
THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

HAWARDEN CASTLE was once a big, square, stone mansion, and in time there has been added on either side a huge stone wing. The result is a long, rather narrow, building, irregularly broken with tall towers, queer, arched entrances, mysterious flights of stone steps, and churchy-looking Gothic windows nearly covered with the dark green tapestry of English ivy, and offering glimpses of a velvety hillside, crowned at the top with the picturesque, ivy-hung ruins of the keep and banqueting hall of the old castle that had once been stormed by Oliver Cromwell. The castle of to-day is a cheery, home-like, unaffected residence, every room having a lived-in look and evidently no place being for show. The general scheme of color is white, green and gold, and the appointments are comfortable, costly, and sometimes delightfully shabby. The "Temple of Peace" is the name the owner has given to his *sanctum sanctorum*. This beautiful room tells as plainly as print the high and intellectual character of those who live in it. It is here that Gladstone has done his greatest literary work, and this charming old room is mellow in its ripe perfection and faintly scented with the clear fragrance of leather bound volumes. All the walls are lined with books, and double rows of shelves with a passage-way between jut out into the room. Marble busts of great men stand on the cornices. There is a beautiful portrait of grizzled Tennyson; also a bronze of the poet and a superb head in bronze of Dante. The Grand Old Man does not shut his wife away from his working life. A beautiful crayon portrait of her leans against a pile of books, and her own desk stands in the middle of the room, showing that he is not such a strict home ruler after all.

HAROLD FREDERIC is a big, masterful man of thirty-nine, with a voice that

would suit a commander of legions and a habit of life and work as minutely systematic as that of the most precise spinster of one's acquaintance. His penmanship rivals copper plate in the studied delineation of each letter, and his seasons of work and play are so clearly defined as to enable him to keep untangled the threads of many interests. Those who have no idea what the preparation of a novel means will learn with surprise some particulars regarding the initiatory stage of Mr. Frederic's latest success, "The Damnation of Theron Ware." The writer of this story carried the people in it about with him, night and day, for fully five years. After he had them grouped together he turned his attention to acquiring a knowledge of everything they knew. Four of them were specialists in different professions, and the task became tremendous. One of them is a biologist who, among other things, experiments on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines, and so it was necessary to get up masses of stuff on bees and the cross fertilization of plants. Then, Mr. Frederic had to teach himself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his church. Another character is a priest, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian. He loves luxury and learning, and so his creator had to study arts as well as theology, wading in Assyriology and Schopenhauer and poring over palimpsests and pottery. In order to write understandingly of a musician, Mr. Frederic fairly persecuted a professional friend with questions and disquisitions on the technicalities of music. After this cramming process came gradual assimilation, and the plot began to work. An elaborate sketching of incidents, talks, characters and localities followed, and then "the book wrote