

times in Virginia, shows conscientious study of scene, character and event, and is not uninteresting. But it is a conventional performance which fades from the memory almost as soon as read, and it has no title to more than a season's survival. Perhaps it may be accounted a virtue that its tone is as provincial as was that of life in Virginia in the period in which its action passes.

Mrs. Burnham has taught us to expect from her hand novels of domestic and sentimental inter-



MRS. BURTON HARRISON.  
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est, enlivened by many humorous touches and strengthened by much shrewd explication of the traits and motives of humankind. In her new volume she has maintained the standard set in her first story. It is not a very high one; the book does not in any sense belong to literature. But it is a pleasant bit of fiction, calculated to give not too critical feminine readers a cheerful afternoon and several useful lessons. This author's weakest point is her delineation of male characters. They are surprisingly unlike men.

The New Woman as set forth by Miss Broughton is a contemptible being without truth or honor, using the cant of philanthropy and reform and playing upon the generous instincts of finer natures to further her own vulgar schemes. It is only in her employment of the current shibboleths of rebellious discontent that the adventuress of this book can be said to be New; in every other way she is the old base liar and schemer of the novelist's realm. There is a tartness in this history of "Dear Faustina" which is comically indicative of its author's opinions concerning the Advanced Woman; but if the book has something of prejudice it has also strokes of truth which cut to the bone of pretence.

Nulma, the frank, brave and loving young Australian girl, is the most winning heroine in the group of books here noted; and her story, if in nowise unusual, gains freshness from the unfamiliar setting. Mrs. Campbell-Iraed has done more than any other novelist to interpret Australian life to the outside world, and her work is always in its own easy way attractive. She has never written a brilliant book—nor a dull one.

The volume which bears upon its title page the name of Margaret Oliphant, one of the wisest and gentlest of women writers of our time, is a sad one—as indeed most of this lamented novelist's books were lately apt to be. For her sympathies were as deep as her perceptions were true, and as she grew in years the griefs and hardships of human life sometimes obscured her vision of its joys. But however melancholy her stories may be, however weighted by the burden of inexorable fate, they are never bitter in feeling. The two men whose lives are chronicled here have come, as the pathetic preface reminds us, to the flowing of the ebb tide, to the discovery that without any consciousness of weakened energies or failing power they must nevertheless go out with it, their career of success having, without any apparent reason, ended. It is hardly necessary to say that with such a theme in hand Mrs. Oliphant has produced two striking sketches. The first, dealing with an elderly artist who sees his popularity suddenly and unaccountably departing, is the stronger of the two.

Mr. Yeats tells us in the brief preface to his new story that this, as well as his former work, "The Honor of Savelli," was written in those rare moments of leisure that an Indian official can afford, and without books at hand for reference. In spite of these drawbacks his tale of adventure in the France of Henri Quatre is spirited and picturesque and well worth reading. Its heroine is, perhaps, a little vague, but the out-at-elbows chevalier who encounters so many dangers for her fair sake is a vigorous and gallant figure. If he cannot vie as hero of

romance with the Sieur de Marsac, he is at least a good second. We should mention here, by the way, a new book by the author of "A Gentleman of France"—a collection of short stories. The first of these (which gives its title to the volume) is of the period in which the scene of Mr. Yeats's novel is set, and is full of dramatic action. Its companions are respectable but commonplace, going to show that Mr. Weyman is wise when he confines his efforts to tales of adventure.

THE BOOK-PLATE AGAIN.

AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR'S TRIBUTE TO HIS HOBBY.

EX-LIBRIS. ESSAYS OF A COLLECTOR. By Charles Dexter Allen. With Twenty-one Copper-plate Prints. Octavo, pp. xxxv, 177. (Lambson, Wolfe & Co.)

