

Légation de Suisse
à Londres.



ADRESSE: SWISS LEGATION, 38, BEAUCHAMP PLACE, S.W.

{ Wien XIX, Döblinger Haupt-
strasse 94).

Handwritten signature/initials

Herr Bundespräsident,

Einige Tage vor meiner Abreise von
London nach dem Haag, sandte ich Ihnen Depor-
tament einen Bericht zu über das jüngst er-
schienene Buch des früheren englischen Gesandten
in Bern, Sir Fredrik St. Johns. In dem „Literary
Supplement“ der „Times“ vom 29. Dezember v. J.
findet sich ein dieses Buch besprechendes, gleichzei-
tig mit dem Schlussband der Erinnerungen
Sir Horace Rumbold's, der ebenfalls, zu zwei
Malen, in Bern war, zuerst als Attaché, dann
als Ministerresident.

Rumbold, in seine Carrière als britischer
an das Schweizerische Politische Departement,

Bern.



Botschafter in Wien abschloss, erzählte der Kaiser
 von Österreich habe gesagt, als er hörte, der dama-
 lige König von Sachsen stehe mit seinen Sym-
 pathien im sardinischen Kriege auf der
 Seite Grossbritanniens: „Es freut mich; aber
 ich fürchte, wir sind beinahe die Einzigen!“

An diese Bemerkung schliesst der Recen-
 sent der Times an, ihm mit St. John zu
 betonen, dass die Antipathie gegen Grossbritannien
 noch immer auf dem Continent weit verbrei-
 tet sei, so namentlich in der Schweiz. Das un-
 politische & undankbare Verhalten unserer
 Rhein-England gegenüber während des Bären-
 Kriegs ist oben jenseits des Canals noch nicht
 vergessen & es läge in unserem Interesse, das
 Ministerium, das damals so unmütigweise in

Großbritannien gegen die Schweiz erwollt wäre,
 nach Möglichkeit zu zerstreuen. Ich mi-
 nersüts tue in London was ich kann in dieser
 Richtung. Die Hauptsache aber wäre, dass unsere
 in deutscher Sprache erscheinenden Zeitungen, ma-
 mentlich die N. Z. Z., nicht so ganz kitzellos
 in deutsches Fahrwasser gerieten, sobald britische
 Fragen zur Besprechung kommen. —

Gedenken Sie, Herr Bundesprä-
 sident, mit meinem herzlichsten Neujahrswün-
 schen für unser Vaterland & Sie persönlich,
 die erwünschte Vervollständigung meiner ausgedehnt-
 netsten Hochachtung.

Der Schweizerische Gesandte in London:

(Eine Beilage)

Barth

WELL-SPRINGS OF LITERATURE.

ESSAYS ON MEDIEVAL LITERATURE. By W. P. KER. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

The seven studies which Mr. Ker has here reproduced have a cumulative value not often to be found in a short volume of essays, a value, indeed, which would require a greater indulgence of space but for the fact that a large proportion of the work is already, to scholars at any rate, tolerably familiar. Those, for instance, whom leisurely and bookish habits sufficed to animate in pursuit of the incompressible Gower, as recently edited by Professor Macaulay, will not have failed to peruse Mr. Ker's comments upon the edition in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. The same *Review*, in the days before its secrets were revealed, published his memorable article on Chaucer. The long article on Lord Berners's version of Froissart, forming the preface to that work in its "Tudor Translation," was dealt with at considerable length in these columns barely two years ago. The essay which served as an introduction to the first volume of Sir Henry Craik's "English Prose Selections" is well known—better known, perhaps, than almost anything Mr. Ker has yet written. In regard to the "Similes of Dante" and the "Boccaccio," the provenance is a little more recondite; the first having appeared in the *Modern Quarterly*, better known by its original title of *Modern Language Quarterly*, the second packed away in a volume with the awkward title, "Studies in European Literature, being the Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1899."

The study of Boccaccio, which is, as we have seen, one of the least familiar, is also, to our thinking, one of the best in the present volume. The writer begins by admitting this defect in the Middle Ages,—that they are not comfortable.

