

translation at all), or else an attempt to put into English, idioms which no Englishman would ever use. There are even "bureaus" where this kind of thing is done, and where Anatole France's prose is put into English at very much the same rate per hour as is paid to an expert wall-painter. It is in the essence of good translation that it should read as though it had been written in the English tongue, and as though the translator had not suffered the slightest bewilderment by his constant reference to a foreign language. Judged by this standard, the translation before us is successful. It does, indeed, betray upon almost every page the fact that there was a German original, but it does not do so offensively, and compared with the translation of Monsieur de Nolhac's *Marie Antoinette*, or the more recent translation of the first volume of M. Hanotaux, it is perfectly satisfactory.

The work itself is remarkable especially for accuracy and for volume, and to this may be added that anyone writing under the conditions enjoyed by the author, had exceptional advantages. It may be said with truth that one half of the history of France between 1757 and 1832 can only be written at Vienna, and the study and publication of the Viennese archives has this further interest, that they still contain much that is unknown, and that, unlike those of Madrid, only scholars or trained officials have hitherto dealt with them. They have therefore given us in the last generation, from the famous work of Arneth down to this volume, a series of really valuable monographs and editions.

Although the style does not attempt vividness, the advantage of such a scholarship is apparent throughout the work. For example, the portrait of Neipperg upon page 120 will make many people understand for the first time the influence which he acquired over Marie Louise. It will not, perhaps, explain how a daughter of the Hapsburgs and a woman who had been Napoleon's could openly take a lover of lower rank within a few years of her disasters; nothing could explain that but a knowledge of Marie Louise herself, and an acquaintance with her long, foolish, ill-governed face; but that Neipperg should have been the one out of many, this book enables us to understand.

So again, with the details of that somewhat repulsive character of Marie Louise herself, the book is extraordinarily useful. The perpetual tawdry commonplaces of her correspondence, and the sort of "lowness" which seems fatally attached to monarchy, remain clear in the midst of so many quotations. Napoleon, dying, had desired that his heart should be taken to Parma; she refused to receive it, and it is on this account that it reposes in Paris to-day.

The larger lines remain much the same as history has already established them, and that supreme comedy in which we see all the princes of Europe and their diplomats re-establishing the old régime (and themselves) after Leipsig, and then again after Waterloo, comes out in these pages very brilliantly and sharply. It is perhaps the most astonishing of all contemporary phenomena, that with an example like that before our eyes, an example which our fathers actually saw, and concerning which men whom we can remember have spoken as eye-witnesses, we should indulge as we do in prophecy. To any man who tells us what the British Empire, or Europe, or economic society will be in fifty years (and every journalist tells us something about it every day), the single name of Metternich should be enough to impose silence. Or again, consider Wellington moving heaven and earth to prevent Napoleon's son from acquiring the nominal kingship of an Italian principality, the very name of which the present generation has forgotten!

It would be well to close this rapid notice of a unique and most valuable monograph by remarking that in the first place, considerable new matter has been added, and even one or two new drawings, notably that charming sketch of the little boy as an Austrian sergeant, which is to be seen opposite page 380, and in the second place, to put before the reader an example of the care with which the whole book has been put together.

Here are a dozen lines from page 409, describing the beginning of the last illness:—

"He started to go home on foot, but his strength failed him, and he fell in the public street. The immediate consequences of this foolish escapade were a violent fever and cough. As

may be imagined, these symptoms caused great anxiety. On the evening of April 14, Malfatti held a consultation with the doctors Wirer and Raimann. The next morning all three physicians visited the Prince. From this consultation Malfatti drew some hopes of the invalid's recovery, and wished to send him to the Baths of Ischl as soon as the favourable time of the year should arrive. He sent to Marie Louise the highly comforting news that he would guarantee the complete recovery of her child."

In this brief excerpt there are no less than five references to three of the numerous authorities upon which the work is built up, notably Prokesch.

Finally, if the reader desire an example of all the qualities of the book, its scholarship, its heaviness, its minute accuracies, its occasional additions of new facts, some of them of importance, and at the same time desire to appreciate how far the translation has been successful, he cannot do better than glance at the following passage describing the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, pp. 418-419. It is perhaps the most characteristic in the book.

"Malfatti now began to observe that after a violent bout of coughing and expectoration the pulse became very weak. In case the oppression should return, he ordered fomentations and blisters. At ten o'clock, as though his vitality had rallied, the Duke asked Baron Moll if his carriage was ready for the journey to Naples, and was almost angry when the latter replied that Koller, the coachbuilder, would have to mend the vehicle. But the difficulty with which he spoke and the long pauses between the words were symptoms that the end was near. As Moll did not actually expect the final catastrophe would occur before the following day, at midnight he retired to the next room with the idea of taking a few hours' rest. In the absence of his mother, who was asleep, and of Moll, who was worn out, the patient was left alone with the valet Lambert. At about 4 a.m. (July 22nd) Lambert awoke Moll with the news that the Duke was at his last gasp. The Baron hastened to the sick-room in time to catch the words, 'I am sinking! I am sinking!' They then raised the Prince, and the sudden movement seemed to relieve the suffocation, which returned, however, with renewed violence. In a weary and broken voice he cried: 'Call my mother! Call my mother! Clear the table; I want nothing more!' This cry for his mother reverberates in our ears; a cry which will never be silenced; it affects us like a reproachful warning, like a bitter, poignant accusation. All the world stood by his cradle—his death-bed was deserted even by his own mother. In the poorest hovel there could be no lonelier passing away!"