Mr. Andrew Lang, in a passage which Mr. Allen ruefully quotes, is hard upon the ex-libris man. "The antiquarian ghoul," he observes, "steals title-pages and colophons. The aesthetic ghoul cuts illuminated initials out of manuscripts. The petty, trivial and almost idiotic ghoul of our own day sponges the fly-leaves and boards of books for the purpose of cribbing the book-plates." There is something to be said for Mr. Lang's contemptuous ferocity. The ex-libris man has been known to be ghoulish. The bookworm is lucky who has not encountered the trail of his fell work in a volume otherwise undefaced by time or treason. The sponging of the book-plate collector is a vile thing, and for it he should be comfortably gibbeted. But it is idle to answer his assertion that he must live in the familiar epigram, "I don't see the necessity." Necessity or not, he flourishes. The only comfort we have is that some specimens of the race there be, like Mr. Allen, whose passion for book-plates has not blunted their affection for books. If they must sponge, they at least sponge with art, and hard-featured criticism passes by, blinking, on the other side.

We shrive Mr. Allen of ghoulishness because the tone of his book is so gentle, so loving, so full of enlightened enthusiasm. It is true he hath divers other faults. "That peculiar person, Charles James Fox." "Anthony Trollope, a novelist, who gave the world some delightful stories." In allusions like these Mr. Allen discloses a complacency which would be irritating if it were not so innocent, so naive. But, in the



BOOK-PLATE OF W. H. GAYLORD.

long run, his heart is in the right place, and his knowledge of the history of book-plates keeps pace with his arder. The volume is a really instructive little sketch of the book-plate in Germany, France, England and America, and Mr. Allen's anecdotes, though introduced after the fashion indicated by the two fragments cited above, are light and make his pages more readable. He has some interesting bits of lore. For example, he alludes to the book-plate designed for Gambetta by Alphonse Legros, about 1874, when the latter went to Paris at the instance of Sir Charles Dilke to paint a portrait of the celebrated Tribune. It seems that Gambetta himself asserted that he never used the plate in a book—certainly a curious fact. There is a quaint note, too, from Sir Henry Irving on the book-plate made for him, and representing a dragon bearing aloft a scroll with the name of the owner upon it. "I think that it was designed by Bernard Partridge," writes Sir Henry, "though there is nothing of that bird in the composition. The occult meaning—so far as I know there is none; but Partridge may have intended his 'dragon' to be a sort of glorified sandwich man with the Lyceum play-bill!"

There is a moral in this note, and it relates to a phase of the subject on which we would fain have seen Mr. Allen take some other stand than that which he has concluded to adopt. Sir Henry Irving does not know what his book-plate means. Is that a book-plate worth having? Mr. Allen will hasten to reassure you, to declare that Sir Henry Irving's plate is an accident; that the great charm of a book-plate lies in its being a kind of symbol of the owner, a design in which he sees his favorite hobbies or his family history emblazoned and set forth. He points genially to the plate of Mr. John H. Buck, reproduced in this volume, which pictures the old school at Tiverton, in Devonshire. There, he would exclaim, you have a plate with "historic interest," or "family interest," or what not. But was there ever a more inartistic book-plate? The truth is that the idea of making the book-plate pictorial and personal was often carried too far in the past, and is almost invariably carried too far in the present.

LITERARY NOTES.

The autumn publishing season has been launched, and new books are coming from the press with great rapidity, but no very momentous event promises to stir up the book world for the next few weeks. No "novel of the year" is in sight, and, though much good biographical literature is in prospect, the new life of Tennyson is the only work of striking character which October will bring forth. Presumably, however, there will be a spurt about Christmas time, and the first weeks of December will see the usual flood of books impressive in size and decorative in character, if not in literary substance.

