

gaze upon the dead genius ; and the broad, massive lighting of the striking head is a thing to remember. Mr. Collier is also represented by the well-known full-length of Miss Julia Neilson, and by a very forceful head of himself, which I do not remember to have seen before. His "Miss Cissie Loftus" is quite a departure from his usual methods, and is full of a quaint grace difficult to describe. The face is charmingly treated, but there is something a little uncomfortable about the way in which the head is set on the neck.

Mr. Watts sends two heads, which, though by no means notable examples of his work, yet are a refreshment to the weary eye, assailed by modernity. Mr. Ellis Roberts has two life-size full-length pictures, The Countess of Yarborough, and The Duchess of Portland. His style is somewhat hard, and he has a curious fancy for dressing his models *à la* Gainsborough ; but he has certainly managed to convey both the beauty and the dignity of the lovely Duchess, who wears a fanciful tea-gown, white in front, with a train of green velvet, gold bordered, and a stiffened Medici collar of lace. And, as we be all women, I must just mention that one of the most charming gowns I have ever seen is that worn by Mrs. Hornsby Drake, in Perugini's portrait of her. It is pale blue and silver and white, with pearls, and is painted with that wonderful pearliness which he shares with Sir Frederick Leighton.

### Two Books of the Week.

#### "SCYLLA OR CHARYBDIS?" AND "HER CELESTIAL HUSBAND."\*

MISS BROUGHTON'S new novel will, it is to be expected, prove a disappointment to the many admirers of that cheerful authoress. Last year I reviewed in these pages a charming little story from her pen, entitled, "A Beginner," which was genuinely funny and amusing. It is dismal to have to record that this last publication of Miss Broughton is a horrible tale of heredity and sin, for Mrs. Clarence, the mother of the hero, was married to a homicidal maniac. A confidential friend cruelly lifts the veil from the past, and informs Harry Clarence that he must never marry because his papa was a dangerous lunatic. But it appears that the homicidal maniac was not really Harry's papa, and, in consequence of an indiscretion of his mamma's, he had quite a healthy papa. Mrs. Clarence is therefore placed between the "Scylla" of letting her son believe that his father was a maniac, and therefore he can never marry, and must (as in all other "up-to-date" novels) virtuously refuse "To tamper with lives that come after," and the "Charybdis" of owing to her boy that he was illegitimate—two equally unpleasant revelations. Harry Clarence loved a young damsel "who hates the sight of books," and likes to ride on the waggon-tilt of a hay-cart, and go shrimping in bloomer costume, and falls asleep when he reads Bret Harte aloud. She is moreover possessed of a gambling and disreputable papa ;

indeed, all the parents in the book have more or less guilty pasts. The whole story is an eminently disagreeable one ; and Miss Broughton seems to have lost that peculiar sense of humour which has made so many of her previous writings delightful, or she would never have written the unpleasant scene between Harry and his sweetheart, which is evidently intended to be heart-rending but which, unfortunately, is merely comic.

"Her Celestial Husband" was not a god-like being, he was merely a "Heathen Chinese." Lew-Ching wore beautiful pink and blue satin robes and a pigtail, and he had courtly silent manners, and was quite a distinguished personage in the suburban society amongst which Mabel Conyers lived. Mabel had been playing fast and loose with several suburban lovers and had grown quite hysterical ; and the inside of her head felt just like flannel, so she married Lew-Ching and fled away from Surburbia to China with him. When she got there she found a terrible mother-in-law, who was "a hideous vision, blear-eyed, and with wrinkled, yellow skin," and hands like a bird's claw, who consented to receive the English girl under her roof as an appendage of her son's, but refused to recognise her position as his wife. China Land was odious to poor Mabel ; its manners, customs, and smells were terrible to her ; the inside of her head felt more and more like flannel, and finally she acts in a very peremptory manner indeed. The story is amusing ; though it is impossible to conceive how any pretty English girl could accept a yellow Chinese as a husband even in order that she might escape from suburban gossip, but the rest of the tale is credible enough. Mabel's voyage with her celestial husband, and the disapproving behaviour to her of all the ladies on board ship are most amusingly described. The Chinese mother-in-law, the lack of proper beds and furniture, and the disgusting Chinese meals are all graphically depicted. The story is not of a high order of merit, but it will serve to beguile a long railway journey, or help to pass a wet autumn afternoon.

A. M. G.

### Bookland.

MRS. MEADE'S new novel, "A Princess of the Gutter," shortly to be published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co., gives an up-to-date account of Christian Socialist work in East London.

Mr. Harry Furniss's young daughter, Dorothy, who is only about 16 years old, inherits her father's inimitable art of caricature and fancy sketching. Under his tuition she has made such rapid progress that many of her drawings are to be used for illustrating the new book, both humorous and fanciful, which her father has illustrated, and which is shortly to be brought out by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is called "The Wallypug of Why"—whatever that may mean—and is written by Mr. Farrow. Miss Furniss is not only a clever artist, but she is exceedingly pretty and nice.

Mrs. Basil Holmes will republish in book form, with many additions and illustrations, her interesting Report on London Burial Grounds. Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish the volume. Mrs. Holmes, in this book, gives an account of the Metropolitan Burial Grounds, ninety of which have been utilised to provide recreation gardens for the poor.

Mr. John C. Nimmo is about to publish a new work of verse by "Violet Fane," who is Lady Currie, the wife of our Ambassador at Constantinople. Some of the poems

\* "Scylla or Charybdis?" by Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Bentley).  
"Her Celestial Husband," by Daniel Woodroffe. (Fisher Unwin.)

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