H. BELLOC.

ANDREW MARVELL.*

The name of Marvell "sounds sweet and has a fine relish for the ear." Mr. Birrell, whose own name ends with the selfsame three letters and the same vowel sound, sets out gallantly to justify this proposition. Charles Lamb, if we remember rightly, contended that both Drayton and Marvell had a more caressing and enticing sound to him than even the name of Shakespeare; but this was one of the paradoxes which Hazlitt reproved as of the "Occult School"—*verè adepti*. The interpretation of a "relish" is a task which has its risks and its perils, but what will not so clever a writer as Mr. Birrell succeed in accomplishing? He writes admirably and evenly. It is always a pleasure to follow the measured tread of his periods, and the leaps and somersaults of wit by which he sportively diversifies them, and which prove conclusively that he has the back trick as well as any man in Illyria. When there is nothing particular to say about Marvell as a man of letters, he has abundant material at hand—the loose change of wit—always ready wherewith to entertain us. A carping critic might apply to a book of seventy-five thousand words upon Marvell what the "Great Cham" said of Goldsmith's "Life of Parnell," that the only thing it lacked was material. The better demonstration does it afford of what may be done by sitting down doggedly to a thing, and no one can accuse Mr. Birrell of being deficient in the bow-wow manner. We will confess that we read through the book once without getting any very clear idea of Marvell as a man at all, but thinking that after the manner of Foote he might have jumped over our head and eluded us unawares, we commenced again, and read a good part of it a second time, but with little better success. He is a sly fellow, this Marvell, and when you think you have got him in a corner he is gone again. Nor do we like the look of him altogether as revealed in the frontispiece to Mr. Aitken's edition of the "Poems"—there is surely something too much of the Puritan in love-locks, or

* "English Men of Letters." Andrew Marvell. By Augustine Birrell. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

the square-toed Cavalier about his physiognomy. Or can the suggestion of duplicity be merely an inference from the fact that the same skilful pen inscribed a poem that drew tears from the eyes of devout believers in the Royal Martyr of Blessed Memory, served Cromwell diligently as secretary, wrote a cool letter to his constituents describing the digging up of his "carkass" to be "hanged up for a while," and secretly elaborated the grossest libels against Charles II., a swarthy man above two yards high, but not quite so egregiously black as he is commonly represented. There is much to entertain us concerning Marvell as an adroit pamphleteer, a mordant satirist of the high and dry churchmen and courtiers, as sub-secretary in Milton's room, and as a hard-working M.P. for Hull, who indited a news-letter to his constituents and drew his 6s. 8d. per-day as wages, in addition to occasional largesse of salmon and hogsheds of ale.

There is a great deal in substantiation of the share that Marvell had in all these activities as well as in the capacity of Lord Carlisle's secretary in his embassy to Moscow in 1664, when he took part in a Gargantuan dinner which lasted from two o'clock until eleven, when it was prematurely ended by the Czar's nose beginning to bleed. His claim to literary remembrance lies in quite another direction. It seems to us to be practically concentrated in the circumstance that he wrote a few lyrics of a peculiar charm; or, as Mr. Birrell puts it succinctly, "in the whole compass of our poetry there is nothing quite like Marvell's love of gardens and woods, of meads and rivers and birds," in confirmation of which he quotes the most delightful verses commencing

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curb me about, you gadding vines."

We should like, we will admit, to have had the comparative position of Marvell made a little more plain. Garden poetry was not exactly a new thing in his day. Mr. Sieveking's book in "Praise of Gardens" is an almost exclusively prose selection, but it would be an interesting task to trace garden-verse-craft to a source higher up. The lilt of Marvell's octosyllabic verse has so much in common with Carew's, and Waller's, and Denham's and Cowley's (all of it preserving in a large measure the accents of the old Elizabethan songsters), that one cannot help wondering whether the distinctiveness of Marvell's "niche" has not been a little overrated. It is true that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" goes to rather an extreme (in an otherwise excellent article) in omitting all mention of Marvell's lyrics whatsoever. But the rare felicities of Marvell in such poems as "Bermudas" and "To his Coy Mistress" strike one as the result rather of fortunate craftsmanship and conscious imitation than of the inspiration of genius. The same might be applied to Carew, Waller, or Suckling, but not to Herrick, Crashaw, or Herbert. Mr. Birrell has carefully recorded Marvell's triumphal entry into the sacred enclosures of the anthologists, but he has done little to indicate the intimate influence which Marvell exercised over the poetry of Charles Lamb, a subject which has been touched upon with discernment by M. Derocquigny in his "Charles Lamb, Sa Vie et ses Oeuvres." The prose style of Marvell is commended by Mr. Birrell as that of an honest man who has something to say. This will please the historian of Charles II., to whom the name of Marvell already has a grateful sound, but it will scarcely excite the general reader.

