

air castles; but their projects remain paper projects if Congress looms up defiant and controlling.

If it be urged that this action of Congress applies only to the second class of treaties, we may admit it without argument. The controlling power of Congress is more evident in the second class, where a treaty is suspended until legislative action gives effect to its provisions; but the power of Congress over treaties of the first class is not less real because less obvious, for a treaty is only a law at best, and Congress may repeal or abrogate it at its pleasure, provided the majority overcomes an interposed vote. The instant a treaty of the first class requires money for its execution, the House of Representatives assumes control.

But, even in the first class, there is, as Mr. Butler admits, a protection against the sovereign exercise of this sovereign power, a check ever existing and not lightly to be trifled with, namely, the fundamental principles, the genius or spirit, of our institutions. The doctrine that the spirit of free institutions has something to do with the letter of the law was not unheard in England, where the courts have never undertaken to set aside acts of Parliament in the manner with which we are familiar. Three statements (dicta they should properly be called), follow: "Where an act of Parliament," says Lord Coke, "is against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, the common law will control it, and adjudge it to be void." Lord Hobart's dictum is well known: "Even an act of Parliament made against natural equity, as to make a man judge in his own case, is void in itself"; and Lord Holt at a much later day referred with approbation to the language just quoted. If it be remembered that the lawyers of the Revolution were familiar with and quoted these dicta, it is seen that mere law as such, without restraint, did not find favor in their sight.

Mr. Butler informs us that the Supreme Court has never set aside a treaty as in excess of power; but it is evident that the Supreme Court claims that the treaty-making power is subject to some control and supervision other than the whim of a President and two-thirds of the Senate present at the vote, as appears sufficiently from the following citation:

"The treaty power, as expressed in the Constitution, is in terms unlimited except by those restraints which are found in that instrument against the action of the Government or of its departments, and those arising from the nature of the Government itself, and of that of the States. It would not be contended that it extends so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the Government or in that of one of the States, or a cession of any portion of the territory of the latter, without its consent. But, with these exceptions, it is not perceived that there is any limit to the questions which can be adjusted touching any matter which is properly the subject of negotiation with a foreign country." (Geoffery vs. Riggs, 133 U. S. 258, 1890.)

The reports contain many like statements; but inasmuch as the question has never arisen for judicial construction, such statements are, as Mr. Butler says, mere dicta. His statement, to the contrary, supported as it is by publicists and politicians, cannot be given greater weight; nor can the academic opinion or dictum of

a text-book be held to wipe out a line of oft-repeated doctrine. Moreover, judicial dicta have in many cases been the basis of decisions in later and carefully considered judgments. The dicta of Marshall, C. J., in *Marbury vs. Madison* (1 Cranch 137) and *Brown vs. Maryland* (12 Wheaton 419) have been bodily incorporated into later decisions of the court. And it may be said generally that the dictum of a learned and careful judge often carries more weight than the decision of many a court.

In the reviewer's opinion, the treaty-making power was conferred upon the Federal Government by express Constitutional delegation, and in that delegation all powers incidental to its exercise were included. It does not seem necessary, for the purpose of the treaty-making power, to consider the vexed question elaborately discussed in Part I., whether the United States is, or are, a sovereign nation, for by express provision the general Government is supreme or sovereign in foreign affairs, so far as the individual States are concerned. Mr. Butler considers this sovereignty of fundamental importance in the government of the Territories and "dependencies." This, likewise, seems a question of municipal, and not of international law, for the right to govern and regulate vests in the Government by direct Constitutional delegation. Article iv., section iii., clause 2 says: "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." Can it be doubted that the Congress is limited in its exercise of this power by the Constitution which conveys the power?

Mr. Butler's book is in one sense a brief for expansion and imperialism. Now expansion is, it would seem, a mixed question of expediency and constitutional power, and not one of European international law. It is no part of our problem whether a European sovereign nation, such as Great Britain, could hold and legislate for Porto Rico and the Philippines. The question is, Does the United States under the Constitution have the power? International law is indeed binding upon the United States (*The Paquete Habana*, 175 U. S. 677, at p. 700), but it is the international law applicable to our situation; and if resort be made to "the works of jurists and commentators," it is not for the "speculations of their authors concerning what the law ought to be, but for trustworthy evidence of what the law really is." The Constitution recognizes international law, but the constitutional right exists to modify the traditional international law of Europe. It would seem that the question of power over the Territories and dependencies of the United States is a mere municipal matter, or, if one of international law, then of international law as existing and modified by our Constitution.

