NEW PUBLICATIONS

COLONEL COUNT O'CONNELL.

THE LAST COLONEL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. Count O'Connell and Old Irish Life at Home and Abroad, 1745 1833. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. New-York: Cassell Publishing Society Company.

If only the lady who here writes of "her hero" had been less discursive, given less to interminable pedigrees, what a delightful volume she might have written of a gallant gentleman of the old sort, who was as honest as the day and as brave as an Irishman can be. Mrs. O'Connell tells how she collected the materials for a book, and her desire to present old Irish life of a century and a half ago, and so she rummaged "in the faded papers at Darryane," and collected all the old tags in verse in English and Irish, and brought together "old smuggling bills and legal opinions, wills, and marriage treaties." She acknowledges that she had chaotic mass, and from it she had to work up a *presentment of the old* native Irish gentry, "the O's and the Macs fighting abroad and struggling at home, and likewise to depict the high-spirited mothers who bore them."

To-day, with change of ideas, we do not appreciate at a past valuation the cavalier of fortune, who draws a sword for a country not his own, and so *the nineteenth* century has not much liking for anything savoring of the condittori; but if ever men were driven to the ranks in France, Spain, Austria, or Russia, it was the gentlemen of old Ireland. Debarred of all rights at home, humiliated in their manhood by the English Government, they sought service in other countries. Many of those whose names figure on the rolls of the army abroad, Mrs. O'Connell declares, showed a curious desire "to be suffered to be loyal." There is something else, too, when we study the home history of these men. There is a kind of belief that drinking, horse racing, and gambling were particularly Irish traits, but in this volume it may be seen that there were many well-bred Irish people who hated drinking and spendthrift ways. As to the subject of this memoir, he was the most scrupulous of men in money matters. He was careful, economical with himself, though generous to others.

One amusing part of the volume is where attention is called to smuggling in Ireland during the last century. Farming and smuggling, for those of the south, living near the sea coast, "occupied the attention of the elders of the families," and it looks as if farming was but a blind to cover the smuggling. The outgoing cargoes were hides, wool, pork, beef, butter, and in came the craft "with wine, brandy, tea, tobacco, and such like costly goods." Mrs. O'Connell writes: "In the eighteenth century, as most of my readers will know, concerned in smuggling was not regarded as in any way a disgrace. Indeed, few gentlemen living near the coast but were more or less mixed up with 'the traders.' If this were not England, it was but natural that in Ireland, where a legitimate foreign trade was discouraged in every way by the law, the gentry should carry on an illegitimate one." The O'Connells and their relatives, the O'Sullivans and Goods, the best people in Kerry, made their ventures and turned an "honest penny." It may be depended upon that besides Bohea there were lashings of good liquor. Mrs. O'Connell, of course, prides herself in the good taste of her family, and mentions how the O'Connells imported their own claret while other partners did not. That alone confirms the gentility of the O'Connells. The ladies got their silk, velvets, and laces, and in Darryane Abbey today there is a French mirror which never paid duty.

It must have been a lucrative business. *If only two cargoes* out of three made the run from Nantes there was 50 per cent. profit, and then the one successful cargo made a handsome profit. One queer item is to be noted in the outgoing bill of lading, and it was a certain commodity, known as Wild Geese. "I pay cautiously," writes Mrs. O'Connell, "to English readers that Wild Geese was the name given to recruits for the Irish Brigade. Darryane was made by nature a smuggler's haven. Harbor, entrance by the way, and the entrance was a "blind one," and no stranger passing could detect its existence from the sea. Then, too, it wasn't worth while for a coast guard to have his wife open. He was paid not to keep them tight shut, or if he were too enterprising—well, he was put out of the way.

Daniel Charles, Count O'Connell, who in his lifetime held an English colonelcy and a French General, was born in Ireland in 1715, the very year of the last Jacobite rising. He apparently had always in mind foreign service, and when sixteen went to France and was taken care of by a good-hearted fellow-countryman known as the Chevalier Fagan. The first service O'Connell saw was at the close of the Seven Years' War, finding an entrance at once into the Irish Brigade, he joined the Royal Swedes. The young fellow was a great letter writer, but with singular modesty never penned a line about his own deeds, and so there are really no martial episodes in the volumes. One curious thing is that in addressing his letters to Ireland, to those of his family, he writes "to Daniel O'Connell," but he signs inside "O'Connell," and there were good reasons for it, for the letters would never have reached their destinations. The English Post Office would have withheld any O'Connell correspondence.

