

THE REVIEW'S BOOKSHOP.

ACCORDING to the trade journals no fewer than five thousand books are advertised as being prepared for publication this autumn. Such a devastating flood of literature submerges the reviewer, and the utmost that he can do is to pick out here and there a notable book to which he can direct the attention of his readers. I can notice some which were published earlier in the month, but the deluge of the last few days of October renders it utterly impossible to do more than mention the more important works as a guide to the reader who wishes to know "What's what." Take, for instance, modern biography. The last few days brought us, besides the first volumes of Disraeli's life, the following books among others:—

John Bright. A Monograph, by Barry O'Brien (Smith Elder. 10s. 6d.).

Robert Browning, Life of, by W. H. Griffin and H. C. Minchin (Methuen. 12s. 6d.).

Lord Dathousie, Private Letters of, edited by J. G. A. Baird (Blackwood. 15s.).

Admiral Montague, Reminiscences (Arnold. 15s.).

William Sharp (Fiona Macleod), by his wife (Heinemann. 16s.).

W. Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends, by S. M. Ellis (Lane. 32s.).

Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes. By Sir Chas. Michell (Arnold. 2 vols. 30s.).

Cecil Rhodes. His Private Life, by P. Jourdain, his Private Secretary (Lane. 7s. 6d.).

W. O'Brien. An Olive Branch in Ireland and Its History (Macmillan. 10s.).

John Redmond, by L. G. Redmond-Howard (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.).

I can only mention them and pass on.

BIOGRAPHY AND GOSSIP.

THE LIFE STORY OF A GREAT PUBLISHER.

The Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan, by C. L. Graves (Macmillan. 10s. net), enables the curious public to gain a peep into the innermost arcanum of one of the greatest publishing houses of London. As his name implies, Alexander Macmillan was a countryman of Burns. Born in Ayrshire in 1818, he came to London in 1839, where he and his brother started a small bookshop at 57, Aldersgate Street in 1843. From such humble beginnings sprang the princely house of Macmillan. Alexander Macmillan was a good man, as well as a good man of business. He gathered around him other good men, among whom Charles Kingsley and Lord Morley stand conspicuous; he brought a conscience to his work, and he prospered in a fashion which would have gladdened the heart of his old pastor Thomas Binney, whose book "Is It Possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds?" finds an affirmative answer in Alexander Macmillan's career. I wish heartily I could devote more space to this book, but it is

November, and the shelves groan with the ever-increasing masses of the publishers' output. So our notice of this foremost among our publishers must be curtailed to make room for notices of other publications.

"I MYSELF," BY MYSELF.

I Myself, by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor (Methuen. 12s. 6d.). This book may be described as the companion volume written by the wife to the numberless volumes published weekly by the husband under different titles, but all therein being variations upon the theme "I Myself." Some time, perhaps, Mr. T. P. O'Connor may write a book under the same title, and the two may be bound together and called "We Ourselves." Mrs. O'Connor gossips pleasantly about her husband, although she has much to say concerning the iniquity of the Divorce Law. Here and there there is a ghost of a moan, which would imply that I Myself, feminine, is no longer living with I Myself, masculine, which makes it a sad and weary world. Mrs. O'Connor prattles away very pleasantly concerning her acquaintances in America and London, who include a good many distinguished people, among others Henry Ward Beecher, who turns up quite unexpectedly in her circle. She has a good deal to tell us concerning the early days of the *Star* and its staff, including Bernard Shaw, who in those days seems to have been paid pretty badly for his contributions as musical critic. He had £5 a month rent to pay, and one month he only earned £7. There are many interesting side glimpses of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Labouchere, Mrs. Craigie, and other persons whose names are familiar to all the world. These reminiscences of distinguished people are served up with a plentiful addition of Mrs. O'Connor's observations and reflections upon life, love, marriage, etc. A readable book by and about a vivacious personality.

"UNDER FIVE REIGNS."

