

named Barron, he offered him the hand, the heart, the eyes, and the blood of a child; but even this was fruitless. The popular impression respecting him was that he killed pregnant women, and children, in order with their blood to write conjurations, and Monstrelet informs us that he confessed to eight score such murders; but on his trial the only instance of necromantic bloodshed was this single case.

His crimes, in fact, were of a darker hue. There are some subjects so repulsive that one hesitates even to allude to them. To minister to his depraved appetites, children were brought to him, who were promptly put to death to secure secrecy; and he found a delirious delight in watching their death-agonies, which he skilfully prolonged by mangling them with his own hand. In the present age we might hesitate to admit such possibilities in human nature but for remembering the passionate eagerness with which the Roman Senators and matrons watched criminals torn limb from limb by the beasts in the arena, and the voluptuous excitement which Tiberius and Nero and Claudius found in witnessing human suffering. It is consoling to reflect that such survival becomes rarer in the development of the race, although the crowds which still gather to witness a hanging, show that the brutish instincts are not yet extinct.

The Church alone could assail a man who stood at the head of the baronage of Brittany, and who was allied with all the most powerful feudatories. Fortunately it was the interest of both Church and State to destroy him, for Jean de Malestroit, Bishop of Nantes, as well as Duke Jean, had been a purchaser of his lands, and both might well desire to see him out of the way. In the summer of 1440 the Bishop commenced a secret inquest against him; but though his purveyors had been enticing children from all the land, so well had his hideous secrets been kept that nothing but vague conjectures could be elicited against him. In September, however, he was arrested with his confidential retainers, from whom it was easy, by means of torture, to obtain the requisite avowals. The trial was as remarkable as any of the other incidents in the culprit's career. At first he haughtily refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop and inquisitor, and insulted them in the grossest terms. Then, suddenly, in the interval between October 13 and 15, he submitted, and became as anxious as his prosecutors to publish the fullest confession of his iniquities. His character, in fact, affords a curious subject for the psychological student. He was a devout son of the Church, regular in its observances, and extremely solicitous about his salvation. In all his projected compacts with Satan he had carefully inserted a clause that he should not suffer in body or soul. He repeatedly proposed to wipe out his sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. After his confession, when he had nothing further to hope on earth, he exhorted the crowd to hold fast to the Church and to pay her the highest honor; he had always done so himself, but for which he believed that, in view of his crimes, Satan would have strangled him and carried him off, body and soul. We can only conjecture that, seeing conviction inevitable, he impulsively rushed to the end in the full belief that, through the ministrations of the Church, his sins would be forgiven; and thenceforth he manifested the most profound assurance that he should pass at once to the great joys of Paradise without even the probation of Purgatory.

When sentenced, as a heretic and murderer, to be hanged and burned, he made but two requests—one that the clergy of Nantes, on the day of execution, should make a solemn procession to pray God to keep him assured of salvation; the other that two of his servants, condemned to die, should suffer with him, that he might set them

the example of a good death, and that their salvation might not be imperilled by anger through supposing that he was to escape. Both prayers were granted, and the morrow saw the extraordinary spectacle of the whole population of Nantes, who had been clamoring for his blood, marching through the streets, singing and praying God for him. On the road to the gallows and stake he assured his servants that, as soon as their souls left their bodies, they should all meet in Paradise, and all three made a most edifying end. His body was not permitted to be consumed in the flames, and was honored with a magnificent funeral in the Carmelite church, where lay the dukes and all that was most illustrious in Brittany; but to this day the peasant who approaches at dusk his ruined castles of Tiffauges or Machecoul, crosses himself and crouches past with bated breath.

Such is the dramatic story which the Abbé Bossard has treated from documents which, though consulted by former historians, now for the first time see the light. His work is a model of all which such a book ought not to be. A subject requiring treatment of the severest dignity and reticence has been adorned with false rhetoric and padded out with platitudes, in addition to occasional careless inaccuracy. In spite of the tragedy which he relates, there is one passage which irresistibly impels a smile, when the fact that the Church punished relentlessly the invocation of demon forces him to pause and argue that the swindles of the Marshal's necromancers were probably real. Fortunately, the unaffected learning of his collaborator, M. Maulde, who supplies the interesting documents printed in the appendix, furnishes a corrective of the Abbé's one-sided performance.

The Memorial History of Hartford County, Connecticut, 1633-1884. Edited by J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D. 2 vols. Boston: Edward L. Osgood. 1886.

