

its declaring a cordial sympathy with the main principles and aims of practical reform.

Mr. Longfellow had an epigrammatic way of driving things home to the hardest-headed of his parishioners; as, for instance, when he remarked, "Religion is man's consciousness of God. Theology is man's theory of God." In short, while these sermons and essays are not those of a heaven-born genius, they are the characteristic helpful self-expression of one who was what the bronze tablet in the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn declares him, "a man of gentle nature, liberal culture, loving heart; a faithful preacher and pastor, earnest in reform, the friend of little children, a poet of religion."

It is, however, especially in the "Memoir and Letters" that we meet with a better proof of the foregoing traits, and also of an entire and apparently unconscious naturalness. Few letters sound so honest and so high-souled. There is not half enough pertaining to the family life of the Longfellows, but everything on that subject finds an immediate echo of like experience in the reader's heart. Writing of his father's death, Samuel says: "We all had the strongest sense of his presence with us after he had left the body—a joyful presence, as of one from whom a cloud had passed and a burden fallen, and who now stood among us in health and new life, giving us his happy benediction." Hardly less appealing is the account of the Cambridge training. One of its most important incidents was the undertaking with the late Samuel Johnson (Mr. Longfellow's close friend for forty years) to prepare a new hymnal for the Unitarian Church. Not only did they print fresh, if not wholly new, spiritual songs from Theodore Parker, Henry Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Trench, Clarke, Furness, and others, but they really introduced Whittier to the world as a hymnist. The publication also included Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," which they had found as an anonymous poem in a newspaper; and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," appeared for the first time in an American hymnal.

Concerning his New England friends, Emerson, Alcott, Hale, and the rest, there is not one word too much. The account of them and of new friends abroad is delightful reading; it is gossip in its highest form. Passing over many a capital sketch, here is one of the author of "Sartor Resartus":

Having heard Martineau and Stanley, I went in the evening to see and hear Carlyle in his dingy house near the waterside at Chelsea. He received us kindly—a slender figure in iron-gray surtout, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a face all marked over with strength and shrewdness, and touched with tenderness. Apropos of Emerson's "Gulistan" (a most disappointing book to me), Carlyle poured out about Oriental literature, and told us some story from a favorite Eastern book, whose name I have now forgotten. Then the talk turned upon Palmerston. He said he was not a man of ideas or principles; there were things "the vulgar applauded, but men of deeper insight withheld their applause." He was not a man to lead the people; such were few at any time; but he was kindly, and kept things well together, and when he should be gone "many an uglier man might come in his place, and so I always said, 'Live on, friend, as long as you can.'" All this and much more was said in a genial, kindly tone, in strong Scotch accent, with an occasional hearty and pleasant laugh. But universal suffrage happening to be spoken of, he at once lost his good humor and his good sense. "To give every man a vote is to make Judas the equal of Jesus" (!). "I never had a vote;" then, growing more fierce at some mild protest of mine, he began to talk about the "dirty nigger," and "better put a collar on his neck, and hold him down to his work," etc. It was melancholy. Evidently on this point he is, as Conway says, simply a monomaniac. On all others, he says, he is full of wisdom, information, and tenderness. We were glad, therefore, to get back to Palmerston, and the pictures on the wall of Cromwell, and the young Frederic. He resumed his good nature, told an amusing story of some "evangelicals" who went to labor with Palmerston, in his last sickness, for the good of his soul, to whom he listened, hopefully saying, occasionally, "Go on, go on," but suddenly, in a loud voice, asking them to "Read the sixth article." That number of the thirty-nine, however, not proving apropos, they at last discovered that he meant the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, on which his mind had been wandering!—which rather disconcerted their hopes of his salvation.

