

discovers that his aunt's stately butler is one of his trippers, and the only one who is travelling first class, because he does not care to mix with "the ruck." He takes the butler partly into his confidence, and as the butler does not wish Lady Anchester to know that he could so far unbend as to take his pleasures with the crowd, each is pledged to keep the other's secret. But when they get to Lucerne, Lady Anchester and Marion are there already, and awkward complications begin to ensue. Mr. Muir gets some excellent fun out of the idiosyncrasies of the various members of the touring party, genially satirises the peculiarities of the personally conducted tour, and welds it all together with a lively farcical plot in which two or three pretty girls take a hand, with the result that you get just enough of light love-making to give the tale a sauce of pleasant sentiment. "Switzerland will soon be as amusing as Earl's Court, and with cheaper meals into the bargain," says Lady Anchester, when she first sees an advertisement of the Five Guinea Trip; but if the Exhibition were as amusing as Mr. Muir makes Switzerland, you would soon know it, for you would be able to hear Earl's Court laughing half over London.

**THE LAME ENGLISHMAN.** By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Lame Englishman was unsensational in appearance, but romantic in spirit. His name did not help him much, either, for it was Thomas Smith; moreover, he was respectably well off, and his mother was always writing to remind him to wear his white muffler on cold nights. He resented all this, and, though he was a very decent fellow, he allowed it to prey upon his mind so much that he became morose. However, he was living—for the time-being—in Rome, and the year was 1849. Smith was interested in the cause of the people, and thus he came to meet a very perfect heroine, who, unfortunately, was already married to a fat Italian. In spite of his lameness, Smith was accepted for Garibaldi's regiment, and he saw his full share of fighting (and remarkably well it is described) before Mr. Deeping sees fit to wind up his story on p. 370. We wish Mr. Deeping could have gone on for a little, for "The Lame Englishman" is a very good novel indeed. For its clever study of a certain type of character and for its general interest "The Lame Englishman" is worthy of a very high place among this season's novels.

**FEAR.** By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

A reviewer's first feeling will certainly be one of calm but firm conviction that "it cannot be Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland who has done a book with this title." Mrs. Bland, he will recall, was once a delightful writer of verse, and even of recent years, when she has done little but make up stories that children all over the Empire love, she has never lost that wizard touch that rendered her poems so fresh, so fragrant, and alive with a note of intimate personal charm. Even her novel, "The Red House," was a novel that a poet might have written, and lo! here comes "Fear," by the author of "The Incomplete Amorist," "The Story of the Amulet," and "The Enchanted Castle." And these startling stories, it should be noted, bear titles just as startling as the name on the cover. Nevertheless, they are amazingly well written. They don't shock you as you expect they will when you think of their sombre label. They interest you at the onset, like all the best types of popular magazine-stories, and then when you get right into the heart of their mysteries, you are puzzled, excited, curious, and anxious, but you are never frightened, and you are only sorry when they come to an end. The first story is, perhaps, the best—"The Five Senses," which tells about a scientist who discovered a combination of drugs that would intensify all or each of our sensations—but "The Ebony Frame" is also quaint and unexpected, and it runs the first story in dramatic interest rather close.

**THE ROMANTIC ROAD.** By Guy Rawlence. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Guy Rawlence has not discovered any remarkably new formula for a story of highwayman adventure in the days of "Farmer George," but he has the gift of bright and pleasant narrative, and he makes all his characters step down from their niches and perform their parts upon his tiny stage with naturalness and grace. Personally we are rather sorry that he does not tell us more about Mademoiselle Clothilde Chamby and her aunt, and that weak, silly youth Lord Fortington. They made an excellent foil to the hero, Sir Michael Stanton of Stanton Hall, Devon, and his fair Julia, who masqueraded under the stress of stern necessity as the notorious highwayman Wild Will on the roads around Salisbury and Fordingbridge; but when the lust of adventure gets in an author's blood it often causes him to lay more stress on action and on sensation than upon any nicely balanced contrast in character, locality, and atmosphere, and after all "The Romantic Road" gives a reader plenty of excitement and pleasure. The finish too is beyond reproach: "'And so the adventures are over,' said he, 'the old life done with. No more wild rides, no more fears and tremors, no more escapades on the road—the great romantic road!' She sighed. 'Julia, you regret it!' 'Maybe I should—but for you,' she answered smiling." As a climax it is not very novel, of course, but it is eminently comforting and grateful.