Lady Dorothy Neville having achieved great success by her "Reminiscences," published four years ago, has been encouraged by that success to bring out a second series of recollections which she calls *Under Five Reigns*. It is good gossip, and for the most part good-natured, although here and there the feline claw is displayed. Lady Dorothy has no love for Lady Cardigan, whom she describes as "a writer possessed of a singularly imaginative memory, who no doubt saw a good deal of a certain kind of racy society, and confined her stories to people who were dead." This new volume contains letters (of no great importance) from Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Chamberlain, and others. Chamberlain's are the most interesting, especially that in which he expresses his disgust at the way in which his own party fought the General Election of 1884.

It is no use reviewing a book of this kind. All that you can do is to assure the reader that he can spend a very pleasant hour turning over its pages. As for Lady Dorothy, four years hence she will find another store of reminiscences in her wonderful memory, which we are glad to believe is not so imaginative as Lady Cardigan's and certainly more good-natured.

IN DEFENCE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Richard Ashe King's *Oliver Goldsmith* was written in order to combat the notion that Goldsmith talked like, or was in any way, a "poor Poll" or an "inspired idiot," or unobservant, or, in fact, at all what his contemporaries said he was. The writer, an Irishman, shows how Goldsmith failed to get recognition until too late, and how the praise of Johnson, Fox, and others came mostly when he could no longer hear it. In this interesting little attempt to combat a conception of Goldsmith which still persists, the writer is perhaps sometimes slightly unjust to Johnson and Boswell. Goldsmith's lack of worldly wisdom would have prevented his ever "getting on," as it is called. Moreover, as the writer also shows, Goldsmith wrote, in the age over which Johnson ruled supreme, in a style the reverse of Johnsonian. (Methuen. 6s.)

SAMUEL ROGERS AND HIS CIRCLE.

Mr. Ellis Roberts' interesting book, full of the kind of literary gossip in which so many persons naturally take much pleasure, in one respect resembles Mr. Ashe King's book on Goldsmith. It is an attempt to combat the popular conception of Rogers, as Mr. King's book was an attempt to combat the popular conception of Goldsmith. That Rogers had a sharp tongue the writer does not deny, nor that on occasion he could use it. But with his gift of making caustic speeches he possessed another gift, without which this book could not have been written—the power of making and keeping friends. Those friends did not fail to turn to him for help and counsel; and they do not seem to have turned in vain. "To him Wordsworth turned for the management of his publishers; to him Byron appealed in his quarrel with his wife; it was he who helped Moore, Sheridan, Lawrence, Henry Cary, and many others in their financial difficulties. It was plain that he enjoyed helping people as much as he delighted in quizzing them." The kind of society, with its breakfast parties, its excellent conversations, and its, at any rate, apparent leisure, which is entertainingly depicted in this book, seems to have passed away as much as the men who composed it, and it is not clear what we have to take its place. This, as may be inferred, is a pleasant book, worth reading. (Methuen. Index and illustrations. 299 pp. 10s. 6d. net.)

A SCOTTISH NOVELIST.

Mrs. L. B. Walford's *Recollections of a Scottish Novelist* (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d. net) are chiefly interesting for the account which they give of

life and society in Edinburgh fifty years ago. They were still "unco guid," and some of them highly eccentric folks in those days, and their Sundays were indeed days of holy terror to foreigners. It is interesting to be reminded, in these days of absurdly skimpy skirts, that the crinoline, to which women clung so tenaciously, asserting that *never* would they wear anything else, was in vogue for twelve years! The book might fairly be called "Recollections of a Happy Life." Mrs. Walford's work came out largely in *Blackwood*. She wrote in the days of the three-volume novel, and she tells us that her book, "The Matchmaker"—not her best-known work—was the last three-volume novel accepted by Mudie. Latterly she has attempted playwriting, but not, she admits, with success.

MORE OR LESS HISTORICAL.

Of the historical books in the nature of biographies—that is, books about people who played a more or less important part in the history of their times, and whose lives cannot be narrated without also narrating much history—the best which I have before me is an anonymous volume on *The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne* (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net). The writer's style is often pungent and witty, and always good. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were models of conjugal happiness, though the times in which they lived were troublous, and the Duke, as General of the Royalist Forces under Charles I., naturally suffered much. He was "Governor" of Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.), and among other things which he did was to write a book on Horsemanship, which became a standard work. His good lady the Duchess wrote a prodigious amount, but, as her biographer points out, she was too anxious to teach and not eager enough to learn, and, moreover, imagined all she wrote was worthy of print, which it certainly was not.

