

and has grand opportunities to serve his country." Lord Arlington himself wrote to her, more than once, as it would seem. In a letter of the 25th January, 1668, he asks at least for neutrality, requesting her "to express to the town that you leave the election of a member to serve in the next Parliament entirely to their freedom, which may sufficiently preserve your interests there, and nobly oblige the electors, and Mr. Williamson." To this the old lady replied on the 6th of February from Brougham Castle, assuming the whole responsibility of her action. The substance of her letter is thus given:—

'It was myself, and neither my daughter of Thanet nor any of her children, that made me attempt making one of her sons a burgess for Appleby, she having 4 past 21, and capable for it; so I think myself bound in honour and conscience to strive to maintain my own, as far as lies in my power. If it should happen otherwise, I will submit with patience, but never yield my consent. I know very well how powerful a man a Secretary of State is throughout the King's dominions, so am confident that by your lordship's favour and recommendations, you might quickly help this Mr. Williamson to a burgess-ship, without doing wrong or discourtesy to a widow that wants but 2 years of four score, and to her grandchildren, whose father and mother suffered as much in their worldly fortunes for the King as most of his subjects did.'

The last hope was to cut the ground from under her ladyship's feet by inducing the young Tuftons to decline standing. The two elder obligingly professed themselves unambitious of the honour, but the third, Thomas, though urged by Lord Arlington in person to withdraw, was, or represented himself to be, apprehensive of losing his grandmother's favour if he gave way. Failing the Tuftons, too, the Countess had yet another candidate in reserve, Anthony Lowther, and it was reported that she had been heard to say "that if they all refuse, she will stand for it herself." Her tenacity was rewarded; Williamson's friends on the spot assured him that the case was hopeless; and in the end, as Mrs. Green puts it, "the old proverb that 'a wilful woman will have her way' was verified, and Thomas Tufton was elected burgess of Appleby."

We have dwelt upon two episodes only in this volume. If we were to attempt to touch upon all the topics of interest in it, we might as well at once extract the whole of Mrs. Green's excellent preface of fifty-two pages. To take but one more subject, there is a mass of information about the administration or maladministration of the navy, important both to the naval historian and to the commentator upon Pepys. Thus we find an official letter giving an account of the misdeeds of an Ostend privateer, written only four days before Pepys records his trouble at hearing of complaints upon "Change" "that the very Ostend little pickaroon men-of-war do offer violence to our merchant-men." One weird tale of the sea we cannot forbear repeating. During a storm an Ipswich ship passing another of the same town, the crew of the one, apparently considering themselves as past hope, charged the crew of the other with "their remembrances to friends." When asked "whether their ship was leaky, or what they wanted, the first ship replied that they had long labored to free their main-top, where sat a couple of witches; but by all they could do, could not remove nor get them down, and so they were lost people." Lost of course they were; and, in consequence of this crazy tale, two women were actually lodged in prison at Ipswich, as being the witches in question. It would be worth inquiry whether there are any traces in Ipswich records of proceedings taken against them, or of their subsequent fate.

THE EARL OF DERBY'S ACCOUNTS.

Expeditions to Prussia and the Holy Land made by Henry, Earl of Derby (afterwards King Henry IV.) in the years 1390-91 and 1392-93; being the Accounts kept by his Treasurer during two years. Edited by LUCY TOULMIN SMITH. Printed for the Camden Society. 1894.

AFTER the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land came to an end with the fall of Acre, the lords and gentry of England used in times of peace to gratify their desire for adventure, doing at the same time something for the good of their souls, by joining in wars against the infidels in Spain or Barbary, or against the heathen in Prussia, where the Teutonic Knights were perpetually fighting with their pagan neighbours. Two such expeditions were made by Henry, Earl of Derby, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and later King of England as Henry IV. In one he joined the Teutonic Knights, and took part with them in a victory over the heathen Lithuanians near the river Wilia, which falls into the Memel, and in the storm of Wilna; in the other he went to Königsberg,