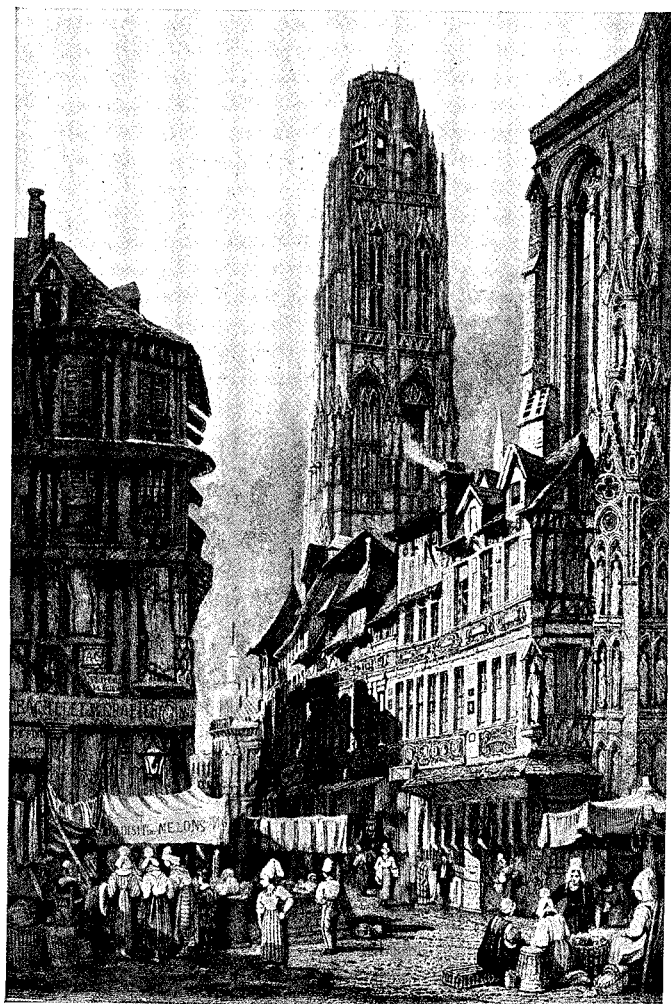
**THE MAN-MARKET.** By Edgar Swan. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Kornilof was an ingenious Russian who had an idea for getting rich quick. He used to advertise on eggs that he knew of excellent openings for young men on his farm in Russia. When he got hold of his young men, he proceeded—having made friends with the officers in charge of the gangs of prisoners on their way to Siberia—to exchange them for such of the true prisoners as could pay for the privilege of escaping. Among those entrapped and sent to Siberia was a young Englishman, Tom Bateman, with whose troubles and adventures—together with those of his brother, and a Russian friend, who went in search of him—this book deals. Mr. Swan has a fertile imagination for adventures, and he keeps his story moving well. Moreover, he seems to know Russia and Russian ways thoroughly. "The Man-Market," in short, is a highly effective piece of sensation.

## The Bookman's Table.

**OLD CONTINENTAL TOWNS.** By Walter M. Gallichan. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is the latest volume in a series which already contains a number of books of proven utility to the traveller both in England and abroad. The difference from its predecessors lies in the fact that while they are confined in their scope to one special country, this one has a continent for its theme. Mr. Gallichan deals at varying lengths with old and famous cities in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Bohemia, and Greece. He has provided a book which those who are wandering over Europe will find a pleasant companion. He writes in a simple, easy manner, and if the desire to get much information into a little space sometimes drives him to the border of guide-bookishness, that is a lesser crime than diffuseness or vague sentimentality. For Mr. Gallichan has not, one takes it, set out to write a volume of impressions, like Mr. Arthur Symonds' "Cities." Nor must one go to him for art criticism or the documented details of history. But for those who want to know the main facts of a town's story and where its best churches and pictures are to be found and what great men have illuminated it, "Old Continental Towns" is just the thing. Specially



Rouen, 1822.

A street showing the Tower of the Cathedral.