THIS coöperative history bears a close external resemblance to the same class of works issued under Mr. Justin Winsor's editorship, such as the 'Memorial History of Boston' and the 'Narrative and Critical History of America.' It is handsomely printed, and is abundantly illustrated with maps, views, portraits, and facsimiles. Its readability varies not only with the theme and the writer, but with the scheme, which in the second volume consists of an alphabetical treatment of the towns of the county, while the first volume is given up to broad discussions—of the geology, aborigines, settlement, organization, etc., down to prominent business men. The genealogical data which we are accustomed to expect in the ordinary county history are here wanting, except in connection with the account of Windsor.

The small territory under review had less than the highest claims to be so copiously and sumptuously commemorated. Other parts of New England have a much better title to distinction—other parts even of Connecticut, though in Hartford County the first beginning of civil government was made, in the spring of 1636. The settlement along the river towns by the dissatisfied emigrants from the Bay colony has all the historic significance for the county at large which belongs to New England's growth and development. Considered in itself, as a protest against the interference with individual liberty arising from the theocratic constitution of the Puritan State, the new plantation does not possess much importance, seeing that the ascendancy of liberal political and theological ideas has been less marked in Connecticut than in Massachusetts. Nevertheless, the story of their relations is part of the necessary reading of any student of the

rise of either commonwealth, and is told in a very attractive manner by the Rev. I. N. Tarbox, the corypheus of the associated writers, among whom Miss Mary K. Talcott has also a prominent part. In our brief comments we shall confine ourselves rather to matters curious than polemical.

Jonathan Edwards and Noah Webster stand near the head of the famous natives of Hartford County, among whom, besides Wolcotts and Ellsworths, were also John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat; Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver; Sylvester Graham, of dietetic notoriety; Elihu Burritt; J. G. Percival, the poet; Mrs. Emma Willard, best remembered by her "Rock-ed in the Cradle of the Deep," etc. Among the founders were ancestors of Aaron Burr, Horatio Seymour, Henry Ward Beecher, and Gen. Grant. A noticeably large number of immigrants have lent lustre to the county, particularly in the domain of letters, from John Trumbull and Joel Barlow to "Peter Parley," Mrs. Stowe, and "Mark Twain." Dr. Horace Wells, over whom the ether controversy is again revived, came from Hartford, Vt.; and apropos of the medical profession, Dr. Wainwright gives some entertaining particulars. He is unable to decide whether the "opening Kellies child" recompensed to Dr. Rosseter in 1662-3 by the Court was an ante-mortem or post-mortem operation; if the latter, then it was the first recorded autopsy in New England. Physicians were formally invited to settle, like clergymen. "Dr. Primus," an ex-slave and assistant of Dr. Wolcott, acquired a reputation for skill worthy of his master; and much later, 1850-53, a clergyman's sister, "Miss Doctor Lucy," proved a homœopathic practitioner of ability, though without diploma or regular medical training. In Hartford County, by the way, was formed the first homœopathic medical society in the State.

Tobacco has been grown in the county ever since its settlement, and the local crop is fifteen per cent. of the State's total. It was early made the subject of "protection," and "any person who should 'drink' any tobacco, except such as was grown within the liberties, was fined five pounds." But seven years later (1647):

"No person under twenty shall take tobacco, unless he is already used to it, or can bring certificate of a physician that it is useful to him. . . . No man shall take tobacco publically in the street, nor in the fields or woods, unless on a journey of ten miles, or at the ordinary time of repast called dinner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other," etc.

The Rev. Nathan Strong's "earlier ministry was complicated by business transactions of a rather questionable and embarrassing character," he having bankrupted himself, in short, in a distillery traffic, and only by courtesy being spared a lodging in jail for debt. The jail in Hartford, we observe, in passing, was on the same square with the stocks, the whipping-post, and the meeting-house of the first congregation. In 1774 the prisoners in Trumbull Street jail petitioned for an extension of the jail limits, because the abominable state of the roads kept the charitable from having ready access to them.

