

family, with chronological tables of its work, a useful bibliography and further documents and lists. The book as a whole is a thorough piece of work, unfortunately marked here and there by bits of fine writing, but in the essentials of criticism sober and just. Miss Crutwell is particularly happy in her differentiation of her masters. She has a refreshingly clear and confident appreciation of Luca's superiority, feeling to the full his rare purity of form, subtlety of expression and distinction of style, but she does not allow her knowledge of Andrea's limitations to diminish her enjoyment of the high qualities he also possessed, and she is equally sympathetic and critical in her comments on Giovanni. The work of the family needs to be clarified in the mind of the student if he is to understand and value it. Miss Crutwell accomplishes this clarification for her reader. A great deal is written about art nowadays which is merely impressionistic and emotional. This book contains work of the better sort, work never lacking in feeling, but consistently practical and helpful.

The second volume of Mrs. Bell's "Lives and Legends" maintains the standard of the first. It surveys the saints as they have been represented in Christian art with scholarship and reverence. A great store of facts is here set forth in chapters easily and entertainingly written, and commendably free from mawkish sentiment. The illustrations, as in the previous volume, have the merit of being drawn almost exclusively from unfamiliar paintings by the old masters. They are all given in full page halftones, with the exception of the frontispiece, a photogravure after Donatello's statue of St. George in Florence.

"Scottish History and Life," a lavishly illustrated folio edited by James Paton and contributed to by twelve or fifteen other writers, is a further memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901. For the historical loan collection displayed to the public on that occasion a vast number of paintings, books, furniture and miscellaneous objects were brought together with a view to illustrating the history of the Scottish nation. Stone and bronze implements were there to show the prehistoric condition of the country, the Roman occupation was represented, and, in fact, the record was carried down to modern times. More than four hundred and thirty-seven illustrations are given in this book. They are distributed through eleven chapters dealing with the history of Scotland, and eleven more treating of aspects of Scottish life. In the first section we have observed with special interest Mr. D. Hay Fleming's pages on Mary, Queen of Scots, and James VI, and Mr. Henry Gray Graham's chapters on the Union and the Jacobite risings. For the second section Sir Herbert Maxwell has written a delightful paper on Deer Stalking, Fishing and Falconry in Scotland; Mr. John Kerr discusses Archery, Golf and Curling, and Mr. Graham writes of certain picturesque aspects of social life. There are papers on Scottish weapons and plate, and there is even a chapter on Free Masonry in the country. Supplementary to all this, there is a well illustrated sketch of the city of Glasgow by Mr. William Young. The volume is provided with an elaborate index, it is a fine specimen of the printing done at the Glasgow University Press, and in its handsome blue binding it forms a notable souvenir of a most interesting event, as well as a substantial contribution to the minor historical literature of Scotland.

Miss Cary's book on William Morris, belonging to the series in which she has already treated Tennyson, Browning and the Rossetts, is not so much a biography as it is a discursive narrative in which the author glances at every phase of her subject's activity without exhausting any one of them. It is a friendly and even enthusiastic book, but it is also one of the sanest studies we have come across in a field where indiscretion has too often been rampant. Miss Cary is not afraid to tell the truth about Morris's decoration, that "it missed the native and personal character of work growing out of contemporaneous conditions and tastes," and she is candid enough to admit, in her chapter on the Kelmscott Press, that the success of the Troy type "is a disputed question." There are Morrisites who would have hysterics if it were suggested to them that the success of anything their hero ever did could possibly be disputed. Miss Cary has too much common sense to swallow whole the interesting, often beautiful, but often disappointing, products of Morris's versatility, and her book gains greatly through her discrimination. It is a compact and comprehensive survey, and it is beautifully illustrated with photogravures of portraits and of Kelmscott Manor House, reproductions of decorative designs, and specimen pages printed by Morris. A bibliography and an index are added to a book which should make the better Christmas gift for being of a character to endure after the holidays are over.

#### IN LOVER'S LANE.

Trim peruke and Watteau dresses,  
Rapiere and redingote,  
Rigid ruff and jewelled tresses,  
Speeches turned to courtly note,  
Squires and dames of bygone fashion  
Wandered through the leafy shades,  
Murmuring their tender passion,  
Centuries of men and maids.

Clanking swords have done their duty,  
Powdered heads lie very low;  
Gallant heart and peerless beauty,  
They have gone where all must go;  
But with lips that fall and falter  
Love still pleads his magic claim,  
Though the style of speech may alter  
Yet the meaning's just the same.

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE MINUTES OF HER TRIAL GIVEN IN ENGLISH FOR THE FIRST TIME.

JEANNE D'ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS, DELIVERER OF FRANCE. Being the Story of Her Life, Her Achievements, and Her Death, as Attested on Oath and Set Forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray. With illustrations and a map. Octavo, pp. xxviii, 396. McClure, Phillips & Co.

When De Quincey wrote his eloquent if rather high pitched essay on Jeanne D'Arc, the volumes of Quicherat, in which the contemporary records of the trial and rehabilitation rose up from

Paris and elsewhere, looking to the rehabilitation of Jeanne. The testimony of them all is clear, beyond all peradventure, on the importance of the Maid's exploits and on the injustice of her trial and condemnation. The answers she gave in court, full, no doubt, of a certain mystical exaltation, but nevertheless extraordinarily direct, intelligent and courageous, are plainly characteristic of the nature painted, after her death, in the depositions of the simple souls who knew her. Cauchon's malice and cruelty shine forth luridly from the quaint chronicle. The Bishop of Beauvais was resolved to bend the spirit of his victim, or, better still, to break it. He could not do either. The recantation extorted from Jeanne was the result of her bodily weakness and mental pain. "All I said and revoked," she told her judges, when she

of the King saved his realm. It is a haunting figure, and one around which book after book will continue to be written. But for English readers this volume will remain the indispensable authority. Mr. Murray has edited it with tact, saying as little as possible himself, and leaving the old documents to make their own effect. His pages are adequately illustrated. The frontispiece is a photogravure of the reputed portrait of Jeanne D'Arc, formerly in the church of St. Maurice at Orleans.

