

as an essential complement of all the rest, — and that is *intensity*. He applauds it both in Gladstone and in Disraeli; he discovers it in beings as diverse in their genius, and as widely separated in their spheres of action, as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley and Charles Stewart Parnell, Edward Freeman, and the great Orientalist, William Robertson Smith, — and he does homage to it in all. Though a man speak with the tongue of angels and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not intensity it shall, according to Mr. Bryce, profit him nothing. Intensity is the quality which vitalizes and gives effect to all others. It is determination, concentration, pluck, and patience. Etymologically, and morally as well, it will be recognized as the exact reverse of what our New England grandfathers used to sum up under that term of all opprobrium, *slackness*, and which Robert Browning denounced in statelier phrase as the one irremediable failing of “the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.” And where Mr. Bryce, Mr. Browning, and the Pilgrim Fathers agree there is hardly room for dissent.

But the most admirable feature of these twenty-one studies taken as a whole is their impartiality of appreciation. There is not a word in the whole book either of fulsome eulogy or of malignant criticism. The only one of his characters for whom Mr. Bryce betrays anything approaching a personal antipathy is

Cardinal Manning, — and that is conceivable. It was a veritable saint who said that the heaviest recent misfortune of the Catholic Church in England had been the death of Mrs. Manning; and the best bonmot quoted in the present volume is Mr. Gladstone’s on Purcell’s life of the Cardinal Archbishop, — that it left nothing to be done upon the Day of Judgment!

If Mr. Bryce does Anthony Trollope one grain less than justice, — especially as regards the rare purity of his English style, he does the founder of the New York Nation a little more, — and the balance remains level in his hands. The whole effect of the *Studies in Contemporary Biography* is to exalt one’s conception of the dignity of human kind. That one nation in one generation should have produced so many and varied types of signal excellence is indeed wonderful. That all these great and mainly good men are of our own race and kindred is a rightful source to ourselves of essentially proper pride. It is a list of shining names, but those whom Mr. Bryce mentions in the preface to the *American Commonwealth* as having helped him in that great work — beginning with President Eliot’s, to whom it is dedicated, and including President Roosevelt’s — constitute a roll of honor also, not all unworthy, it may be hoped, of the traditions which we hold in common with our grand relations across the sea.

Harriet Waters Preston.

LETTERS FROM TWO EMBASSIES.

To a generation of readers, many of whom perhaps recalled somewhat vaguely the name of the Princess Lieven only as that of the close friend, in her declining years, of M. Guizot, the publication of the *Greville Journals*, and the Correspondence of Madame de Lieven with

Earl Grey, — not to mention other Memoirs in which letters of hers have appeared, — has revealed in some sort the personality of one of the most remarkable women in the social and political life of the first half of the nineteenth century. Only two years ago, M. Ernest Daudet

first gave us glimpses of her correspondence with Metternich and Guizot, his exceedingly interesting essay being fortunately but the preface to a completer publication. And now Mr. Lionel G. Robinson has translated, and on the whole very well translated, the letters of Madame de Lieven written during her long residence in England to her brother, General Alexander Benckendorff,¹ annotating them with sufficient fullness, and connecting them by "historical threads" which give in brief a lucid history of the time. None of the later revelations, not even the intimate correspondence printed in this book, will in any marked degree change or modify the vivid portrait which Greville drew of his long-time friend in the closing volume of the Journals. Those few pages contain the most lively presentment of Madame de Lieven yet given to the world. It is likely to be a text to which her letters in various measure will serve as illustrations and commentaries to a not insignificant number of readers.

Though she was, as she declared with truth, "Russian to the core," Dorothea Benckendorff belonged to a German family which had settled in Esthonia and entered the Russian service. Her mother too was a German, who had followed her dearest friend, the Princess Marie of Würtemberg to her new home, on her marriage with the Emperor Paul. After Madame Benckendorff's death her children were the objects of the Empress's constant kindness, and this may help account for the extraordinary adoration with which Madame de Lieven regarded the sons of her benefactress. Married at the age of sixteen to Count (later Prince) Lieven, she accompanied him to England when he was appointed Ambassador to that country in 1812, and very soon achieved a brilliant social success. She was, says Greville, "a *très grande dame*, with abilities of a very fine order,

¹ *Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, during her Residence in London, 1812-1834.* Edited

great tact and *finesse*, taking a boundless pleasure in the society of the great world and in political affairs of every sort." Judging from these letters, in her earlier English years society was her chief interest rather than politics. Soon after her coming she introduced the waltz to London, and was the first to dance it at Almack's; Lord Palmerston, who years afterward was to be indebted largely to her influence for his appointment to the Foreign Office, being her partner. In those days she wrote, "I am literally fought for; it is not fashionable where I am not." But year by year public affairs become more and more her absorbing interest. She seems to be, in all but name and routine duties, the Ambassador. Leaders of either party are her confidential friends, even her ardent admirers, and are usually valued by her in exact proportion to their policy Russia-ward. Russia is her sentiment, perhaps in these days her passion; but she loves England to live in, — "this beautiful England, an endless chain of perfections," — and the news of Prince Lieven's recall is received by her with something very like (carefully suppressed) dismay. And it may be said that the forebodings which are hinted at in the last letters from London were destined to be more than fulfilled. Her year's sojourn in Russia — the only year spent there after her early youth — was "odious to her," and full of calamities. Her younger children (not the *elder* as misprinted here), the boys English born and bred, from whom she had never been separated, both died, her own health was broken, and the Autocrat who had been to her as a god, probably taking offense at her departure, showed a very human spitefulness to her in later days.

