

masterpieces of historic imagination, and especially as the very treasure-house of mediæval romance. "Where did you find so many stories, Master Ludovic?" asked Cardinal Ippolito, to whom the Orlando was dedicated; and the marvelous gifts of Ariosto as a story-teller made men forget the countless Italian romances of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Under the title *Paladin and Saracen*, Mr. Hollway-Calthrop has reproduced the poet's enchanting tales, with much of Ariosto's blending of love and war. The book is divided into six parts. The first and last sections take up the main thread of the poem, and follow the fortunes of Roger and Bradamante; the journeys and the madness of Roland, the wild adventures of Astulf, with the siege of Paris and the capture of Biserta, make the other four parts. Of the method in which the book was composed, the author shall speak for himself:

On one page I have translated Ariosto almost word for word; on another I have filled in his framework with my own patterns; a third is my own work alike in conception and execution. Obviously such patchwork as this is not designed to satisfy the canons of critical study; and I only ask that it may not be judged by standards of scholarship inappropriate to the class of play-work to which it belongs. If its colours please the eye, and its outlines stimulate the imagination, of those for whom it is written, my object will be better attained than I dare to hope is the case.

Thus, with the half-promise of a later and more learned work in the field of Italian letters, Mr. Hollway-Calthrop appeals from the critics to their sons and daughters in regard to the present effort. Of their favorable verdict, when they read these charming pages, he need have no doubt.

Paladin and Saracen. Stories from Ariosto. By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop. Illus. [Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.]

When we remember that the *Orlando Furioso* is much more than twice as long as the *Divina Commedia* — is longer, in fact, than the two epics of Dante and Tasso — we cannot wonder that few readers among us have finished its forty-six cantos, either in the music of the original tongue or in the spirited English version of Rose. Yet, aside from its place as an Italian classic, the poem has a wider claim as one of the world's