There is no leisurely rational conversation. Many civilized and educated persons feel on being asked to consider medieval literature . . . the same sort of reluctance, the same need for courage, that Dr. Johnson may have felt in setting out for the Isle of Skye. Even to speak of Dante is not always safe with the less adventurous sort of pilgrims; it is like recommending a good mountain to a traveller who is anxious about his inn.

Incidentally we may doubt if Dr. Johnson ever really lacked courage, for of all his unliterary characteristics his courage is perhaps the most conspicuous. But, waiving this point, the passage is a delightful preparation for the view here maintained, that Boccaccio and his sometime mentor Petrarch constitute a kind of oasis between the discomfort and conventional morality of medievalism and the free and unembarrassed study of human nature as represented by such perfected products of the Renaissance as Shakespeare and Montaigne. The influence of the two great Italians certainly determined the course of the principal streams of poetry in all the languages of modern Europe for more than two centuries. Nor was the influence thus exercised in the case of Boccaccio by any means restricted to the operation of his best known work. It is, indeed, perfectly true, as Mr. Ker admirably says, that Petrarch and Boccaccio, like Erasmus and Rousseau, are known to the world and esteemed by the world, without very much direct and immediate knowledge of their writings.

Free from every artificial barrier or impediment—for though burned by Savonarola in 1497 it was somewhat strangely spared by the Roman Curia—the "Decameron" has always been widely disseminated within the realms of the Latin speech, while translations into foreign tongues are almost as numerous as those of Don Quixote. Yet it is surely somewhat significant that until the recent translation by Mr. J. M. Riggs, dating no further back than 1903, the "Decameron" has never in this country met with a fully adequate, faithful, minute, and scholarly translator, while the Spanish classic has been taken in hand by at least three, if not four. There was nothing approaching an accurate translation in Elizabethan times; and for those who would appreciate the immense indirect influence of the tales (of many of which Boccaccio was virtually the inventor) upon the Elizabethan drama, it is necessary to explore minutely the introduction and the tables given in connexion with Mr. Jacobs's scholarly edition of that great storehouse of dramatic "plotters," Painter's "Palace of Pleasure." Hardly less, we imagine, can have been the indirect influence exerted by Boccaccio's "Ameto," which suggested Montemayor's "Diana," the "Galatea" of Cervantes, and the "Astrée" of D'Urfé, or his "Teseide," which determined the form in which Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso and, with slight but convincing modification, our own Spenser were to write.

The "Filostrato," again, was a progenitor much favoured by such offspring as Chaucer's "Troilus," of which Mr. Ker writes with pardonable enthusiasm that "it is difficult to speak temperately." "No other work of Chaucer's has the same dignity or the same commanding beauty." Wherever Chaucer sets himself to do strong work, there is the influence of Boccaccio, and the greatest benefit which Chaucer managed to disengage from the general study of his Italian master's work was that master's intuition in regard to the right lines of a story. After a long course in the strait path of Italian story-telling, Chaucer is specially prone to relapse into primitive divagation and formlessness; or, as Mr. Ker puts it with a delicate humour, "he unbends his mind afterwards in a plunge among the medieval incongruities"—long descriptions, popular scientific lectures, allegories, moralizings—"everything that he knew to be wrong." Boccaccio was "too ingenuous, too fond of the Tuscan earth, the Tuscan air, to admit the sterile blight of the false classicism"—which happened too often in France, and sometimes, especially later on, in England. His subconscious talent for composition, design, and the management of a story enabled him to exert a penetrating influence over the whole tribe of narrators, almost without realizing the literary virtue which was emanating from his example. The notes on the "Similes of Dante" are as fully deserving of study as the Boccaccio. They reveal to us an interesting mind, a prey to the most suggestive literary curiosities; a desire to learn in considerable excess of the wish to express. The focussing of Mr. Ker's style suffers a little, it may be, in consequence; for he is thinking, first of a class of the half learned, secondly of his fellow-savants, and only thirdly of finality of expression. On the other hand, his is the fine temperament which keeps its pupils always busy, amused and excited about new interests in whatever direction it turns.