The author whose work is just reviewed had undoubtedly a style of his own. His work is far removed from that, for instance, of such an historical muck-raker as Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, who has hashed up a vast number of ancient and unsavoury scandals under the title of *The Amours of Henri de Navarre and Marguerite de Valois* (Stanley Paul. 16s. net). The portraits are far the best part of this book, in which history is subordinated to the nasty details of the private lives of a couple who were as faithless to each other as they very well could be. Mr. H. Noel Williams, also an indefatigable producer of spicy historical memoirs, but a better writer than Lieut.-Colonel Haggard, has written a book on a period just before that of Henry of Navarre's. His volume deals with *Henri II.* of France, and there is naturally a great deal in it also about Catherine de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, the Guises, Mary Stuart, and other characters, who are, no doubt, perennially interesting. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

Scandal is not nearly so much to the fore as history in Mr. A. C. A. Brett's book on *Charles II. and His*

Court, though of course in a book dealing with this period there must be some scandal. The writer, however, must not be looked on as a man with an historical muck-rake. He seems to have written his book largely because he thinks so much nonsense has been published on the subject of Charles II. It is a protest against the "Merry Monarch" conception of Charles, and also against the habit of judging him, from the political point of view, solely by the nominal moral standard of our day, which was not that of his. Charles II., he thinks, has had less fair treatment from historians than perhaps any other King of England. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.) Mr. B. C. Hardy's *Philippa of Hainault and Her Times* is a much more ordinary book, and one the need for which is not so obvious. (Long. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Bernard Capes' *Historical Vignettes* are brief thumbnail sketches of a variety of historical personages—George I. of England, Louis XIV., Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Godiva, Margaret of Anjou, and many more. They are well enough done to leave a vivid impression on the reader's mind. (Unwin 7s. 6d. net.)

A SHOWMAN OF DIRTY LINEN.

Mr. Francis Gribble, who has appointed himself Historian in Ordinary of the adulteries of distinguished men, has never found a more congenial subject than what he calls *The Love Affairs of Lord Byron*. Why profane the word love by applying it to the lusts of Venice, compared with which the chronicle of a parish bull would be more edifying reading? This book, published by Eveleigh Nash at fifteen shillings, is an exhibition of dirty linen of the dirtiest, and none the more savoury because the linen belonged to a great poet.

TRAVEL.

Of October travel books few are more charming in style than Mr. J. J. Hissey's *The Charm of the Road*. Those who know his work will not need to be told that it is the charm of the quiet English country road which is being described, and that there is a great deal also about old-fashioned, unexploited villages, with old-fashioned inns and timbered houses with gardens full of old-fashioned sweet-scented flowers, as well as not a little from time to time about the history and old churches of the places passed through. Mr. Hissey especially notes also old timbered rooms, old market crosses, Tudor fire-places, and Elizabethan mansions, and it is surprising how many of them he contrives to find. His motor journeys extended from Kent to Somersetshire and from Sussex to North Wales. Some of his illustrations are quite as charming as his book and the road he describes. (Macmillan. Index and map. 421 pp. 10s. net.)

In *An Idler in the Near East* Mr. F. G. Afalo will, we fear, disappoint those who know only his writings on sport and natural history. Constantinople, the Holy Land, the Black Sea, and the Caucasus (Trans-Caucasia) are the regions described,

but the book, especially the Holy Land part, it is to be feared, is neither worthy of the subject nor the author. The natural history notes are the most interesting part of it. (Milne. Index and illustrations. 269 pp. 10s. 6d. net.)

Miss Evelyn Adam, in *Behind the Shoji*, takes us to the Far East (Japan), and as she has lived there for years, it is interesting to read what she says, though she brings out few points that will not be already familiar to those who have read much about the country. It is notable that she has not the slightest tendency to describe the Japanese as only a very little lower than the angels. She thinks them extremely untrustworthy and absurdly imitative; and remarks on the "vague distrust" of strangers still existing among them. (Methuen. 306 pp. 6s. net.)

ITALY AND PORTUGAL.