As to Samuel Longfellow's own personality, to those who recall him well, especially in those later years at Cambridge, when he was busied over his brother's biography, Colonel Higginson's description comes as the best possible word-portrait: "He was a difficult person to delineate, from the very simplicity and perfect poise of his character. He was, in the old phrase, 'a very perfit gentil knight.' He had no exceptional or salient points, but an evenness of disposition which, from boyhood onward, kept him not only from the lower temptations, but the higher ones. This was true of him when I knew him in college, and true of every later period. One could not for a moment imagine him vexed, or petty, or ungenerous. Few men have led a life of such unbroken calm and cheerfulness. At the same time he was equal, in strength of character, to any emergency, and would have borne himself firmly upon the rack when more boisterous men failed. . . . He went about your room, as a lady once said, 'murmuring little charities;' for every book, every picture, he had a word of kindly apology, making the best of it; but he had his own standard of right, and adhered to it with utter fearlessness. He did not strive, nor cry, nor did any man hear his voice in the streets, but on any question requiring courage he held the courageous side."



What a happy hit that was when Mendelssohn's parents named him Felix! It perfectly expresses the main characteristic of his naïve *Letters*, than which Dean Stanley himself could hardly have written better. They are now published in one of the conveniently sized little books composing "The Dilettante Library." Were they flexible, these volumes would be admirable pocket-companions; as it is, though paper and type are tolerable, the poorly imitated alligator-skin covers are much too thick. One feels this objection to such close companionship the more when the publishers offer an altogether delightful book, as is this—exactly the thing for a five-minutes' reading in the car or for a longer perusal elsewhere. In this edition, certain errors in proper names are noticeable; for instance, Franseati for Frascati, Gengano for Genzano, and Perrier for Périer. The translation is exceptionally good, however, and the consciousness of not reading in the original never obtrudes. Goethe, Bunsen, and others stand out in native relief, and we are glad to know about them and their surroundings as seen by Mendelssohn, but most of all glad to know about the composer's own feelings, of which he writes with engaging egoism. His most charming trait seems to have been an openness of mind and an entire absorption in the impression of the moment. To his high soul those impressions were always exquisitely and forcibly suggestive. Is he on the Wengernalp? he says: "Fancy, besides, all the glaciers, all the snow-fields, all the crags lit up to a dazzling whiteness and flashing in it, and then the distant summits of other chains struggling up to peep into the landscape. I have a feeling that God's own thoughts must look something like that. . . . That Goethe contrived to write nothing from Switzerland but a couple of feeble poems and some still more feeble letters, is just as unintelligible to me as a great many other things in the world." Is he at Leipsic, commenting on his oratorios? he writes: "For my own part, what struck me was to make Elijah a prophet through and through, the man we may really need to-day, a man strong and zealous, full of bitterness and scorn, the antagonist of the rabble, whether of courtiers or populace, well-nigh the antagonist of all the world, yet borne aloft as on the wings of angels." Is he criticising the tendencies of the day? we read: "It is the contrast of the Jesuit churches, sparkling with tinsel, to the four white walls of the Calvinists: true piety may be in either, but the true path is between them." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Among recent volumes of short stories easily the first in popularity is Beatrice Harraden's *In Varying Moods*. The author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," by her sincerity and simplicity both of purpose and of style, furnishes a delightful relief from the rampant "décadent" spirit of much of our recent fiction. Of the stories here collected, the first, "At the Green Dragon," seems to us the best; it is a cheerful tale of English country life, with admirably contrasted characters and a quiet but effective humor; some of the tales that follow are more subtle, but none is more readable. All of the stories have more or less of ethical motive, but always gently and unobtrusively interwoven with the story. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Mrs. Flora A. Steel's *Flower of Forgiveness* contains more of the strong studies of life in India, of the great merit of which we have already spoken. There is found here as intimate knowl-

