

be evident from our anxiety to leave it at the threshold. There is a growing inclination amongst Americans who go abroad to write little or nothing but what may be made good for satire or ridicule. This becomes doubly offensive, when the tawdry humour of exaggeration and far-fetched allusion is employed on scenes about which cling sacred or classical associations. It is ill-jesting, in a flippant way, with the hoary head of antiquity. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies" are in the spiteful mood, and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is a type of the painfully ludicrous. Now, that a travel book may be appreciative and also humorous may be seen in Kinglake's "Eothen." But the school of which we are speaking forgets to observe the limits of good taste, and after drawing, liberally and sometimes credulously, upon their guide-book erudition, make up a piquant dish from an inner consciousness which is often coarse and vulgar to a degree. They seem to have no respect for the *genius loci* where they may be, when a bad joke is possible, at the expense of anything or everything men have agreed to reverence.

Now it is only just to Mr. Warner to state that he is not so bad in this respect as some of his New England friends; and this volume is not so flippant as some others of his works. Still there is more false humour than is agreeable to those who do not like their books of travel flavoured with extracts from the comic columns of American journals. Our author goes over a large extent of ground, as will be seen presently, and therefore, it was hardly to be expected that he could add much to his reader's knowledge. Indeed he wisely avows his determination not to attempt it. The principal merit of the book consists in its very lively pictures of men, women and manners; and, for a picturesque view of these, "In the Levant" may be profitably used by way of supplement to more important works. In short, wherever Mr. Warner trusts to his vivid powers of observation he is exceedingly interesting; where he dives into history or guide-book he only escapes from dryness by becoming funny and flippant. Landing at Jaffa, he proceeded to Ramleh and thence to Jerusalem, whence he made excursions to Bethany, Bethlehem, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Returning to Jaffa, he took ship to Beyrout and made a trip from there to Damascus and Baalbec. The next sea-journey finds him at Cyprus, in the antiquities of which he manifests great interest. Then to Rhodes, the old home of the Knights of St. John; so, through the isles of Chios and Smyrna. Here the party land and make a short railway journey to Ephesus; and from Smyrna again through the innumerable islands to the Dardanelles to Constantinople. From the Golden Horn across the *Ægean* to Salonica, Athens, Marathon, Salamis, Corinth, and to Italy at Brindisi.

The most valuable and instructive portions of the volume are those relating to Jerusalem and Constantinople, with their surroundings. At Jerusalem, in spite of its squalour, Mr. Warner appears to have been fairly overcome by the memories of the place; and he explores the Holy City with a pious energy worthy of any of the motley pilgrims he so inimitably describes. These descriptions, in fact, constitute the charm of the book, and reconcile us to some blemishes of taste and style. Bethlehem, again, is entirely to his taste; for it is exceedingly clean and lovely in its situation. At the *khan*, or inn, on the Jericho road, our author grows facetious over the two-pence paid