There remains to mention the study of Gaston Paris, reprinted

from the *Quarterly* a few months after the great savant's death. It is, perhaps, the most interesting of the seven. It gives relief after the more abstract essays, and it puts before us an ideal of the scholarly service which Professor Ker himself may hope, in the course of time, to render to his country. There is a large sweep about some of the generalizations, and we may not agree fully with all that the writer says about French lucidity, romantic indifference to the operations of erudition, or the subtle discrimination of St. Evremont, but as a summing up it is unmistakably fine—brilliant in characterization, Parnassian in tone, and of the first rank in style. It betokens an appreciation of the great scholar's secret enthusiasms and inmost ideals which is the more remarkable seeing that the author had no personal knowledge of Gaston Paris. His intuition in these matters suggests what a quaint Elizabethan humorist (Samuel Rowlands) might have called a transfusion of Blood in the Head-Vaine. Without appearing unduly informative this finished estimate touches on all the main points of distinction in the career of the French savant, and says without an effort, in a short space, practically all that is needed.

We should feel it an impertinence to criticize Mr. Ker upon his own ground. Where he is upon his own ground in that medieval period in which everything, from the spelling upward, is admittedly "uncomfortable," he is virtually as secure against the small stabs of petty criticism as if he were in plate armour. When it comes to "familiar matters of to-day," it is not unpleasing to find so great a scholar as Mr. Ker descending to the common ground of human fallibility. In the last paragraph but one he is evidently writing from memory, and so tumbles delightfully into at least two elementary errors respecting the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. When he revises this book he must look up carefully the baptism of fire (August, not July), the date of Gravelotte, and the period covered by the Siege of Paris. We must conclude by thanking Mr. Ker cordially for samples of the best work, soon, let us hope, to be largely multiplied, that we have yet produced in competition with scholars of the calibre of Gaston Paris, Petit de Julleville, Bédier, or Paul Meyer. The comparative study of medieval literature has too few devotees in this country. We are fortunate in having one so learned and sympathetic as Mr. Ker.

DIPLOMATIC RECOLLECTIONS.

FINAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST. By the RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, Bart., G.C.B., &c., some time H.M. Ambassador at Vienna. (Arnold, 15s. net.)

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED DIPLOMAT. By SIR FREDERICK ST. JOHN, K.C.M.G. (Chapman and Hall, 15s. net.)

The third and final instalment of Sir Horace Rumbold's "Recollections of a Diplomatist" brings to an end a pleasant and amusing record, social rather than political, of a career in the public service extending over more than fifty-one years. In the middle of September, 1900, Sir Horace Rumbold, having presented his letters of recall to the Emperor Francis Joseph, to whom he was a *persona grata* and for whom he had the warmest admiration, left Vienna, where he had been the British Ambassador during four anxious and eventful years, and retired into private life. He has spent a considerable part of his leisure since that time upon the reminiscences of which this volume is the completion. It is characterized by the same lightness of touch as its predecessors, and also, perhaps, by the same preference for matters of superficial and personal interest over the graver side of public affairs. There is an undercurrent of irritation and querulousness which is rather surprising, since, when Sir Horace Rumbold's career closed, he had secured one of the great prizes of the diplomatic profession. Though he does not force the note too much, he does not disguise his disappointment at the slowness of his promotion and spends somewhat more than enough of pains on conjectural explanations. He evidently is convinced that, if his interests had been more carefully looked after by his friends at home, and if some who were not his friends had not been so busy with spreading rumours not to his advantage, his merits would have been recognized at an earlier period by the Foreign Office. Grievances, mainly speculative, of this sort can hardly be discussed to any good purpose. The responsibilities of selection for diplomatic posts are of a very delicate and complicated kind and certainly should not be wholly swayed by considerations of seniority. The "Reminiscences" of Sir Frederick St. John, British Minister to the Swiss Confederation when he retired from the Diplomatic Service in 1901, ran a parallel course with Sir Horace Rumbold's, who was his contemporary, though their official orbits do not seem to have crossed at all. Like the late Ambassador at Vienna, Sir Frederick St. John was born abroad while his father was attaché at the British Legation at Florence. His early years were spent on the Continent, and there he obtained nearly all his education, with a command of foreign languages and an extensive acquaintance among high social circles in Europe that were useful in his chosen career. Much, therefore, of what he has to record turns, as in Sir Horace Rumbold's case, on the personal peculiarities of people in society throughout the Continent, though he hardly seems to have thrown himself into this kind of life as heartily as his coeval. Thus, in his chapter on Vienna in 1838-72, when the Habsburg Monarchy was recovering from the crushing disaster of Sadowa, there is a faint ring of disappointment. He came afterwards to enjoy the four years he spent there under Lord Bloomfield and Sir Andrew Buchanan, and was favoured with the sporting hospitality of some of the great Austrian and Hungarian nobles. Indeed, the shooting stories are perhaps the best thing in the book, though the account of Serbia and of the striking personality of King Milan has a good deal of interest. The greater part of Sir Frederick's work was done in Central and South America. He served at Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, in several Central American capitals, at Bogota, and at Caracas, where he formed no high opinion of modern Spanish Republicanism. In 1893 he was transferred to Berne, and there he spent nine years in a more congenial atmosphere, till compelled to give up his profession under the "age rule," at which he, as well as Sir Horace Rumbold, is disposed to scoff.