one of the chief seats of the Knights, and finding that his services were not wanted, probably on account of some dispute, for he claimed the right to display the banner of St. George, which the Knights would not allow, as St. George was one of the special patrons of their Order, he determined to visit Jerusalem. Passing through Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria, he embarked at Venice, landed at Jaffa, and went up to Jerusalem, and worshipped at the Holy Sepulchre. On his first expedition he seems to have been accompanied by about two hundred men, and on his second by three hundred. In this volume, which is printed for the Camden Society, we have the Accounts of the Earl's expenses during his two expeditions. These Accounts were transcribed for the late eminent historian Dr. Pauli, who intended to publish them, and wrote a short introduction to them in English. They are edited here by Miss Toulmin Smith with a care and completeness that leave nothing to be desired. Miss Toulmin Smith has collated the transcript with the original manuscripts, and has appended to her text a long and scholarly introduction embodying some parts of that prepared by Dr. Pauli, and dealing, among other matters, with the relations of the Teutonic Order to England, the narratives and itineraries of the Earl's expeditions, the information to be gained from the Accounts as to the composition of his household, and the money and coinage of the different countries that he visited. The Accounts themselves afford interesting illustrations of the life of the time, showing the mode in which such expeditions as Derby's were conducted, the wages of his knights, esquires, and servants, the money that he spent in alms and oblations, in gaming, and in "belchers" or *pourboires*, the prices paid for horses of different sorts, and the cost of conveyance by water, and of provisions and clothing in England and elsewhere. The parts of the Accounts that concern Germany have been printed simultaneously at Leipzig from Miss Toulmin Smith's collation of the text, being edited for the Historical Society of East and West Prussia by Professor Hans Prutz of Königsberg, who has written his own introduction to the German edition.

THE YELLOW FAIRY BOOK.

The Yellow Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations by H. J. Ford. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

"DOST thou think, because thou art scientific, there shall be no more Fairy books?" Such is the question that might be addressed to the stern and unbending President of the Folk-Lore Society, who disapproves of books of fairy stories such as Mr. Lang and Mr. Jacobs produce. Mr. Laurence Gomme chides these loyal members of the Society. He does not like them to publish fairy books—red, blue, or green—with pretty pictures. Whether it is the pictured page he dislikes, or the awful risk that children should entertain science unawares in the mere delighting of the imagination, we are by no means certain. Mr. Lang, however, sees no harm in it, but some good rather. So he sets to work, and produces *The Yellow Fairy Book*, which is not only a pretty reply to the censor, but as charming a collection of stories as any of its companions, blue, red, or green. It was observed by a shrewd critic that the ultimate destiny of science was to exterminate the human race. Certainly, we could cite no more deadly agent among the many now working towards that grim end, and none more likely to reduce mankind to blue devils and despair, than depriving the children of men of their fairy stories. We cannot all be John Stuart Mills. Why should science have all the best stories? There is no enormity, as Keats foresaw long ago, of which science is not capable in its insidious enterprise of bedulling the "beauty of the world," as it exists in the undimmed eyes of children. It has already brought forth that dreadful prodigy, the scientific little boy, who demonstrated to the elderly poet the scientific errors of his legend of fairy rings, when that misguided poet was intent on establishing the little prig in the true faith of Fairyland. Mr. Lang, being of the folklore fraternity, is charitably disposed towards his presidential father. He is a learned man, who, with his flock, is a student of "the history and geography of Fairyland." Most children, probably, have enough of history and geography in the school-room. They do not need to take their books into Fairyland. Among the magical fruits of the orchards of that land, which should ever be for them an unexhausted land, lesson-books should assuredly not be found, since such must inevitably prove as dust in the mouth, and mere barrenness. Folklore has its own domain. Fairyland is illimitable; though Mr. Gomme, it seems, is in favour of its delimitation. The material of the folklore folk is found in the traditions of primitive people and savages. These people, says Mr. Lang, are supposed to know most about Fairyland and its inhabitants. But Hans Christian Andersen and

Mme. d'Aulnoy were "neither savages and rustics," as Mr. Lang reminds us, nor were they folklorists. Yet are they esteemed among the first of the chroniclers in the Kingdom of Faëry. But the Folklore people say that *their* stories are not so true as the scientific versions, and the two kinds should not be mingled in one book. And Mr. Lang's answer is that all the stories that are pleasant to read are "true enough for us." Such is the situation.