Part II., the historical review of the treaty-making power, is admirably done, and no exception can be well taken to this division of the work. Part III., dealing with the judicial construction of the power, is excellent. We must, however, for the reasons above set forth, take exception to the conclusion that the treaty-making power is, legally speaking, untrammelled. Volume i. abstracts the *Insular Cases*, with the Constitution of the United

States not inaptly relegated to a second place; volume ii. contains a careful alphabetical summary of all treaties and conventions of the United States concluded with foreign Powers. The ample index places the entire contents at the reader's disposal, and the typographical slips, as regards names, figures, and dates, are singularly few. The book as a whole is not only an exceedingly valuable and timely contribution to international and constitutional law, but is also the first adequate and scientific treatise on the treaty-making power of the United States. The States-rights school does "still persist," as Mr. Butler rightly states (vol. i., p. 23), and there are not a few, including four eminently respected justices of the Supreme Court, who have the "temerity to affirm" "that our Government has in any way exceeded, or is exceeding, its powers either in acquiring or in governing our new possessions" (vol. i., p. 41). They likewise feel that a denial of justice as safeguarded by the Constitution is a much more serious thing than a denial that the United States is, or are, technically a sovereign nation, to deny which, says Mr. Butler, "is to assert that the United States is not a completely sovereign Power, and therefore is not entitled to rank as one of the great sovereign Powers of the world; this indeed would be a mortifying position for a country with over seventy-five million inhabitants and a territorial area of over three million square miles."

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

When an author has already printed five volumes of poems, the chance is that "all he cares to preserve"—as prefaces say—will be, as in the case of Mr. Arthur Symonds, two tolerably substantial octavos entitled 'Poems' (Lane). What will be his rule of selection is harder to say, but after a man of rare gifts has spent the prime of his life in putting the spirit of Verlaine into English verse, he must pay the penalty of his instruction. When he classes himself, for instance, with a rat nailed to a granary floor (ii., 125), or his soul with dog's meat, as in the following verses, it is hard for the reader not to take him at his own word (ii., 134, 135).

THE DOGS.

My desires are upon me like dogs, I beat them back
Yet they yelp upon my track;
And I know that my soul one day shall lie at their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

My soul walks robed in white where the saints sing psalms,
Among the lilies and palms,
Beholding the face of God through the radiant bars
Of the heavenly gate of stars;
The robes of my soul are whiter than snow, she sings
Praise of immortal things;
Yet still she listens, still, in the night, she hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears.

I have prayed, God has heard; I have prayed to him, he has heard;
But he has not spoken a word;
My soul walks robed in white among lilies and palms,
And she hears the triumphing psalms;
But louder than all, by day and by night, she hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears;
And I know that my soul shall one day lie at their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

In general, the measure of this poet's self-objurgations is so strong that the severest critic may sometimes be tempted to praise as art what he cannot commend

in spirit, as in a poem so tender and thoughtful as this, for instance (ii., 218):

THE CRYING OF THE WATER.

O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with a mournful cry,
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of
the sea,
O water, crying for rest, is it I? Is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fall,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry
like the sea,
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

Or he may dwell on the exquisite rhythm
of this, the closing poem of the two volumes (ii., 221-2):

Faustus— . . . Helen is dead
These many thousand years; but what are
years?
Time is the slave of thought; a little thought
Sets back the clock of the ages; this hour that
strikes
Is not so sure for me as Helen's hour.
I call on Helen: Helen is the thought
I summon with; I form out of my soul
A bodily Helen, whom these eyes behold.

Helen—Have I slept long? You waken me from
sleep.
I have forgotten something: what is it?

