*Cinderella.* The Athenaeum; Jul 20, 1901; 3847; British Periodicals pg. 88



*The Hidden Model.* By Frances Harrod (F. Forbes Robertson). (Heinemann.)

THIS, if we mistake not, is the first book published by the author under her new name, and it is a distinct improvement on the tales by her that we have hitherto come across. Our chief impression of her former works is of dull allegories told in stilted language with the disagreeable object of instruction. But this is a good story, simply told and undidactic, with men and women in it who are creatures of real flesh and blood, and accordingly interesting. The object of the crime committed by the unfortunate Leslie Godwin is discreetly veiled in silence, but it gains rather than loses in impressiveness on that account, while the hue and cry after her, the false scent on which the critics are led, and Hamilton's agonies in trying to shield her, all make the story very exciting. But the most remarkable thing in the book seems to us the unexpected talent for sketching character discovered by Mrs. Harrod. An artist coterie is here described briefly and pithily, with humour, and therefore without exaggeration; but of the minor characters perhaps the palm should be awarded to that bat-like host who reminds one in a few words of a celebrated caricature by Whistler. We hope Mrs. Harrod will find time to go on with mellowed work of this kind.

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*Cinderella.* By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke & Co.)

"IF ye are looking for a wife, Carus, choose ye the woman ye would like to keep ye company through a month's rainy weather in the Isle of Mull."

So says the Duchess of Niddisdale, the model of a strong-minded and direct-speaking old Scotswoman, though hardly one who could have survived into this generation. People past middle life, however, may remember one or two such ancient rather formidable dames. Carus, otherwise the Master of Darroch, does find in Hester Stirling, the Cinderella of the title-page, a bright spirit who could stand her Grace's test. Those who do not scorn the art of Galt will be glad that in his present book the author has returned to national types and Galloway of the Picts once more. There is a multiplicity of characters both in high and low life. Megsy and her ancient wooer are not original, but as humorous as any other presentment of the old housekeeper and the minister's man. Sir Sylvanus Torphichan-Stirling, "philanthropist and malefactor," whose unpleasant family oppress the luckless Cinderella after their father has robbed her, is the most novel addition to Mr. Crockett's gallery. We are glad to notice less turgidity of style than has occasionally marred the author's later efforts.

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*A Son of Mammon.* By G. B. Burgin. (Long.)

MR. BURGIN'S latest work is strong in characterization and dialogue. The hard, grasping youth who sets financial success before him as his sole ideal, and comes to both financial and moral grief in its pursuit, is well contrasted with the gentle old vicar, his tutor in youth and virtually his parent in manhood. Nor is the vicar's daughter other than a strongly drawn portrait of a young girl, "beautiful and sympathetic, and with ideas of her own." When father and child go to London and get into touch with the editor of the *Phœnix* and the inky strugglers of Bohemia, many humorous touches of illustration result. The bibulous authority on dining and dress, who is very well off, but always borrows half a sovereign from his friends out of old habit, seems sketched from life.

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*Malicious Fortune.* By Stella M. Düring. (George Allen.)

ONE or two odd bits of ignorance mar a book which is in many respects bright and readable. We do not shoot pheasants, wild or tame, on the 12th, and certainly not with bullets. Nor are judges of the High Court addressed as "Y'r honour." There are some other indications that the author is not a "woman of business." But the story goes very well, and the characterization of the pair of lovers, who are first placed in deadly antagonism by the moral cowardice of the man and then live to mutual repentance and atonement, is sufficiently vivid.

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*Lords of the North.* By A. C. Laut. (Heinemann.)

IN the first volume of "The Dollar Library" Mr. E. Hough gave an excellent romance of the westward migration in the United States which followed upon the struggles of the war of attempted secession; in this later volume of the same series Mr. Laut does something of a like nature for the Dominion of Canada. The romance is built up about the rivalries of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company and of Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest, and, if less successful than the work with which we have compared it, it is nevertheless far better than the majority of present-day stories. The story is supposed to be told by one Rufus Gillespie, who took service under the North-West Company partly to indulge his desire for travel in the fascinating west and more urgently with the desire of tracing a friend's wife and child who had been mysteriously kidnapped by a desperate Indian known as Le Grand Diable. After many exciting adventures Rufus is instrumental in recovering the stolen whites, and incidentally finds a wife for himself during his adventurings. It is a capital story, giving an excellent idea of the growth of our dominion in Canada during the earlier part of the nineteenth century; it is full of life and action, and what is more, it is well and carefully written.

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*The Early Stars.* By Albert Kinross. (Arrowsmith.)

HERE one recognizes gladly a genuine and earnest desire to produce a work of literary art. It would be rash, perhaps, to affirm that the author will presently produce something better and larger, but it may safely be said that this book establishes the possibility of such advance. Meanwhile Mr. Kinross is progressing naturally and well. 'A Game of Consequences' was adroit; 'An Opera and Lady Grasmere' was cleverish and deftly wrought; 'The Early Stars' is clever, and something more. Mr. Kinross shows that the root of the matter is in him, lacking only growth and training. His book is very characteristic, very readable, and very hopeful. The hero's aunt, Mrs. Snagge, is an excellent study, suggesting constantly that Mr. Kinross is a devout and apt student of his Thackeray. The selfish, shallow, doll-like heroine is admirably drawn, and the hero does not annoy one by addressing her as "Miss" Helen, as though he were a footman. He does repeatedly address the girl of his ultimate choice in this manner, but her character is so picturesquely sketched that one forgives the phrase. "One-ideadness" is not good, as from an author with a distinct feeling for style. The final scene between hero and mock heroine is vivid and strong throughout, if rather shrilly pitched. That is the drawback in not going far enough from oneself. We think it apt (with Mr. Kinross's leave) to make for "the clipt horizon and callow niceties."

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*The Seven Houses.* By Hamilton Drummond. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THIS is a fifteenth-century story, concerning the fortunes of Denise de Lhoeac, in which an intriguing priest, uncle of the heroine, and an English soldier, her guardian, play important parts. The story opens with the birth of Denise and the casting of her horoscope by a mysterious visitor at Lhoeac. Her mother dies in giving her birth, her father has died before she is born, and she is left, a girl, the last of the proud line of Lhoeacs, to the charge of the Englishman Roger Patcham. Her uncle, the ambitious priest, first tries to bring about her death, and then, when, thanks to her grandfather's will, the girl's death would be a disservice to him, seeks another way of making her the tool of his ambition. She is married secretly, for the good of the Church, to a man whom she does not know, and with whom she is, only after long trials, reunited on the last page. It is a fairly attractive historical romance, but by no means remarkable. In explanation of the title it may be mentioned that the story is divided into sections, each with an astrological heading, 'The House of Life,' 'The House of Kinsfolk,' 'The House of Marriage,' &c.

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*John Vytal: a Tale of the Lost Colony.* By William Farquhar Payson. (Harper & Brothers.)

THIS story, based on that colonization of Roanoke, in Virginia, which ended so mysteriously in the entire disappearance of the colonists, is a vivid piece of romance. The principal figure, John Vytal, an Elizabethan soldier of fortune, is a "very perfect, gentle" paladin; Eleanor Dare, being the loveless wife of the nidering Ananias, grows into the hero's feminine complement; and among Vytal's followers, who have each their qualities, is the ever-alluring personality of "Kit Marlowe." The author acknowledges that in taking Marlowe to America he has exercised considerable poetic licence; but there is a period unaccounted for in the poet's life which might have been so occupied. Having once got Marlowe "aboard the lugger," or in this case the fly-boat, he exploits him with much