

a patrician family is pictured, and in which clerical society, with its strange intrigues, is also introduced. The heroine, whose name gives the book its title, is the ward of a cardinal, a beautiful girl with a considerable heritage. She is destined by her guardian for a convent, and the story turns upon the disturbance brought into her life, and the schemes of divers kinsmen, by the coming to Rome of an Englishman who has been of service to her brother. The study of her temperament, wrought upon by experiences and circumstances with which she is ill qualified to cope, is delicate and interesting. The action of the plot borders here and there on the melodramatic, but Mr. Bagot is skilful in arousing the reader's curiosity and in keeping him entertained. Cardinal Savelli is a picturesque, and, withal, very human figure. Though we have an uneasy feeling that invention rather than observation is the source of the author's effects, where he deals with what we suppose he would call the seamy side of Roman life, worldly and spiritual, we cannot deny that he has written a plausible novel.

"A Song of a Single Note" is a pretty tale of love and anxiety in the New York of Revolutionary days. The heroine begins in a simple enough American environment. She ends in a

laugh, we feel that the author is laughing with us, for all that his inimitable spokesman can be so demure. The subjects in this volume are, as usual, the subjects of the hour in American life. The satirist waxes eloquent on the visit of Prince Henry and on politics, on Sherlock Holmes and on the art patron, on Cuba and on Newport. We take this passage from one of the best chapters in the book:

"Ye don't catch Higbie changin' iv anny iv his dividends on domestic finished art. He jumps on a boat an' goes straight across to th' central deepo. The first thing he gets is a porthrait iv himself be wan iv th' gr-reat modhren masters, Sargent be name. This here Sargent, Hogan tells me, used to live in this country, an' faith, if he'd stayed here ye might see him to-day on a stagin'. But he had a mind in his head an' he tore off fr Europe th' way a duck hunter goes fr a rice swamp. Afther a while, Higbie shows up, an' says he: 'I'm Higbie iv th' Non-Adhesive Consolidated Glue Company,' he says. 'Can ye do me?' 'I can an' will,' says Sargent. 'I'll do ye good. How much have ye got?' he says. 'Get some more an' come around,' he says. An' Higbie puts on his Prince Albert coat an' laves it open so that ye can see his watch charm—th' crown av Poland with th' Kohinoor in th' top av it—an' me frind Sargent does him brown an' red. He don't give him th' pichter av course. If ye have yer porthrait painted be a gr-reat painter, it's ye'er porthrait, but 'tis his plecther, an' he keeps it till ye don't look that way anny more. So Hig-

ism to affect his judgment. Courbet, Manet, Whistler and Degas have a chapter to themselves, under the head of "Realism," and a few pages on Monet, supplemented by some valuable notes of a technical character, complete his survey. A more readable volume than this we have not encountered in a long time. Mr. MacColl, through his grasp of his subject, his sound judgment, his fertility in suggestion and his vigorous style gives lasting vitality to what, in the hands of an ordinary writer, would have degenerated into mere fugitive impressions. Not only for those who visited the Glasgow exhibition, but for all lovers of art in the nineteenth century, this should prove, with its abundance of fine illustrations, a more than welcome publication.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Among many treasures associated with literature which are owned by Dr. Horace Howard Furness is the original manuscript of Charles Lamb's essay on Roast Pig. It bears the signature "Elia."

A copy of the first known English book plate is a very rare thing, but this rare thing did appear in a London auction room the other day. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the great Francis,

people who appreciate me; it is a pleasure wealthy people have leisure to read, and their houses are pleasant. I am not ashamed to confess that I do enjoy being with cultured folk. Besides, I find that mixing with others and the friction of ideas are necessary to a writer."

It is interesting to imagine the sensations of the fanatical Brownings who were forced to listen to Sir Edward Clarke's recent address on English literature. Robert Browning, he declared, was the Carlyle of poetry, and he could only hope that two-thirds of what he wrote might be forgotten. Carlyle tried to debase English as much as he could possibly do; yet his lives of Schiller and Sterling were written in as pure and beautiful English as could be found. But Frederick the Great was a calamity to English literature. In the same way Robert Browning wrote those delightful pieces, "Christmas Eve," "Easter" and "Men and Women"; but how he ever persuaded himself to write "The Red Cotton Nightcap Country" was a mystery. His poetry would be enjoyed for generations to come—but in volumes of extracts, not by those who attempted to read the volume of his works.

We are reminded by a paper in "The Bookman" that the MS. of Poe's poem, "The Bells," is owned by Mr. W. Nelson, of Paterson, N. J. Mr. Nelson also possesses several first editions of Poe, together with sets of "The Southern Literary Messenger" and "Graham's Magazine," which the poet edited.