The admission of a man of Marvell's stature into the company of the "English Men of Letters" seems to indicate more plainly than any previous admission the progressive lowering of the standard. Inclusion in the series can no longer be regarded as a criterion of a great English author. Suggestions appear to be by way of being "fired in" almost at haphazard. Marvell might well be succeeded by George Gascoigne or John Gay, or—why not?—Ambrose Philips, who wrote some charming octosyllabics. We should hesitate to contradict a rumour that a biographer had been found for the gifted authoress of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." The smallness of a shrimp or a sprat is only enhanced when it is inserted in a tank designed to accommodate a royal sturgeon. The style is thus maintained while the standard is diminished, and as it seems to us rather prematurely, for there are some deep-sea fishes that have not as yet been exhibited at all—to mention but three: Ben Jonson, Tobias Smollett, and William Blake. All these

have affected the course of English literature far more than most of the names included in the new additions to this once exceptionally homogeneous series.

Mr. Birrell's monograph will, we think, appeal more woefully to the seventeenth-century student than to the general reader. With library lore and with historico-biographical research it is replete to an extent foreign to most of its recent associates; that it is full of *obiter dicta* every familiar reader of Mr. Birrell may rest confidently assured. Particularly interesting to us is Mr. Birrell's theory that "the best argument for a married clergy is to be found in the sixty-seven volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' . . . England without the sons of her clergy would be shorn of half her glory." The events of the last fortnight afford an opportune corroboration of this theory; but one is also reminded of Dr. Johnson's view that the best security for a poor parson was the possession of an orchard, wherewith he could bring up a family "very reputably" on "apple dumplings." Coleridge, the son of a poor parson, was an enthusiast for these cates. George III. began eating them too late in life. But here is a clue which might evidently be followed up with advantage by some of our social and educational philosophers. In the cable of educational reform which "Kappa" and Mr. Wells are so skilfully forging an important link may be supplied by the peptic apple dumpling.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"MR. LION OF LONDON."*

Scene I.—*St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.*

It is a wet and windy day in September. Mr. Lion drives up. "What name, sir?" inquires the tail porter who has opened the cab door. "Lion—Mr. Lion, of London." Mr. Lion, of London, is informed that the numbers of his rooms are 33, 34, 35, and the way to them is indicated; whereon he asks, "Had I—er—not better—er—pay something in advance?" "Not at all," is the reply. To his rooms Mr. Lion, of London, goes, shedding half-crown ups in profusion.

Scene II.—*The Same.*

Mr. Lion, of London, is ensconced in his rooms. "The dream of my life," he murmurs. He dons evening dress. "Better order something for the good of the house," he says to himself, smiling pleasantly. "The dream of my life," says Mr. Lion, of London, again, as he dips into the latest Society novel, and sips the '89 champagne brought by the waiter.

Scene III.—*The Same.*

Mr. Lion, in evening dress, is at dinner in the coffee-room of the hotel. Mr. Lion, of London, after some consideration, orders a bottle of green chartreuse. The hotel staff deduce that they have a humorist to deal with. "The dream of my life," murmurs Mr. Lion, of London. "Luxury and extravagance," says he, after shedding many more half-crowns.

In the dead of night he awakes suddenly, saying, "No, my little man, I don't keep them at three for a ha'penny."

Scene IV.—*The Same.*

At dinner next day Mr. Lion, of London, meets Mr. Paul Remington, who kindly suggests that Mr. Lion, being "of London," knows well Claridge's, the Carlton, the Cecil, and the Savoy. "Quite so, quite so," says Mr. Lion, of London, a little hurriedly. Mr. Lion, of London, invites Mr. Remington to dine with him the following night at the private room of Mr. Lion, of London, in the St. Enoch Hotel. The invitation is accepted, and during the following fortnight Remington dines often with Mr. Lion, of London. It turns out that Remington, understood by Mr. Lion, of London, to be a person of vast wealth, is a ruined man. "A hundred pounds or so," says Remington to Mr. Lion, of London, "would have pulled me round the corner and made me richer than ever I was. However, it's all over now, and I leave to-morrow afternoon."

That night a hundred and thirty pounds are left in the hotel bedroom of Mr. Remington, "with best wishes from Mr. Lion, of London."

* "Mr. Lion of London." By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)