Faustus—There is much wisdom in your beauty.
Eyes
That have looked deep into the hearts of men,
When men, setting their lips on them, forgot
All but desire of some forgetfulness,
Remember many secrets; your eyes are grave
With knowledge of the hearts of many men.

Helen—I have forgotten all; if I have looked
into the hearts of men, I have but seen
A little eager world, like to my own.
A world my own has copied; they desire
That which I have to give them, I in them
Their own desire.

Faustus—They see you not; they see
Another phantom Helen in the soul,
And they desire what you can never give.

Helen—What is the soul, and what is that desire
Of man which Helen cannot satisfy?

Faustus—O Helen, we are sick, sick of the soul.
It is an ancient malady, and clings
About our blood these many thousand years.
We are born old; and this decrepit soul
Is like a child's inheritance, that pays
The price of others' pleasure; we are born old,
Old in the heart and mournful in the brain,
Hunters of shadows, feeders on food of sleep,
Hoarding a little memory till it rots,
We have forgotten day, the instant day,
And that to-morrow never shall be ours.

Helen—To-morrow never need be ours; to-day
Is greater than the heart of any man.

Note the changing cadence of these lines
and the controlling harmony of their
structure. In poetic skill and the analysis
of passion Mr. Symons stands at the head
of all British poets of his generation, as-
suming Bailey and Swinburne to repre-
sent a previous generation. Yet there are
times when one would give them all for
a dozen lines so pure and high as this
song in William Watson's little pamphlet,
'New Poems' (Lane):

LEAVETAKING.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night;
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part,
Pass thou away.

It is to the merit of both these poets
that they have had their own standard,
for better or for worse, and, above all,
that they have not had their heads turned
by easy successes. For any young poet
who pines under belated praise, there can
be no more consoling lesson than to ob-
serve the harm so often done by pre-
mature laudation.

Among the poets whom Professor Pal-
grave especially quotes, both in his 'Treasury of Sacred Song' and in the second

series of his 'Golden Treasury,' is the Rev.
Richard Wilton, Canon of York and Rec-
tor of Londesborough, who publishes a
little volume, 'Lyra Pastorals: Songs of
Nature, Church, and Home' (Methuen).
The three themes of his song are well
represented, although it must be owned
that the church bells predominate. He
dearly loves the English rural life, re-
members with gratitude that Henry Vaughn's
desecrated grave was restored by the
lovers of his poetry in answer to an ap-
peal from the American poetess, Louise
Imogen Guiney, and himself wrote the
verses placed on Washington's tomb on
occasion of the one-hundredth anniver-
sary of his death, together with the Earl
of Londesborough's wreath of oak, laurel,
ivy, and yew. He also wrote for the Rev.
Mr. Horder's 'Treasury of American Sacred
Song' this prologue addressed to 'The
Sacred Poets of America' (p. 114):

As from the East unto the utmost West
God bids the banner of His lightning shine,
The flashing signal of the Face Divine
With whose fair radiance earth may soon be blest:
So speeds the Heavenly Muse, at His Behest,
Across the waters; so the spreading vine
Of sacred poetry, with clusters fine,
By Western airs is welcomed and caressed.
O ye whose sires our English fields have trod,
By holy Herbert's feet made hallowed ground,
His dower of truth and beauty ye have found;
With you still buds and blossoms Aaron's rod,
Proclaiming you the poet-priests of God,
To wave the incense of His praise around.

'A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems,'
by Alfred Austin, poet laureate (Macmil-
lan), is dedicated to President Roosevelt,
and has a special and rather kindly pre-
face to the American edition. A fatal
habit of bathos has always lingered around
Mr. Austin's verse, with jingling phrases
which helplessly defeat their own aim.
Thus, in his poem "In the Forum," where
there should be, of all places, a measured
dignity, he sings to us only such lines as
these (p. 58, 60):

"With waves of song from wakening lyre
Apollo routs the wavering night,
While, parsley-crowned, the white-robed choir
Wind chanting up the sacred height.

The saint may seize the siren's seat,
The shaveling frown where frisked the Faun;
N'er will, though all beside should fleet,
The Olympian Presence be withdrawn.