During the peace period the young Irishman worked hard, he his military studies and became an Adjutant. Though through all his life he spoke English with a brogue, he seems to have forgotten much of it in 1766, on his return home, for he says "the happiness of being tolerably well seated in the regiment." He was so handsome, so good-natured and intelligent, that in time he became a First Lieutenant. It was in 1769 that he entered the famous Irish Brigade. Lord Clare, still a minor, was virtually in command, an honor due him because of his father's gallantry at Fontenoy, but Col. Meade was the real colonel. In 1774, as he writes, there were changes made. "Our five regiments are now reduced to three, in the following manner: Bulkeley receives Serrant's regiment, formerly Rothe's; Berwick's is to be incorporated in Clare's, and Dillon's to raise a second battalion."

The terrible trial of France was soon to come. Reunion of the army was the order, and on half pay O'Connell returned to Ireland. In 1776 there was a reorganization of the Irish Brigade, and it looked as if he would be sent with the French troops in America. The year 1783 was one "of pomp and vanity." Daniel Charles wanted to take an airing in the King's coach, and so penetrate into the innermost halls of Versailles. He had the privilege to call himself Count O'Connell. "The title," writes Mrs. O'Connell, was "a mere matter of course, like the knighting of an extra Lord Mayor." But if he attained the real privileges "les honneurs de Versailles," which included presentation to Marie Antoinette, the right to follow the King at the chase, the right to gamble at a Court table; then he had to submit his lineage to the scrutiny of no less a dread person than M. Cherin, the supreme head of the French herald college, and that would cost 2,000 l. Of course Daniel Charles could prove direct descent from the most distant of Milesian Kings. Mrs. O'Connell appends to this chapter a wonderful series of notes, telling who are the French and Irish suits of Garth. Admitted to the consertation of a good many thousands of livres to the "honneurs du Louvre," and being the only Irishman who had the Grand Cross of St. Louis, he had the privilege of kissing Marie Antoinette's fair hand. Just about that time Count O'Connell may have met quite an elegant American gentleman of the period, 1789, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, for they were both habitues of Mme. de Flahaut's salon.

Now came the horrors of the Revolution. It is possible that Count O'Connell did propose something with an idea of checking the tide of the Queen. This statement wants *historic confirmation*. It was Person who was the hero of the attempted rescue. Mrs. O'Connell shows a tendency to set out just in regard to the Swedish nobleman. In 1792 O'Connell was among the emigrants, and it is to his highest credit that, eschewing place, he served as a simple private under Berchini. The emigre reached London at the close of the last century and then began a protracted negotiation for the foundation of an Irish Brigade. A great bother was made by the English Government in regard to religion, the supposition being that Generals had no religion, though privates might have. In 1794 Count Daniel O'Connell was made Colonel of the English King's Fourth Regiment. He had married a French lady who had estates in St. Domingo, and had to go to Paris to see to his wife's interests, and so he landed there in 1802. There he was in the midst of carnage, and was one of the imperial détenus.

Needless to follow his fortune, except to say that with the Restoration his estates and his titles were confirmed, and by the death of a brother the Count became a man of means. He saw the collapse of Charles X., but, what was saddest to him, the dismemberment of the famous old Irish Brigade. It had done gallant service in France for a hundred years, and its flag was spotless, and the motto on the banner was truthful, "Semper et ubique fidelis." Living quietly at Médon, near Blois, that brave and honest gentleman, Daniel Charles O'Connell, died July 9, 1833, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, and at the time he was the oldest Colonel in the British Army, and the senior General of the French.

A FRENCH STORY.

JEAN DE KERDREN. Par Jeanne Schultz, auteur de "La Nouvaine de Colette." Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1892. New-York: W. R. Jenkins.

"La Nouvaine de Coletto" will be remembered by many readers as one of the brightest and most delightful of French stories, and one of those, not too numerous, that can be thoroughly enjoyed by all. Its author's latest work is more ambitious, and though it shows much of the same quality, equal purity, freshness, simplicity, and sincerity, it can hardly be counted as so complete a success on its more ambitious scale. It is a very sad tale of love and suffering, joy and grief, devotion and the final separation. Jean de Kerdren, who gives its name to the book, is meant to be the chief character, but he is not; despite the writer's incessant effort, that place is filled by Alice, the heroine, who gives the unfailing impression of being drawn from life, and drawn with infinite tenderness, fidelity, and enjoyment of the task. Indeed the story, despite its ultra romantic phases and the bewildering wealth and nobility of its heroes, and his encounters, mostly and prowess, appears in its essence to be extremely realistic. Its realism is sympathetic and always refined, but it is realism none the less, and the reader accepts very literally the dedication to "Alice" as to the memory of her whose beautiful character is described in the book.