Schools do not cut much of a figure in this chronicle. The libraries, however, are noteworthy in number, excellence, and correlation (or concerted differentiation) in growth and use. The industrial and financial chapters and sections possess a high degree of interest. An amusing incident relates to one-day brass clocks. The inventor, Chauncey Jerome, in 1842 sent Epaphroditus Peck to England to introduce them there:

"Mr. Peck found the cheapness and small size of his clocks the greatest obstacle to their sale, dealers thinking these a sufficient proof of their worthlessness. The British Government, suspecting the low valuation which was put upon

them at the custom-house to be fraudulent, confiscated the first cargo, paying therefor, in accordance with the custom-house regulations, the importer's valuation with 10 per cent. addition. Mr. Jerome, well pleased to sell his clocks by the cargo, sent another load, which was seized on the same terms. A third cargo was allowed to pass, and, after much trouble, was sold in small quantities."

The axes made in the town of Collins, to the number of 15,000,000, "are known and used all over the world." In Manchester are made the best American silks.

In the insurance business Hartford leads the country, and has been the seat of many extraordinary experiments. There was the American Temperance Life Insurance Co., which virtually involved taking the pledge. There was the Live Stock Insurance Co., which came to a disastrous end by reason of the opportunities for fraud, and of which nothing remains but "experience." A pattern for the engraved seal, in the possession of a director who sunk \$10,000, "is proudly pointed to by its owner as the second costliest picture ever in Hartford." There was, even as late as 1855, a business of slave and coolie insurance, which suffered from causes like those which wrecked the Live Stock Co. It shows the mutability of earthly things that, being told of the reorganization of the damaged Charter Oak Life Insurance Co., with Geo. M. Bartholomew president and C. E. Willard secretary, we are assured that "under their able and upright management several millions have been returned to policyholders, and the final dissolution retarded far longer than was once thought possible." The subscription-book business, in which Hartford is preëminent, also invites a few words here, but we must conclude.

Memorials of Washington and of Mary, his Mother, and Martha, his Wife. From Letters and Papers of Robert Cary and James Sharples. By James Walter; Retired Major 4th Lanc. Art., etc., etc. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 362.

THIS book, valuable in itself, but aggravating on account of its lack of order, is issued doubtless to call attention to a most interesting collection of portraits now making the tour of the United States for exhibition and possible purchase. It seems that James Sharples, whose pastel portraits of distinguished Americans about the years 1795-1798 are treasured for their evident faithfulness, was sent over to America by Robert Cary, who was the English agent, friend, and admirer of Washington. The artist was commissioned to paint a portrait of the President, and he performed his task well, by securing two portraits of Washington from life, as well as one of Mrs. Washington. Incidentally he made a few sketches of other American ladies and brought these back to England, unfinished. He was also probably intrusted with a torn and disfigured canvas—being the portrait of Washington's mother, painted by an English officer named Middleton—to see what could be done by the restorers in London.

Sharples's widow seems to have retained all of these pictures after his death, and to have sold them to Robert Cary or his brother. Mary Washington's portrait was restored by Edward Bird, R.A., and MacIse renovated and finished the female heads. How much the present pictures owe to the later brushes cannot be told, probably; and yet, if the original sketches reached such a stage as would have allowed Sharples to finish them from memory in England, it may be conceded that Bird or MacIse had ground enough for faithful work.

We may, then, cheerfully acknowledge the real value of the Washington pictures, the more readi-

ly because the autotypes bear out the story. The portraits are not only good, but they are satisfying to the imagination—more so, perhaps, than Stuart's or any other likeness of Washington. For example, contrast this portrait of Mary Washington with the one in Mr. Lossing's recent book. It is dimly shadowed forth in this book that these pictures can be bought. If so, Congress ought to attend to this affair promptly, recognizing that they are invaluable and that their possession is a national enrichment. The pedigree of the pictures seems to be well established, since they have always remained in some branch of the Cary family. They have been known as existent by many Americans, they have been seen in their English custody by many eminent connoisseurs, and they have twice been exhibited in this country.

We regret exceedingly that the labor of preparing this history has not fallen into better hands. Evidently the letters of Sharples, printed consecutively and in their integrity, would be a precious chapter in the memoirs of the period. The story of the Carys and their relation with Washington would be readable. The testimonies here copied to the value of the portraits are appropriate and worthy of preservation. But all is obscured and almost lost in the hands of the present editor. We hope some one who can tell a straightforward story will yet have access to these treasures.

The name of Sharples or Sharpless recalls the fact that many of his pastel drawings—the artist's originals, so to speak, from which he worked—were preserved "down South." A large number of them were cut from their frames, and the prized bundle buried, owing to the fear of an inroad of troops during the Rebellion. When recovered it was found that there were the frames inscribed with names, but no one had thought to mark the pictures. Identification was thus only conjectural, and though many were so recovered, a very considerable number were not. For some years the portrait of the wife of Judge Cushing figured as Martha Washington, the critics accepting a youthful matron of thirty in place of one of nearly seventy years.

