

## FICTION.

*A Good Portrait of a Woman of the Sixties.*

ELEANOR DAYTON. By Nathaniel Stephenson. 12mo, pp. 315. John Lane.

THE BLACK FAMILIARS. By L. B. Walford. 12mo, pp. 312. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE. By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated by T. R. Gruger. 12mo, pp. 273. Charles Scribner's Sons.

UNDER THE JACK-STAFF. By Chester Bailey Fernald. 12mo, pp. 262. The Century Company.

Mr. Stephenson understands the art of making a good beginning. In the first chapter of his new novel, "Eleanor Dayton," the reader is introduced to the studio of a French artist in the time of the Second Empire, where various distinguished guests are examining a number of new portraits, among the latter being one of the heroine of this story, who is herself present. The Emperor soon enters, and the one canvas in which he is really interested proves to be, of course, the one representing Eleanor Dayton. He compares the portrait with its original, and says to Miss Dayton: "Your portrait is the aspect you would wear after you had passed through a great tragedy." He calls for wine, drinks "to the great American people," and leaves the room. The heroine does not see him again until they accidentally meet for a moment at Chiselhurst, after Napoleon's fall. Neither does the reader catch any glimpses of the great man between these two meetings. The bulk of the story has to do simply with Miss Dayton's character and romance, and it is, indeed, a little difficult to see just why Mr. Stephenson should have dragged in his figure from French history, except on the hypothesis that he saw how well he could seize the reader's attention by the scene in the Parisian studio. Certainly in that scene the heroine attracts us, and thenceforth we follow her adventures with genuine concern. The Civil War comes to complicate affairs for her, and for others in the book. Fortunately, however, the author does not attempt to write the history of the sixties all over again. His object is to paint the portrait of a woman of that time, and he is faithful to it throughout. She is an individualized woman, and she is given delightful reality in these pages. The book is admirably written. Mr. Stephenson has refinement and repose, and gives his work a certain delicate quality that is none too often encountered in the fiction of the day.

The author of that piquant and winning novel, "The Baby's Grandmother," was ill advised in her recent excursion into the byway of historical melodrama. A clever chronicler of modern domesticities, she struggles ineffectually with the archaic. Her heroine is very charming in her little Victorian way, but it is not a way which provides verisimilitude in a story of Elizabethan days. Quite as comic, too, is the mixture of sixteenth century phraseology with that of the nineteenth. Mrs. Walford's "pièce de résistance" is "percase," a word which "percase" seems to her to carry cheerfully whole pages of the talk of modernity. The story turns on the greed and jealousy of a woman of rank who, to be rid of her only child, her husband's heiress, secretly surrenders the girl to the Inquisition.

She starts upright, breathless, every nerve throbbing. What is it? What is it?  
And now it is not only that sound again, but something moves. The blood is whirling in her veins; the eyeballs are starting from their sockets. Slowly, slowly, the great wardrobe doors swing open, and forth emerges—oh horror!—a form so awful that never while life lasts will

the impress of that moment's agony be wholly obliterated from Katherine Delaval's face.

She sinks to the floor unconscious before the advancing figures of two black robed monks, the terrible black familiars of the Spanish Inquisition.

Without a word they raise her, and one of powerful and muscular build takes her in his arms, while the other unfastens the door and listens for a moment outside.

Swiftly and noiselessly the dark figures descend; and no interruption, no opposition, impedes their progress.

With incredible celerity they do their deadly work, and emerge beneath the shadow of the castle.

"Death! and in good sooth this be fearsome stuff, and we sigh over the mistaken zeal of one who has drawn so well the characters and the life of her own time.

Mr. Spearman's novel of railway life in the West is realism prettily punctuated with romance. The hero is of the approved twentieth century sort—the indomitable young man of business who faces Nature and his fellow-man with magnificent courage, but who blanches under the soft eyes of the lady of his love. It is a good type if a familiar one, and the author develops its possibilities with trenchant simplicity. The story is more effective in its episodes than as a whole—witness the scene of the effort to arrest by telegraph the two trains

## LITERARY NOTES.

The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is writing another story for children. It is to be called "The Inner Room."

It is said that Mr. Henry Harland has abandoned Italy, temporarily at least, as a source of scenery for his fiction. The scenes of the novel on which he is now at work are laid in New-England.