Mr. William Allen White, the author of some interesting journalism concerned with Kansas politics, and the writer of a volume of short stories not quite so interesting, has concluded, like Mr. Silas Wegg, to "drop into poetry." The drop is made in "The Philosopher," a periodical published in Wausau, Wis. And this is the way it goes, under the title of "A Jim Street Lullaby":

Hursh-a-bye, sweetheart,  
O, hursh, an' lay still;  
Mommie 'ull stay with you,  
Dear, come wot will;  
Mommie c'd not live without you—my pet—  
Mommie is proud of you—she don't regret;  
Gawd! how can some people want to forget;  
Hursh-a-bye, sweet, and lay still—dear.

In the "Story of the West Series," published by the Appletons, there is to appear soon a volume called "The Story of the Cowboy," by Mr. E. Hough. The subject was an inspiration, for there is little enough literature gathered around this picturesque figure of the plains. To be sure, Mr. Roosevelt has written with skill on the subject, there are Mr. Wister's brilliant sketches, Mr. Julian Ralph's writings and Mr. Remington's happy combinations of text and picture. But it is a subject to be treated more from the historical point of view than has been the case with any of these writers, and if Mr. Hough's task is well done it will be accepted with gratitude on the part of all students of our social development.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish at once a volume dedicated to the recently unveiled Shaw monument in Boston. The volume contains a history of the monument by Edward Atkinson, an account of the unveiling with reports of the addresses, and a photogravure of the monument, which is probably the masterpiece of Augustus St. Gaudens. It is a good idea to publish this memorial, and it is to be hoped that the act of the publishers may be emulated in the future when other monuments are concerned.

Aubrey de Vere's recollections are about to be published in book form by Edward Arnold. They ought to be highly readable and worthy of preservation, for Aubrey de Vere combines the elasticity and humor of a rare teller of stories with peculiar dignity and loftiness of tone.

Another literary landmark of London is to go. It is the Magpie and Stump, which has been one of the famous inns of the metropolis since the Elizabethan age. Its chief claim upon our interest lies in the fact that it was the scene of the famous conspiracy in which the poet Waller was involved in 1643. The building stands on the eastern side of Fetter Lane and bears the sign: "Ye Olde Magpie and Stump, Established 1600." It has been altered more than once, of course, since its earliest days, but it is said to be substantially the same structure to-day that it was when erected. The members of Waller's conspiracy were arrested at this inn. Waller and his confederates, Tomkins (who was his brother-in-law) and Challoner, used to meet in a back room on the first floor, the room shown in the illustration. The plot, it will be remembered, aimed at the seizure of Pym and Hampden, the arrest of the Puritan Lord Mayor, the capture of the city fortifications and of the Tower and the introduction of the Cavalier forces. A servant of Tomkins's revealed the plot to "Praise-God Barebones" and his brothers, who lived near by. Tomkins and Challoner were hanged. Waller got off through a cowardly recantation, was eventually fined and exiled to France. Cromwell, it is believed, was indu-

peror Napoleon. She was far too wise, however, to attempt to play such a part at the English Court. But that she was much admired and won the hearts of many people in London is certainly true. She came to lunch with Stanley at the Deanery. She had asked him to invite a number of literary men—Tennyson, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Huxley and several more. We were waiting and waiting, but Tennyson did not appear. Stanley suggested that we should not wait any longer, but the Queen refused to sit down before the great poet's arrival. At last it was suggested that Tennyson might be mooning about in the Cloisters, and so he was. He was caught, and was placed next to the Queen. The Queen knew wonderfully