Nearly twelve years preceding his promotion to the

Embassy at Vienna were spent by Sir Horace Rumbold at two of the minor Courts of Europe, Athens and The Hague, which were at the time the centre of important international conflicts and developments, but with which in a social sense he was, to some extent, out of touch. The democratized atmosphere of Athens, the capital of a Monarchy entirely stripped of aristocratic surroundings, and coloured by party intrigues of a grimy type, was from the first uncongenial to him, nor was he much more in his element among the *bourgeoisie* of Holland, whom he found not less depressing than the climate. There was much, it is true, that was interesting in life at The Hague, in the personalities of the Queen Regent and of the young Queen Wilhelmina, then emerging from childhood, and of some of the Dutch nobility, who do not, however, constitute a very important element in the politics of Holland. But the close of Sir Horace Rumbold's residence at the capital of the Netherlands was darkened by the beginning of the acute troubles between Boers and British in South Africa. The clouds grew very heavy and ominous after "the Raid," and during the first eight months of 1896 the British Minister's position at The Hague, amid the violent invectives of the Dutch newspapers, became increasingly uncomfortable, though Sir Horace Rumbold bears witness that the attitude of the Court was perfectly "correct" and something more.

Still it will be easily understood that Sir Horace Rumbold welcomed the offer of the Embassy at Vienna, not only as the promotion at the delay of which he chafed, but as a release from a post that was likely to become more and more disagreeable. He had spent much of his time, in earlier years, in Austria and Hungary, and was on terms of intimacy with the best families of the Dual Monarchy, the most delightful in manners, notwithstanding a strict tradition of exclusiveness, of any European aristocracy. He had danced when an *attaché* with young *Comtessen*, who had become, a quarter of a century later, matronly leaders of society, and ridden or shot in that earlier time with their brothers and future husbands. It was like a home-coming. The Ambassador was cordially received by the Sovereign, as *une très ancienne connaissance*; and during his service at the Austrian Court he had no reason to complain of the Emperor's attitude either towards himself or his country.

Those alone [Sir Horace writes] who have the privilege of knowing the Emperor can realize the winning charm of his manner, and the alert look and benignant expression that light up and transfigure a face whose somewhat rugged features are all too careworn in repose. It is the expression, in fact, which, as I have seen related somewhere, made the painter Lenbach throw down his brush in despair one day when the Emperor was sitting to him, and reply with the freedom of a great artist, when his Majesty asked what was the matter, that he was thinking that the kindly face must have become a mask, concealing the real countenance of the most worried, sorely tried man in the whole Empire. The South African troubles which had overclouded Sir Horace Rumbold's closing months of service at The Hague came to a crisis before he reached the beginning of his last year at Vienna. In spite of the old ties of friendship between England and Austria, in spite, too, of the Emperor's personal good will, a wave of anti-British feeling swept over the Kaiserstadt after the Boer ultimatum and the disasters on our side in December, 1899. To that gloomy time, when the United Kingdom seemed to have hardly any friends on the Continent, belongs the story, told on another occasion by Sir Horace Rumbold and censured by many as an indiscretion, of the sympathy with the British cause openly expressed by the Emperor in speaking to the Ambassador at a full reception of the Diplomatic Corps in January, 1900. In repeating his statement in the present volume, Sir Horace Rumbold denies that he was guilty of either indiscreet conduct or breach of confidence. The Emperor's words, he maintains, were spoken in a loud and emphatic voice, and in the hearing of at least fifty persons. It is known, from other sources, that the language used—that he was "entirely on the side of England in the war"—was the outcome of Francis Joseph's sincere and earnest conviction. When informed, about the same time, by the Austrian Minister at Dresden, that his friend King Albert of Saxony was also on the British side, the Emperor said he was rejoiced to hear it, but added—what was at the moment only too true—"Ich fürchte wir sind beinahe die Einzigen!"