Hence, it is not surprising to find that *The Yellow Fairy Book* is something of a medley of both descriptions of story, and a very delightful medley it is. There are stories old and new. There are old favourites from Andersen, such as the ever-charming "Tin Soldier" and the whimsical apologue of the "Emperor's Old Clothes," and folklore tales transcribed direct from the Red Indian. There are stories drawn from Grimm, the very fount of folklore, and others newly translated from the *Griechische Märchen*, from Von Wlilocki's *Bukowinaer*, and other collections. In short, from Russian, Icelandic, Hungarian, Polish, German, and French sources, Mr. Lang has selected a fascinating variety of stories, many of which will be new to young readers, and all of which are of the delightful, imperishable kind of "true story" that tell of wondrous enchantments, thrilling adventures, and brave encounters of persecuted youth, and of bewitching and bewitched maidens, with unmerited calamity and appalling foes. Dragons and giants, dwarfs and fairies, malignant witches, fearsome genii, and fantastic apparitions, play their wonder-raising parts in the new stories precisely as they do in the old. Who ever wearies of these exquisite inventions? Those wild and seemingly impossible tasks, set by the witch, or the king, or some other power, for the enterprising prince, and so admirably vanquished by him with the aid of the good people or some mysterious hermit or dwarf, are the main attraction of many of these newly rendered stories. Splendid examples we have in "The Glass Axe," from the Hungarian, and in "The Witch and her Servants," from the Russian. Beautiful and touching is the Red Indian story of "The Dead Wife," though in an entirely different vein of fancy from the more adventurous kind. Stories of the good fortune that attends those who show kindness to animals are always excellent reading, and that of "The Grateful Beasts," a Hungarian tale, despite the horror of its opening incident, is one of the pleasantest we know of. But we should never end of discussing the delights of this pretty volume. Mr. Ford's illustrations are no small portion in the sum of pleasure these stories will yield to young people and the elder young. It would not be easy to overpraise the grace and fancy, the inventive resource, and what we must call the imaginative fidelity of Mr. Ford's drawings. They show the most delicate sympathy, and are inspired by the very spirit of Fairyland. "The Frost King" appearing to the beautiful maiden (p. 211), the Irishman tossed from the eagle in "The Blue Mountains" (p. 263), the charming Nixy (p. 109), the Princess and the three "cutting swords" (p. 35), and many of the rest, are designs of an exquisite fantasy and things to dream of.

BOOKBINDING AND LETTERING.

Bookbinding in France. By WILLIAM Y. FLETCHER, F.S.A. (*The Portfolio*). London: Seeley & Co. 1894.
Initials. London: H. Grevel & Co.

THE literature of bookbinding is growing apace, both in England and America; and, what is more, it is growing worthily. In the past it has been too often left to the compiler and the amateur, to-day it is falling into the hands of the expert and the specialist. Not long since we had an opportunity of calling attention to the very excellent treatise of Mr. Herbert P. Horne on *The Binding of Books*. We have now before us, in the last issued monograph of *The Portfolio*, another trustworthy and instructed contribution to the literature of the subject. Mr. W. Y. Fletcher's *Bookbinding in France* is admirably illustrated, particularly by its coloured plates, of which there are eight; mostly taken, we conceive, from specimens in the British Museum. The fidelity of these, often of the actual size of the originals, is most praiseworthy. We note especially a lovely little Amsterdam Greek Testament of 1633, with decorations *au pointillé* by Le Gascon; a Cologne Bible of 1739 magnificently attired by Monnier in mosaic; and an equally splendid *Grans Croniques de France* (1493), bound by Derome in red morocco, and embellished, as to its covers, with a delicate *dentelle* design. These reproductions reflect the greatest credit upon the producer of the plates, which are supplemented by some thirty illustrations in the text. This treats pleasantly and learnedly of binders and their employers, from Grolier to Trautz-Bauzonnet,

