

conquered his public, and why it was not in its day an equal success with the "Manxman" is a puzzle. But he is a most erratic writer, full of disappointments, as his "Lady Kilpatrick" witnesses. It is a readable story, with hero, heroine, and villains in a quite conventional grouping, the suppressed legitimacy of a son, a passably exciting bog-slip, and so forth, a kind of curtain-raiser in one volume. Then again in this group, there is Doctor George MacDonald with his wonderful imagination, his power of weird effect, his dreadful metaphysics, and his congested art. Then have we not Professor Patrick Geddes flourishing his absurd Evergreen? "Neil Roy" is a name new to us, but he is a worthy addition to this broader group of Scotch writers, a group which for convenience we may style "Keltic," a group racial rather than local. "The Horseman's Word," if Lowland in dialect (we speak without authority in that matter), is Highland in spirit. Its hero, the "Kelpie," is a fresh and striking figure, a wild cotter and the heir to an earldom, feared as uncanny, hated as a Catholic. It is a novel and exciting story, strongly imagined and ably told.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Longmans' Gazetteer of the World." Edited by George G. Chisholm, M.A., B.Sc. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

THERE is so much that is obviously good and practical in this volume of nearly 1800 pages, that we mention a few noticeable drawbacks with hesitation. Some of the articles contain a word of history, others have none. For all we can gather from the notice of Petersburg, for example, the city might be as old in importance as Paris. Again the rule for the admittance of towns and villages into the Gazetteer is fixed generally by consideration of population—hence the exclusion of Barbizon. And talking of painters, the four lines which describe Newlyn are entirely taken up with the measurement of its harbour—the sort of information which passes from one gazetteer into another and another, and which can only appeal to a very small minority. No mention is made of the one fact which has made Newlyn famous. "Weimar," on the other hand, is satisfactory; the second glamour cast over the town by Liszt is noted. The only general objection we have to make would apply equally to other gazetteers—there are far too few references. It would have been well if the various contributors, whenever they were dealing with unfamiliar but interesting places, had seen their way to mention sources from which further knowledge could be gained. The title of one book is often sufficient to start the inquirer on the right road—and this is one of the most precious qualities which an encyclopædic work can possess.

"Minor Dialogues." By W. Pett Ridge. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1895.

It is strange that any ordinary writer should care to enter Mr. Anstey's country and compete with "Voces Populi." It is stranger still that even the most ordinary should have turned out anything quite so empty as these dialogues. Mr. Ridge has no true humour, no close observation. His humour, as here displayed, is pure snobbishness. It is founded on the fallacy that there is humour in the mere fact that servants, shop-girls, and common clerks exist. The "Minor Dialogues" are built on a foundation as false as that which underlies the "Telling Stories." The existence of a lower class, differing in its manners and speech from that to which author and reader belong, is not *per se* humorous. If you want to rouse a legitimate interest in the conversation of two people who are talking cockney, it is not enough to make them talk cockney, you must put as much truth and humour into the situation as one would if the persons were of your own class. If you have nothing to say, you cannot hide the fact by writing "I dessay" or even "gahn." As for observation, Mr. Ridge has not got beyond the vague belief that conversations overheard in omnibuses, trains, and pits might be amusing. His readers know that much. It is perhaps unnecessary to take grave exception to such a silly production; but it is more than silly. The author's point of view is repellent, the tone of his dialogues irritating.

"How Canada is Governed." By Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G. London: Edwin Arnold. 1895.

This is an excellent little manual on the executive, legislative, judicial, and municipal institutions of the Dominion. Its author is clerk of the Canadian House of Commons and a well-known writer on Canadian constitutional history. His purpose is to give his fellow-Canadians a succinct account of the manner in which they are governed, and he accomplishes that purpose so admirably that not only the Canadian, but the Englishman, the South African, and the Australian may read the book with profit and pleasure. In brief space it affords one a most comprehensive idea of the inception and development of Canadian institutions; and for the reader who has not studied constitutional questions, its perusal will have the advantage of explaining in a few simple, terse sentences the method of government in Great

Britain as well as in Canada. It is remarkable to note how closely, in leading features, Canada has followed the line of the mother-country in her institutions, from the Viceregal office downwards. Dr. Bourinot approaches his task from a very high standpoint. "I have borne in mind," he says, "that a Canadian is not merely a citizen of Canada, and, as such, has duties and obligations to discharge within the Dominion and province, but that he is also a citizen of the greatest and noblest Empire that the world has ever seen." Remembering this, he tells the Canadians not only what the constitution is under which they live, but what they must themselves aspire to be, as citizens, if Canada is to grow up a strong and self-respecting member of the British Empire. Of his own loyalty Dr. Bourinot gives us naïve proof when he dates his work "Ottawa: Queen's Birthday, 1895." The interest of his volume is enhanced by illustrations of buildings, arms, flags, and autographs.

"Public Speaking and Debate." By George Jacob Holyoake. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

Mr. Holyoake is garrulous, and his book has the merits of garrulity—some of his anecdotes and many of his personal reminiscences are good reading. Perhaps this work may be of practical use to students of public speaking, and even the denial of its usefulness would be a light charge to bring against a treatise on Oratory; but Mr. Holyoake has not otherwise followed the example of some of his more celebrated predecessors, for his writing is not a pleasure to read. His style is neither elegant nor impressive; the procession of common-places, short sentences, and anecdotes, is wearisome in such a long book—and the book is very long.

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE autumn "Evergreen" ("a Northern Seasonal") is not striking where it is peculiarly Scotch or peculiarly seasonable. The philosophy is high-toned but unreadable and a little sloppy, the verse is very very middling, and the Scotch painters are not at their best without colour. Could not the editor send some of them over to Paris to learn from Steinlen and Sgap the secrets of colour-printing? We should not expect work like Steinlen's, but Glasgow might go in successfully for coloured drawings. The best picture in this volume is Mr. Charles Mackie's "Hide and Seek," which is dramatic and amusing. There are two pieces of writing which are worth reading. One a translation of the "Flaieurs" of Charles Van Lerberghe, "this new and strange, this apparently crude but artistically wrought presentment of the brutality of the commonplace death" (the words are Maeterlinck's, quoted by Mr. William Sharp in his note); the other is Fiona Macleod's, telling of the marvellous legend which makes a Gaelic girl the foster-mother of Christ for one night.

The articles and illustrations in the "Cosmopolitan" are always bright and taking enough by themselves, but the magazine has a distinct advantage over the English and semi-English monthlies in its advertisements. Seriously, this is an important matter in a publication so ephemeral and lazy as a magazine. If it is necessary that the bulk of a magazine should be carefully and brightly planned, is it not also desirable that the inevitable pages of advertisement at the end should be attractive? They must necessarily exist, and their existence may just as well be turned to good account. "We might advertise till Doomsday, but some people wouldn't use Tadella pens." You might run a very dull magazine successfully with such masterpieces on its advertisement pages.

Two contributors on the Venezuelan crisis in the "North American Review" are very fiery on the subject of the Monroe Doctrine. Their fire is laudable, catching even; but they have forgotten to say where the Monroe Doctrine comes in.

The "Artist" is doing a real service in drawing attention to the furniture in the South Kensington Museum, and in the November issue it is specially pleasant to see that classical models of the eighteenth century are not entirely forgotten in the craze for Venetian wrought iron and other romanticisms.

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