

*An example  
of amiable  
verbosity.*

The late Duchess of Teck, perhaps better known as Princess Mary, was an estimable woman who was widely beloved in England for her gracious demeanor, sweet philanthropy, and ceaseless activity in public and private charities; and it was inevitable, as well as eminently proper, that she should be made the subject of a memorial volume. Yet we cannot but think that Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke's two bulky volumes, entitled "A Memoir of Her Royal Highness Prin-

cess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck" (Scribners' importation), are, like the girth of Sir John Falstaff, "out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass," when the relative importance of their subject, the brevity of human life, and the amount of reading that people who read must get through with nowadays, are taken into consideration. One moderate-sized volume, with a leaning to the side of mercy, would have been amply sufficient to tell the tale of Princess Mary's virtues and benefactions, and the story of her placid, uneventful life. But Mr. Cooke gives us nearly 900 closely printed pages—quite enough for a sufficient life of a man like Mr. Gladstone, whose career embodied a good share of the history of his time. Let us hasten to say that Mr. Cooke's part in these volumes is mainly that of editor. The bulk of their contents is from Princess Mary's amiable and smooth-flowing but by no means sprightly or literate pen, in the form of diary and correspondence. It is a chronicle—largely, it must in candor be said—of small beer: domestic happenings, little journeys, feminine prattle of charity bazaars, sewing circles, training schools, social "functions," and what not. It is all very sweet-tempered, gracious, mildly interesting, even mildly informing in its small way; and it deals at times with the minor doings of personages whose domestic life and economy even republican America likes to peep in upon. But there is too much of it. One shudders to think what Mr. Cooke might prove capable of, quantitatively, were it to become his mournful duty one day to prepare a like memoir of Her Majesty! Apart from its sins of non-omission, Mr. Cooke's editing is all that can be desired. The work is well arranged and judiciously annotated, and there is a good index. Mr. Cooke's accompanying thread of narrative is graceful and to the point, and one by no means grudges the space devoted to it. The volumes are beautifully made, finely printed, and richly illustrated with portraits mainly. The lovely plate representing Princess Mary bending over the infant Prince Alexander (p. 72) is a gem in its way, and might alone tempt one to buy the work containing it.

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