

FICTION.

THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN WORTH KNOWING.

A MODERN ANTAËUS. By the Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." 12mo, pp. vi. 58. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE ETERNAL CITY. By Hall Caine. 12mo, pp. 68. D. Appleton & Co.

TALES OF THE CLOISTER. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Illustrated. (Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories.) 12mo, pp. 253. Harper & Bros.

The anonymous author who achieved such startling and such evanescent celebrity by the composition of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" has apparently made up his or her mind that a serious reputation is only to be gained by more serious work than characterized the book just mentioned. "A Modern Antaëus" is to be taken on much higher grounds than those which we associate with its frivolous predecessor. It may not be all that a novel ought to be. It is not particularly well constructed. So far as the plot is concerned the author may be said to have spread material not very substantial in the first place over a very large surface, so that it seems rather thin. But, while the development of Tristram Gavney's character owes much to certain events reported in the story, we put the book down at the end scarcely remembering those events; all that we recall is that Tristram has proved himself to be a man worth knowing, a companion in whose society every hour has been interesting, and whose individuality it would be difficult to forget. The author is at some pains to destroy our liking for the hero by using in the narrative a good deal of the preciousness of style which disfigured "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Yet even the intrusion at intervals of a "literary" atmosphere fails to rob young Gavney of his actuality. He is young in years even at the day of his death, but from the very beginning he is assiduous in accumulating experience, and we see him in many different lights, often foolish, often headstrong, but always himself and always lovable. The spirit of nature is in him, and, individualized as he is, there remains many a touch in his portrait that is in the widest sense human.

Mr. Hall Caine is an industrious man—of that there can be no doubt. "The Eternal City" is a very monument of industry. It is plain that Mr. Caine has visited Rome and has done his best to make himself acquainted with some of her characteristics. But his intellect does not act as the right kind of solvent upon the raw material he has piled up. He presents himself to the reader as a thoughtful novelist, as one who wishes in this book to say something about serious problems in human experience; but he leaves the impression that he has not really thought about them at all. While he has been trying to do so the demon of melodrama has jogged his elbow, with the result that he has written not literature, but fustian. The story deals with love and politics; there is an attempt at giving it also a flavor of art. The colors in which the author essays to paint Roman dignitaries and the broad spectacle of life in the great city are laid on with a trowel upon a coarse-grained canvas; the pathos in the tale is saccharine and the passion is turgid. It is all interminably long and ineffably dreary. Mr. Caine reveals once more the sad plight of the mediocre novelist who presumes to drag Rome, with all its tremendous associations, into his little story, and only bruises himself against her melancholy grandeur, emerging from the transaction discomfited and ridiculous.

The volume contributed by Miss Jordan to the "Portrait Collection of Short Stories," issued by the Harpers, is made up of ten brief narratives of American convent life. The initial story deals with that more than familiar motive, the stirring in a nun's consciousness of memories and emotions belonging to the world she has renounced. It is treated sympathetically in this case, and, in fact, Miss Jordan discloses throughout a skilful hand in the delineation of her generally placid but sometimes sorely disturbed types.

"THE ANGLO-SAXON."

THE LAST NUMBER OF THE LUXURIOUS QUARTERLY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW: A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY. Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill (Mrs. George Cornwallis-West). Vol. X, September, 1901. Royal octavo, pp. 246. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Anglo-Saxon Review" bows itself off the stage of periodical literature in a volume that is one of the very best of the ten in which the fruits of Lady Randolph Churchill's enterprise have been embodied. The contributions are varied in character and they are unusually interesting. The first essay is a long one on "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington," whose well known portrait by Lawrence serves as frontispiece to the volume. Mr. John Fyvie, the author of these pages, has brought together a goodly number of anecdotes, and he sketches his heroine with obvious liking for her picturesque traits. Her character, he admits, "was far from flawless," but there is no doubt, he adds, "that some of the aspersions cast upon her were entirely undeserved." He closes repeating, in a spirit of agreement, the generous epitaph Barry Cornwall wrote for her tomb.

