any reader should stumble on Clements Markham's book about Prince Henry the Navigator, as we did once on a bookstall in Paris, he will find it is interesting reading.

In the *Fortnightly* for April this same Mr. Crawfurd has an interesting paper, entitled "Spring-Time in Rural Portugal," and a very idyllic picture he gives of the little-known interior of Northern Portugal, where he himself owns a farm. "Here, a man may look about him," he says, "and forget how the world has grown older and sadder. Here he will see the ploughman and the carter guiding oxen, in size and shape such as the ancient Romans bred, yoked to such primitive ploughs or carts as we still can see on Greek or Roman coins; . . . the people's language is liker to the old one that came from Rome than any still extant; and ploughman, and waggoner, and reaper, the shepherd in his goatskin coat, and the maiden with her distaff, might all take their places in some such rural procession as we see sculptured on a Roman bas-relief of the Augustan age." The secret of this is, that Portugal is a little protectionist paradise, sheltered by a Chinese wall of prohibitive duties from the invasion of modern ideas. There they can still rejoice in the "unimproved plough made of a crooked tree-branch, the unimproved cows that give but a fifth of the milk of a Gloucester or an Alderney, the grass-blades slowly and painfully reaped by a toy reaping-hook, and carried long distances on the heads of men and women." But they are all so happy and contented in their ignorance, that Mr. Crawfurd, free-trader as he is, cannot help dreading the time when the besom of modern improvements shall sweep it all away; or asking whether there may not be other ideals of life besides that of getting rich as fast as possible. At any rate, his charming paper makes the reader long to go and see this little Old-World paradise before it disappears, though, indeed, there is little present danger of that.

From Portugal it is not far to North Africa, and in the *Contemporary* for April, versatile Mr. Grant Allen, who makes every subject he touches interesting, gives us quite a new view of that little-known region; for he maintains that, physically and geographically, it is not part of Africa at all, but part of Europe, and that the true dividing-line begins with the Desert. "All the existing fauna and flora of the Atlas region—in which I will venture to include the human inhabitants—entered the country from northward, from the European land area. The plants and animals are simply the plants and animals of Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Sardinia. The birds are just the larks and thrushes, the ortolans and plovers, that range over the greater part of Europe. The reptiles and insects are equally familiar in form and character. It is only in the extreme south, on the borders of the Desert, that true African types, like the panther and ostrich, begin to appear as mere northward stragglers." Nevertheless, he has to admit that superficially and at first glance things appear wonderfully Oriental and unfamiliar, as indeed they are depicted in the prettily illustrated article in *Harper's* for May. This mixture of characters would seem to make it a fascinating country to travel in; and here, again, readers who have comfortably taken their geography for granted will find a great many new ideas. "It is surprising," he says, "how firm a hold Roman civilization took upon all these rugged upland valleys. . . . Roman amphitheatres, baths, and temples of extreme magnificence, even far among the mountains, still stand as monuments of Roman times. Aqueducts span half the gorges and ravines. Mosaics and inscriptions turn up by the dozen. Nowhere in the world outside Italy do Roman ruins and Roman remains strew the soil in such astonishing numbers as in Algeria and Tunis."

It was the Mahomedan conquest that for twelve hundred years has cut off this outlying portion of Europe from its natural connection with the rest. Now it is rapidly being restored again. Morocco alone, the finest province of all, still stands out against civilizing influences, and Mr. Allen devoutly hopes that it will be France, which is running railways in back of it, and not moribund Spain, that will get it. Whoever has been accustomed to look with contempt on France as a colonizing country, will read with surprise that "for energy, thoroughness, and organizing ability, nothing like Algeria is to be seen in any British colony." There seems a fatal difficulty, however, with France as a colonizing country, and that is lack of men. For some mysterious reason the population of France does not increase.

W. P. A.

It is stated on very good authority that the fourth number of the *Technology Quarterly* will be out next week.