

rests ("Procès," III, 12), states simply that while Jeanne, blushing somewhat, told the King in quite unemotional terms how her Voice addressed her, "she was wonderfully happy and raised her eyes to heaven"—"ipsa miro modo exultabat, levando suos oculos ad cælum." There is no more "ecstasy" in question than this, and if this be ecstasy, it is plain that the story cannot be used both as good evidence, and as proving that the testator's words had been tampered with. In describing Jeanne's retinue, M. France declares that her equerry, d'Aulon, belonged body and soul to La Trémoille, to whom he owed money; "Jeanne was in the hands of d'Aulon, and d'Aulon was in the hands of La Trémoille." According to Mr. Lang, the document on which this statement is based states explicitly that d'Aulon borrowed 500 gold crowns of La Trémoille for two months in March, 1432, having been obliged to pay a heavy ransom when captured with Jeanne. There is no evidence whatever that he owed money to La Trémoille in the lifetime of the Maid. These are but specimens chosen from a long list. The reviewer has verified the references in a number of instances, and in each case examined Mr. Lang has been in the right. His charges form a heavy indictment and an extraordinary commentary on the way in which history is written.

Apart from the question of the sources, Mr. Lang's main objection to M. France's picture of the Maid is that it underestimates her intelligence. He will have nothing to do with the theory of clerical inspiration; he holds that Jeanne was a military genius and the shrewdest politician about the King when the others were deceived by Burgundy; that her two examinations show a keen and strong mind, and that she was as far as possible from the ordinary type of mystic or hysteric. This is not the place to review M. France's book, but it should be noted that many readers of it have received a more favorable impression than Mr. Lang believes was intended. It has been pointed out before, notably by Gabriel Monod in the *Revue Historique*, that, while M. France does not do justice to Jeanne's wits in his own commentary, he nevertheless develops her objectively in his narrative in a far more favorable sense. He gives the reader material for the manufacture of as much enthusiasm as his temperament demands, and the weaknesses he allows her do but give a touching human verisimilitude to the picture.

Mr. Lang's book naturally suffers somewhat in form from its polemic character, and, fighting as it marches, confuses its two objects so as to leave on the reader an impression that M. France was one of the false-witnesses of Rouen. It is, however, a strong, clear, well-ordered brief, and will be an inval-

uable document for the next biographer of the Maid.

*The First Governess of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria.* By Eleanor E. Tremayne. Pp. xxxi+346. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of the various princesses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who answered to the name of Margaret of Austria, the subject of the present biography is probably the most attractive, and certainly the most cosmopolitan. The story of her various courtships and marriages carries the reader into almost every country of Western Europe. Wedded successively before she had attained the age of twenty-two to Charles VIII of France (the marriage ceremony was actually performed, though the bride was less than four years old), to John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and to Philibert Emmanuel of Savoy, she refused Henry VII of England and Louis of Hungary, and was loved by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and by Antoine de Lalaing, Count of Hoogstraten. And we hasten to add that she preserved her dignity and womanliness through it all, with far better success than most of her contemporaries in that very marrying age. Moreover, unlike the majority of them, she was something more than a mere matrimonial commodity. As regent of the Netherlands for her nephew, the Emperor Charles V, she was able and successful, especially in her attempts to centralize the government, and to gain advantageous commercial relations with England, though her fame as an administrator must necessarily suffer from the fact that the Inquisition found its first victims in the Low Countries during her rule. The "Ladies Peace" of Cambray, in the negotiations for which she on the whole got the better of her antagonist, Louise de Savoie, attests her ability as a diplomatist; the church of Brou, near Bourg en Bresse, her skill as an architect; her patronage of Erasmus and the eulogies of Jean Lemaître de Belges, her literary appreciation and skill as a poet.

Margaret of Austria's career is one which is sure to appeal to the imagination of the historian who likes to reflect on the interminable problem of "what might have been." It contains passages in which the very slightest change would have profoundly affected the destinies of Europe. The tragic ending of her Spanish marriage is one of these. Had the Prince of the Asturias survived, or had he left issue behind him, Spain would have escaped the dire misfortune that dogged her footsteps for the next fifty years—the curse of a foreign ruler with whose outside responsibilities she had nothing in common, who used her for his dynastic purposes, and made little or no return. Disburdened of the Empire un-

der the rule of sovereigns such as John and Margaret promised to become, Spain's lot would have been far happier, and the whole history of sixteenth-century Europe profoundly changed. The life of Margaret of Austria witnesses many turning-points like this, and its interest is thereby materially enhanced.