Upon Italy we have Professor Pasquale Villari's *Medieval Italy from Charlemagne to Henry VII.*, translated by Costanza Hulton, a bulky volume of 375 pp., illustrated and indexed, and one which it is scarcely necessary to recommend to those interested in Italian history.

Siena and Southern Tuscany is the latest addition to Mr. Edward Hutton's already long list of books on Italy—carefully written volumes, containing much information about the history of the places dealt with, and many notes on their artistic treasures. (Methuen. Full index, and illustrations in colour and black and white. 333 pp. 6s.)

In Mr. K. G. Jayne's *Vasco da Gama and His Successors* the social life as well as the history of the period is depicted. This also is one of the most interesting and carefully written of the historical books of October. It is of interest alike to the general reader and to the student. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT.

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald has republished in book form, with considerable additions, most of the articles on India which he contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*, under the title *The Awakening of India* (Hodder, 6s.). "India," he says, "is a place of enchantment. It baffles you, it enthralled you, it is maddening in its imperturbability, in its insistency . . . Thus your attempts to understand, thwarted, laughed at, denied every time, become maddening. India eludes you to the last." Mr. Macdonald favours the Nationalist movement, but sees difficulties ahead, not in the present differences between Hindu and Mohammedan, but because of the Indian's lack of discipline, steady perseverance, and courage to oppose the ruling race in his councils. Lord Curzon was all for centralisation, and this, says Mr. Macdonald, was the most colossal of the many blunders which characterised his pompous imperialistic rule. Decentralisation is what is needed. "Responsible government in the provinces; the federation of the

provinces in our Indian Government—that seems to me the way India is to realise herself, is, in fact, realising herself.”

Now, when Home Rule all round, instead of being a dream, is a question of practical politics, it behoves us to consider how the Empire is to be managed in future. Such books, therefore, as Mr. Reginald Enock's *An Imperial Commonwealth* (Richards. 3s. 6d. net) are of great value. Mr. Enock knows many of the outlying portions of the Empire intimately, and no doubt the views he sets forth are the result of mature consideration; but some of his suggestions will be far from welcome in the Dominions across the seas. In any case, Parliament will soon have to adapt itself to new conditions, and it is interesting, therefore, in Mr. Harry Graham's book, *The Mother of Parliaments* (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net), to read how previous adaptations have taken place. In addition to an historical account of the Lower Chamber, Mr. Graham tells how business is actually conducted in the House, and describes the Parliamentary machine at work.

THE UPPER CHAMBERS OF THE WORLD.

Senates and Upper Chambers, a series of lectures and papers by Harold W. V. Temperley (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net), cannot fail to be useful at the present time. Mr. Temperley treats his subject from the academic point of view, devoting only one chapter to the present situation. As a book of reference, however, this volume is invaluable, for particulars are given of the Upper Chambers of almost every country in the world. Especially interesting are the accounts of the Upper Chambers of recent creation, such as those of Russia, Turkey, and Japan. In all these, the author points out, the foundation is usually wealth or intelligence, and only occasionally birth as well.

COLONISING METHODS COMPARED.

Another useful book is *England's Government of her Dependencies Compared*, written and published by Mr. Ashley Larkins (5s. net). The comparison is, however, not between England's method of governing her different dependencies, but between her methods of colonising and those of Spain and France. The account given of Spanish and French methods is succinct, enabling the reader to grasp easily the fundamental differences between them.

THE PERSIAN REVOLUTION.

The Persian Revolution of 1905-7 (Cambridge University Press. 10s.) is the title of a carefully compiled and copiously illustrated volume, in which the history of three eventful years of Persian history is told by Professor Edward C. Browne, who for nearly thirty years has never let a day pass without reading, writing, or speaking Persian. Mr. Browne is more Persian than the Persians. He dislikes the Russians; but we can allow for his bias when we make use of the materials which he has so faithfully collected from all sources. It is a real pleasure to

come across so whole-souled an enthusiast for a much despised nationality.

La Vie Politique Orientale of 1909 is the title of a book written by Dr. Georges Samné and M. Y. M. Goblet. It is a useful historical survey of events of 1909 so far as they relate to the Eastern Question. The chapters dealing with the Balkan Crisis and affairs in Crete and Constitutional Turkey occupy the greater part of the book.

