

to uncork the novel champagne of her personality. So crisp is the dialogue, so unconventional the action that it will be astonishing if some one of our needy playwrights does not turn "Less Than Kin" into a charming little farce-comedy.

LOUIS XVII.

The King Who Never Reigned: Memoirs upon Louis XVII. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Maurice Vitrac and Arnold Galopin. To which is added Joseph Turquan's New Light upon the Fate of Louis XVII. New York: The John McBride Co. \$3.50 net.

The Little Dauphin. By Catherine Welch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

It is recorded of Lord Beaconsfield that he once said to a young man anxious to shine in society: "Never inquire who the man in the Iron Mask was, or you will be thought a bore." But, notwithstanding the advice of Disraeli, the tragedies of royal houses will always make their appeal. The identity of the masked prisoner, of Gaspard Hauser, and the fate of the son of Louis XVI are questions that will not down permanently. Of late there has been a decided revival of interest, in France and England, in the history of the young Dauphin, who did, or did not, die in the Temple, and several volumes on the subject have appeared recently. Two of these are now before us. One, edited by MM. Vitrac and Galopin, is made up of the Memoirs of Eckard and Naundorff, and "New Light on the Fate of the Dauphin" by Joseph Turquan. Although Eckard's work is old, it is little known, and is extremely important, for his memoirs have really formed the basis for all the researches that followed. He was a perfervid royalist, but admittedly honest, and as he had an opportunity of questioning many of the contemporaries of the Revolution, an opportunity of which he availed himself industriously, he learned from first-hand sources facts which but for him would never have been brought to light. As for Naundorff's Memoirs, there does not appear to be any excuse for publishing them at all. The narrative is a farrago of incongruities and contradictions, of peregrinations, imprisonments in mysterious and unknown places, strange maladies—the whole thing as grotesque as it is incredible. Besides, the absurdities are not even amusing.

M. Turquan's attempt to solve the mystery is interesting, because it presents a new explanation of the drama in the Temple, or, at least, a new dénouement. His thesis is that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was assassinated within the precincts of his prison, on January 19,

1794, between eight and nine o'clock at night; that he was buried, before life was extinct, in the moat of the Temple; that a child, suffering from an incurable disease, was substituted in his place, and that his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was made aware of the fact after her return to France, the knowledge of which fully accounts for her strange acts and words in relation to the subject. The theory is based on a passage in the Memoirs of Comte d'Andigné. This royalist chief, when a prisoner in the Temple in 1801, obtained from Fauconnier, the concierge of the Temple, permission for the prisoners to make little gardens of the heaps of earth that had been thrown into their quarters from the moat. Their labors resulted in the discovery of the remains of a child, which had evidently been buried in quicklime at the bottom of the moat. D'Andigné at once rushed to the conclusion that the skeleton was that of the Dauphin. He questioned the concierge, who replied in the affirmative. M. Turquan considers this formal declaration of the jailer of the highest importance. He supports his contention by a chain of arguments, some of which are decidedly ingenious, if not convincing. The Comte d'Andigné was the soul of honor and loyalty, and his sincerity was above suspicion. All which is no doubt correct, but very poor evidence to support the statement of the concierge. This man had filled the post of jailer only since 1798, and could, therefore, have had no personal knowledge on the subject. However, it is on his conjecture that the author has built up a theory. On the 19th of January, 1794, he tells us, Simon strangled his victim, shortly before he left the Temple forever, by order of the Commune and the Committee of Public Safety. M. Turquan is not absolutely certain that Simon acted under official authority in the matter, for the cobbler might possibly have killed the little victim in a fit of drunkenness or brutal passion, at any time before his departure. None of these suppositions is essentially improbable, and any of them would have the advantage of explaining several circumstances which are at present incomprehensible; for instance, Simon's abrupt dismissal from his post, and the laborious care with which at the time everything concerning the Dauphin, including his death, was concealed from his sister. But a conjecture cannot be adopted as true because it is a convenient solution of an enigma and is free from any inherent improbability, nor can it erase from history conclusions that are deduced from official documents, such as jail registers, reports of physicians, etc. This work, like those that have gone before it, will simply have the effect of proving that it is useless to expect any complete revelation of the truth concerning,

perhaps, the most poignant episode of the Reign of Terror.