Robert Waters, of West Hoboken, has written, and Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, have published, an account of the career and conversation of John Swinton. It is warmly appreciative, but not blindly eulogistic, of the generous and impulsive journalist who began as managing editor under Henry J. Raymond and ended almost a hack-writer and a communist after the loss of his savings in an effort to establish a weekly paper in the interest of the laboring man.

In the little volume of verse just published by Mr. Kipling's mother and sister there is a sonnet by the elder lady which is worth quoting. It is called "Love's Hypocrisy":

"Her lips said 'Go'; her shining eyes said 'Stay.'  
How tell which was her meaning, which her will?"

How read the riddle of her yea and nay,  
And disentangle each, bewildered still?  
Hearing her chilling tone, all hope expired;  
Seeing her glowing eyes, despair took heart;  
One moment certain of the good desired;  
One moment turning, hopeless, to depart.

"Then, as she stood, with half averted face,  
From head to feet veiled from his ardent eyes,  
Sudden she changed, and with triumphant grace  
Flung off the mantle of her soul's disguise!  
Sweet hypocrite! how false was all her feigning,  
Turning for flight, yet, while she turned, remaining!"

The younger poet is also given to sonneteering. Here is a specimen which she entitles "Love's Murderer":

"Since Love is dead, stretched here between us,  
Let us be sorry for the quiet clay:  
Hope and offence alike have passed away.  
The glory long had left his vanquished head,  
Poor shadowed glory of a distant day!  
But can you give no pity in its stead?  
I see your hard eyes have no tears to shed,  
But has your heart no kindly word to say?  
Were you his murderer, or was it I?  
I do not care to ask, there is no need.  
Since gone is gone, and dead is dead indeed,  
What use to wrangle of the how and why?  
I take all blame, I take it. Draw not night!  
Ah, do not touch him, lest Love's corpse should bleed!"

The whole of the edition de luxe in seven volumes of the works of Edward FitzGerald, which the Macmillans are bringing out in London, is already sold before publication. The edition is limited to 775 sets, 250 of which are for America. Each volume has a frontispiece printed in Japanese vellum. The edition is to be uniform with the corresponding editions of Tennyson, Lamb, Pater and Kipling, all of which are now out of print and scarce.

The late Leader Scott, a favorite writer on Italian art and history, was in reality Mrs. Lucy Baxter, the daughter of William Barnes, the Dorset poet. She had lived for many years in Florence, where she was heartily admired and beloved. She was gentle, witty and charming, and one of the most hospitable of hostesses.

There is to be published soon a new translation in blank verse of the "Æneid." The late Fairfax Taylor, a classical scholar of eminence, issued two books of this translation in 1867, and they were much praised by "The Edinburgh Review." The remainder was found among his papers after his death, and the whole will now be published.

The late Frank Norris's story of wheat speculation in Chicago, "The Pit," is to be published early in the coming year.

Amid the latest writings of the dead novelist is a paper in "The World's Work" lamenting the neglect by American authors of their epic of the West. "Young men," he says, "are taught to consider the Iliad, with its butcheries, its glorification of inordinate selfishness and vanity, as a classic. Achilles, murderer, egoist, ruffian and liar, is a hero. But the name of Bowie, the name of the man who gave his life to his flag at the Alamo, is perpetuated only in the designation of a knife. Crockett is the hero only of a funny story about a sagacious coon, while Travis, the boy commander who did what Gordon with an empire back of him failed to do, is quietly and definitely ignored. Because we have done nothing to get at the truth about the West, because our best writers have turned to the old country folklore and legends for their inspiration, because 'melancholy harlequins' strut in fringed leggings upon the street corners, one hand held out for pennies, we have come to believe that our West, our epic, was an affair of Indians, road agents and desperadoes, and have taken no account of the brave men who stood for law and justice and liberty, and for those great ideas died by the hundreds, unknown and unsung; died that the West might be subdued, that the last stage of the march should be accomplished, that the Anglo-Saxon should fulfil his destiny and complete the cycle of the world."

Those tender hearted women who have wept over Miss Florence Montgomery's story, "Misunderstood," will be interested in hearing that the fair author has written another novelette. It is called "An Unsnared Secret," and it appears in the December number of one of the English magazines.



THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

(From the drawing by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

place very different, how different the reader would not thank us for explaining. Mrs. Barr puts sufficient incident into her novel. She puts even more of a sentiment, which, if a little too sugary now and then, is, in the main, wholesome. Hers is a reposeful, conventional kind of romance, a little tepid, according to latter day standards, yet, in its quiet way, not without a certain agreeable quality.

Mr. Roche's extravaganza is a good piece of fooling, spontaneous in its drollery and ingenious in its construction—if so light a fabric may be said to have been constructed. It is, to tell the truth, more of a funny improvisation than anything else. Its gaiety is innocent and clever, and we are glad to have the book in its present attractive form. Mr. Herford has entered fully into the spirit of the text, and his illustrations, both in black and white and in color, are characteristically mirth provoking.