FOR THE ANTIQUARIAN.

London City, by Sir Walter Besant, is the eighth uniform volume Messrs. A. and C. Black have brought out on London (30s.). This last edition is really the first of a new series. The preceding volumes dealt with London as a whole at different periods of its development. This is a particular survey of the City only, up to the end of last century. Sir Walter wrote the general portions of the work, but the particular descriptions and minute details have been filled in by his former assistants. These have taken immense care that nothing of interest shall be lost, and following street after street, have described every building of note that is now standing or used to stand thereon. The volume, which contains 492 pages, is full of illustrations, many of them old woodcuts. Following the fine index is a great map of London City, 4 feet 2 inches long and 2 feet 6 inches wide.

A far less elaborate, but a handy book withal, is *Nooks and Corners of Old London*, by Charles and Marie Hemstreet (Laurie. 3s. 6d. net). In brief paragraphs it gives a succinct account of London's most interesting features. These are not arranged haphazard, but follow consecutively as the visitor strolls along the streets.

Every person who takes an antiquarian interest in London will thank Mr. A. S. Foord for his volume entitled *Springs, Streams and Spas of London* (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.). A host of historical associations cluster about these spas—for example, Sadler's Wells, Islington Spa, Beulah Spa, and the other sources from which London in olden times derived its water supply, and it is useful to have the record preserved in so well-illustrated a volume.

VANISHING ENGLAND.

Vanishing England is the title of an intensely interesting book, the letterpress of which is written by Mr. P. H. Ditchfield (Methuen. 15s.), and is copiously illustrated by Fred Rowe, R.I. The idea of the author is that the insatiable tooth of time, aided by the process of modern commercial civilisation, is eating out many of the most distinctive characteristics of old England. The sea is eating into her coasts, manufactures are defiling her streams, motor-cars are whirling like fiery dragons through her pleasant country lanes, old churches, old castles, old city walls are crumbling into dust, and so the author conceived the happy thought of reverently preserving in the present volume these memorials of our ancestors

before they altogether vanish from mortal sight. Although the subject is a somewhat melancholy one, the book is by no means unpleasant reading, and I commend it to all those who love Old England, and who cherish the relics which recall the memory of former days. The authors have done their work well, and there are few phases of English life, manners, and customs upon which they do not touch.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

The Early Christians in Rome, by the Dean of Gloucester (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net), is a work which bears evidence of the author's deep research into all that has been written on the subject. The quotations are many and apt, but it is unfortunate that the source is not always given. The part dealing with the Roman Catacombs is particularly interesting, and will appeal not only to those who have seen the Catacombs, but also to those who have not done so. The book contains what the author calls "a supplement" on "The Jew and the Talmud." Though this supplement contains nothing new, it is nevertheless well written, and may be taken as a fairly good *résumé* of the history and origin of that strange mixture of Rabbinical literature the Talmud, the Mishnah, and Targum. The illustrations, especially those of the interior of the Catacombs, are well reproduced. Every clerical library should have this book.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Mr. Frederick Hackwood's book, *The Good Old Times* (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net), shows what was the condition of the poor, of tramps and vagrants, of lepers and the sick in general, of hospitals and lunatic asylums, of beggars, foundlings, prisoners, and the labouring classes generally in the times to which some people refer as "the good old times." He proves, of course, that they were very bad old times indeed, and that though it is not yet time to put the reformer on the top shelf, in many of our ways of dealing with the poor and sick we are quite perfect in comparison with what our forefathers were.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Mr. R. E. Dennett's *Nigerian Studies* and Dr. George Brown's *Melanesians and Polynesians* deal with the habits and customs, as well as the laws, of primitive people, and to some extent with their folklore. Mr. Dennett's book describing the religious and political system of the Yoruba (Nigeria) contains a great deal of excellent matter which, unfortunately, is not attractively presented. It is a book for Dr. Frazer to summarise and draw conclusions from rather than one for the general reader. (Macmillan. Index and illustrations. 232 pp. 8s. 6d. net.) Dr. George Brown's "Melanesians and Polynesians" is a great deal more interesting and better presented. Writing of cannibalism, he says that so far from the people who indulge in it being particularly ferocious and repulsive, the reverse is the case. Cannibals are often no more ferocious than other races which abhor the very notion of eating the human body.