We can only add that the autotypes are charming, and fully justify every would-be purchaser of the book in disregarding the text, and in finding the value of his money in the illustrations and in such facts as he can dig out for himself.

Skat: the German Game of Cards. B. Westermann & Co.

AT Coblenz, where the Moselle River empties into the Rhine, the yellow floods of the tributary are for miles distinguishable from the blue-green waters of the "coupe des nations," as Lamartine calls the German river. Similarly, German social life, with its pastimes and characteristics, remains a distinct feature in this cosmopolitan city of New York, into which the stream of immigration empties its floods of Germans year after year. They become Americans soon enough, politically, commercially, industrially; and Karl, Heinrich, and Hans are Charley, Harry, and John before they have mastered the language into which they are so eager to translate their names. But the best of them, the well educated and gentlemanly, with no anarchist bent or other disqualification, do not socially enter into the American life, as a rule, for a generation. Neither do Americans take cognizance of the real social characteristics of their new brethren in politics. Of course, the well-to-do of both nationalities meet on a footing of social equality at receptions, parties, and balls; but who finds social pleasure where there is as little occasion for asserting one's individuality as there is elbow-room? A large number of Americans attend the Liederkrantz

balls and can be met at the homes of wealthy Germans. But these, in a great measure, have long ago divested themselves of the really characteristic home *agrément*s of the Fatherland, and care little to do missionary work in opening up to Americans a vista of the health-pleasures and the intimate social life of the German household. Indubitably the German *Gemüth* does lend a charm to the enjoyment of life in the home circle, for there can be nothing more thoroughly enjoyable than a German *Polterabend*, Sylvester-night amusements, and the *Julklapp* at the Christmas tree—which latter, as well as Moltke, has conquered even the hereditary enemy. We do not, of course, refer to the loud-mouthed *Gemüthlichkeit* of the ordinary and extraordinary *Kneipgenie*, which the average American is too apt to consider the characteristic of the German.

The late Friedrich Kapp, indeed, was inclined to advise his countrymen to shuffle off as soon as possible the German coil, and become Americans on landing here. One may be allowed to think, however, that the flavor of foreignness which an educated German diffuses in American homes is far from disagreeable to equally well-bred Americans, and that, meeting as social peers, either should assimilate what is best in the other—that the yellow Moselle should merge in the blue Rhine and vice versa—because nobody is so perfect, individual or nation, as not to find something worth learning from another. If, as Goethe maintained, mastering a foreign language doubles one's individuality, how much more valuable would be the full knowledge of another *Volksseele*, as it manifests itself in its most intimate social life.

To come to our point, the card game of Skat is a feature of great magnitude in German social life, at the fireside, and in the *Stammkneipe*, in whose dingy circumference his Excellency, the Privy Councillor, the Professor of Pehlevi, the General of the Army, and the merchant prince, as well as the *dii minorum gentium*, meet at their *Stammtisch* for a game of Skat. While this country is given up to lawn-tennis and other English sports, the great German community have so far not exerted themselves to bring their favorite pastime before the Americans, and the little pamphlet whose title we give above, is, we believe, the first attempt in this direction, and consequently possesses greater importance and significance than its slender size would betoken. Skat is a power in German life. Even Wilhelmine Buchholz became one of its devotees at the first sitting, albeit in the uncongenial company of her son-in-law and his doctor friend, who explained its principles to her, withholding, however, as she asserts, the best tricks and slyest devices for their own advantage. But winning a Grand without four Matadors sweetens for her the dire confession that the card devil had secured a new victim.

A Budget of Letters from Japan. By A. C. MacLay. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

WHETHER to take the advice of one's friends or enemies as to the publication of a book, is a question to be pondered. A true friend in such a time of need is hard to find, for the flattering relative or acquaintance is likely to be more of an enemy than a heartless critic. Judicial impartiality, most needed by a new author, is a commodity difficult to obtain, and is not usually wanted by those who need it. The truthful critic, though following a noble calling, is rarely appreciated by the public or by those criticised.

Mr. MacLay went out to Japan in 1873, at the age of twenty, and became a teacher in the schools of Japan at Hirosaki, Tokio, and Kioto, and returned home when but twenty-four. He