The slang in Mr. Ade's book, "The Girl Proposition," is a mixture, we take it, of what one might easily hear in Chicago's streets, and what, quite as often, one might expect to hear in the company of the author himself, when the fit of inspiration was upon him. It is frequently amusing, and the fables of which the book is composed not seldom have a satirical point, in itself persuasive. Yet we confess that a whole book of this sort of thing is rather wearisome, exposing the commonness and crudity which one might overlook in a single article encountered on the funny page of a Western newspaper.

The writings of Mr. Dunne, like those of Mr. Ade, are enjoyed more when one dips into them than when one sits down to pages on pages of them. Yet, "Observations by Mr. Dooley" contains so many good things that no one could find the heart seriously to criticize it. If a passage, on occasion, seems a trifle forced, the bulk of this talk has a surprising freshness. How does Mr. Dunne keep it up? He has, we suppose, the mysterious vitality of the humorist who is born, not made. He owes much, too, we imagine, to his hearty enjoyment of his work. There is a gusto in these pages. When we

ble's porthrait is hung up in a gallery an' th' doctors brings people to see it that ar-re sufferin' fr'm nervous dyspepsia to cheer thim up. Th' pa-apers says 'tis fine."

#### MODERN ART.

##### A SOUVENIR OF A BRILLIANT EXHIBITION.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ART. By D. S. MacColl. With a Chapter on Early Art Objects by Sir T. G. Gibson-Carmichael, Baronet. Illustrated. Folio, pp. xiv, 204. The Macmillan Company.

In the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901 the Loan collection of pictures and other works of art included an extraordinarily rich assemblage of works by masters of the nineteenth century. So important was this collection, indeed, that the preparation of a fitting memorial of it in book form was imperative. The writing of such a volume was intrusted to Mr. D. S. MacColl, the art critic of "The Saturday Review," and, by all odds, the best man in his field in England. It appears in a handsome folio of two hundred pages, profusely illustrated, with photogravures and half tones, all full page plates, from photographs of paintings, drawings and etchings, with a small section at the back devoted to the art objects shown, and a very useful volume it is.

Mr. MacColl gives in his first pages some brilliantly suggestive remarks on the broad relations of nineteenth century art, and then, grouping his men, briefly but eloquently analyzes their qualities. Thus, in a chapter on "The Olympians," he treats of David and Ingres; in another, on "The Titans," he deals with Goya, Blake, Gerlicault, Delacroix and Daumier. His exemplars of landscape are Crome and Cotman, Turner and Constable, Corot and Rousseau. In his next group the salient figures are Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin and Meryon. When he comes to the later Englishmen he is refreshingly outspoken, knowing when to blame as well as to praise, and never allowing patriot-

was the owner of this book plate, only two or three copies of which are known to exist. In the intervals of his labors as lord keeper of the great seal Sir Nicholas occupied himself with serious study. It was not, however, altogether from his father that the philosopher drew his tastes; Lady Bacon, his mother, was one of the most accomplished and learned women of her time.

There is good taste and there is good sense in what Mr. Aldrich says of bookplates in the current "Atlantic":

"Every one has a bookplate these days, and the collectors are after it. The fool and his bookplate are soon parted. To distribute one's ex libris is inane to destroy the only significance it has, that of indicating the past or present ownership of the volume in which it is placed."

Another leaf from Mr. Aldrich's notebook is not, of course, new in idea, but it is well put and worth quoting in these days of "big sellers":

"A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with 'high erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy,' teaches the soul good manners."

It is stated that Mr. Austin Dobson adheres to the Trollopean literary theory—that is to say, he writes regularly every day at a certain time whether he feels like it or not. Possibly when he was younger and wrote verse he was less businesslike. Now he turns out carefully polished prose, in which there is no trace of the fire of genius—and the method of Trollope is quite in order.

It is said that when Robert Browning was an infant his father would send him to sleep by humming odes of Anacreon, and that he taught the boy the words he wished him to remember by joining them to a grotesque rhyme. Perhaps this last mental exercise had something to do with the poet's exasperating style. Miss Corkran records thus her first childish impressions of Browning: "I had pictured to myself poets as ethereal beings. It gave me a shock to see Mr. Browning eat with avidity so much bread and butter and big slices of cake. He never uttered a word that in any way suggested a poetical thought. His coat, trousers and gloves were according to the fashion of the time; his voice loud and cheerful, his thick hair well brushed. Altogether, in my opinion, he looked a prosperous man of business." Elsewhere Miss Corkran records Browning's comment upon the charge that he was too fond of "society." He admitted frankly: "I do like to be with refined