"Many cannibals, indeed," he assures us, "are very nice people." Cannibalism, he thinks, did not arise owing to a scarcity of animal food, but it is generally at all events in Melanesia and Polynesia, "a semi-sacred rite, in most cases practised to discharge an obligation to the spirits of the dead." The book is well illustrated, and in the account of strange birth, marriage, and burial customs, magic, witchcraft, initiation, and other ceremonies, many readers will find much to interest them. A curious account is also given of the way leprosy is "smoked out" of a man by some tribes, often with success, it seems. (Macmillan. With index. 438 pp. 12s. net.)

MEDICINE AND THE CHURCH.

The world moves, and, more wonderful still, even the Church of England moves. In proof whereof we have this volume, edited by Mr. Geoffrey Rhodes (Kegan Paul. 6s.), discussing in a serious, practical, sensible way the relationship between the Practice of Medicine and the Church's Ministry to the Sick. The Bishop of Winchester contributes a foreword, and the collection of essays includes papers by Sir Clifford Allbutt and half-a-dozen other notable doctors, the Bishop of Bloemfontein, the Hon Sydney Holland, and others. Mr. Geoffrey Rhodes writes with earnestness and serious purpose. His book, as the Bishop of Winchester says, will help to dissipate prejudice by the spread of better informed opinion. I regret much not to be able to devote more space to a book whose contents cover so wide and so important a field. But I cordially commend it to all those in the Church, and out of it, who are beginning to wake up to the fact that there is "something in it" after all, and that Mental Healers and Christian Scientists have got hold of a truth which has too long been lost sight of both by doctors and theologians.

THE WORLD'S MISSIONARY BOOKS.

The World Missionary Conference, Edinburgh, 1910 (In nine volumes. 18s. net, or with supplementary volume, 20s. 6d. Oliphant, Anderson), is a standard work of reference, a missionary up-to-date cyclopædia, and a faithful report of what Mr. W. T. Bryan described as the most memorable meeting of the Christian Church since the day of Pentecost. If anyone wishes to give his pastor an acceptable Christmas present, here is the very thing. The books ought to be in every Free Library and every Church library in the land.

SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Round the Clock is the title of the collected series of papers which Sir W. Robertson Nicoll contributed to the *British Weekly*, and which are now republished by Hodder and Stoughton at 6s. They describe the various lustrums in the life of man from youth to extreme old age. The author has devoted many years to their compilation, and they are marked by the wide range of reading, the happy choice of anecdote, and the genial spirit of the editor of the *British*

Weekly. From the same publisher, and by the same author, comes *Sunday Evening*, fifty-two short sermons for home reading. They are admirable discourses, good to be read, any day and any time, morning or evening.

A CHRONOLOGY OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Nearly fifty years ago, when my eyes went bad and I could not read in the train, I found it very useful to employ the twenty minutes spent morning and evening when travelling in committing to memory the leading dates in the histories of Greece, Rome, and Britain. I compiled what I called my date book, a slim volume which was carried conveniently in my pocket, and I still hold its familiar leather-covered back in grateful reminiscence. What I did for myself imperfectly, Mr. Arnold Fairbairns, in his *Chronology of British History*, has done for the general public, and especially for all those who are teachers and students. It is published in four twopenny parts, but it can also be had in a shilling volume of 186 pp. bound in cloth. It is illustrated with reproductions of contemporary portraits of English sovereigns from Richard II. to Edward VII., and gives the dates of all the more important events in English history from B.C. 1000 to 1910 A.D. Mr. Fairbairns has done his work admirably, and I confidently recommend this little book as one which should be found and used in every school and college in the land. By an ingenious use of different founts of type the different categories of facts, political, constitutional, literary, and social, are clearly distinguished. (Stead's Publishing House.)

SAMPLES OF NEW FICTION.