Alice is the daughter of a wealthy Frenchman whose wife had died of "languor," at the age of twenty-four, a year after the birth of the daughter. The father's life thereafter had been devoted to the tenderest care of the daughter, as he had been taken from one resort to another in pursuit of a merciful clime in which the dreaded disease could be avoided. Jean de Kerdren, a young naval officer, who knows of the story of marriage, and has vowed that he would never take a wife to dispute the allegiance of his heart to the sea, meets her, and is pleasantly, but only pleasantly, impressed by her. Later, by a most fanciefully complex arrangement of events, he meets her again, an orphan and in poverty, sees her subjected to insult, and, in a moment of passionate pity, offers her his hand. Alice gives a dual to the offending youngster and marries her. At this point the real interest of the book begins to develop in the story of how the chivalrous but really indifferent young husband comes to be madly in love with his charming wife. Her singing and playing first unlock his heart, when he finds her capable of expressing for him in sound the "beauty and the mystery" of the sea. Alice, as he takes to riding with her, and her grace, vivacity, and beauty in the saddle come to him as a revelation. But it is only when the village near the château is threatened with destruction by fire and in his absence his wife assumes direction of the frightened peasants and saves their homes, that he realizes completely the treasure that he has fallen to. From this story of the two young persons is told with the utmost simplicity and freshness, and with an intensity of interest with which mere literary skill seems to have little to do. It gives the impression of a faithful rendering of reality, as does the account of the fading of the wife under the influence of inherited consumption as we have intimated. There is a good deal of extravagance in the accessories of the story and an obvious embarrassment of riches in the direction of boundless resources. But the core of the story is true and sweet and will determine the impression for all healthy readers, to whom we cordially recommend it.

DARKEST NEW-YORK.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT; OR, LIGHTHOUSES AND HOSPITALS IN NEW-YORK. By Helen Campbell, with introduction by Lyman Abbott, supplemented by Col. T. W. Knox and Inspector Byrnes. Illustrated. Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.

Of that misery concentrated in a great centre of population like New-York, no single volume would ever explain a tithe. If Mr. Riis, in his "How the Other Half Lives," drew the lines hard and deep, giving a philosophical and statistical idea of the distressing situation of New-York, the volume under notice, more expansive and personal in its method of treatment, is none the less a powerful advocate of reform. Mrs. Campbell, whose life has been spent in New-York, who has been brought face to face with the squalor and misery of the hopeless poor, and who has been brave enough to venture into dens where sometimes men feared to go, tells with a woman's keenest sympathies the scenes of sin, sorrow, and suffering she has witnessed.

The volume explains present conditions with a terrible realism. Remember that the status of New-York does not improve. It is not stationary; it gravitates lower and lower down toward crime. The material now coming in every large city is not better than in former years. It is not as good. It is worse. We add naturally to our population in New-York 50,000 souls a year, and the increase, normal or abnormal, is likely to be greater. The topography of New-York is unfortunate, for its configuration, which is length without breadth, helps to bring about congestion in certain quarters. The labor must be near the place of employment, for time is money.

The bigger city allures the dweller in the smaller towns, villages, and the open country and cities are kept alive by immigration from the rural districts. Cities thus "become schools of vice or virtue for hundreds of young men and women who go up year by year in quest of a greater success than the farm or the village store promises them." Perhaps if we ever could accomplish for New-York the work Charles Booth has carried out for London, we might know exactly where we stood. In some respects we might find we were in better condition than London, and in others worse. Certainly we have greater crowding in tenements than in London, and more concentrated misery, if not greater lawlessness.

Charles Booth is authority for the statement that in twenty years time, by missionary efforts, Whitechapel, described as one of the worst districts in London, has been so generally improved that "the death rate is now normal and only one comparatively small district remains unreformed and vicious, to remind the child what was common in his father's days." In the many phases of New-York life, the one occupied by the newsboy has been often written about, but we have never seen it better treated than by Mrs. Campbell. She tells you that a large majority of the boys who frequent the lodging houses "are waifs pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or father's care, and have no sense of identity." Generally they have no name, or, if they ever have had one, preferred to convert it into something short, and practically descriptive. The working of that admirable institution the Newsboy's House is fully described.

Describing girls born and bred in the worst quarters of New-York, Mrs. Campbell says that the girl "has less chance in every way. She develops in mind and body earlier than the boy, and runs dangers from which he is free." It is well known that the reformation of the girl is difficult. Brain and body are weakened, and "moral fibre is lacking in greater degree than with a boy. Tradition saddles the girl with a weight from the beginning in making her carry the penalties of her sins as no man ever is forced to do." Col. Knox's contribution and that of Inspector Byrnes make this volume complete. The illustrative portion of the work is excellent, and it explains much which, without the camera, would not be fully understood.

GAMES PLAYED IN OLD TIMES.