Mr. G. B. Shaw, discoursing on the subject of copyright, has, of course, some drastic reforms to suggest. He wants different classes of books to be given different terms of copyright. "It really is ridiculous," he asserts, "to treat, say, Smith, & Elder's 'Dictionary of National Biography,' representing an enormous investment of capital, exactly as you would treat a flashy novel representing a few pints of whiskey and a couple of months of a third rate writer's time. In short, copyright is a public question, not an author's question. Can anything be more absurd than to give forty-two years' monopoly to the obscene book of a literary black-guard, and only fourteen years to the inventor of the steam engine?"

The current number of "L'Art" is a readable miscellany, the more readable because it includes matter not entirely concerned with painters and sculptors. One of the most interesting articles we have found in this periodical for a long time is M. Audebrand's "Les Trois Bro-

principal scenes in the ceremony, together with portraits of the leading personages taking part therein. Appropos, it may be noted that this year, in addition to the ordinary edition of "Dod's Peerage," there will be a limited edition, illustrated with more than five hundred portraits, many of them portraits of peers and peeresses in their coronation robes and coronets.

A new book about Coleridge is announced. It will traverse his life from childhood to the close and will be entitled "From Ottery to Highgate." Mr. Wilfrid Brown is the author.

In May, 1905, the tercentenary of the publication of "Don Quixote" is to be celebrated in Spain with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. A statue of Cervantes will be unveiled, an academic fête will be given, there will be a medieval tournament, and, of course, the diversion supplied by the bull ring will not be omitted. A dramatization of "Don Quixote" will be put upon the stage, and it is said that Sir Henry Irving will be invited to take the principal part, the performance being given in the chief theatre of Madrid.

We have already announced the titles of two new novels with which Agnes and Egerton Castle are soon to follow up their latest success, "Incomparable Bellairs." One more work by them is also on the horizon. It is a romance called "The Heart of Mandeville."

The cremation of the body of Herbert Spencer leads "The London Chronicle" to call attention to the long roll of eminent men of all schools of thought who have left directions that their remains should be disposed of in this way. "Of recent years," it says, "the names of Mr. Lecky, Canon Shuttleworth, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Harold Frederic, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Isaac Pitman, Mr. Du Maurier, Sir Peter Edlin, General Sir Samuel Browne, Mr. W. E. Henley, the Rev. H. R. Haweis and Baron Huddleston occur in the records of the Cremation Society as supporters who have offered the strongest testimony in their power to burial reform."

The English collector, Mr. T. J. Wise, now owns all the known copies of Shelley's "Poems of Victor and Cazire." They are three in number, and for one of them, it is recorded, he gave \$3,000. In itself the little book is of no consequence; it is only as a rarity that it has acquired value.

It is pleasant to see even a slight protest (as in the current "Saturday Review") against that "popular philosophy of poetry which has done much to prevent the production of poetical work of the first quality." "The Review" takes Mr. Stephen Phillips as the popular type. "He writes for the most part without thesis, without body; but his acquired or inherited skill in dressing has made the framework of even the skinniest scarecrow 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' In short, the modern poet takes us in; and when we have found out our mistake, even if it did not take long, we have lost something of a most precious possession, the love of poetry.

"O words, you live and therefore you can die,  
Ill yoked, imprisoned, tamed in a dull task!  
So callous tongues may use you but not I.  
Who for your grace, a wooing lover, ask,  
Dead things may kill and you being dead entomb  
The frozen thought that once you clothed in bloom."

The MS. of "Paradise Lost," which is to be sold in the spring, has never been out of the possession of the family of Jacob Tonson, who succeeded the original publisher, Simmons, as owner of the copyright of the poem. The present owner is Mr. Baker, a collateral descendant of the publisher. This MS., "The Athenaeum" says, is presumably the "copy" prepared for the printer, but it is not, of course, in the handwriting of the blind poet.

The newest book about the Stuarts—that of the Marchesa Vitelleschi—gives a particularly unpleasant picture of the Young Pretender, whose profligacy and brutality it would be difficult to exaggerate. The author seems to credit the statement that Charles Edward was actually present in Westminster Abbey during the coronation in 1761 of George III. "A gentleman is reported to have recognized him during the ceremony, and to have whispered in his ear, 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here,' to which the Prince replied, 'It was curiosity which led me, but I assure you that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.'"

It is reported that the dramatization of Mr. Kipling's novel, "The Light That Failed," is to be put upon the stage in almost every European language. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is to appear in the French version.