### FICTION.

HUMOR OF VARIOUS SORTS.

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD; OR, ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. By J. M. Barrie. 12mo, pp. iv, 349. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR. The Strange Adventures of a Motor Car. Edited by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 12mo, pp. 336. Henry Holt & Co.

WINSLOW PLAIN. By Sarah P. McLean Greene. 12mo, pp. vi, 290. Harper & Bros.

IDYLS OF THE GASS. By Martha Wolfenstein. 12mo, pp. 235. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

WOLFVILLE NIGHTS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. 12mo, pp. 326. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Little White Bird" reminds us of those pictorial puzzles, now obsolete, we believe, in which one is confronted by a landscape ingeniously drawn and bearing some such legend as "Find the cow." When the animal is found it is usually a weirdly unnatural creature, set upside down, with its horns driven into the topmost part of a tree. We have been compelled to look for the central idea in Mr. Barrie's book after this fashion, with results not dissimilar. A vaguer, queerer book has not been written in a long time. By dint of severe effort we have gathered that the supposititious narrator is a bachelor with a half-cynical, half-amiable interest in love's young dream and with a fondness for little children. Here and there the author gives us what would seem to be first hand observation of living models, and at moments, but only at moments, he makes these models amusing company. Again there are touches of fairy, like the following:

She learned from a purple filbert that the court was not in its usual good temper at present, the cause being the tantalizing heart of the Duke of Christmas Daisies. He was an Oriental fairy, very poorly of a dreadful complaint, namely, inability to love, and though he had tried many ladies in many lands, he could not fall in love with one of them. Queen Mab, who rules in the Gardens, had been confident that her girls would bewitch him, but alas, his heart, the doctor said, remained cold. This rather irritating doctor, who was his private physician, felt the Duke's heart immediately after any lady was presented, and then always shook his bald head and murmured, "Cold, quite cold!" Naturally Queen Mab felt disgraced, and first she tried the effect of ordering the court into tears for nine minutes.

When Mr. Barrie drops into this vein he is beguiling enough. But even these little gossamer inventions are insufficient to make "The Little White Bird" worth while. Pondering deeply the possible reason for the existence of this formless and sickly sweet production, all that occurs to us as a credible explanation of it is that Mr. Barrie, having read Lamb's "Dream Children," thought that he would like to try his hand at something of that sort himself, and would give free play to his humor. We know that he has humor. It is the best element in his best pages, and those, if they are not literature, are at any rate very pleasant to read. But his humor is terribly diluted in this book. The best pages in it are far from being among the best that he has written. He is whimsical without being amusing, he is sentimental without touching the emotions. A certain delicate quality saves the book from utter failure, the quality of an interesting temperament. But that is all that can be said in favor of "The Little White Bird."

Mr. Barrie, with his temperamental charm, can at least soften the reader's dissatisfaction with a generally unsatisfactory piece of work. The authors of "The Lightning Conductor," having no temperament and no literary quality whatever, are hard put to it to make a success of a story that is entertaining if not very plausible in motive and fairly well constructed. This novel deals with the adventures of an American heiress on her travels abroad. At an English inn she falls in with a smooth spoken scoundrel who looks, in her Aunt Mary's opinion, like a duke, and from whom she purchases on the spot an old fashioned and fractious automobile, believing, in her ignorance, that it is of the latest and best make. Of course this is just the kind of idiocy in which clever American girls indulge when they are abroad—in the pages of the English novelist of the present day. However, the absurdity of the incident can be overlooked, for a little later on in the tale, when the automobile has conclusively proved its inadequacy, the heroine finds herself touring happily in one that is really what an automobile should be, and her experiences are diverting. Her chauffeur is an English gentleman who has fallen in love with her from a distance, and disguises himself as a servant in order to be in her company, and, when the time comes, press his fortunes with her. Of course, droll complications arise, and in these the authors find their account. Their humor is of a very ordinary sort, but it will pass muster. We may add that while their American girl is doubtfully American, her speech is at least free from the preposterous idioms which English writers are constantly inventing for us.

Mrs. Greene's story of New-England village life, "Winslow Plain," is no better and no worse



JEANNE D'ARC.  
(From reputed portrait.)

oblivion, were passing through the press. Not until now have these records been put into English. To read them with De Quincey in one's mind is to be struck, in the first place, by the gulf between his fervid rhetoric and the unadorned style of the old scribes. But as one gets deeper and deeper into Mr. Murray's translation, the fires of the famous drama seem to be revived upon the printed page, and the reader is thrilled with a poignancy not to be asso-

ciated with even the most brilliant of De Quincey's periods.

The documents in this volume give the notes set down from day to day in the great hall of the Castle of Rouen where the Maid was put on trial. They also include the official records of the second inquiry, ending in the death sentence, and those of the subsequent examinations and depositions at Domremy, Orleans,

naturalness, even the girliness of her demeanor, comes out not only in those passages which show her weak and harassed, but in those celebrating her deeds in battle. Though she wore man's harness, and bestrode her horse like the born soldier that she was, she is always unmistakably the Maid, the strange presence before which the turmoil of the camp was hushed, and by the influence of which the troops



KELMSCOTT MANOR HOUSE.  
(From a photograph.)

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