Miss Welch's volume on the same subject is very pleasant reading. It deals with the whole life of the little prince from his cradle, and is marked by freshness and individual judgment. The author is too sane to venture on any positive assertion as to what happened in the Temple in 1794, but she lets it be understood that she is inclined to believe in the escape of the Dauphin. She is certain, however, that every one of the forty persons who at very different epochs posed as the son of Louis XVI was an impostor. Miss Welch has a keen sense of humor, and this adds to the attractiveness of this bright little narrative.

A Vindication of Warren Hastings. By G. W. Hastings. New York: Henry Frowde. \$2.

When Warren Hastings returned to England in 1785 he expected some recognition for his great services in India; he found instead that his hateful rival, Sir Philip Francis, had poisoned men's minds against him and that he was to be impeached. Burke's false setting of the Indian situation and the enchantment of Sheridan's oratory worked such prejudice to him that the trial dragged on for seven weary years and cost him the larger part of his fortune.

Even death in 1818 did not end the ill-usage of which Hastings had had so much in life—Macaulay's essay was yet to appear. This essay, like that on Frederick the Great, exhibits a curious inconsistency. The great Whig historian could not help admiring the greatness of his hero, and frequently gives him unmeasured praise. But at the same time, laboring under the spell of Burke and Sheridan, and intoxicated by the exuberance of his own irresponsible rhetoric, he condemns Hastings as guilty of "great crimes," and makes insinuations as to motives which still further blacken his character. This picture of Macaulay's, familiar to hundreds of thousands for half a century, has been somewhat damaged by the careful studies of Sir James Stephens, Strachey, Lyall, Forrest, and Lawson, and is now thoroughly demolished, as accurate biography, by Mr. Hastings's "Vindication." This is in no sense a biography. It does not attempt to give a connected narrative of Hastings's whole life, but merely takes up in detail Macaulay's fictitious insinuations and "great crimes," and examines them critically in the light of the official records. The chief of these records are the three folio volumes, containing the daily minutes of the Council during Hastings's administration, which were published at Calcutta by G. W. Forrest in 1891.

To show the result of this examination, the Nuncoomar affair may be tak-

en as a fair sample. At the time when Sir Philip Francis had the majority in the Governor's Council at Calcutta, and was lending a ready ear to any slander on Hastings, Nuncoomar appeared before the Council to accuse Hastings of accepting a great bribe from the Munny Begum. According to Macaulay, (1) the letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence was genuine. (2) To rid himself of the charge and to destroy his accuser, Hastings suborned a native to make a counter-accusation against Nuncoomar of obtaining more than a lac of rupees by forging a bond. "The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business." (3) Nuncoomar was condemned "before Sir Elijah Impey"; (4) and "no rational man can doubt that Impey condemned him in order to gratify the governor-general. Hastings later described Impey as the man 'to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation.' These strong words can refer only to the case of Nuncoomar. It is our deliberate opinion that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose." (5) However, Macaulay does not think even the murder of Nuncoomar can be reckoned among Hastings's "crimes," because he was acting for "self-preservation."—Now, what are the historical facts? (1) The letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence against Hastings was unquestionably a forgery; he was notorious for his dishonesty in other affairs; in his house were found counterfeits of the seals of many princes; he had a grudge against the governor, who had refused to appoint him to a coveted office, and he sought this means to get even with him; he knew that Francis would gladly receive any accusations against Hastings; and it is significant that Francis took care not to put Nuncoomar through any cross-examination as to his allegations. There is therefore not the slightest reason to doubt Hastings's statement that the whole accusation was a malicious forgery. (2) Hastings declared on oath that he had "neither advised nor encouraged the prosecution of Nuncoomar." The court records show that the private action on account of the forged bond was begun *six weeks before* Nuncoomar appeared before the Council, that is, before Hastings would have any motive for suborning a counter-accusation. It is clear that the idiots and biographers were right and the brilliant essayist, who did not stoop to verify his facts, was wrong in regard to this all-important point. (3) The trial was not before Impey alone, but before a bench of four judges. Macaulay overlooked this fact. His insinuation against