Fred Wishaw is the latest of the innumerable novelists who have been tempted to make Catherine the Great the central figure of an imaginary story. In *An Empress in Love* (Paul. 6s.) he represents Catherine as having fallen desperately in love with a young Scotch giant, who is as beautiful as a Greek god, and, unlike most Greek gods, is romantically faithful to the lass with whom he is in love. The author tells the imaginary story of how the Empress made court to the obdurate Scotsman, and was assisted in her suit by those who were jealous of the reigning favourite. Mr. Wishaw has, not intentionally, done injustice to Catherine. But it is a thousand pities that so much attention should be concentrated upon the weaker side of Catherine's character. She was one of the greatest rulers that ever lived, and yet she is constantly depicted as if she were a mere incarnation of physical desire. It is as if mankind had agreed to forget the sweet singer of Israel and remember only his affair with Bathsheba; that would be as unjust to David as Mr. Wishaw and all his tribe are unjust to Catherine.

The Days of Their Youth, by S. R. Crockett (Hodder. 6s.) Mr. Crockett is even more romantic

than usual in this quaint story of a child protector, a beleaguered mansion, smugglers, and love. The period seems to be shortly after the "45," and the story is told in the first person by the schoolmaster's son, who is the real hero, though he is not always consistently heroic.

Justice, by Marie Leighton (Ward, Lock. 6s.), is a detective adventure story, the plot turning upon the occasional homicidal mania of a famous K.C., who after he has killed his man forgets all about it and successfully fixes the guilt upon someone else.

The Folly of Wisdom, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Hodder. 6s.), is a pathetic story of the love and devotion of two sisters, one of whom has committed a crime. There is a selfless lover and a bright, brisk wife; but who but Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler could persuade us to swallow so many moral platitudes!

The House of Serravalle, by Richard Bagot (Methuen. 6s.), is a finely-wrought story, in which the characterisation is good, and the plot turns upon the bad influence exerted by a household chaplain over a great Italian noble. *A Question of Marriage*, by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey (Hodder. 6s.), is a touching story of the struggles of a lovable woman to maintain her resolve not to marry because madness is in her family. Finally happiness and content become her portion, though not absorbing joy. In *The Devil and the Deep Sea* (Macmillan. 6s.) Miss Broughton introduces us to an invalid with a rather lurid past and a daughter whose father is a disgrace. Both are sailing under borrowed colours, and various uncomfortable situations are the result. But Miss Broughton evidently thinks that even a liar, libertine, and swindler may be a desirable husband if only he be a lover and has money enough.

Alongshore, by Stephen Reynolds (Macmillan. 6s.). Though a longshoreman is a fisherman, a fisherman is not always a longshoreman says Mr. Reynolds in these interesting sketches of the sea by a cultured man who has taken up a longshoreman's work for a livelihood. The "sea" pictures stand out strong and clear, and the queer characters are described with a loving touch.

In *Astray in Arcady* (Methuen. 6s.) Mary E. Mann tells the experiences of a famous authoress who, having retired into the country for a little space, has had the novel experience of being despised. Her descriptions of the people of the neighbourhood are consequently flavoured with rather more piquant sauce than they deserve. There is certainly no one in Dulditch whom we wish to meet again.

Here is a clever murder story entitled *A Waif of Destiny*, by L. G. Moberly (Ward Lock. 6s.). The waif is a charming girl, stranded in London penniless and starving, who is cleverly made to appear an accessory to a crime committed in order to obtain political papers. There is a dramatic ending to the story.

The Golden Silence, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (Methuen. 6s.), is an excellent story and guide-book. There is the inevitable motor-car, but the authors have broken fresh ground, and conveyed in their superb descriptions some idea of the warm colour and the "tremendous silence" of the great North African desert.

The Yoke of Circumstance, by Helen Wallace (Cassell. 6s.). In spite of the yoke imposed upon her by a loveless marriage, the heroine, Laura Pringle, develops sufficient character to keep the straight path; but surely her people are represented unnecessarily selfish.

The Heart of the Bush, by Edith Searle Grossman (Sands. 6s.), is a New Zealand idyll, in which the heroine marries half way through the book. The honeymoon is spent, in picnic fashion, amidst the splendours of the Southern Alps.

