

the harpsichord, and the mignonette, and the china jars, and an eye which took an amused interest in the foibles and follies of those around him, made amends. It is a pity that some poetical medium was not discovered by Gray in which his humour, his sentiment, his knowledge, his wisdom of life, could all have coalesced—some medium which might have been to Gray what the blank verse of "The Task" was to Cowper. Perhaps Gray thought of this, and then took a dose of his favourite anodyne, *fastidium*. EDWARD DOWDEN.

*Madeira: Its Scenery, and How to See it. With Letters of a Year's Residence, and Lists of the Trees, Flowers, Ferns, and Seaweeds.* By Ellen M. Taylor. With Frontispiece, Map of the Island, and Plan of Funchal. (Stanford.)

MISS ELLEN M. TAYLOR is evidently unused to the making of books. Had she consulted some experienced literary friend, she would probably have changed the *mécanique* and the order of her volumes. "Letters from Madeira," now relegated to chap. ix. (pp. 187-236), should have followed the Preface and the Introduction. The reader's appetite would have been whetted and tickled by the light fare, and in some way prepared for so solid a *pièce de résistance* as chap. i., "Routes to Madeira—the Union Steamship Company," and so forth, all facts and figures. Moreover, the author would not have assigned "Trees, Fruits, Flowers, Ferns, Seaweeds" to chap. viii. (pp. 164-82), and withal have buried "The Mosses of Madeira" in Appendix ii. (pp. 248-50).

Despite these and other small blemishes, the pretty volume, whose "auriverde" cover bears the Loo Rock and the arms of the fair Island, is sure to do well. As the Preface says, and says truly, "no place is in such want of a handbook as Madeira." The excellent volume, *Madeira, its Climate and Scenery*, by (the late) Robert White and (the living) James Y. Johnson, has been long out of print. Written in 1851 and published (second edition) in 1860, much of the matter is necessarily obsolete. It has been proposed more than once, I am told, to reprint it, with information brought up to date. This has virtually been done by Miss Taylor, who, belonging to a family well known in Madeira and not unknown in England, has had a life-long acquaintance with the beautiful island she describes. We have to thank her also for the map, which is an improvement upon that of White and Johnson; and for a fair plan of the city of Funchal, which her predecessors wholly ignore. The housekeeping vocabulary (pp. 32-38) will also be found useful; but it is a mistake to omit the "explanation of local appellatives" given by the older guides (Appendix J., pp. 329, 330). And we should much like to see a list of words in which the Madeiran daughter differs from her Portuguese mother.

In such a volume the number of quotations must necessarily be considerable. The late Mr. William Longman's article on Madeira (*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1875) supplies the Introduction with a long extract, and is again referred to in p. 115. The late Rev.

J. M. Neale, an authority on ecclesiastical architecture, depicts in eight pages the Funchal Cathedral, which has been somewhat neglected by former writers. "The fossil bed [of Madeira] can best be described by giving Darwin's account of a similar one in New Zealand" (!); and "Some Particulars about Madeira" are condensed (pp. 156-58) from Dr. Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage. The *Insecta Maderensia* of Mr. T. Vernon Wollaston is also pressed into the service (pp. 134-36), though it ends with such a monster platitude (italicised withal) as "happy and wise is the man to whose mind a *trifles existeth not*." This borrowing is inevitable. Even in the last century Humboldt assured us that the subject of Madeira had been worn threadbare, and proceeded at once to indite a rather lengthy account of Sylvania, the Isle of Wood.

The reader will take pleasure in chap. v., "Inhabitants — Customs — Occupations — Sugar-Canes — Vines — Vineyards — Manufactures — Agriculture — Public Walks — 'Festas';" and the expert will regret only that Miss Taylor has not made more extensive use of her local knowledge. The derivation of Malmsey from Malvasia, originally Monemvasia (*μόνη ἔμβασία* = simple entrance) or Minoa Island, will be new to many. Some account of the old Anglo-Madeiran society and the Consuls who succeeded John Carter, the first appointment in 1658, would also have been interesting. This, too, was the place for notes on the peculiar cookery and the folk-lore of the Madeirenses. Chap. vi., on rides, excursions, and pedestrian tours, would also bear further detail. On the other hand, the history of the discovery of Madeira and its neighbours, taken from an anonymous account written at the beginning of the century, and from the *Saudades da Terra* (Longings for the Land) of the learned Jesuit Dr. Gaspar Frutuoso, repeats all the old and exploded fabrications about the exploration, utterly neglecting the French and Spanish claims in deference to the apochryphal Robert à Machim and the impossible pilot Juan Morales, *alias* João dos Amores.