Since that time there is a marked change for the better, especially in Austria; but the anti-British leaven is still working mischief in other parts of Europe, and particularly in Switzerland. The bitter feeling against England during the South African troubles was nowhere more offensively exhibited than in a country where our nation is well known and where the English spend much of their time and money. The late Minister at Berne bears testimony to the earnestness with which Professor Naville and other enlightened Switzers endeavoured, during the war, to bring home the truth to the minds of their countrymen; but, he adds—"Apparently our greatest opponents among the Swiss were the editors of newspapers, who wrote, I firmly believe, not from conviction, but from a desire to pander to the taste of their readers." That this "taste" was formed under bad influences is an element in the situation not unconnected historically with the creation and operations of the "Reptile Fund."

We publish with this number our annual Index of books published during the year and recorded week by week in our columns. The number of books included in the Index amounts to 5,900—a slight decrease on last year. Every one of these has received its due share of attention, and a very large proportion has been either reviewed in the body of the *Literary Supplement* or noticed more briefly in our Book List. In some cases books have received notice in the *Financial and Commercial Supplement* or in the *Engineering Supplement*; and these will be found included under special headings in the Index.

Messrs. Macmillan have arranged with Lord Curzon for the publication, early in the New Year, under the title "Lord Curzon in India," of a selection from the speeches delivered in India and at home during the period of his Viceroyalty. The speeches will be grouped according to subjects, and an introduction dealing with Lord Curzon's administration, and providing a nexus to the speeches, and a synopsis of the present condition of India under British rule, will be contributed by Sir Thomas Raleigh, who served for five years under Lord Curzon as Legal Member of Council.

ANNUALS.

We have accumulated by this time of the year the usual number of gaily bound and gaily illustrated annuals, designed in various ways for the instruction and amusement of youth. Between many of them there is a strong family resemblance, both in price and in contents; and the proverbial uncle who wishes to present a young friend with an assortment of hourly varied anodynes to support him through the coming school year may well feel at a loss which to select, so copious are the illustrations, so obviously exciting the narratives, and so valuable the practical parts for the moulding of the destructive element in youth into the productive and useful. The intending purchaser needs not to consider long whether his gift will be above or below the years of his beneficiary; there are annuals for the enlightenment of all ages. For children of extremely tender years we can recommend the PRIZE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS (Wells Gardner, 1s. 6d.), with its bright pictures; TINY TOTS (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), with its large type and its poetry; BO-PEEP (Cassell, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.), with its still larger type and comic verse and illustrations; OUR DARLINGS (J. F. Shaw, 3s. 6d.), with its attractive monochrome prints and humorous and instructive letter-press; and LITTLE FOLKS (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), and CHATTERBOX (Wells Gardner, 3s.), equally alluring. ST. NICHOLAS (Macmillan, 6s.), of which we have received vol. 37, part 2, possesses higher literary merit, and cannot fail to command admirers, with its daintily coloured drawings and the magic tale of "Queen Zixi of Ix."

