

"The Marriage of William Ashe." Apropos of Lady Caroline, it is distinctly an omission on the part of the otherwise admirable editor, Mr. Romilly, not to mention that the object of Lady Caroline's infatuation (in chapter 9) was Sir Godfrey Webster, and not Byron. Lady Caroline Lamb's name would be forgotten now but for the Byron episode, and the reader's natural instinct is to assume that the reference (on page 97) is to the poet, the more so as every word would fit this supposition. In point of fact, however, Ward, as subsequent letters show, was very far from holding this view of Byron; and indeed there was a warm liking between the two men. Apart from this, Mr. Romilly has carried out his editorial work with tact and discretion; if anything, his notes err on the side of brevity, a rare failing in an editor.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A. By the late Sidney Gilpin. 7s. 6d. net. (George Bell.)

Mr. Sidney Gilpin spent ten years in collecting the materials for this book, and it seems to have been ready for publication when he died, in 1892. Its appearance, which even then would have been a little belated, now becomes almost an indiscretion. Not that the painter's work has fallen in the estimate of public and critics during the quarter of a century since Bough's death. It probably stands as high in it as it did then, and higher than at the moment when his collected pictures were brought into rather unfortunate comparison with those of George Paul Chambers at Glasgow in 1880. But though forceful, Bough's painting has not the undying quality of individuality which alone would justify a volume of appreciation after this lapse of time; and as a matter of fact, Mr. Gilpin did not plan his volume as such. At any rate, as we have it here, it is less an estimate of Bough's art than a record of particular pictures (though, strangely, it contains no reproductions of any of them); and more than either it is an account of the man. There was a generation which knew Sam Bough, by whom this biography would doubtless have been welcomed, but we cannot predict for it a sympathetic reading now. His personality is almost forgotten, even in Scotland, where it endeared itself, or perhaps we ought rather to say made its mark, partly at least because, though it was only the country of his adoption, he seemed to accommodate himself to it like a native. To those who knew him best, Sam Bough was typically English rather than a Scot. Born in Carlisle, in 1822, he had lived over thirty strenuous and harum-scarum years before he settled in Edinburgh. It was there, in the remaining twenty of a life which never was conventional, that he did his best work, and his best was striking and sincere. In these twenty years, too, he imposed upon a great variety of people the impress of a strong and courageous, if crude and undisciplined character. We might well have been content with the tradition of it. The stories which this volume brings back to our recollections have somehow lost their savour. But many of them testify to the tenderness of heart under the rough exterior, to which it is due, doubtless, that that tradition has lingered so long.

PERSONAL STUDIES. By Henry Scott Holland. 6s. (W. Gardner.)

"As the years fall away," says Canon Scott Holland in his preface to this book, "and the earth empties itself of the voices and presences which made it famous to us, the desire grows strong to make an attempt to convey the memories of those who gave significance to our life down to another generation, to whom they are fast becoming mere names." He makes that attempt here, and the result is a fascinating and stimulating volume, in which we are reminded of much and learn much that is new about the careers and private characters of such diverse persons as Gladstone, Ruskin, Benson, Liddon, Matthew Arnold, Salisbury, Rhodes, Temple, Creighton, Stubbs, Burne-Jones, Dolling, and many another who will not soon be forgotten. Canon Scott Holland has a weakness for dropping into rhetorical moods, when his phrases strut with an almost too-solemn pomposity; he has and expresses a prejudice in favour of the not invariably apparent broad-mindedness and superiority of his own religious sect which may provoke useless controversy, but is nevertheless very human and natural; and when we have noted these characteristics we have said all that can reasonably be said in the way of dispraise. Most of the articles included are reprinted from the *Commonwealth*, a

few from the *Guardian*, and elsewhere; each of them is devoted to a prominent and profoundly interesting personality, and deals with it didactically or anecdotally, but always interestingly.

VERSES, WISE AND OTHERWISE. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 5s. (Cassells.)

Mrs. Felkin has gathered into this volume the contents of her two earliest books of verse which, as she mentions in the foreword, are now out of print. Turn the pages where you will, and you find that the verses are marked by a wonderful facility, a prevailing smartness, a pretty wit, and occasionally by touches of humour or pathos. If there is no word-magic, no "charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word," there is no lack of clever phrasing and a very fluent mastery of metrical form. There is a real earnestness of thought and a breath of ecstasy in some of the more serious poems, and all through the book the rapid alternations of humour, satire, tenderness, pensive melancholy or frank frivolity have an almost dazzlingly bewildering effect on the reader. The verses are undeniably clever; if they sound no great depths of poetry and soar to no poetical heights, Mrs. Felkin probably never intended that they should. She fully achieves in them what she set herself to achieve; they are never dull, never unmelodious; sometimes they are informed with a grace and simple sincerity of thought and emotion that reaches very strong and effective expression; at their worst, they are mildly amusing, and even that is more than one can say for many a more pretentious volume.