The Island of Regeneration, by Cyrus Townshend Brady (Greening. 6s.), supplies us with a strong theme, forcefully told, but not for family reading. Alone on a desert island is a man who has been shipwrecked as a child, totally ignorant and practically speechless. To him comes a highly intellectual woman. Teaching the man, she, an infidel, learns to pray. But there comes a time when the goddess to whom he has looked up has to confess to her pupil that she is not innocent, and, with the narrowness of the untried, he condemns her. The subsequent developments are powerfully told.

Dreams: Dead Earnest and Half Jest (Jarrold and Sons). The many admirers of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's writings will welcome with pleasure his last volume of essays and sketches, religious, patriotic and poetic, entitled "Dreams: Dead Earnest and Half Jest," which is dedicated to the memory of the poet Swinburne. The facile charm of this versatile writer is revealed particularly in the opening sketch, "I Believe—in the Wildflower and the Dawn," which is as bejewelled with fair thoughts and beautiful imageries as a page of Ruskin's "Fronde Agrestes."

Besides the novels already mentioned there are various tales which will appeal to various tastes. *Jemmy Abercraw*, by Bernard Capes (Methuen. 6s.), is an exciting story, the hero of which, an unselfish and devoted individual, is a highwayman. In *The Doomed City* (Ward, Lock. 6s.) Mr. J. R. Carling depicts the destruction of Jerusalem, drawing upon authorities so diverse as the Bible and Dean Milman. Interwoven with the history is the story of the love of a noble Roman for "an Asiatic Christian." It is a very fine story. *The Candidate for Danger*, by Evelyn Sherwood (Melrose. 6s.), shows that in the writer's opinion there are some remarkably silly women in this world. Her hero, a self-made colonial who becomes M.P. and marries a rich woman, seems to think so, too. He is an unblushing "scaramouch," and it is inconceivable that he could have had the success with women with which the writer credits him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rewards and Fairies, by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan. 6s.). It is a melancholy reflection that the author of the Jungle Books is also responsible for this volume. The Jungle Books were the first of their class. "Rewards and Fairies" is not up to the level of "Puck of Pook's Hill," and that was far below the Jungle Books. The best part of the book is the verses, which preserve some of the old Kiplingese fire. But the machinery of the stories is fantastic, and the attempt to serve up history and sanitary science in the guise of fairy tales is not one that comes naturally to Rudyard Kipling. The incongruity between the setting of the story and the story itself is too great to be swallowed even by the most ingenious child. To make fairies tell history stories is like presenting us with canaries solving quadratic equations.

In *One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting* (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net) Mr. R. C. Witt has provided us with an anthology of painting, choosing only masterpieces from public and private collections which justify their inclusion either for their own sake or as representing particular periods of artistic activity. These range from the fourteenth century to the present time, and the examples given are particularly well reproduced. The author's introductory Survey of the History of Painting is useful; the chosen paintings are each described in analytical and critical notes.

Miss Mitford's *Our Village* occupies a special place in most memories, but the rising generation, alas! too often knows it not. Probably many will revel in the old-world village for the first time when they receive the charming edition published by Macmillan (10s. 6d. net). The book is prefaced by Anna Thackeray Ritchie. Mr. Hugh Thompson, of whose spirited sketches no fewer than one hundred are given, has, most happily, caught the very spirit of the village. The coloured plates, each on a separate mount, are excellently done by Mr. Alfred Rawlings.

Concealing Colours in the Animal Kingdom, by Abbott H. Thayers (Macmillan. 31s. 6d. net), is a wonderfully made book on a wonderful subject. It is an exposition of the laws of disguise which govern the colour and pattern of birds and beasts, and is illustrated by sixteen coloured plates and one hundred and forty black and white figures. The object of this book is to present the matter simply, for the subject is little understood even by naturalists and zoologists. It is impossible to give any idea of the marvellous blending of colours illustrated in the plates and drawings.

In our notice last month of Mr. Walker's book on "Aërial Navigation," we regret that it was stated that it was a reprint of the 1903 edition. As a matter of fact, with the exception of Chapter I. and part of II., the whole of the book has been rewritten, enlarged, and brought up to date with all the latest details of construction. There are also 57 new illustrations.