

HOLIDAY BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

It may be that travel-books, like some other things, should begin at home. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's book of "Tarry-at-Home Travels" does this, and does it very gracefully. Outside of the author's own New

* **TARRY-AT-HOME TRAVELS.** By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

CAMP-FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D. Illustrated by John M. Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CERTAIN DELIGHTFUL ENGLISH TOWNS. With Glimpses of the Pleasant Country Between. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LITERARY BY-PATHS IN OLD ENGLAND. By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated from photographs by the author. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A WANDERER IN LONDON. By Edwin Verrall Lucas. With illustrations by Nelson Dawson, and from photographs. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ROMANTIC CITIES OF PROVENCE. By Mona Caird. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SAUNTERINGS IN SPAIN: Barcelona, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada. By Frederick H. A. Seymour. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

GRANADA: Memories, Adventures, Studies, and Impressions. By Leonard Williams. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY. By Grant Allen and George C. Williamson. Two volumes, illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

BY ITALIAN SEAS. By Ernest C. Peixotto. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RAMBLES ON THE RIVIERA. By Eduard Strasburger, F.R.S., D.C.L. Translated from the German by O. and B. Comerford Casey. Illustrated in color by Louise Reusch. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RAMBLES ON THE RIVIERA. Being Some Account of Journeys Made *en Automobile*, and of Things Seen in the Fair Land of Provence. By Francis Miltoun. Illustrated and decorated by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

RUSSIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES. By Annette M. B. Meakin. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT. A Book of Travel and Research. By A. V. Williams Jackson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A WOMAN ALONE IN THE HEART OF JAPAN. By Gertrude Adams Fisher. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

TWO YEARS AMONG NEW GUINEA CANNIBALS: A Naturalist's Sojourn among the Aborigines of Unexplored New Guinea. By A. E. Pratt. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

England, the book is concerned only with the State of New York and with the city of Washington. It contains much that is old — old enough, for the most part, to have become new again to Dr. Hale's readers; and it is laden with reminiscences from a day more remote in feeling than in time. The author tells us that the work was inspired by the conviction that there are not books enough concerning travel in these States; and he set himself to the task of remedying this lack in our literature, just as he performed a similar service for our national balladry. His first paragraph reads as follows:

"It seems to me curious that so few people write about travels in the United States. One in a thousand of the intelligent Americans who travel in Europe puts his observations into print. One in fifty of the people who cross Asia does the same; and every one who crosses Africa does. But of the travellers of America, you might count on the fingers of two hands all who have written anything worth reading that has been printed in the last twenty years."

The illustrations are profuse and well-chosen, consisting of reproductions of old prints and portraits and photographs of present-day scenes.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, the well-known traveller and writer on natural history, found in the Canadian Rockies material for what President Roosevelt might well call a "bully" travel-book. He went there especially to find mountain goats — and he certainly found them. A short quotation will show what happened while he was studying a herd of twenty-eight of these animals which their dogs had brought to bay long enough to have them photographed.

"Suddenly sharp cries of surprise came up from the camp, and I sprang up to look about. Three goats were running past the tents at top speed, — a big billy, and two smaller goats."

"Hi, there! Goats! Goats!" cried Smith and Norboe. "The cook was stooping over the fire, and looking under his right arm he saw the bunch charging straight toward him, at a gallop. A second later, the big billy was almost upon him."

"Hey! You son-of-a-gun!" yelled Huddleston, and as the big snow-white animal dashed past him he struck it across the neck with a stick of firewood. The goat's tracks were within six feet of the camp-fire."

As was to be expected, the book abounds in vivid descriptions of wild animals; and it gives also many extremely interesting pictures made from photographs taken at ranges almost incredibly close.