Mrs. Tremayne's book is a welcome addition to the lighter biographical literature of the sixteenth century. It is not free from errors of fact and judgment, which betoken hasty composition and lack of background. How Margaret could have promised "to preserve the rights and privileges of the seventeen provinces" of the Netherlands (p. 77) in 1507, for instance, it is difficult to conceive, in view of the fact that at least five of these seventeen provinces were not in Hapsburg hands at all at this date. Misprints of proper names are frequent. The name of Jean Lemaître de Belges is given in three different ways; and the poet Marot would scarcely have recognized his prenom under the spelling "Clémont." And Mrs. Tremayne has a woefully unhistorical faculty for passing over the shadier sides of her subject's life without comment, so that the whole impression is considerably more favorable than Margaret deserves. But her account is vivid and interesting; Major Hume's unrivalled knowledge of unpublished material enables him to preface it with a very useful introduction; and the book as a whole is well worth perusal. If the present standard is maintained, the Romantic History Series, of which it forms a part, will be an unquestioned success. For the purpose of furnishing romantic biographies the early sixteenth century is an age that cannot be surpassed.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*Tono-Bungay.* By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

This fresh lapse into mere fiction on the part of our, as it were, leading fancy scientist and millennial forecaster, is of more than common interest. In general method it is rather frankly modelled on "Joseph Vance"; that is, it is composed with skill, though with some appearance of inconsecutiveness and even incoherence. And there is a similar suggestion of recurrence to the Victorian manner, although the substance of the story is of to-day. "Tono-Bungay" is a patent medicine, contrived by a provincial English apothecary, Ponderevo, and made the basis of a great fortune. Unlike that panacea of Mr. Locke's Clem Sypher, it is not believed in by its promoter, who is a born charlatan. But he has the charlatan's faith in his star, and a quack philosophy of a comfortable sort which sounds, to be sure, uncom-

fortably like a familiar theory of "business." He has his authorities to quote:

I suppose you must respect Carlyle? Well, take Carlyle's test—solveny. (Lord! what a book that "French Revolution" of his is!) See what the world pays teachers and discoverers, and what it pays business men! That shows the ones it really wants. There's a justice in these big things, George, over and above the apparent injustice. I tell you it wants trade. It's trade that makes the world go round! Argosies! Venice! Empire!

Our apothecary is a great admirer of America.

The Ponderevo philosophy has no illusions for the Ponderevo nephew, and present autobiographer. But he is miserably in love with a girl who, he knows, will marry him at a certain figure of yearly income. So he gives up his scientific studies, in which he has made a singularly successful start, and devotes himself to "making Tono-Bungay hum." It hums. But George's marriage turns out a wretched fiasco, and in the end the firm of Ponderevo fails to meet the test of Carlyle; for in time the nephew neglects the humming process in favor of airships, and Tono-Bungay goes to smash. The escape of the insolvent pair across the channel in a machine which is a combination of aeroplane and dirigible puts the Wells seal upon the plot.

But the persons in the book are of more importance than the plot. The originator of Tono-Bungay is a notable portrait of amiable rascality; and his wife is a sweet and humorous woman worthy to rank with Mr. De Morgan's Lossie and Sally. She (though there is little enough romance in her life as we see it) is the heroine of the story rather than George's unfit wife or equally unfit sweetheart. The culmination of his affair with Beatrice is cynical and disheartening, though it can—or because it can—hardly be called untrue to life on a certain plane.

*The Three Miss Graemes.* By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Though it lacks the directness and artistic finish of "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," this story has the quaint daintiness of its own heroines and is a pleasant companion for an idle hour, its very gentle verbosity having a certain soothing quality. The theme is of the simplest. Three young girls have been reared by the father in cloistral seclusion on a Scotch island. His sudden death, after disastrous ventures on the turf, leaves them poor and unprotected, and they set forth attended by a faithful piper, to make their home with a distant relative in London. Their unsophistication is sorely out of place there, but after divers trials and wearinesses fate smiles upon them. The two elder find the nearest approaches

to the Fairy Prince that prosaic modernity affords, and the writer leaves them to live happy ever after.