The approaching coronation gives, of course, a suggestion to the editor, and an important article in this number is on "Coronation Music," by Mr. Crowest, who brings a good deal of erudition to his task. Mr. Julian Corbett writes of war correspondence and the censorship under Elizabeth. War correspondence, he points out, made its first appearance under the virgin queen, and, all things considered, its status then need not fill the modern journalist with envy. Mr. Corbett says:

Laments over the ways of war correspondents and protests over the manner in which the censorship is exercised are abundant; but when we feel them most acutely let us pause and remember that, in what we regard as the golden days of Elizabeth, generals and admirals, for their personal and political ends, schemed to do their own war correspondence behind the backs of their government, and the censor who held the bride upon the pens of these "men of war" was a prelate absorbed in the theological controversy of the time.

Mr. Alexander McArthur's recollections of Rubinstein are full of personal interest, and in a similar vein is a brief but admirable paper by Sir Algernon West on "Celebrated Women

LITERARY NOTES.

It is understood that "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" are only parts of a series of American historical novels which Mr. Winston Churchill proposes to write.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, dealing with the life of Mary Stuart, is announced for publication in "McClure's Magazine."

Some unpublished letters of Robert Southey containing the writer's descriptions and opinions of light poets of his time are to be printed in "The Atlantic." Among the light poets mentioned are Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley.

Dean Hole's many American friends will be glad to hear that he is bringing out a new book. He calls it "Then and Now," and deals in it with the changes he has seen in the course of a long life.

Two more volumes of verse will conclude Mr. Murray's definitive edition of Byron. The final volume of Letters is just out.

Mr. G. W. Cable has written a new novelette, the scene of which is not laid in his native

land. The scene of which is not laid in his native land. The scene of which is not laid in his native land. The scene of which is not laid in his native land.

The author of "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal" saw much of Krüger in other days, and gives us to understand that sometimes, when the President was in good humor, he would tell excellent stories of himself. Here is one as characteristic as it is amusing:

As a young man he said he was regarded as an authority on psalm singing, and the farmers used to come to him to learn the keynote for starting the psalms at the next Sunday's service. Paul Krüger even in those days was no believer in the policy of giving anything away, not even a note of music, so he had a uniform charge of a double handful of dried peaches for his instruction. Even the fact that the work was in the service of religion did not deter him from resorting to slimmess, for he made a point of giving each applicant a different note. The result when the pious Doppers attempted to raise their voices in sacred harmony next Sunday may be imagined. The result was that each man concluded he had lost the key, and had to return for a further lesson. "I nearly bankrupted them of their dried peaches," said the President.

"The Harvest of the Sword." Mr. Marion Crawford's next novel, has among its characters Dante, Francesca da Rimini, and Count Ugolino. The story turns upon the struggles of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has expanded her amusing little story, "The Making of a Marchioness," into a novel which deals partly with the married life of that gentle and attractive lady.

The examination of the unpublished portion of a letter from Lamb to Wordsworth gave Mr. E. V. Lucas the clue to a forgotten experiment of Charles Lamb's in juvenile literature. Persistent search brought to light the little book itself, a paraphrase with illustrations of the nursery tale of "The King and Queen of Hearts." Here is a taste of its pleasant rhyming:

Behold the King of Hearts, how gruff
The monarch stands, how square, how bluff!
When our eighth Harry rul'd this land,
Just like this King did Harry stand;
And just so amorous, sweet, and willing,
As this Queen stands, stood Anna Bullen.

Lo! Pambo prostrate on the floor
Vows he will be a thief no more.
O King, your heart no longer harden,
You've got the tarts, give him his pardon.
The best time to forgive a sinner
Is always after a good dinner.

A facsimile of the book is to be published soon.

Mr. R. V. Risley, writer of stories, is thus quoted by his publishers: "I do my work at dawn, often getting up in the darkness and writing alone in a big robe for hours. I pass my afternoons taking notes in cafés, etc.," he adds, "and my nights on the streets, searching everything—the fashionable, the gay, the sad, the odd, the disreputable, the commonplace, the significant. A bizarre life, but one that eats away prejudice like an acid, and drags the veil from the eyes of our mind."

MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

THE JUDICIOUS HELPMATE OF THE HISTORIAN.