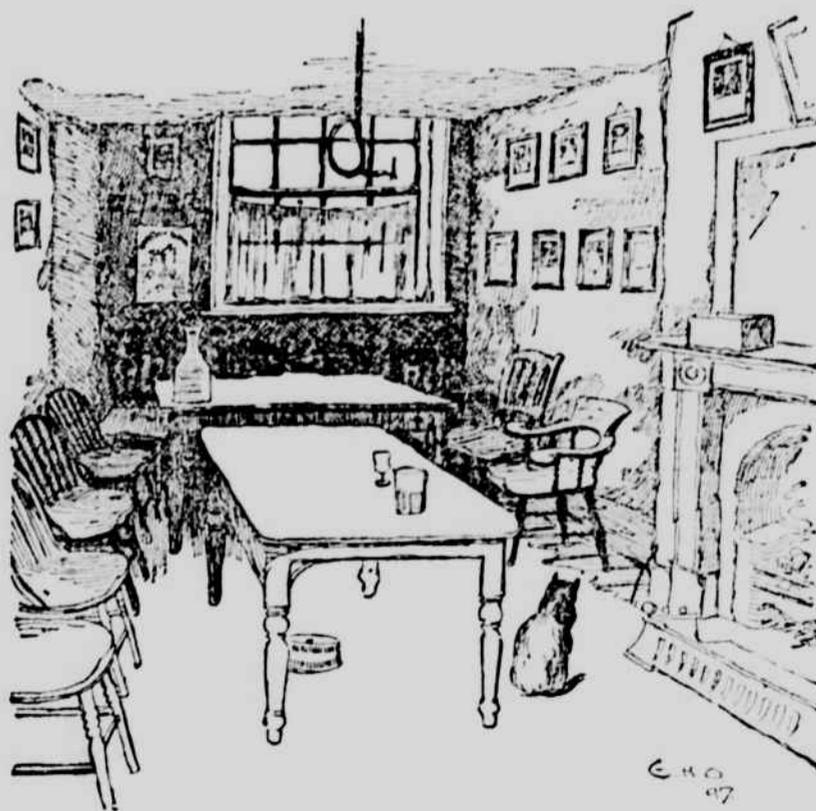
BOOK-PLATE OF CHARLES H. TAYLOR, JR.

how to hide her crown and put everybody at their ease. She took the conversation into her own hands, and kept the ball rolling during the whole luncheon. But she got nothing out of Tennyson. He was evidently in low spirits, and, sitting next to him, I could hear how to every question the Queen addressed to him he answered, "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," and at last, by a great effort, "Ma'am, there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question." He then turned to me and said in a whisper, but a loud whisper: "I wish they had put some of you talking fellows next to Regina."

Sir Walter Besant is at least courageous. His gifts are considerable, but they are not of a light sort; on the contrary, his muse ambles slowly. In spite of this he has written a volume of "drawing-room plays" in collaboration with Mr. Walter Pollock. Such productions to be readable ought to be in the last degree nimble and vivacious. Where will Sir Walter Besant get these qualities? From Mr. Pollock? What their exact value will be it will be interesting to observe when the Frederick A. Stokes Company presently publishes the book.

Messrs. Herbert Stone & Co., of Chicago, announce of a certain book of stories they publish that the cover "is one of the most attractive they ever planned." This seems an odd thing to have reached at this end of the century, this earnestness over covers, but Messrs. Stone & Co. deserve particular credit, just the same, for all that they have done to improve the form of books published in this country. To this young firm, and to a few others like it, we owe some of the best printed and best made books we have nowadays.

J. W. Bouton announces a diverting collection of old French memories. They are the relics of one Jean Leonard, who was a hair-



THE OLD MAGPIE AND STUMP.

entail in obtaining his pardon, and he returned to London. It is curious to have to associate these memories with the fact that Waller had the stuff in him to write "Go, lovely rose."

The gem of Professor Max Muller's second paper on "Royalties" in the current number of "Cosmopolis" is an anecdote relating to the Queen of Holland and Tennyson. "She frequently came to England, according to the newspapers, as a friend and advocate of the Em-

dresser at the Court of France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was on terms of intimacy with the Du Barry, and, being a person of much curiosity and no scruple, his "Souvenirs" are very amusing. Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has translated "The Souvenirs of Jean Leonard, Coiffeur to Queen Marie Antoinette," and the book is to be published by Mr. Bouton in two volumes, with frontispiece portraits of Louis XV and Marie Antoinette. There will be only two hundred and fifty copies printed.