There is always a great sale of Dickens's novels at Christmas time in England; and in recent years, it is said, has been noted at least one instance of an equal sale of Jane Austen's books.

A copy of the first edition of Keats's "Endymion" was sold in London the other day for \$200. A first edition of White's "Selborne" brought \$58.

## HOMESICK.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
It stands afar midst happy, sunlit fields,  
A little farmhouse, brown and old,  
With ancient, ivy covered, buttressed walls,  
And straw thatched roof of gold;  
And I a wanderer from the dusty town,  
Grown weary of its heavy ways,  
Wistful, from off the hot white road, look down  
And long for the old days.

For there the nights were blessed with quiet sleep,  
The days were filled with happy cares,  
And there the skies seemed ever blue, and there  
Was time for peace and prayers,  
While youth and laughter, joy and hope, and love  
Sang in my heart a happy song,  
Ah me! a song that's hushed for evermore,  
The crowded streets among.

And now I stand and gaze, with heavy heart,  
Across dear fields in longing sore,  
To where another woman, happier far,  
Looks from the low half-door,  
Oh, little farmhouse, old, and brown, and sweet,  
I wake when all the world's at rest  
And think of you, and long for the old peace  
And the untroubled breast!



STUDY OF A WOMAN.  
(From a drawing by Watteau.)

which are rushing toward collision. Witness, too, the night ride on an engine, through a frightful blizzard, of Glover and his Gertrude. These things are done with a gusto that would carry a much more conventional love story and an even less interesting heroine. The great engine crashing through the dark and the storm with Death all about her seems almost a sentient creature—a steed marvellously fitted to the modern knight, the man of action who finds his antagonists in precipice and flood.

The author of the short stories brought together under the general title of "Under the Jack-Staff" has invention, humor and much skill in the employment of slang. "Sudden Lannigan," the bluejacket who figures at large in these narratives, is a most engaging compound of crude picturesqueness, right feeling and pungent drollery. His comrades are no less interesting, and the incidents which serve to exhibit their diverting traits are devised by the author with equal resource in dramatic effect and in pure fun. It is an amusing book from cover to cover.

## THE LITERARY LIEUTENANT.

The trial at Metz of Lieutenant Bilse for having written a novel satirizing the garrison at Forbach is having some quaint results. The entire garrison in question is to be transferred to another town, a tribute to the effectiveness of the unlucky author's work which must amuse him in his imprisonment. If report is to be believed, he is himself adding fuel to the fire. The authorities are said to have been scandalized by receiving the information that Lieutenant Bilse is taking advantage of his enforced idleness to write a play in which he returns to the subject that in his novel led to so much trouble. We reproduce on this page a portrait of the young officer.

hans" a delightful contribution to the literature of the French stage. It contains two striking portraits of Madeleine Brohan and a facsimile of a letter of hers to Cham. The frontispiece to this number is an exquisite etching in colors after one of Watteau's incomparable drawings in the Louvre.

A public subscription has been opened in France for a monument to Hippolyte Taine. It is proposed to place it in his natal town, Vouziers. The design under consideration shows a bust of the author mounted on a tall pedestal, at the foot of which a figure of History leans on a sculptured pile of books.

When the ardent worker in the new Irish literary movement is told that the writings which he praises with such gusto do not seem, in translation, in the least beautiful, he has a way of retorting, "Oh, but you should see what they are like in the original!" For the benefit of those who would be glad to prepare themselves for exploration of Irish literature, Mr. David Nutt is publishing an "English-Irish Dictionary," which Mr. O'Neill Lane has compiled. It contains between thirty thousand and forty thousand phrases and their modern Irish equivalents. Some time in the future Mr. Nutt intends to bring out a companion "Irish-English Dictionary." Mr. Mahaffy, by the way, is just publishing a book entitled "An Epoch in Irish History: Trinity College, Dublin, Its History and Fortunes (1591-1660)." In it he aims at reconstructing the social and religious history of Ireland from an educational standpoint.

Tablets on all the houses in London where great men have lived have been ordered by the County Council. They will not, however, continue the custom of the Society of Arts of putting up tablets on new houses, built on the sites of the old houses, which had once held distinguished men.

"The Historical Record of the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra," evidently a more formal piece of work than Mr. Bodley's admirable book, is on the eve of issuance to subscribers. It has been compiled and edited by Mr. H. Burke, the Somerset Herald, and is published by the Government Printers. The illustrations consist of paintings of all the



LIEUTENANT BILSE.  
(From a photograph.)