It has often been remarked that English who live much out of England write and speak a peculiar English. *Madeira* has been carefully corrected; yet there is a redundancy of "very," and the unfortunate adverb "only" is usually made to qualify the wrong word. When, too, will ladies learn that "each other" and "one another" are not synonyms; that "love each other" and "love one another" mean very different things?

But these are trifles, and for the most part the writing is fairly good. The following extract from the "Letters" (p. 210) will show it at its best:—

"We were then close to the *Homem em pé* (the man standing), a most singular rugged mass of basaltic rock, forty feet high, and standing alone, rising out of the turf. We got into our hammocks again for the last steep ascent. Dawn was fairly breaking when we reached the top. The opening day came quickly on; masses of grey, and dark-looking clouds were transformed as by magic into every shade of glorious gold and crimson. Soon every mountain top brightened as if gladdened by the fast-

coming day, and their roseate, jagged pinnacles contrasted well with the deep azure sky above. We felt spell-bound, and for some moments too much awed by the grandeur and transcendent beauty of the scene before us to speak. Even the hammock-bearers seemed to feel the same, and all felt that, for a while, silent contemplation was most in harmony with the sublime and marvellous beauty of those moments. As the sun emerged from its gorgeous bed of crimson, gray, and golden clouds, it shone forth in all its majesty, lighting up with golden edges the layers of soft, fleecy cloud which lay in a mass on the horizon all around us. These soon toned down to the sober greys and whites of day, till at sunset, perchance in bidding the ended day farewell, they will be clothed again in all their glory, and then each colour will gradually merge again into the other as if unwilling to give place to the shades of night. One sunset I saw from the New Road, near Funchal, I never shall forget, when bands of rose colour melted into pale gold, and these again into the most exquisite soft green. Such, I fancy, must often be the effect as seen from *Pico Ruivo*."

We can hardly expect a resident on the island to enter into its serious grievances of taxation and repressed emigration. Suffice it here to say the unfortunate peasant can hardly afford his poor meal of *milho*, or Indian corn. And Madeira has at last found out her "manifest destiny"—that of being an orchard for Northern Europe and a kitchen-garden for the Gold Coast and for the 800 ships, steamers, and sailers which annually anchor in her dangerous roadstead miscalled a harbour. A casual visitor may speak with more freedom upon such delicate subjects as the maladministration of taxes; and this shall be done at the earliest opportunity.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

*Records of Later Life.* In 2 vols. By Frances Anne Kemble. (Bentley.)

THE appearance of three more volumes of Mrs. Kemble's history of her past life is the best proof of the popularity of their predecessors; and the fact that the latest issue only covers a period of fourteen years, from 1834 to 1848, is probably an indication of the publication at some future date of another series of volumes. In this country Mrs. Kemble was admitted into the most cultivated society of fifty years since, and she settled in America at a time when life in New England was less familiar to the English world than it is now. Still, if every accomplished lady who has enjoyed the good fortune of meeting some of the leaders of English thought and of visiting new countries were to narrate her recollections in a dozen volumes, the shelves of the circulating libraries would cry aloud for enlargement. The letters of Mrs. Kemble are sprightly and unaffected, showing a candid and thoughtful mind, and they deserve a considerable measure of success. This year, however, has been a year of Reminiscences and Recollections, and these volumes will have to battle for dear life with some vigorous rivals.

When the records open, their author had been "a wife nearly five mortal months" and was on her way to her new home in America. A sentence or two in the first twenty pages shows her frank disposition. She had not met Miss Martineau, and somewhat distrusted both her reception by "that enlightened and clever