Here, even in the noontide glare,
The gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Go look, and you will find them there,
Slumbering beneath some fallen frieze.

Nothing is more uneven, just at this
time, than the unequal distribution be-
tween England and Ireland of really origi-
nal poetic genius. Fortunate is that
reader who finds, in a freshly arrived par-
cel of London books, a thin volume of
thirty or forty pages which bear the name,
we will not say of William B. Yeats, but
of such feminine rivals as Dora Sigerson
(Mrs. Clement Shorter). This is the case
even if the book has a title no more win-
ning than that of 'The Woman Who Went
to Hell, and Other Ballads and Lyrics' (De
La More Press). The title-poem of the book,
founded on an Irish legend, might have come
without change from Scott's 'Border Min-
strelsy'; and the "Man Who Trod on
Sleeping-Grass" is a perfect fairy tale.
As being the shortest among the poems,
not necessarily the best, we copy the pret-
ty fancy based on the wild flower, known
in England as Lords and Ladies, and in
America as the Wake-robin or Indian
Turnip (*Arum triphyllum*) (p. 36.):

THE WATCHER IN THE WOOD.

Deep in the wood's recesses, cool
I see the fairy dancers glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

But who has hung from leaf to leaf,
From flower to flower a silken twine,
A cloud of grey that holds the dew
In globes of clear enchanted wine,

Or stretches far from branch to branch,
From thorn to thorn, in diamond rain?
Who caught the cup of crystal pure
And hung so fair the shining chain?

'Tis death, the spider, in his net,
Who lures the dancers as they glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

Another Irish exile book, with similar
touches of melody, is 'The Queen's Chroni-
cler, and Other Poems,' by Stephen Gwynn
(Lane). In this the most striking poem is
'The Woman of Beare' (p. 80), adapted
from Prof. Kuno Meyer's literal version of
an Irish poem; but this is too long for
quotation, while the voice of the Irishman
calling from London is more modern and
simple and tender (p. 24):

IRELAND.

Ireland, oh Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: Why an exile from me?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sand;

Lives there and loves, yet, with the year's re-
turning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart,
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

'The Hours of the Passion, and Other
Poems,' by Harriet Eleanor Hamilton-King
(Grant Richards), is one of those pure out-
pourings of a woman's heart, profound, pa-
thetic, almost mystical—their inspiration
drawn from the Bible on one side and Dante
on the other—which reveal a life of sorrow
ending in triumph. The most striking among
the poems, perhaps, is one supposed to be
addressed "To Dreyfus: from the Crucifix,"
as if proceeding from the figure of a white
Christ on a black cross which hung on the
wall of the Court of Justice. It begins with
these strong and direct lines (p. 127):

"My brother! O refuse me not the name,
Our race at least, thou knowest, is the same;
My mother was a Jewess, even as thine,
And I was born and died in Palestine.
Even now we gaze into each other's eyes
Across the crowded court—no barrier lies
Between us—thou and I, and none besides,
Hold converse; and thy tortured soul abides
Safe in the hands that will not let thee fall;
I too stood once within the Judgment Hall.
Thine eyes of martyrdom still, still they fix
Their steadfast gaze upon the Crucifix.
What do they see? Are not these answering eyes
Heavy with weeping for thine agonies?
Behold the passion of thy bleeding heart
Tears in my side the dripping wound apart;
In every limb and line dost thou not know
The reflex of thyself and all thy woe?"

To the lay reader, however, undoubtedly
the most charming poem will be the one
that is most secular, and paints something
in the English landscape which never fails
to charm the American (116):

THE FIELDS OF LAVENDER.

The fields, the fields of lavender!
Beneath the deep-blue August sky,
Before the startled wayfarer,
Spread up and down in waves they lie;
So unexpected, so unknown,
They seem a secret of their own.

You come upon a sheeted sea
Of one rich amethystine hue,
Spread out before you suddenly,
Far as the dazzled eye can view;
Hid in a hollow of the land,
A purple hollow vast and grand.

Purple and purple, such a shade
As was not dreamed that earth could show;
The light and ruffling breezes made

The purple shadow deep below:
Down in the valley, up the hill,
One soft unbroken purple still.

