

them. The people of his books speak a primer language, while his scenery speaks the language of poetry. The romance itself is tedious and loiters in every wayside tavern along the road of its adventure. It is as if a woman with a face for a tintype had had herself painted in the soft draperies and colors belonging to the canvases of the old Venetian artists.

Stradella. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

In Mr. Crawford we have lost an inimitable artist of Italian scenery and Italian life. Whatever may have been his shortcomings as a novelist, he never failed to give us a sun-warmed romance of that sun country which flows with spiced wines and honey. In his last book he achieved something more individual in the annals of romance than his delineation of Roman scenery. That is to say, a faithful wife, Ortensia, was a Venetian girl, who had fled from her elderly guardian who purposed to marry her, and eloped with her music master, Stradella. The guardian puts two famous cutthroats on their path, and the story henceforth is taken up with the schemes of these villains and the narrow escapes of Ortensia from persistent lovers. Mr. Crawford's animate characterizations do not equal his inanimate. His gardens breathe more vitally than the lovers in