From "Old Continental Towns," by Walter M. Gallichan. (Werner Laurie.)

interesting are the chapters on the Spanish towns—Toledo, Seville, Granada, Cordova. Mr. Gallichan has written on Spain before, and his acquaintance with the cities of the peninsula is obviously particularly intimate. For several reasons, Spain is at the present moment as interesting to Englishmen as any country in Europe. It is a country whose future is as fruitful of speculation as its past is crowded with romance. It is not amiss, therefore, that its cities should occupy the most arresting pages of "Old Continental Towns." A number of illustrations, taken from old engravings, embellish the book.

**LE DUC DE MORNAY.** By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. 12s. 6d. (John Long.)

Of all the characters that were jostled into prominence on the world's stage by the rise of the Second Empire under Napoleon the Third, the Duc de Morny was perhaps one of the most remarkable. His origin alone had in itself the quintessence of historical romance. A gilded chain of illegitimacy made him the putative great-grandson of Louis XV.—the grandson of Talleyrand, and the son of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter-in-law of Napoleon the First and the wife of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. It was this latter relationship that made him half-brother of Napoleon III. It was not until Louis Napoleon had been elected President of the Second Republic that the brothers first met. Prior to this De Morny had passed his life as a soldier, a politician, and a speculative financier. The *coup d'état* and the establishment of the Empire raised him to a position of political importance, and as Minister of the Interior, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and President of the Corps Législatif, he displayed talents of a high order. Had he been alive in 1870, it is possible that the Empire might have been saved; as it was, death relieved him from witnessing the

degradation of a régime that he had done much to establish. In this interesting and admirably written *Life* the author has done his best to trick his subject out as a hero; but even he has to describe him as "a man of brains and pluck, bereft of all feeling, of all belief, and all principles." A financial adventurer, he used his position in the State to feather his own nest—bearing stocks when war with Austria was to be declared and dragging his country into the disgrace of the Mexican campaign to further his own ends. He posed as the grand seigneur—"too tired to speak, too bored to live"—he loved to ostentatiously display his wealth and his superiority, and the author ill-advisedly repeats the old gambling story as a proof of his fine manners, when it merely affords an illustration of what he really was—a parvenu of the first water and a *nouveau riche* of the worst type. The book is an excellent study of a remarkable man, and an important addition to the literature of the Second Empire.

**QUIET DAYS IN SPAIN.** By C. Bogue Luffmann. 8s. net. (Murray.)

Considering the number of books on Spain that are published every year in this country, there would seem to be a number of people who have been beyond the Pyrenees. Mr. Luffmann very probably saw far less English folk in Spain than Spaniards, seeing that he spent his time in every corner of the land and has apparently been taken to the bosoms, more than once or twice, of Spanish families. All this is very pleasant. Mr. Luffmann's picture is as true as Frith's own "Derby Day," and so anxious is he to relate the real Spaniard, that he does not shy at lapses in the grammar. Many writers would not have allowed the mother of Trinidad to say "Con muchas gusto," nor have had the beggar say "monte de piete." And here is a fine story, redolent of truth (for the actor's name is wrongly spelled); it is from the *Heraldo de Madrid*, which wrote one day that "Makowski, the actor most celebrated in Berlin, died *repentant* this morning." Mr. Luffmann knows a great deal about Murcia, and is so learned on the subject of hair that he certainly must know whether or not the hair-dressers are women; we should have put "peinadores" instead of "peinadoras." And Mr. Luffmann gives one the impression that it is not good for weaker brethren to know too much. He stays a lifetime in a little town, and tells us something most recondite, which a common traveller would never have observed. Page after page presents us with some curious piece of information. The style may be too disconnected, but we are not in the presence of an author who imagines that we shall be satisfied with rolling periods of eloquence. He is the man who knows, and we are glad to listen, for we have read many volumes on Spain.

**BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS.** By Dillon Wallace. With 75 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and a Map. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When we received Mr. Wallace's "Long Trail of Labrador" some two years ago, it occurred to us that here was an observant traveller of whose excellent powers of description we should see more in the time to come. Here is corroborative evidence of what we then thought. Having realised that Western Mexico was practically a virgin country to the English-speaking traveller with a literary tendency, he and a friend left 'Frisco to see what they could find between the Pacific and the Mexican Sierras. At Mazatlan, their intended port of disembarkation, they were prevented from going ashore by the usual pig-headed high-mightiness of the authorities of colonies which were originated by Latin races. But this fact produced them three friends from amongst the passengers, men who had a stake in the country and were, in a sense, going home *via* another port. In this manner the party of two was