Impey must be extended to the other three judges—or rejected. (4) The words of Hastings expressing lasting obligations to Impey, which Macaulay rashly accepted as conclusive proof of a dishonorable agreement between the judge and the governor to destroy Nuncoomar, do not refer to this affair at all; they refer to the attempt made by Francis to seize the reins of government some years later on the pretext that Warren Hastings (owing to a resignation handed to the directors in London by his agent, but disavowed by him) was no longer governor. The question was referred to the Supreme Court, where Impey and the other judges decided in favor of Hastings. (5) Macaulay's justification of Hastings has the faintness which damns rather than justifies. How far a judicial murder in self-defence is justifiable is a point in casuistry which it is not proposed to argue. On page after page Macaulay is shown to be equally untrustworthy. And yet the official records from which all these facts appear lay at Calcutta when Macaulay was there.

The author of the "Vindication" speaks as one having authority. His grandfather, a distant cousin of Warren Hastings, was present in Westminster Hall at the impeachment, heard the great speeches, and described the scene in his latest years to the author, then a boy. His father stood in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford when Warren Hastings received the degree of D.C.L. at the hands of the university, and lived to refer to that occasion forty years after, when he himself was honored with a similar compliment. The author himself has known personally many men who knew Hastings personally, and he is one of the very few now living who knew Daylesford House, outside and in, as it had been when Warren Hastings was there. Naturally, he writes *con amore*, and often with vehemence, but he keeps within the bounds of good taste, and proves his case. Many of the facts he presents have already been published by Forrest in his edition of the Council Minutes, but not one person in a thousand who reads Macaulay's essay is ever likely to see so much as the backs of Forrest's volumes. Though nothing is ever likely to be written which will have a tithe of Macaulay's audience, this "Vindication," attractive in form with the portraits of Hastings and the pictures of Daylesford, deserves a wide circulation as an antidote to the famous essay.

State Insurance. By F. W. Lewis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Lewis, who is a member of the Boston bar, has brought out a useful book. Economic insecurity he regards as a menacing evil; "a slight misfortune—enforced idleness, a serious ac-

cident, illness"—may reduce a family to poverty and abject want; and the only remedy is a comprehensive scheme of insurance. Existing institutions—savings banks, "friendly societies," trade-union benefit systems, relief departments of corporations, industrial insurance—in some degree relieve economic insecurity, but fall far short of meeting all demands of the situation. Mr. Lewis, therefore, advocates compulsory State insurance, substantially on the German plan. The German legislation of the eighties and the results achieved under it he briefly describes, without exaggeration or undue praise; and the following chapter, as if by way of contrast, gives an account of the history and working of the fellow-servant doctrine in England and the United States. The cost of insurance, Mr. Lewis thinks, should fall upon the workmen themselves, and, wherever necessary, wages should be readjusted to the standard of a full living wage, including provision for sickness, accident, and old age. Old age pensions he rightly regards as unsound in theory, since they do not reach the cause of the evil, and are difficult to alter or amend after being once adopted. All pension schemes should be "contributory," and "cannot be made effectually contributory without compulsion."

Altogether, Mr. Lewis has made out a strong case. He does not strengthen it, however, by presenting mere estimates of outlay for poor relief (p. 20), when the census statistics are available; or by using rickety estimates of the distribution of wealth in the United States (p. 15); or by citing unreliable enthusiasts and sensationalists as authorities or "competent observers" (pp. 10, 15, 159).

The Awakening of Turkey. By E. F. Knight. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3 net.

Mr. Knight calls his book a "history of the Turkish revolution." For such a history, of course, the time is not yet at hand. The most we can hope for at present is a systematic résumé of what the newspapers during the last year have told us, supplemented by such special information as previous acquaintance with Turkey and her people may have placed at a writer's disposal. The leaders of the Turkish liberation movement have been exceptionally gracious in their relations with Western correspondents; but they tell only what may be conveniently told. The greater part of the present volume is, therefore, neither very new nor yet very profound.

Written from a decidedly philo-Turkish point of view, it would have little to say that the friendly Anglo-Saxon press has not already said, had not the