THE GREEN SPHINX. By Bart Kennedy. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Here we have the outcome of a brief tour, done partly on foot, from Cork to Dublin by way of Waterford, Tipperary, Galway and Belfast. Mr. Kennedy went "to see the country and the people, and to get as far as possible a grip of a most complex and complicated situation." He talked to everybody and saw all there was to be seen in the time. Travelling so, "you may not be able to know all the facts, and you may not be able to fathom the causes that have led to certain effects. But for all that you will grip the essentials—the high lights." "The Green Sphinx" is a book of very high lights indeed. A white-hot iron plunged into cold water would be a fairly apt parallel of Mr. Kennedy in Ireland. The man is white-hot with emotional and verbal energy. The country is water-logged and derelict—in the metaphorical sense. And the result is considerable heat, together with an immense amount of steam and sputtering. The man again is typically modern in that he seems to yearn for every life but the one he leads, of his own free will presumably. The book is a by-product of that most modern journalism which sacrifices everything, even precision and brevity, to effect. It has, like Mr. Kennedy's men of Belfast, a superabundance of expression. It reminds one curiously—at the same moment—of misty, turbulent, remote Ossian, of our own contemporary Whitman, and of the newspaper in which it first appeared. Full stops do duty for commas and dashes, to say nothing of semicolons; words have broken loose on all sides; barefaced slang jostles vigorous idiomatic English, and points are hammered in, regardless of tautology or repetition. But "The Green Sphinx" has, we imagine, a practical, semi-political, not an artistic, purpose. Rhapsody is the milieu for strong and not altogether unconvincing denunciation of the Irish Constabulary, rent-raising landlords, hypocritical Westminster and intriguing Dublin Castle—the middleman in the government of Ireland by England. How far it is just we will not pretend to say. But we remember Swift's satire, and we note that Mr. Kennedy, himself a Catholic, looks forward to a revolt against the rapacity and tyranny of the Irish priesthood. If things are only half as bad as he asserts, they are sufficiently disgraceful. And a book unusual in form and sensational in expression is not a bad way—is one of the few ways—of drawing popular attention to the matter. So "The Green Sphinx" is full of rhetorical exaggeration. On the other hand, it has a certain unity of impression uncommon in books of travel, and many of its pen-pictures have brilliance, whether or no they have depth. We should not care to read many similar books, or "The Green Sphinx" many times, but we are frankly glad to have read it once.

WOODMYTH AND FABLE. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

There is a good deal of shrewd common-sense and worldly wisdom in many of these quaint little prose and verse fables of Mr. Seton's, and others mask nothing at all but an odd and delightful spirit of tricky humour; mingled with them are amusingly grotesque or poetically imaginative myths and legends of the Chaska-water Indians, and the book is illustrated throughout by the author, whose grotesque or eerie sketches are admirably in harmony with the text. If you want to know "How the Giraffe Became," here you may learn all about it, and draw a moral from his dissatisfied desires; or you can turn to the "Fable of the Yankee Crab," and read how the young may know better than their elders, which is not a sound, orthodox moral, of course, but is, nevertheless, in this case, as true as it is amusing. Here is one of the fables in verse, which we quote not because it is absolutely the best, but because it is the prettiest, and happens to be short:

"The Meddy she was sorry
For her sister sky, ye see,
Coz, though her robe of blue wuz bright,
'Twas plain as it could be.

An' so she sent a skylark up
To trim the Sky robe right,
Wi' daisies from the Meddy
(Ye kin see them best at night).

An' every scrap of blue cut out
To make them daisies set,
Come tum'ling down upon the grass
An' grewed a violet."

The book is very daintily got up, with a cover design and title and page decorations by Miss Grace Gallatin Seton, and makes a Christmas gift that would be appreciated by older as well as by younger readers.