In one or two places in his admirable book, "Certain Delightful English Towns," Mr. W. D. Howells shows a tendency to apologize to the people of England for the unkind words he has sometimes written of them. Witness such a paragraph as this:

"On the tender was an Englishman whom I asked which was the best hotel in Plymouth. At first he would not commit himself; then his humanity began to work in him, and he expressed a preference, and abruptly left me. He returned directly to give the reasons for his preference, and to excuse them, and again he left me. A second time he came back, with his conscience fully roused, and conjured me not to think of going elsewhere. I thought that charming, and I afterwards found the hotel excellent, as I found nearly all the hotels in England. I found everything delightful on the way to it, inclusive of the cabman's overcharge, which brought the extortion to a full third of the just fare of a New York cabman."

It would be hard to find fault with a traveller who was so prepared to enjoy his sojourn in a strange land, and one wherein he felt himself to be no stranger. It was this attitude toward life that went far toward making both journey and the account of it so cheerful. The book has the usual charming and idiomatic style of Mr. Howells, who should now be persuaded to do as much — as much as he can, that is — in the same vein for some of our American cities. Some charming pen drawings by Mr. Ernest Haskell, together with numerous reproductions from photographs, add not a little to the attractiveness of this pleasant volume.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley strays even farther from the beaten path than does Mr. Howells, for in his "Literary By-Paths in Old England" he has undertaken to follow the haunts and dwelling-places of Spenser, Sidney, William Penn, Gray, Gilbert White, Goldsmith, Burns, Keats, Carlyle, and Tom Hood, concluding with the multiplicity of literary interests that centre in "royal" Winchester. The novelty of the work does not consist so much in new discoveries, for there are none of consequence, as in presenting his subjects in a light not usual. One thinks of Goldsmith, for instance, and one thinks of "The Deserted Village" in connection with him; yet somehow it is a novelty to think of Auburn itself, as it stands, still deserted, in its (and his) native Ireland, and to think of Goldsmith in just that connection. So Keats, though known to have been a chemist and student of medicine, is so entirely the poet in the popular estimation that his signatures as a student of chemistry and medicine possess a curious human interest. The book furnishes abundant opportunity for illustrations, which are supplied from photographs taken by the author.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his attractive volume entitled "A Wanderer in London," adds his charming prose and even an occasional modest verse to his minute knowledge of locality and literature, and the result is a book well worthy the attention of any visitor, actual or intending, to the British capital. Such a paragraph as this, chosen quite at random, illustrates its wealth of reference and its author's interesting manner of presentation:

"Grosvenor Square is two hundred years old and has had many famous residents. It was in an ante-room of the Earl of Chesterfield's house here that Johnson cooled his heels and warmed his temper. Mr. Thrale died in Grosvenor Square, and so did John Wilkes, at No. 30. At No. 22 lived Sir William and Lady Hamilton, with 'Vathek' Beckford, and thither went Nelson after the battle of the Nile."

And so on, for page after page, until past and present are allied with the strongest ties of association and charm of literary treatment. The sixteen colored pictures by Mr. Nelson Dawson are charming; and there are many other illustrations.

Mrs. Mona Caird brings a romancer's love of sentiment and an artist's powers of description to her "Romantic Cities of Provence," with the happiest results. Avignon, Uzès, Barbentane, the lagoons, Arles, Tarascon, Beaucaire, Carcassonne, and many

more of these old romantic places, are duly entered, their atmosphere absorbed, the local legends studied, and the result given in entertaining and often brilliant passages of descriptive writing. In the matter of dates and merely useful knowledge, Mrs. Caird has been, as she says, "frugal"; but the essentials for an understanding of the people are nowhere lacking. It is the festival in the beloved city of Tarascon that evokes the following:

"No one can be in the South, above all in Provence, knowing of its ancient festivals, its music, its farandoles and Saracenic dances, and fail to be startled into new realization of this element that has passed out of our life, the menace that lies in the pervading dullness, that numbed worship of sorrow, of 'work' and 'duty' without understanding and without freshness, that absence of fantasy and outcry that binds the modern world in a terrible and unnatural silence. Of what avail is it that the people are law-abiding at the cost of the very spring and essence of being?"

