life and fortune to her service with the ardor of

knights of romance. Her marriage had been the occasion of unexampled public rejoicings, she had left England with thousands acclaiming her; fifty years later she returned almost unnoticed to a world where all had changed, — returned only to die. Mr. Hodgkin tells her story admirably; history and personal biography are mingled in their just proportions, and the narrative is vivid and full of interest, notwithstanding the necessity for heroic condensation laid upon the author.

Not one of Elizabeth's children was dull or commonplace, and her youngest daughter, though perhaps not so exceptionally gifted as two of her elder sisters, was a woman of keen intelligence, quick-witted, humorous, tolerant, interested in many things, and always herself, whether in youth or age, a most interesting personage. It was a melancholy fatality that Sophia's eldest son should be the one of all her children least to resemble her. From his mother came his splendid regal inheritance, but scarcely a quality of person, mind, or spirit was transmitted to him from the brilliant Palatines. Could not the editor have allowed himself a little more space wherein to have expanded, to the still greater pleasure of his readers, his well-considered sketch of the Electress? The studies of the little known Mary of Orange and of Henrietta of Orleans, the theme of so many eloquent tongues and pens, are adequate, though in the first, biography is rather overweighted by history. Mr. Bridge is to be commended for his treatment of the fable regarding Henrietta's death, which Saint-Simon believed and perpetuated. The invincible ignorance of physicians like to those Molière drew naturally encouraged the growth of such fictions, but they should not be repeated to-day as facts. Far distant from these latter-day Stuarts seems the shadowy but ap-

¹ *Mary Boyle: Her Book.* Edited by Sir COURTENAY BOYLE, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

² *Five Stuart Princesses.* Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.