With white wings fluttering to and fro,
White wings of countless butterflies,
That like minute cloud-shadows go
Over the rustling field, that lies
As a strange world revealed to sight,
Where the freed souls have taken flight.

The volume called 'India's Love Lyrics,' collected and arranged in verse by Laurence Hope (Lane), has attractive titles in its table of contents, as "The Teak Forest," "Deserted Gipsy's Song," "Palm Trees by the Sea," "The Regret of the Ranees in the Hall of Peacocks," and "This Month the Almonds Bloom at Kandahar." These in sound befit Sir Edwin Arnold's earlier and more poetic volumes, but there is in them far less of the lyric ring and more monotony of mere lusciousness. It is not explained whether the poems are pure fancy or are supposed to be translations. Perhaps the one that comes the nearest to the flavor of Arnold, or even of Kipling, is the following, a poem in which the perpetual meeting and parting of the East and West is told with something approaching vigor (p. 143):

ON THE CITY WALL.

Upon the City Ramparts, lit up by sunset gleam,
The Blue eyes that conquer, meet the Darker eyes
that dream.

The Dark eyes, so Eastern, and the Blue eyes from
the West,
The last alight with action, the first so full of rest.

Brown, that seems to hold the Past, its magic
mystery,
Blue, that catch the early light of ages yet to be,

Meet and fall and meet again, then linger, look,
and smile,
Time and distance all forgotten, for a little while,

Happy on the city wall, in the warm spring
weather,
All the force of Nature's laws drawing them to-
gether.

East and West so gaily blending, for a little space,
All the sunshine seems to centre round the En-
chanted place!

One rides down the dusty road, one watches from
the wall,
Azure eyes would fain return, and Amber eyes
recall;

Would fain be on the ramparts, and resting heart
to heart,
But time o' love is overpast, East and West must
part.

Blue eyes so clear and brilliant! Brown eyes so
dark and deep!
Those are dim, and ride away, these cry them-
selves to sleep.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your
while?"

'The Masque of Shadows,' by Arthur E. J. Legge (Nutt), presents curiously the once famous poem 'Festus,' in its mingling of old and new, the Saxon name Athelstan, and the French Coralie, great ladies, revolutionary orators and ecclesiastics and Salvationist preachers, all discussing political and moral questions; interspersed with a suicide on the stage and the sudden death of the heroine, after singing the hero a song of which this is the last verse, with its outcome as appended (p. 114):

Then will your memory lose the sting,
And love, once broken and incomplete,
Will glide through the dusk with new-plumed wing,
And lay my laughing soul at my feet.
But now will I fiddle a wilful note;
My heart is tired of seriousness.
Decked for a carnival goes my boat;—
I want some chocolates—ah, one kiss.

[She starts up and stretches out her arms to him. But even as he moves to meet her, her head drops, her eyes close, and she sinks back dead.]

Richard LeGallienne continues the impertinence of imitating and vulgarizing Omar Khayyám in what he calls 'A Paraphrase from Several Literal Translations'

(Lane), printing the result as a new edition of that copyrighted in 1897, his place of publication being now Minneapolis, U. S. A. William Gow, in his 'Drift of Isla' (Stock), offers some half-Scotch strains, unoffensive and rather pleasing; and Manus O'Connor prints a quarto book in double columns, 'Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland' (The Popular Publishing Co.), containing a great supply of Irish songs, eminently convivial, yet not quite beyond the pale of good society. Mr. W. Sapte, jr.'s 'By the Way Ballads: Being Some Trivial Tales in Varied Verse' (Dutton) has a title which most singularly conveys its precise quality, but it cannot be denied that there is fun in it, both in ballads and illustrations. Cockney humor is not the choicest of all humor, to be sure, but at its best it is quite irresistible.