SEVEN ANGELS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

We seem to find in this book an illustration of the tyranny of a title. Sir Wyke Bayliss's purpose is to tell the story of painting during the period known as the Renaissance, beginning in the thirteenth century, and after the apparent blank of the subsequent hundred years coming into full flower in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the seventeenth fading away. Cimabue, faint figure as he is, does well enough as the herald of the dawn. In the golden age, five names stand out in the boldest relief—Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Correggio. Claude ushers in a new time. In this way Sir Wyke stakes out the field, and no one may quarrel with the partition. So with his interpretation of the mission of these great Italians. Da Vinci "laid the foundations of painting on the finest lines of scholarship"; he "irradiated the studio with the light of the intellectual life." Michael Angelo brought to it the glory of imagination, Titian the glory of colour: the one "came with the message, direct from heaven, that men should be as gods," the other "from Olympus with the revelation that the gods are as men." The work of Raphael is the manifestation of the fine quality in art, which may be called "balance." Correggio "showed that Art can express sweetness and grace without being weak." These interpretations, though we may not always agree with them, are sound or suggestive, and moreover are worked out interestingly and with a great deal of knowledge. But mixed with them unfortunately in Sir Wyke Bayliss's book is another and a slightly "flummery" element, and it is it which we imagine due to the tyranny of his title. He is writing of five or seven or seventeen great painters of the Renaissance, and when he calls them Angels, though he means thereby no more than Messengers, he sets himself a headline which requires a great deal of writing up to, and applies himself with much gusto to the task. A little emotional symbolism goes a long way in art-criticism; there is an excess of it in this book which, we confess, rather tires us.

IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO. By Alexander MacDonald. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

A book like this makes us wonder whether the advance of civilisation will ever eliminate the craving for adventure. In an age in which the dominant note is an ever more and more clamorous demand for comfort, it is at once surprising and reassuring to find that the race of those who court

danger as a mistress has not yet died out. Most of Mr. MacDonald's wanderings, as chronicled in this fascinating volume, were nominally undertaken in search of gold; but the spirit which breathes through the narrative is the pure spirit of adventure. The gold was a mere pretext, a justification for these wanderings; the compelling motive was to see life in strange lands, and to wrest their secret from the untrodden wilds of the earth. The same mysterious yearning which drove Mr. Hubbard to sacrifice his life in the frozen wastes of Labrador drew Mr. MacDonald to Alaska and to the Australian desert. This irresistible desire to find the "something lost behind the ranges," which Kipling has so finely described in "The Explorer," is not confined to any one nation; but in these days, when the cry is all of the degeneration of the race, it is heartening to find that England is still producing men who can make sport of peril and hardship for the sake of adventure. These men are the pioneers of civilisation, the unconscious missionaries of commerce, and the spirit which animates them—to quote a vivid phrase from Admiral Moresby's introduction—is a "relish of youth which persists into the old age of the world." The book falls into two parts, the first dealing with Mr. MacDonald's journeying in Klondyke in the early days, and the second with his adventures in search of gold in Australia. There are also appended some miscellaneous chapters, the most interesting of which deal with prospecting in New Guinea and the pearl fisheries of north-western Australia. The Klondyke portion of the book is specially valuable, because several widely read novels have popularised a false idea of that region by glossing over the lawlessness which marked the early days of the rush, a lawlessness which finds a parallel in the history of every gold-mining county. Mr. MacDonald's plain, unvarnished narrative provides a useful antidote to these rose-coloured idealisations of country, the horrors of whose climate nothing but the fascination of finding gold could induce men to face. Not the least attractive feature of the book is the picture which Mr. MacDonald gives of the strangely assorted little band who accompanied him on his wanderings, and even more interesting is the unconscious revelation of his own character, tactful, cautious, and fertile in resource. Mr. MacDonald in his characteristically modest preface apologises for the "brusqueness or crudity of expression which may be noticeable." The apology is needless, for no artifice is so effective as simplicity, and the style could not be more admirably adapted to the subject matter.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a voluminous correspondence and an unique position; she writes to other people's sons and daughters," and she not only gives advice, but has it taken. **A Woman of the World** (6s.) is the entertaining volume in which she tells young men how to manage their aspirations in love and life-work, and young girls how to start college life and how to deal with the attentions of married men: she advises wives in the matter of mothers-in-law, and husbands in the matter of jealous wives. The ambitious, the fearful, the poor, the impetuous, all receive her counsel, and sound, liberal-minded, outspoken, sometimes vivacious, sometimes stinging counsel it is. There is an American briskness about the letters, and a sanity and reasonableness which help while other qualities amuse.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

In this century Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey stands without a rival in her own particular style of story. There is no one now who can write as she can of a country town or a cathedral town, and in a chapter or two make us know the streets, the houses, the several families, and one family in particular. In **The Household of Peter** (6s.) we have an excellent example of her individual artistry. Peter was a young doctor, and his household consisted of three loving and loveable young sisters, one woman servant worth her weight in gold (and no feather-weight was she), and a boy to run errands. Other characters are numerous, distinct, and very human. Four or five affairs of the heart spring to life and intertwine, no one too good to be interesting or too bad to be wholesome. A safe and charming book, especially for any woman of any age from fifteen to fifty.

MR. T. FOULIS.

A little pink garden-book which is as dainty as a rosebud itself, is **The Four Gardens**, by "Handasyde." It is not a book which tells you how to plant and cultivate flowers; such books, indeed, have been done generously already; it is instead a book