GAMES ANCIENT AND ORIENTAL AND HOW TO PLAY THEM. By Edward Falkener. New-York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Edward Falkener has pursued a curious study in tracing back the antiquity of certain games, and in the pages of this interesting volume writes of his hopes of offering to a present age amusements which were in vogue during the remote past. If Queen Hatasu, 4,000 or more years ago, played her little game of draughts in Thebes, why might we not resuscitate her game and push the men across the squares in New-York, just as if we were Pharaohs?

His researches have not been archæological alone. It has not sufficed him to study an old stone picture and make out its hieroglyphs, but with infinite patience and a philosophical turn of mind he has reconstructed games, solved the problems which were played thousands of years ago. He has been, as it were, a Cuvier. Paleontological checker boards have been re-established, from a single square or a single piece. The theory of development in games we have no doubt will hold its own, and so from Fox and Geese we rise to Kriegs-spiel. From the simple we have gone to the complex, though the reverse might be stated, as far as Oriental checkers go—for who would like to play the old Chinese "Wei-Chi," with its innumerable squares and 400 men?

When you write of these games in the past you mix with a noble company, for Kings, Emperors, Shahs, Sultans, Princes, conquerors, and their noble captives have played them. Games are not uncommon as pictures on the walls of Egyptian temples and tombs. The Egyptians believed that in the playing of various games they would find bliss in their future state. Birch, Lepsius, and Wilkinson give illustrations of the games in vogue in old Egypt, and Brugsch the translation of one of the most important inscriptions, having to do with "Tau," a game of checkers *not unlike the Roman* latrunculi or Game of Robbers. What, however, was the absolute game and the machinery of it were not known exactly before the draught board and the draught men of Queen Hatasu, B. C. 1600 were discovered, a few years ago. The board was broken, but the men were there. The board itself was made of porcelain squares, with hieroglyphs upon them. The men were of wood, ivory, and baked clay, covered with enamel. Birch's surmises as to the character of the game were found to be near the facts.

Mr. Falkener wonders why the game of tau should have fallen into desuetude. The Romans took it from the Egyptians, and it was known by the Latins as the Ludus Latrunculorum. The Etruscans played the game, and so Greece knew it. Gradually the form of the men changed, and they lost fixed characteristics, until somewhat the shapes of our checker men were used. In a tomb of Cumæ are the checkers all ready for the amusement of the departed. How the author reconstructed Queen Hatasu's draught board is highly ingenious. It was a complicated game, having 144 squares. Studying the Egyptian and the Latin text, the author has succeeded in actually playing the game.

The game of "Seega" of Egypt of to-day, an account of which is due to Dr. Carrington Bolton of New-York, bears a strong likeness to the old and remote "Senat." The Egyptian of the Pharaonic time wanted to play Senat in the future state. It was not chess, but a kind of draughts. There were *different boards, so that with the same* general principles a longer and more complicated or a shorter and simpler game could be played. In studying the two games there can be no question but that the author has got to the bottom of the Roman Ludus Latrunculorum, which has been heretofore the puzzle of antiquarians.

To-day in New-York streets we see Italian urchins playing mora. This is the Egyptian atep, the dactylon epallage of the Greek, the micatio, micare, digitis morare of the Roman. Over a picture of two Egyptians may be read the group of hieroglyphs meaning "Let it be said?" an equivalent to our "Guess?" Being a game with fingers only, it possibly has not changed at all during 6,000 years. Some of the Egyptian methods were ingenious, as two figures shown playing back to back, or a group of three figures, where a recumbent figure is used as a table. One vase painting of an early Greek period is charming for its grace. It shows two ladies playing moira. In order to keep the count the same staff is held by their unoccupied hands, and there must have been cut notches in the staff to indicate the score, and so in the design the lady on the right has the better of her adversary.

The chapter on tables is one too long to be presented. There is Indian chess, (chaturanga,) Chinese chess, and Japanese chess, the last seeming dreadfully complicated. Japanese and Siamese chess have their eccentricities, though not to the influence of the modern European game. Tamerlane's chess, or great chess, is vaunted by the Persians, and an old Persian poet is quoted as saying, and said that his labors would be rewarded by a seat in Paradise, for "God had assisted him in his play." With infinite patience Mr. Falkener has played Tamerlane's chess, and he prints a number of games.

The Wei-ki of the Chinese and the Go of the Japanese seem to date back in China from time immemorial. Go is a game where the object is to inclose your adversaries, men, not in one camp, but in several. We should be inclined to think that a sight alone of the diagrams Mr. Falkener presents would be enough to frighten even the most zealous of draught or chess players. Efforts to introduce pachisi to civilization have not been successful. Perhaps the grand style in which Akbar played it might bring it into fashion. At his palace at Futtey pore he had a great courtyard laid out as a pachisi board, and young slaves at the word of command hopped about from square to square.

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