Boys, however, who have entered the larger world of school will demand something more after their own kind than the foregoing, and the long-established BOY'S OWN PAPER (Religious Tract Society, 8s.) and its later rival CHUMS (Cassell, 8s.), or YOUNG ENGLAND (57, Ludgate-hill, 3s.) will immediately satisfy them. Illustrations, including reproductions in colour of well-known pictures, are plentiful; and in each there are, as is quite right, many pages which appeal to the aspiring naturalist or craftsman. There are the usual adventurous school stories, which lose none of their force by being written for the fourth form, and not, as more pretentious works of the same kind sometimes are, for an older public. In "Chums" buccaneers, maroons, and treasure shall please, "as me they pleased of old, the wiser youngsters of to-day"; while to the "Boy's Own" the indefatigable veterans Mr. Manville Fenn and Dr. Gordon Stables contribute two serials. EVERY BOY'S VOLUME (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.) contains shorter stories, and numbers Sir Arthur Conan Doyle among its writers. The fare provided by CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL (7s. 6d.) makes still less demand on the readers' time. For girls of a corresponding age there are the GIRL'S OWN PAPER (Religious Tract Society, 8s.), and the GIRLS' REALM (Bousfield, 8s.), each with an abundance of good illustrations, and much useful instruction in the domestic arts. In the latter Mrs. C. N. Williamson and Miss Alice Corkran are sure to be read with pleasure. CASSELL'S MAGAZINE (8s.), one of the best of its kind, is intended for rather older readers, of both sexes; it is decidedly less didactic, and its fiction and illustrations appeal to a more fastidious taste.

More seriously inclined is the QUIVER (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), which includes contributions by Ian Maclaren and other well-known writers. The SUNDAY AT HOME (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.), which contains detached portraits of the Bishop of Durham and the Rev. Joseph Hocking, is, as its name implies, designed for more thoughtful moments. Its photographs are well produced; and, apart from the strictly religious element, there is plenty of edifying reading. SUNDAY (Wells Gardner, 3s.) is for younger readers, and is not too severely Sabbatical.

Of the technical excellence of the ART JOURNAL (Virtue, 21s.) it is unnecessary to speak. The photographs are all wonderfully clear, and the reproductions, whether in colour or engraved, of the works of masters are in themselves of no small artistic value. The journal is catholic in its tastes; all styles and all periods of art are sympathetically handled. Painting and drawing are by no means the only forms of art dealt with; to all those who concern themselves with the arts which make the human dwelling-place beautiful, such as architecture, metal work, carpentry, and embroidery, the journal will appeal; and we can imagine no more suitable gift than this yearly volume for any young person who sets store by natural or artificial beauty.

The JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, of which we have received the bound numbers of the year (Journal of Education Office, 7s. 6d.), is a serious work, as befits a serious profession; it contains none of those lighter touches which other periodicals devoted to professional ends occasionally betray. Its scope is as comprehensive as its title, and for this reason few of its readers, perhaps, can read it with equal interest from cover to cover; but it is none the less a necessary adjunct to the table of the masters' common room, if it does not find its way into every master's private study. As the organ of a hard-working and often underpaid profession, and as a means for bringing together and expressing the opinion of those scattered units who make up the body of English schoolmasters, it has long held a deservedly high position.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.] Books mentioned in this list may be purchased from The Times Book Club, 93, New Bond-street, W., at the lowest discount prices charged by any bookseller in the United Kingdom, whether the purchaser is or is not a subscriber to The Times.

ARCHITECTURE.

THE ARCHITECT'S LAW REPORTS AND REVIEW. (Illustrated.) Vol. II. 1905. By A. CROW, Legal Editor, A. F. JENKIN, F.R.I., B.A. 11½ x 8½, xciii.+279 pp. A. Crow. 10s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

AN OXFORD PARISH PRIEST: Being an account of the life and work of the Rev. W. B. Duggan, M.A., vicar of St. Paul's. By the Rev. GEORGE LEWIS. 7½ x 5, 240 pp. Frowde, 3s. 6d. n.

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING: A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF MARY E. E. MOULE. By Her Father, HANDLEY, BISHOP OF DURHAM. 7½ x 5½, 125 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

[Miss Moule (born November 17, 1882) passed away in August of this year.]

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS AND EXTRACTS FROM REGISTERS OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS AT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, SOHO. Edited by W. E. HUGHES, F.R.Hist.S. 10½ x 7½, xii.+73 pp. Mitchell, Hughes, and Clarke, 5s.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE CHARTERED INSTITUTE OF SECRETARIES: Proceedings, Royal Charter, &c. 1905-6. 7½ x 5, 416 pp. The Society. 2s.