

born associates remembered only the former. They took advantage of them to push him from power; and he spent nearly forty years, the remnant of his long life, in the cold shade of opposition. The most brilliant, the most versatile, and the most remarkable figure of the early days of the century, whose trumpet voice had roused England as it has never been roused from that day to this, and whose services to education and progress are acknowledged but slightly even now, paid for the phenomenal splendour of his youth by long years spent in a changed and obdurate world, jostled by a generation forgetful or heedless of his fame. To us he is but the name of a carriage or is remembered, if at all, for his part in Queen Caroline's trial.

Though a political narrative, the book possesses a freshness and a vigour uncommon in these days of neurotic delirium. As literature it will stand in the front rank. Every political aspirant should read it, and indeed every man, who, prizing the inestimable boon of a voice in the making of the laws, moral, social, economic, of his country, may profit by it, and learn to use the power vested in that voice so wisely as to render impossible a repetition of the wrongs and abuses from which their forefathers suffered, and suffering ever came.

A LADY OF ROME: F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan and Co., London.)

This book will be found somewhat tame after the masterly portrait of Separra. Not that the character analysis is not as keen, but that in the analysing the characters seem to have got mixed up, so incongruous are they. It lacks, too, the charming description of the locale, in which the characters are envisioned, generally so admirably pictured by Mr. Crawford, and which adds so greatly to the charm of his books. The scene is laid in Rome—the Rome of to-day—at the time of Kerness, where, officiating at a refreshment stall, "Maria Montalto" sees "Baldassarre Castiglione" (a discarded lover) for the first time in nine years. Maria Montalto had married at the age of seventeen "Diego di Montalto," while loving Castiglione. After marriage they met frequently, and she felt, and the knowledge of it becoming known to her husband by, on the advice of his mother, retired to Spain and resided there on his mother's family estate with her. He, however, managed his desertion of his wife so well that it was only known to a few, and those few pitied Maria, and said slighting things of Montalto, tied to his mother's apron strings. The coming of Castiglione was a menace to Maria in two ways. Firstly, she had lived a perfectly blameless life during the nine years of her husband's desertion, and whosoever blame had attached to her then was quite forgotten now; and secondly, what she had taken for absolute forgetfulness of Castiglione, as far as her love for him was concerned, she found was only apathy. He insists on seeing her, and in an interview granted to him a compact of platonic friendship is agreed upon. But destiny interfered. A telegram was handed to her telling her that Montalto's mother is dead, and in the letter that followed he assures her of his moving love, and begs her to again receive him as a husband. Every instinct in her rose against again receiving him. Love, natural or acquired by widowhood, she had none; the tie of children was not between them, since the boy born to her after her husband's desertion showed too plainly by its likeness to Castiglione its paternity. After a fearful struggle with her own duty rose up most, and she consented to receive him. After his arrival he behaves with such excessive nobility and generosity that Maria finds life more tolerable than she could have expected. At times Montalto shows weakness, which will seem to the reader utterly incompatible with the general nobility of his character. He neglects her boy, and trains and educates him exactly as he would have trained his own child, devoting a great portion of his own time to him. Maria has been foolish enough to keep a packet of letters from Castiglione, and one day discovers to her great consternation that they have disappeared. Some time after, having occasion to reprove a steward for suspicious conduct, he tells her that he has stolen them, and will betray her to Montalto if she speaks to Montalto of his fault. A few days after he disappears, and from a distance sends her a photographed copy of one of the letters, threatening to publish them in certain papers unless a large sum of money is sent to him by a certain date. At first Maria, being rich in her own right, would

have sent the money, but knowing that if it were discovered Montalto would find it hard to again trust her, as this was the only point on which he was inflexible, that she should never come in touch with Castiglione, but at length tells Montalto, and begs him to save her honour. Here again Montalto shows incredible weakness, and it is Castiglione, reached through her father's confessor, who saves her good name. Shortly after this Montalto dies of apoplexy, and a letter is found, in which he expresses the desire that Maria and Castiglione will marry after his death. The plot is stale and unprofitable, the moral lacking. It is one of those books which, when written by a favourite author, the reader lays down with a sigh, and a Why, oh, why was it written? DELTA.

Great People Who Do and Who Don't Smoke.

The occupant of every throne in Europe smokes—except two, that of Holland and that of Turkey. Queen Wilhelmina possesses all the ideas of our grandmothers on the subject of women smoking, and of course the Mohammedan religion forbids the Sultan. But all the others are keen and inveterate smokers. King Edward is fond of both cigarettes and cigars, with a decided leaning in favour of the latter. His cigars are said to cost him at least four shillings apiece. But they probably stand him in even more than that, notwithstanding that, for him, they come in free of duty. The only persons possessed of absolutely correct knowledge on the subject are the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse and the Comptroller of the Household. One thing can be certain. Both of cigars and cigarettes he has the best that are made. Emperor William of Germany smokes enormous cigarettes, made, of course, especially for him, but is not a great cigar smoker. He is, however, immensely fond of an old-fashioned German—really Dutch—pipe. The Emperor of Austria prefers the Austrian manufactured cigar. It is not made of Havana tobacco, but of pure Virginia. These cigars are made round a long straw, running from end to end. King Leopold of Belgium is seldom without a cigarette in his mouth, though he is very fond of a pipe. This he has on the quiet. King Alfonso has never taken to cigar smoking. He was too young to smoke when the American war lost him Cuba. Before then the Royal House of Spain had as tribute the finest Havana cigars made. Now he would have to buy them like other people. But he is a keen and constant cigarette smoker. His favourites are the genuine Spanish cigarito; these are small, of black Havana tobacco, and thickish paper. They are not gummed like other cigarettes, but merely held together at the ends by a tiny fold-in of the paper. To smoke them properly, you must re-roll them. This is a performance requiring much dexterity and practice. The smoke of these cigarettes has a most delightful smell, but they stain the fingers of the smoker quite brown. King Carlos of Portugal it is stated, smokes from forty to fifty cigars a day. An occasional cigarette is all he wants. Pope Pius X. is the first Pope known to smoke a cigar, or indeed tobacco in any form. Previous Popes in history only took snuff. The Khedive of Egypt is a great cigarette smoker, but is a poor judge of a good one, and consequently is noted for the wretched quality of his cigarettes, which are, of course, imposed upon him as the best. His friends dread having him offer them one. The Czar smokes Russian cigarettes, of course, with the cardboard mouthpieces. He sometimes indulges in a cigar, a very dry one for choice. All the Presidents smoke, or are believed to, except President Roosevelt, who is particularly strenuous in his non-smoking.

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