Helen Graeme is real and attractive. One will not readily forget the picture of her kneeling at family prayers to give thanks for "Thy generous favor in giving victory to the horse St. Cuthbert." She carries this simple directness of faith into all her dealings with the world. In the hands of a harsher author, what might not have been her fate? But Miss Macnaughtan is content to let her incredibly ingenious beauty simply adorn a tale, instead of pointing a strenuous moral, and herein lies the reader's good fortune.

*The Supreme Test.* By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The visit of the captivating Kythe West to the household of Wilmot Cunctiffe, churchwarden, produced a very extraordinary effect upon him. He is at the outset, in Kythe's expressive paraphrase, "a widower, a preposterous, narrow-minded, impossible person, with three hideous, ill-conditioned children," riding two hobbies, "the iniquities of the High Church party" and "the deplorable spread of what he called 'modern ideas.'" He ends by being a *preux chevalier*, a champion of slandered girlhood, a father to unprotected youth, combining the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes with the loftiness of Don Quixote and the self-immolating quality of a Knight of the Grail. And this happens in less than two months. In February, he is talking like a sanctimonious sniveller. In April he plucks a girl from the consequences of silliness, adroitly hoodwinks her world in order to shield her, and meantime divines her mind as never yet did prig, of all persons, divine the mind of woman. That the girl who changed his life and made a self-sacrificing lover and hero of him is utterly and absolutely a minx does not heighten the improbability of the apotheosis. If a man's soul is to widen out of all recognition in six weeks, a minx is quite as likely as another to do the deed.

The story moves at a lively pace in and out among the pranks of Kythe, but her champion's transmutation is hard to follow. Nor is the reader greatly helped by the explanation in the publisher's note—that "the hard shell of his religious teaching dissolves in the liquid joy of his exquisite visitor."

*The Bishop and the Boogerman.* By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Being the story of a little Truly-girl, who grew up; her mysterious companion; her crabbed old uncle; the Whish-Whish Woods; a very civil engineer, and Mr. Billy Sanders the Sage of Shady Dale—

So runs the instructive sub-title. In

this sunny book, appropriately illustrated by Charlotte Harding, the lamented creator of the Tar Baby worked out after his own fashion the leading motive of "Silas Marner." A little girl bereft of her parents but happy in the possession of a wholly imaginary playmate, Cally-Lou, enters the home of her "crabbed old uncle," and humanizes him and every one else that comes near her. This theme is developed with a hearty garrulity which seems rather the effect of rapid improvisation than of premeditated art. One feels also the lack of structural symmetry in the patched-up and haphazard concluding chapters, in which the fantastic Adelaide shoots suddenly into womanhood, and marries, merely, it would appear, that the tale may have an ending as well as a middle and a beginning. But perhaps it is hypercritical to complain of the structure of a book which exists only for the sake of its characters. To any one at all interested in the soft, fluent speech and the mental markings of Southern types, this oddly assorted group will be charming. The crabbed uncle has a young spot in his heart; the old black mammy adores children; her runaway son studying to be a bishop is himself a child in heart and head; Adelaide is an irresistible sprite; and the Sage of Shady Dale is fit to be her comrade. No writer of his time entered more sympathetically than Joel Chandler Harris into the playful imagination of the "folk" and into the creative fancies of children. This story is effective because it revives in the reader the innocent emotions of childhood from which it springs.

*In Morocco with General d'Amade.* By Reginald Rankin. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.

When Gen. d'Amade succeeded Gen. Drude in command of the French forces at Casablanca towards the end of 1907, and commenced active operations against the Moors of the *hinterland*, many persons believed that his work marked the beginning of a conquest. Later, when the war between the Sultans went against the man to whom France had thrown its support, and German diplomacy spun additional difficulties in the way of the French, it looked as if Gen. d'Amade's campaign had marked the beginning of a failure. Now that France and Germany have come to terms about Morocco, it appears plainly that the fortunes of the French are to fall midway between failure and conquest. French domination in Morocco is now out of the question; but it is certain that France will be henceforth an active agent in the opening up of Morocco and will hold something of the privileged position accorded it by the Conference of Algéiras. To this extent our author is justified in saying