edge of the subject as that of Mr. Kipling, together with a vastly greater sympathy with native feeling and native suffering. The stories are intense, often tragic with the tragedy of humble sacrifice and pain, and yet with glimpses of Anglo-Indian fun here and there. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Not so powerful, but quite as clever and decidedly more amusing, is Mr. Bliss Perry's *Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories*. The tale which gives the book its title appeared, if we remember rightly, in the "Atlantic Monthly," and is certainly one of the best of recent magazine stories. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Professor Henry A. Beers's stories have a strong university flavor, and to those who know New Haven and its vicinity some of the localities so charmingly described in *A Suburban Pastoral and Other Tales* are half-recognizable. There is nothing ambitious in motive or construction about these stories, but in a quiet way they are effective and thoroughly readable. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) *The Shen's Pigtail, and Other Cues of Chinese Life*, by Mr. M——, has as its title-story an original plot of Chinese crime and detective-work. The English author has a new field, and remotely reminds one of Kipling. The "Other Cues" are mostly slight sketches of official life and character in China. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Alongside of previous volumes in "The Camden Library"—such as "The Antiquities of the Exchequer" and "Sculptured Signs of Old London"—there now appears a book of *West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances*, collected and translated by Mr. William Larminie. The body of Gaelic lore represented in this volume is, so the editor hints, but one of several such bodies both in Ireland and Scotland, a comparative study of which may involve racial problems. He furthermore opines that not only as regards these lands but also the world, the theory of independent origin is hardly to be applied to folk-tales; the more reasonable presumption being that certain entire stories were dispersed from a common center. As is well known, the fairy belief is tenaciously held by Irish peasants, and Mr. Larminie points out the natural fact that, of traditional narratives, the greatest divergence occurs when the localities are most widely separated. Our author does well to indicate that the so-called Gaelic race itself is probably a compound one, containing, besides the true Celtic (Aryan), a Finnish or Mongolian and an Iberian element, and that these factors must preponderate in different parts of the country in proportion as Donegal differs from Connaught and both from Munster. The larger Irish legendary literature divides itself into three cycles, the divine, the heroic, and the Fenian, of which the last is so well known in Scotland that one can hardly say to which country it really belongs. Following the interesting introduction come the tales, taken down word for word from the dictation of peasant narrators. Their style is rough, sometimes rude, but always strong and picturesque. There is little of the domesticity which one finds in Grimm's household tales from German folk-lore. The book closes with notes and an appendix containing specimens of the Gaelic originals phonetically spelt. (Elliot Stock, London.)

A very carefully written and intelligent study of an important phase of English literary development is contained in a volume recently issued by Messrs. Ginn & Co. (Boston), under the title *Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism*. The little book is a thesis presented by Miss Laura Johnson Wylie to the Faculty of Yale University in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Ordinarily such theses are of more importance to the writers than to the public, and are generally exercises rather than finished works. Miss Wylie, however, has traced very distinctly a line of development in our literary history which is of great interest, and she has done it with such intelligence, judgment, and taste that her paper deserves preservation in book form. She traces the rise of the critical spirit in England, she brings out very clearly the services of Dryden to English criticism, she indicates the evolution out of classicism, she enumerates the German sources of Coleridge's criticism, and she devotes a considerable part of her book to an examination of this foremost of English critics, if not of English critical writers. It will be seen from this very brief résumé that Miss Wylie's book fills a place heretofore vacant in English literary history, and that she has rendered a valuable service to students of that history.

In Mr. F. A. Knight's *By Moorland and Sea* one finds the same ardent love of nature and delicate skill in reproducing in prose out-of-door sensations that made "By Leafy Ways" such a charming book. Mr. Knight's admirers will be increased in number by his new volume. He never strikes a false note, and his knowledge of nature's ways is that of an intimate friend. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)



—With the assistance of Mr. Rose, of the Boston Museum, Miss Mary Wilkins is dramatizing her novel, "Jane Field."

## Literary Notes

—Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, whose works, "Legendary and Mythological Art," "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers," and "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," are so favorably known as books of reference, has just written a volume on Naples, which will be published before long by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston.

—Dostoyevsky's novel, "Byednui Liudi," or "Poor People," has just been translated by Miss Lena Milman. It will shortly be published, and prefaced with an introduction by Mr. George Moore, the author of "Esther Waters"—who, by the way, must have prearranged with the Smith book-stands and Mudie's Libraries to do him the most effective advertising possible, by excluding his last book.

