

The one mystery in Monmouth's life—if it be still a mystery—is whether he was really a legitimate son of Charles and the rightful heir to the throne. If we could accept this hypothesis it would explain many things. It is true, as Mrs. Nepean says, that he was never treated as illegitimate. Henrietta Maria made much of him; Charles loved him best of all his children and set the example for the respect with which the Court treated him. When foreign royalties died he wore the long purple cloak just as Charles, James and Prince Rupert did—a singular honour for the son of an unmarried mother! It is said that he himself “knew” he was legitimate. If so, he never gave convincing proof of such knowledge. The conclusion which we must reach after balancing all the probabilities of the case is that Charles never married Lucy Walter. The only approach to evidence that he did is a fourth-hand statement that the Duke of Buccleuch found the marriage certificate in the muniment room at Dalkeith and burned it. Against this may be set the unlikelihood that even a king without a throne, as Charles was in 1849, would marry a lady with no reputation to lose and attainable on easier terms. Lucy tried to make a great scandal about it afterward, and sought to keep the child, whether from love or a less worthy motive we need not too curiously inquire. But if any woman were ever without a shred of morality it was she, and she does not deserve our pity.

And what of Monmouth himself? He was no hero surely, or he would not have begged for his life from the justly implacable James. He had a bad heritage in his mother, and his environment at the Court of his father was no school of virtue. He was, besides, one of those handsome men whom women spoil. His emotions were easily stirred, but until he met Henrietta Wentworth he seems to have been capable of no great passion. For her who was married to him while he was still a boy he never cared—or did not care long. She was a cold, hard person, ambitious to be queen, no doubt, but

with little concern for the fate of the man who would have made her queen. There are, in truth, but two things in Monmouth's life which are wholly without a touch of the sordid. He loved Henrietta devotedly. In his last hours he refused to acknowledge that it was a sin to love her. He told the bishops who were with him that “this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration.” They might refuse him the communion, but he would not repudiate her. This was not the attitude of a weakling or a mere profligate. And he went to his death “with an air of undisturbed courage that was grave and composed.” The moment of cowardice when he fell on his knees before James had passed. He had the Stewart blood, after all, and he died like a gentleman. There is something pathetic in his story, something to admire, even though he was no hero. We wish it might have been told with fewer sentimental flourishes.

*Edward Fuller.*

## II

### GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON'S “ENGLISH DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY”\*

Professor Nettleton's book provides a history of English dramatic development from the re-opening of the theatres in 1642 to Sheridan. His plan is roughly similar to that of Ward's history of the earlier drama—a brief, detailed study of individual men and plays set in a solid framework of the general evolution of dramatic ideas. The main intention is to furnish a perspective, and the result is thoroughly orderly and competent. Containing little that is new and suggestive, it at the same time avoids the attractive generalisations by which research so often mars its achievements in fitting phenomena to theory.

The period here covered has been ne-

\*English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century. By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

glected apparently because it afforded few high lights. But the author finely points out that, whatever the drama, it has importance because it represents the demand of the people. Despite the limitations of the drama of the past two centuries and a half, he says, it has been linked too closely with the lives and interest of the English people to be dismissed as unworthy of serious notice. Whether comedy laughs with the sins of the Restoration or weeps with the sentimentality of the eighteenth century, it bears the form and pressure of the age; and even when tragedy seems most aloof from human hearts, it won the plaudits of the passing day. Furthermore, the comedy of manners came in this period to its fullest development, tragedy learned to speak prose and to find suffering and sorrow in bourgeois life, and stage-craft and acting steadily developed—the latter, at least, rising to noble heights.

The English drama is itself a drama of national life. Even the multiple Gallic graftings on the stock of Restoration drama left its roots still firmly set in English soil. The re-established stage owed neither its origin nor its initial progress to France; and the novelty of English opera itself seems chiefly attributable to native influences. Always, too, there was conflict between Continental example and English practice.

The failure of the Heroic drama lay in its attempt to achieve the impossible, but the effort in spite of much grotesqueness was not ignoble and echoed faintly an earlier faith in chivalry and love. As tragedy, except for Otway, moved further from ordinary life, comedy came nearer to the only life it presented—that of London fashionable society. It held the boards for many years and powerfully influenced eighteenth century drama, though even Sheridan—its final and finest flower—did not attempt to reproduce its traditional license. The attack of Collier against this license has been over and underestimated. Macaulay is wrong when he says that Collier reformed the stage, and so is modern criti-