We are reminded of the annual protest against such few holidays as we permit ourselves, and of the curious orgy of work and quest that we regard as an essential preparation for them. The book breathes the very spirit of holiday. Of equal interest with the text are the numerous illustrations from pen-drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Edward M. Sygne.

It is no great way from Provence to the beginning of Mr. Frederick H. A. Seymour's "Saunterings in Spain," and he has succeeded in giving his book something of the same charm, because his first interest lies in the cities of the Moors, and they have left behind them many elements of joy not essentially Spanish. The manner in which Seville celebrates the feast of Corpus Christi appealed to Mr. Seymour as an admirable opportunity to study a Spanish crowd, and the following are among his observations:

"The men generally are singularly plain. But the ladies' eyes would deserve a chapter—or even chapters—to do justice to them. The eyes are never still. They glide, they swim, they dilate, they contract, they half close, they languish, they curve, they sweep round the corners, and, preternaturally recovering themselves, they drop upon yours with a sudden glow. They do all things that eyes and tongue and lips can do. But one thing they cannot do, and that is to keep still; but they never stare."

Yet the book is more deeply laden with useful knowledge than most, the studies of the art galleries in Spain being particularly close and appreciative. Twenty-four reproductions from photographs illuminate the text.

Mr. Leonard Williams does not appear sympathetic with the Spanish character, in his book entitled "Granada: Memories, Adventures, Studies, and Impressions." The author is concerned, of course, more particularly with the old Moorish kingdom; but he finds time to write a tractate upon the gypsy of those parts, introducing into it one story worth repeating.

"Gypsy peddlers were hawking brooms about the streets and plazas of Granada, when one of them called the other to his side. 'Speaking,' he said, 'with perfect frankness, I make my brooms myself, and steal my rushes, my handles, and my cord for binding. Nothing proceeds from me except the

time employed in manufacture. With these economies my lowest possible price is fifteen centimos, and yet you sell for twelve. How can you do it for the money?'

"'Why,' replied the other, unabashed, 'you see I steal my brooms ready-made.'"

A beautiful frontispiece in color from Mr. A. M. Foweraker's painting of the Alhambra, together with twenty-four reproductions from photographs, make up the pictorial equipment of the book.

One reads with some surprise the name of the late Grant Allen on the title-page of a new book, "Cities of Northern Italy," and with hardly less surprise the *naïve* statement of his supposed collaborator, Mr. George C. Williamson, in the preface, from which it does not appear that Allen's interest or share in the book ever went beyond the stage of suggestion, though he did prepare some historical guides dealing with the cities now treated. It would seem, therefore, as if the question needed some clearing up. Of the two volumes presented, the first deals entirely with Milan, and the second with Verona, Padua, Bologna, and Ravenna. There appears to be a remote kinship with Allen's work on Florence, but it is with his scheme rather than his style or treatment. The illustrations, including two plates in photogravure, consist of reproductions of the art and architecture of the region dealt with.

Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto holds closely to his title, "By Italian Seas," throughout the pleasant and informing book he has prepared both text and pictures for. The Riviera di Ponente, Genoa, the Riviera di Levante, the Dalmatian coast to Cattaro, thence to Naples, and so on to Sicily and Malta, are included in his itinerary, from which it will be seen that he has wandered on and off the beaten track of tourists. Interesting in the extreme is the account of the *marionetti* of Sicily, "almost invariably founded upon the same theme—Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,'" with the air of the age of chivalry most carefully preserved and reproduced. Nor is it quite reassuring to those engaged in the "elevation" of the English-speaking stage to learn that these puppet-shows, accurately costumed and with their verses well rendered, are the habitual recreation of the poor in that sunny island. The illustrations are nearly four score in number, both full-page plates and drawings in the text, and the cover bears a striking design in gold and colors.