—That Ralph Waldo Emerson ever met or ever sought to meet Edgar Allan Poe there is no record, says the Boston "Transcript," and adds: "Once an intimate friend ventured to put a question to him about Poe. 'Whom do you mean?' asked Emerson, with an astonished stare, and, on the name being repeated with extreme distinctness, 'Ah! the jingle man!' returned Emerson, with a contemptuous reference to the 'refrains' in Poe's sad lyrics."

—During the past year the visitors' book at the Shakespeare house, Stratford-on-Avon, shows 13,669 signatures, representing thirty-eight different nationalities. Of these pilgrims the largest number came from England and Wales, namely, 10,779; America followed with 1,682; Scotland with 296; Ireland, 206; Germany, 108; Canada, 96; Australia, 87; India, 67; Africa, 63; France, 53; New Zealand, 36, and so on down to the one solitary stranger from Denmark.

—From being the harassed pupil-teacher of an elementary London school, Mr. I. Zangwill fared forth into literature. His first book was "The Bachelors' Club." Then he edited "Ariel" until that comic journal was compelled to suspend. During this time he published a political satire, "The Premier and the Painter," and then came "The Old Maids' Club," "The Children of the Ghetto," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Big Bow Mystery," "Ghetto Tragedies," "The King of Schnorrers," and now "The Master." Mr. Zangwill is unmarried, and lives at Kilburn. His appearance is said to be strikingly like that of the late Lord Beaconsfield, or of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of Canada.

—Poor M. Émile Zola did not obtain even one vote at the recent election to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of MM. Taine and Du Camp. Of the successful candidates, MM. Paul Bourget and Albert Sorel, the first is now better known than ever to Americans by reason of his recent visit to this country. His father was rector of the academies at Aix and at Clermont, and hoped that Paul would also embrace pedagogy as a profession. But the fascinations of verse-making and of writing criticisms for the Paris papers were too great, and, though his people abandoned him in consequence, young Bourget would not take up the treadmill life his father had led. Paul's verses and criticisms were full of that which has since made his novels famous; for, as he says of himself, he is "a maniac for psychology and a passionate lover of analysis." His first romance was "L'Irréparable," and among his most successful ones may be mentioned "Cruelle Énigme," "Le Disciple," "Un Scrupule," and the last, "Cosmopolis." M. Bourget is only forty-two years old.

—Mr. J. McNeill Whistler's rather caustic criticism of Mr. Du Maurier's taste in serving up Whistlerian idiosyncrasies in the character of "Sibley" in "Trilby" has elicited the following remarks from the artist-novelist:

I should have avoided all reference to Mr. Whistler, or anything which could have been construed into reference to him, if I had imagined it would have pained him. I should have written privately to him to say so if his letter had been less violent and less brutal. Certainly, in the character of Sibley, in my serial story, "Trilby," I have drawn certain lines with Mr. Whistler in my mind. I thought that the reference to those matters would have recalled some of the good times we used to have in Paris in the old days. I thought that, both with Mr. Whistler and with other acquaintances I have similarly treated, pleasurable recollections would have been awakened. But he has taken the matter so terribly seriously. It is so unlike him. . . . Here is a little book of his, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and I am one of his victims. It is not very terrible, what he says. It is rather droll. Listen: "Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Wilde happening to meet in the rooms where Mr. Whistler was holding his first exhibition of Venice Jottings, the latter brought the two face to face, and, taking each by the arm, inquired: 'I say, which one of you two invented the other, eh?'" The obvious retort to that on my part would have been that if he did not take care I would invent him, but he had slipped away before either of us could get a word out. This is really too small a matter to refer to; but the explanation of this bit of drollery of Mr. Whistler's is that it suggested that I was unknown until I began to draw Postlethwaite, the æsthetic character out of whom I got some fun. Postlethwaite was said to be Mr. Oscar Wilde, but the character was founded not on one person at all, but a whole school. As a matter of fact, I had been drawing for "Punch" twenty years before the invention of Postlethwaite. However, that was Mr. Whistler's little joke, and one would have thought that if he made jokes about me he might have expected me to play the same game upon him without anticipating that I should hurt his feelings.

[For list of Books Received see page 1117]