cism when it dismisses this attack as a failure. The superficial aspect of drama was not largely altered, but there were many signs of reaction against its immorality. The purging came, however, not through the reform of the old but the advent of the new. While Cibber resolutely turned his back on licentiousness, Steele sought for his feeble *vis comica* the new prop of sentiment. Otway and Southerne had already sentimentalised tragedy; and now the rising tide of sentiment invaded comedy, as it was later to sweep away Richardson and Sterne in the novel. Steele's dictum that laughter is but a distorted passion is proof that sentiment became for his generation the link between comedy and tragedy. Rowe's domesticated and moralising tragedies maintained their vitality well into the nineteenth century, pallidly reviving the Elizabethan tradition, whose "native rage," Addison's Cato sought to chill with the classical restraints of the Continental drama. The French influence derived a new and powerful support from Voltaire, who yet borrowed very freely from Shakespeare. Lillo's crude conception of natural dialogue in his domestic tragedies made a step toward modern realism by breaking the old shackles of verse tragedy, the prestige of which was further shaken by the destructive force of Fielding's burlesques. As tragedy was being moralised, comedy was increasingly sentimentalised. Sentimental comedy proved no less artificial than Restoration comedy, and—as so often has happened in this ticklishly-poised world—the hand that led the way to moral reform led the way to moral decay.

It led to dramatic decay also. The stage was too much concerned with an artificial mechanism of morality to represent life. Besides, both comedy and tragedy were wavering flabbily between respect for the old conventions—Elizabethan or classical—and more modern needs; and all the while Italian opera, pantomime and spectacle, burlesque and farce, were pressing them hard. In the decline of the harassed drama the novel found its opportunity. Only a strong

repertory of stock plays and the genius of some of its actors sustained the theatre. The test of time had already established Shakespeare's supremacy among the earlier dramatists, but Garrick now powerfully confirmed his position. The arbiter of Drury Lane set the fashion decisively. In the tragedies of his era there were few traces of dramatic power; and though the farces of Foote and the comedies of the elder Colman showed glimpses of genuine comic spirit, the players, and not the plays, dominated the Garrick era. As for the sentimental drama, it rose to its height—encouraged by actors who were able to conceal its falsity and mediocrity. It not merely caused the sun to shine on the good and the rain to fall on the unjust, but it made all temporal prosperity the handmaiden of morality. Goldsmith and Sheridan were unable to rid themselves of the sentimentality they attacked. Judged by standards of continued popularity, Sheridan stands second only to Shakespeare.

*A. de Vivier.*

### III

#### C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY'S "THE AGE OF MOTHER-POWER"\*

The first questions that occur to the reader of this book is whether it was worth writing; whether it is very useful that we should inquire into the distant period when woman was enthroned above man, a period so remote that no documents prove its existence; whether a full knowledge thereof is of any practical value. Mrs. Gallichan might reply that no knowledge is sterile and would not be quite wrong; but on the other hand experience in, say, pathology, does not help very much a man who wants to learn to carve wood. But, these ill-natured remarks made, the reader very soon discovers that Mrs. Gallichan has not, after all, wasted her time, for she has managed to suggest through the medium of anthropology a good deal that affects

\*The Age of Mother-Power. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. W. M. Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

what we generally call the Woman Problem.

For the author is not an unreasonable person. She seems to have shed the prejudices supposed to be inherent in her sex and shows herself much fairer than a purely androcratic person, such as Westernmark. The story she has to tell is that of the constitution of the early family and of its evolution into the modern form and, in the first half of the book, she has made of it something so romantic that one reads it almost as a utopia by Mr. Wells—with this difference, that it is probably not a utopia. To summarise her theory briefly, according to Mrs. Gallichan, the earliest grouping of human creatures was a fierce, jealous, solitary male surrounded by females who were, without any distinction of consanguinity, subject to his physical appetites. That, at first sight, was a patriarchal system, but Mrs. Gallichan proceeds with remarkable ingenuity to sketch out the probable psychology of the alleged patriarch. Entirely governed by sex-appetites, jealous, pugnacious and solitary in his harem, he seemed to rule, but the author qualifies his position by suggesting that one man is much less likely to feed twenty women than twenty women to feed one man. That is very important, for it does away with the idea of man's early pacha attitude; if he had to be fed he became a dependent, so that his physical power availed him little. Thence springs the conclusion that all government, administration and domestic artistry fell into the hands of women, who formed a sort of Socialistic republic under the sway of a purely constitutional head.

Mrs. Gallichan then leads us further; she shows that the sons, expelled by the jealous patriarch, formed similar and hostile communities by stealing wives—or being stolen by them, for Mrs. Gallichan will not have it that woman is passive in love, as to which the writer will not commit himself in this short article. But she conceives, and she is probably right, that at some period mother-love gained for sons the right to remain within the