Mr. Fletcher's intimate knowledge of his subject is well known to visitors to the British Museum, where he is one of the Assistant-Keepers; but he has taken care to enliven the sobrieties of his exposition by *ana*, bibliographical, biographical, and otherwise, which will put his reader in full possession of all the needful gossip respecting Von Hoym and De Thou, Longepierre and his "fleece of gold," Diane de Poitiers, and that *dame de volupté* among bibliomaniacs, Jeanne Baptiste d'Albret de Luynes, Countess de Verrue. Of his many interesting passages we shall cite but one, which seems to go further in its exceptional generosity than even the "liberal and well-known motto" (as Mr. Fletcher styles it) "Io. Grolierii et Amicorum." The story is narrated of the noted collector and enthusiast, Nicolas Claude Fabri de Peiresc. "Also" (says Rand in his translation of Gassendi's life of this exemplary man), "it happened frequently that such Books as he borrowed, being neglected by their owners and ill-bound, he delivered to his binder to be rectified and beautified—viz., when their subject matter or rarity deserved that cost; so that having received them, ill-bound, and ill-favoured, he returned them trim and handsome." O excellent, O commendable, O incomparable Peiresc!

The other book we have coupled with the last issue of the *Portfolio* comes from Messrs. H. Grevel & Co. It is a little *quarto*, containing an alphabet of Initials facsimiled from the etchings of the Frankfort artists, Theodore and Israel de Bry. It belongs to 1596, and is said to be intended as "patterns for artists and artisans." The letters are freely decorated with insects, birds, and beasts in the Noah's Ark proportions, but their interest, we should imagine, is mainly antiquarian. Indeed, two of the designs are in a taste which it scarcely seems desirable at this date to revive.

NOVELS.

Adam the Gardener. By Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1894.

MRS. STEPHEN BATSON shows in *Adam the Gardener* that it is quite possible to write a novel about peasant life without introducing immorality. Adam is the son and heir of a baronet; and partly with a view to study them, partly in the hope of improving them, he leaves his home and goes to live among labourers and cottagers as one of themselves. The idiosyncrasies of the poor, in connexion with religion, death-beds, and funerals, are the most striking and, perhaps, the most amusing; and they are ably handled in these pages. The old woman's prayer for herself and her husband, with a fervent petition added for her enemy—"Lard hae mercy on us both, an' reward that ther' sarpent sevenfold into her buzzum"—is no exaggeration of rustic piety of a certain type; and the wife who, when the doctor tells her husband that he will send him something which will soon make him well, says in the patient's presence that it will be useless, because she "smells death in the room," and that it is not "doctor's stuff a' wants, but medicine fur his immortal soul," will remind most people who live in the country of many very similar stories; as also will the reflection of a labourer at a funeral—"A vine ber'rin, an' plenty o' beer an' bread and cheese"—that the lost friend himself would be greatly pleased if he could know "us was enjoying ourselves so well." If rather farfetched, the kidnapping of Adam the Gardener by a rich and beautiful American widow on her yacht is amusing and cleverly described. Adam escapes from her meshes, and, on returning to his labourer's life, he finds that he has been unconsciously "keeping company" with a pretty cottage girl, whom he had merely intended to befriend and to study as an average specimen of the female peasant. Rather than be supposed to have "behaved badly" to her, he marries her, and his marriage and all its consequences, including the death of his wife, furnish the materials for some of the best and strongest portions of the novel. The author has weakened her work very much by undue extension. She writes well enough, and has sufficient originality, to make every page of a story forcible and interesting, and in the long run she would find her work more intrinsically valuable if she were to follow this golden rule, instead of making the filling of three substantial volumes her aim and object. We expect some reviewers to say that her villain is weak; but real villains very often are; and we think that a juster criticism would be to point out the unlikelihood of the eldest son of a baronet of very large estate being able to pass himself off as a peasant within twenty miles of his home, and under his own name; but, be its faults what they may, *Adam the Gardener* is a novel well worth reading by those who interest themselves in the manners and customs of the rural poor.