

sonal matter she is enjoyable enough, with the one fault of style which we have before mentioned. There are few biographies of noted actresses to be found, and we accordingly welcome this one warmly, notwithstanding the short-comings which it possesses. Several of Miss Cushman's letters, those she wrote and the ones which were written to her, are exceedingly interesting and illustrative of events quite marked in her long theatrical and social career. No one doubts that she was a great actress—the greatest by all odds which America has produced—and Miss Stebbins' book will have the effect of keeping her memory green in the hearts of all those who have ever seen or heard of Charlotte Cushman. A few matters are cleared up in this memorial volume which are in good taste and spirit. We refer to those impudent attacks which were made on the series of farewell performances which were given by Miss Cushman on her retirement from the stage. Miss Stebbins combats these, and proves that Miss Cushman had no ulterior motives or sordid views in acting as she did, and we thank her for the enthusiasm with which she defends the memory of her dead friend. The work is beautifully published. The three illustrations, the tinted paper with its sumptuously broad margin—the delight of all bibliophiles—the clear and legible type, and general excellence of the whole, is most creditable to the publishers.

—It seems a pity that Mr. G. P. Lathrop, who writes so well, and has such a happy vein of playful humour, should not also possess more originality. As it is he is always delightful, and while it is easy to unravel his plot long before he arrives at the close of his story, the interest is so well kept up, the situations are so admirably managed, that the reader forgets, in his enjoyment, that he is only reading a very old story over

again. In his latest book,* Mr. Lathrop reveals the paucity of his invention in a decidedly marked manner. He is not the conceiver of a single situation; he is not responsible for a solitary scene. He borrows largely from quite a number of respectable theatrical farces. He embodies in his work the *mise en scène* from more than a dozen novels of various degrees of merit. And for all this he has contrived to turn out one of the most enjoyable, as well as one of the richest, stories of the year. From the first page to the last the reader is kept in a perpetual roar of laughter. The author's sprightly humour sparkles in every page, and his skill in thus working over old material almost amounts to genius itself. We recognise the incident which is to follow before Mr. Lathrop has said half-a-dozen words, and yet we find ourselves laughing heartily over its ludicrous features, as if the whole thing were new, and not as old as the seven hills. Mr. Lathrop is not a subtle humourist. He is full of rollicking, dashing humour. He never misses a point. He reveals his power to make us laugh at the very start, and he has enough *verve* to keep up this spirit to the end. He has in him, too, a sufficiency of the satiric element, not enough to harm, but quite enough to amuse and interest. He has given us no new character in fiction, no striking portraiture, no fresh incident, not even a novel situation, and despite these defects he contrives to write a story of the most delicious interest and humour. He has an art for conversations. He makes his puppets talk glibly and chat pleasantly, and while they are forever doing old things, they manage to do them in a very acceptable way, and the incident, while not original is always thoroughly delightful.

* *Somebody Else.* by G. P. LATHROP. Boston: Roberts, Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.