These confidential letters cover the happiest and most triumphant years of the writer's life. Though they come nearer to a family correspondence than by LIONEL G. ROBINSON. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

anything of Madame de Lieven's yet published, domestic touches are infrequent, nor is there, after the first, much social gossip. They reflect certain aspects of the history of the time, from the days of Napoleon's waning power to those of the Revolution of 1830 and the Reform Bill, as recorded by one who was a wonderfully keen, if by no means a dispassionate or unprejudiced observer, — participant would be the truer word, — and who had a charm found very potent by some of the greatest statesmen of her time. We are indebted to this volume for exceedingly interesting portraits of the Princess in youth and age, after pictures by Lawrence and Watts. But the inscription on the first, "the age of twenty," makes it too youthful. Sir Thomas painted the brilliant young Ambassador in England, which she never saw till she was twenty-seven. As in so many valuable English works of this class, we must deplore the absence of an adequate index.

Waiving more fundamental differences, the letters written by the Ambassador of Russia when George IV. was Regent and King, and those from the mistress of the French Embassy in the later Victorian years,¹ could only be compared in their unlikeness; — the one is a political, the other a social chronicler. It is a little difficult for the reader to think of M. Waddington, English in name, blood, education, and even — as why should he not be — in person and temperament, and his American wife, as French. It is easier to regard them as cosmopolitan, not a usual French quality. Faithful lovers of memoirs will be likely to recall earlier glimpses of the Waddington family history as obtained in the lives of Mrs. Delany and the Baroness Bunsen. Madame Waddington's letters, written to her sisters, are easy, informal, vivacious, showing a

lively interest in persons and events, quick observation, and unflinching good humor, and good taste and good feeling as well. In 1883, her husband was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III., and the letters of the Ambassador not only vividly depict the almost oppressive splendor of the ceremonies, but give a moving history of the pleasures, pains, and penalties of organizing a special embassy and performing the leading parts therein. Gala carriages, one superlatively gorgeous, unwieldy, and uncomfortable, in charge of an English coachman, "a magnificent person," who will drive no lesser vehicle; the gigantic horses appertaining thereto; four enormous footmen, and "one ordinary sized one for every-day use;" the high-bred major-domo with his crowd of underlings of every degree; the hair-dresser, ready to make a *coiffure de circonstance* for all occasions, even a night journey; the ever present detectives who know all the Nihilist leaders, — these are a few of the adjuncts of such a mission. The graphic sketches of one dazzling function following close upon another, involving an appalling amount of fatigue to those most concerned, show that the pure pleasure in such ceremonies must largely rest with the irresponsible spectator, — if any one can be quite irresponsible in Russian court rites and festivities.

Soon afterward M. Waddington was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and though the frequent Ministerial changes in France seem to have made the duration of his stay always uncertain, he remained in England ten years, — "perfectly happy years," the Ambassador found them. The new environment recalls those early days which appear to have receded to a rather distant background in her memory: "It is not only the language, but the education, the way of living. We have read the same books, and sung the same

¹ *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, 1883-1900. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

hymns, and understand things in the same way." She does not find political talk greatly different from that she hears in Paris, save that it is quieter. But she also finds there is no great gulf between parties as in France, and that political differences do not affect private friendships. The stately simplicity of the Queen's Court contrasts strikingly with her remembrance of the half-barbaric pomp at Moscow. The impression made by the Queen at the first interview remains to the last, — "a great air of dignity and self-possession," always the same ready welcome with "a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face, always inclined to talk about anything, and to understand and smooth over any difficulty or misunderstanding." The usual testimony is borne to the courtesy, kindness, and tact of the Prince, whether

as host or guest; and to the unequalled grace and distinction of the Princess; and we see a little of the always interesting, and, in the end, tragic figure of the Empress Frederick. Various important personages in the political and social world — the two are not dis severed in London — pass and repass, and invariably the writer, whether in the crush of the season or as a guest at a great country house, or taking part in some state function, is well entertained and well entertains her readers. The publishers have given us this agreeable volume in an attractive guise, and the illustrations deserve a word of commendation. There are some inaccuracies in names and dates, plainly the mistakes of a copyist, but Madame Waddington writes as a Frenchwoman when she confounds George Herbert with "Bishop Keble."

S. M. F.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.¹

THE publishers of the new "Elizabethan Shakspeare" give three reasons for its inception: —

"1. Shakspeare is in many passages an unintelligible author to those who read him without a knowledge of the word-forms and word-meanings, the pronunciation, the syntax, and the idioms of Elizabethan English.

"2. The advance in the knowledge of Shakspeare and of Elizabethan English that scholarship has made during the last thirty years is greater than the advance made during the whole preceding century.

"3. The last preceding text of the plays published is the 'Cambridge' text,

which was begun fifty years ago. There is, therefore, no previous edition of Shakspeare that contains the accumulated wealth of modern scholarship."

The first premise of this syllogism is unquestionable; the second is probably unexceptionable; but the third statement involves something very like a quibble, and uses "accumulated wealth of modern scholarship" in a very limited sense. May the ten invaluable volumes of the Variorum Edition of Dr. Furness be counted out in this way simply because all of Shakespeare's plays have not yet appeared in them? Is it not true that, though the Cambridge Edition was begun forty years ago, it

¹ *The Elizabethan Shakspeare*. Vol. I. *Macbeth*. Edited by MARK HARVEY LIDDELL. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

Representative English Comedies. Vol. I. *From the Beginnings to Shakspeare*. Edited

by C. M. GAYLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The Complete Works of John Lyly. 3 vols. Edited by R. WARWICK BOND. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1902.