The Children's London. By Charlotte Thorpe. Illustrated by William Luker, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

This sumptuously got-up book, adorned with charming illustrations, really is what its title implies, a book for children. They must be intelligent children, and not mere babes; but the book describes for them just those Sights of London most interesting to children. The Tower fitly comes first, with its memories of far-off things, of Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, warriors, nobles, priests, courtiers, whose tears have fallen on those gray stones, whose sighs seem yet to echo like a dying summer breeze through the narrow corridors and darksome cells. The little Princes, who vanished from mortal eye in these very shadows; the lovely vision of Anne Boleyn, who paid so dear for a crown; the sweet pale ghost of Jane Gray; the bright figure of Elizabeth; the courtly spectre of Raleigh—the children will see them all. They will shudder at the rack and the thumb-screws, and their young blood will run cold at the sight of the axe; and when they come to the armory, they will feel as if they were awaking from a dreadful dream. There is nothing in the book so exciting as the Tower, but the author knows that children, like their elders, have soon had enough of tragedy, and she takes her little flock to more cheerful scenes—to the Foundling (the children will not understand one-half of that tragedy), and then to the Zoo. Here the illustrations are profuse, and have the merit of making the animals appear interesting; the expression of the elderly elephant, disgusted to see all the buns going to the young hopeful next door, is especially good. To read this chapter is almost as good as going to the "Zoo." We are glad to see so much space given to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, but we hope that the pair of black-headed gulls from the Isle of Mousa, in Shetland, were not killed to adorn the Museum. These gulls made their nest in a sheep-walk, and, when they found out their mistake, would not sacrifice their eggs, but remained sitting, and let the sheep jump over them. If the sheep respected them, we should be sorry to think that the shepherd did not.

Miss Thorpe has wisely left most of the treasures of the British Museum to the writers of guide-books for children of a larger growth—it would be too much to expect a real child to clothe with flesh and

blood those miles of stone men and women—and has devoted much more space to the Abbey, which always impresses children, to the National Gallery, and to Madame Tousseaud's. "Waxworks" are to children what picture-galleries and museums of sculpture are to their elders, and we are glad to see the waxworks of the Abbey duly mentioned. Not to go into further detail, till we read this book we had not realized that London has so many sights for children. The country children, who have not seen them, will want more than ever to "go to London"; and the London children, who already know them, will want to see them again, and notice all they missed the first time. Miss Thorpe's book will leave on her child readers the impression of a kindly grown-up person, who knows all about everything, and enjoys seeing it all as much as they do themselves; and this is what a child likes in a guide.

Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The lady whose pen-name is "George Paston" keeps to the line of her former work in that named above. Her themes, mainly suited to her easy and sketchy style, require less in the way of research than of presentation, and her handling of them aims rather at the reader's convenience and mild amusement than at increase of the sum of human knowledge. All were minor celebrities, "meaner beauties," mostly of the literary firmament. From Lady Hester Stanhope "we gain a general impression of wasted talents and a disappointed life." Poor Haydon, whose ideas soared above his ability to enforce them, and whose vast pictures failed to pay his debts, often painted, according to the acute criticism of Mr. Watts, "as though, bored by a fixed attention that had taken him out of himself, yet highly applauding the result, he had scrawled and daubed his brush about in a sort of intoxication of self-glory." In contrast with these brilliant failures is the respectable and useful mediocrity of the Howitts; and between these extremes, faulty enough for censure, picturesque enough to be remembered, come Lady Morgan the Irish novelist, and two exotics who spent much time in England and wrote much thereon, Prince Pückler-Muskau and our own N. P. Willis. The German prince, soldier, and landscape-gardener, wealthy spendthrift and promiscuous Don Juan, affords material for perhaps the most interesting of these memoirs. The futile searches of this "male Ninon de Lençlos" for a wealthy spouse are material for comic opera; he preserved "carefully corrected drafts" of his numberless epistles to various charmers, endorsed, "Old love-letters, to be used again if required." Yet he rode with his King through the war of 1866, and at eighty-five offered his sword for that with France, and was "deeply mortified" when it was declined. Forty years earlier Goethe had praised his book on England, and confided to this unsafe channel his rash belief that the Waverley Novels were written on the plan afterwards credited to Dumas; that Scott "furnished the plot, the leading thoughts, the skeleton of the scenes, then let his pupils fill them up, and retouched them at the last." He seemed to think it "not worth the while of a man of Scott's eminence to give himself up to such a num-