It is largely due to the loving and loyal care of his widow that the letters of the late John Richard Green have seen the light in the deeply interesting shape in which we find them. Mr. Stephen's connecting narratives are based upon information given by her. "She took down," he says, "some autobiographical reminiscences from her husband's lips; she is in possession of various notebooks containing a fragmentary diary and other jottings which illustrate his position, and she collected information from his



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.
(From the portrait by Gainsborough at Windsor.)

of Recent Times." Among the literary essays is one of peculiar charm on Ronsard, by Mr. J. C. Bailey. Judge O'Connor Morris writes on Nelson; some unpublished letters of Sheridan's are introduced by Mr. Wilfred Sheridan—interesting, but not transcendently important documents—and there are the usual contributions of poetry and fiction. We may note also the group of valuable illustrations, including the beautiful portrait by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Cumberland, for which Lord Ronald Gower writes some very readable text. The binding bears an historical design, stamped in gold on a cream ground. But in taking leave of "The Anglo-Saxon Review" we have in mind more than the merits of this particular number. We recollect the merits of every number in the series. It has from the start been edited on a high plane. The text has been of a serious character, at the same time that it has been thoroughly diversified. The illustrations have been chosen with genuine artistic taste, and a really beautiful form has been given to the periodical, press work and binding being always of the finest. It has been, perhaps, too luxurious and costly to become widely popular; nevertheless we believe that the disappearance of the review will be sincerely regretted in many quarters.

MISAPPLIED.

A. R. Wells in The Era.
Fie! what a sinful waste it is to use
Fine calf-skin or morocco—making shoes!
Be it the daintiest footgear of them all,
That Flora twinkles gaily at the ball,
'Twere far more finely, fittingly applied
To bind my Hazlitt, Keats, or Akenside.

And what a shame that gold, fair gilding gold,
As sordid, silly coin should be told!
For greasy greenbacks would as well suffice
To glut the miser or to pay the price,
While gold for this was evidently made—
To letter and embellish Pope and Præd.

And further: 'tis a sin, and nothing less,
To squander flax upon a woman's dress.
Aye, though a maiden flash upon my sight
Her snowy form with snowy linen dight,
Swift to the mill that fabric fair should go;
We need fine paper for Racine and Poe!

South, but in his adopted New-England country. It is a story of the period, and its title is "Bylow Hill." "The Atlantic" will publish it in serial form next spring.

A poem addressed by Burns to a Mrs. Currie, a Dumfriesshire lady, who died in 1823, is published for the first time in the current "Macmillan." Here are three stanzas of the six which form the poem:

Oh look na, young Lassie, sae softly and sweetly!
Oh smile na, young Lassie, sae sweetly on me!
Ther's nought waur to bear than the mild glance of pity
When grief swells the heart and the tear blins the e'e.

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened her e'e;
But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,
And could is the heart that sae dear was to me.

Hka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nipet plain;
The naist turn of Spring shall awaiken their beauty,
But ne'er can Spring wauken my Nancy again.

"Elizabeth's" charming novel "The Benefactress" has made an immediate success here and abroad. The third edition is now being disposed of. It is one of the neatest, wisest and most amusing hits of fiction this season has given us, and we pity those who fail to read it.

In discussing Mr. Kipling's "Kim" an Englishman declares that within the last sixty years two boys of Caucasian blood resembling Kim, but without his preternatural sharpness, lived in India. They had been brought up by natives, were able to go among them as natives, and were used by the government in Secret Service work. It is supposed that Mr. Kipling may have founded his hero's story upon the career of these men. The same commentator commends the novelist's advice as to the employment in this Secret Service and police work of the sons of officers who have been brought up and educated in India. "Strickland" was such a man—one who never lost the knowledge of native customs and language, which, we are reminded, can only be acquired by a child, for to no white person but a child will the native show his thoughts and habits without reserve, false pride or nervous shyness. The face of Kim as de-



MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.
(From a photograph.)

friends and family." In Mr. Stephen's forthcoming biography of Green the reader will discover many evidences of this clever woman's invaluable suggestions.

Mrs. Green was Miss Alice Stopford, daughter of the Archdeacon of Meath. The marriage was an ideal one in its joining of two absolutely congenial people. The wife brought not only love to cheer the slowly dying historian; she brought also inspiring energy and helpfulness in work. She read and noted for him and discussed results, and was, in short, a companion, disciple and assistant that he might well be grateful for; and that, indeed, he was!