"How fortunate it is," observes Dr. Eduard Strasburger, "that even on the darkest days imagination can raise us up above the clouds!" Yet the seven journeys in Italy which he commemorates in his "Rambles on the Riviera" are so emphatically those of a scholar—and first of all a botanist—that one's interest in his luxuriously printed and illustrated book is primarily scientific. Vast learning regarding the history of familiar plants is placed at the disposal of the reader, and accuracy is ensured by the reproduction in color of nearly every plant mentioned. These illustrations, together with numerous vignettes of scenes on the Riviera, are contrib-

uted by Louise Reusch. Printed as they are in the text, they present an unusually novel and attractive appearance.

Of an entirely different and more conventional sort is the volume bearing the identical title of Dr. Strasburger's, just noticed, but written by Mr. Francis Miltoun. Its opening scenes are in Provence, whence the reader follows the author in his automobile journeyings to Marseilles and Toulon, and it is not until near the close that the Riviera and Monaco are reached. The book abounds in descriptions of natural scenery. One reads that at Cannes "local 'professors' have a busy time of it, in season and out, teaching what they call the '*idiome britannique*' and the '*argot Américaine*.'" One wonders just what this latter can be, and if it is taught to the British as well as the French. A frontispiece in color and numerous full-page wash drawings are supplied by Miss Blanche McManus. The binding and end-leaves are particularly attractive.

Miss Meakin's chapters of "Travels and Studies in Russia" have much of the charm that has been noticed in the letters of a good woman-correspondent. They are somewhat desultory and discursive, but they contain nothing uninteresting, and they cover fields ordinarily left untouched even in a country so voluminously written of as Russia. It would seem as if it were an enormous distance, with a great climatic difference, from the Riviera to the lands of the Czar; yet there is a Russian Riviera too, as Miss Meakin shows in her chapters on the Crimea. Few of the provinces of the empire are left untouched, and from every one of them comes information concerning the private lives and industries of the people which are truly informing. The volume has numerous illustrations reproduced from photographs.

Professor A. V. Williams Jackson's "Persia Past and Present" is something more than a book of travel, for it contains much that is important to Assyriologists in the way of scholarship, especially in regard to the original rock inscriptions at Behistan and elsewhere. So many men great in the various activities of life lie buried in Persian soil that the book abounds in accounts of famous tombs. Saadi, Avicenna, and many another ancient and mediæval notability, have their resting-places described and pictured here. There is little of importance in the Shah's domains in the field of scholarship and literature which Professor Jackson does not touch, and his reproduced photographs are numerous and attractive.

Miss Gertrude Adams Fisher did not wander far from the haunts of white folk in "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan," though she was without a companion during the greater part of her journey. Her book, however, is more frank and outspoken than the books of most men regarding this much visited land, and impressions may be obtained from it that are hardly to be gained from any other recent work. She enjoyed her intercourse with the polite islanders, and has only once to complain of discour-

tesy — when she came upon a country lad unawares and he apparently mistook her for an apparition. Many of the photographs in the work are as new as the matters they illustrate, and the book has sincerity and candor.

Cannibalism appears only in the title of Mr. A. E. Pratt's "Two Years among New Guinea Cannibals," and the people who figure in its pages seem to be mild-mannered and amiable. Now that Africa has been practically explored from end to end, New Guinea remains the largest unknown tract of land on the habitable globe, and it has been Mr. Pratt's good fortune to cover portions of territory in the Dutch portion of the island previously unknown. This was merely incidental to his main purpose as a naturalist; and here, too, he met with marked success. One of his Christmas dinners is thus described:

"It was probably one of the queerest that was ever set before an exiled Britisher. I left the task of preparing the meal entirely to Sam (a native of Ceylon), who managed somehow to procure some wallaby, a piece of bacon, and biscuits. Instead of pudding we had a Cinghalese plum-cake, made by Sam's daughter, and a glass of claret rounded off the banquet. We were not very festive."

This book is fully illustrated; and here, as elsewhere, the camera has been relied upon for much of the description. It is a long journey from the old New England of Dr. Hale's youth to the cannibals of Papua, but a common speech binds all the books together, and common race-traditions stand behind them.

WALLACE RICE.