

other people, and even worse; and the lesser characters do no more than help to an average goodness. Marty South and Winterbourne are dull examples of virtue, while the people who make shrewd observations in dialect just fall short of that acuteness which may repay one for the labor to understand their jargon. We are beginning to long for a novelist bold enough to permit his people to say good things in English that we can read at sight.

'Jess' has about every quality that a novel of adventure should have. It is brisk, exciting, funny, and occasionally pathetic. The scene is in a land so generally unknown that the author's imagination is practically unfettered; yet, where truth is desirable, he tells it with apparent fidelity. He has no timidity in exposing the criminal mismanagement of recent British campaigns in South Africa, and some of his utterances compare with Mr. Blackmore's for sincere and earnest patriotism. The sarcasm implied in old Silas Croft's faith that his country is willing and able to keep her agreements and protect her subjects, is bitter but justifiable. It is probably this patriotism that leads Mr. Haggard to represent the Boers as something viler than either Hottentots or Kaffirs. His Frank Muller is a very black villain, yet he alone stands out as the cause of events. The other people are only adjuncts to the action, interesting for the remarkable things that happen to them. They are the helpless instruments of Fate on a frolic. Even of Jess, whom the author declares to be the spirit and soul of the book, this is partially true. We are absorbed in her vicissitudes, not in her individuality. Once or twice, however, her despair and passion do excite sympathy for the woman, especially when, worn by fatigue and mental stress to the verge of death, she nerves herself to do the deed which shall insure her sister's happiness. It was just before this crisis that she made the mistake to write the poem which has got Mr. Haggard into literary difficulty. The context indicates conclusively that Mr. Haggard meant to let the verses pass as his, if they could. It is equally certain that, even if he did not know their author, he, more than any one, was in full possession of the knowledge that they were not his.

In 'The Jesuit's Ring' an attempt is made to bridge the gap in time and circumstance stretching between Champlain's "Isle of the Desert Mountains" and the sea-girt paradise of summer wanderers, Mt. Desert. The medium of connection is a gold ring set with the stone Sardius, from the Temple of Solomon, with a Hebrew inscription graven thereon. The ring has the magical and embarrassing property of detecting the character of its wearer. It consents to be worn only by the worthy, and proclaims the unworthiness of any wearer by losing itself as soon as he passes by a bubbling spring, where it comfortably lies hidden till fished up by a knight without reproach. The Jesuit, Du Thet, to whom it was given with blessing by that pious lady, Mme. de Guercheville, wore it when he died at Saint-Sauveur. It was stolen by a miscreant, one of Argall's English band who descended on Mt. Desert and destroyed the Jesuit's colony. At once it slipped from the blood-stained fingers into a running stream, and there for more than two centuries and a half it stayed. All this is told in the prologue, and told sympathetically, with pleasant, romantic effect, though the author seems to think that the English in Acadia were just such unmitigated ruffians as Mr. Haggard finds the Boers in Africa. The modern story turns on the search for the lost ring, affording opportunity for description of Mt. Desert's great natural beauties and of the life of the annually invading mob of pleasure-seekers.

The transition from almost mediæval romance

to late, nineteenth-century commonplace is an unpleasant shock to the sensibilities. The mystic atmosphere is partially sustained in the character of Ramsay, the inheritor of Du Thet's fine spirit, and, like him, longing to look before he dies on Norumbega's walls. But the worldlings overshadow Ramsay. Most of what relates to the ring is cold, a perfunctory working out of a scheme. The author is not alone to blame for the falling off in interest and literary merit. There is something in Bar Harbor life fatal to romance of a refined and delicate kind. If a novelist touch it, he becomes vapid, hard, superficial, and the more he merits these epithets the nearer he comes to a truthful representation of what he sees and hears. When the author carries his hero, Somers, off from Bar Harbor and lets him take a hand against the strikers on a Western railroad, he writes with vigorous directness. He has something worth writing about, and these chapters, though hardly relevant to the plot, are far the best of the modern story. The walking gentlemen in flannels resembling Joseph's coat, the talking old women, and the rosebud garden of girls, are all so natural that the chapters descriptive of them are extremely dull reading. The dulness is not enlivened by the love of the gentlemen for a little easy Latin, but their proneness to display it, regardless of propriety, may heighten the naturalness. Perhaps, too, it is for truthfulness of portraiture that Seaton is made to compare his economical friend with John Gilpin. It was "Mistress Gilpin (careful soul)" who, "though on pleasure she was bent," preserved "a frugal mind." The introduction of a valet masquerading as a French Count has more boldness than novelty, a remark equally applicable to the narration of several anecdotes, noticeably that of the Englishman ambitious of shooting a buffalo in the streets of New York.

The author of 'A New England Idyl' has not justly apprehended the meaning of the word "idyl." There is nothing idyllic in the few chapters descriptive of hard poverty linked by an ordinary love episode. In the form, too, there is none of that grace and harmony which may give prose composition a right to such a title. The style is, like the people, rough, honest, and practical. The author generally knows what she writes, but her observation is hardly deep enough, or her imagination sufficiently vivifying, to make her writing attractive. The limitations of her knowledge are clearly defined by her picture of the "city gentleman" who offers himself to the country maiden in terms more insulting, if less direct, than the well-known "city gentleman" who said:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

This episode, representing a favorite dream of unsophisticated women-novelists, would stand the test of print better if the novelists would only study the forms of speech common to "city gentlemen." But perhaps the beginning of study would be the end of the dream.

In 'Miss Churchill' we are carried from the pine woods of South Carolina to the Pyramids of Egypt, taking in by the way a long visit in Florence and a London season. In the delineation of Miss Churchill the author touches several fine points in a complex character, but the whole picture is of an improbable person, more disagreeable than the author perceives. Miss Churchill's almost inhuman disregard for her own people, her capriciousness and instability, augured ill for the happiness of any man who might place his in her keeping. For this reason, the end of Lysle, who is rather finely conceived, is divested of sadness. In spite of numerous lapses into the stereotyped methods of the romancer, there is in 'Miss Churchill' more of actuality, a nearer approach

to portraiture of human beings, than we are apt to look for in the work of Christian Reid.

The Egypt of Ebers's 'Bride of the Nile' is a reconstructed Egypt of the fifth century of our era. It is full of adventure, of good theatrical situations, and of local descriptions minutely detailed, but it is as hard a novel to read as ever was written. It could be scarcely more dreary to wade through the tomes elucidating the theological controversies of Melchites and Jacobites, whose contentions make the drama of the novel. Whatever the reason may be, interest in the strife between paganism and Christianity is to-day much more vivid than that in the early schisms of the Christian church. We suspect the reason to be that the former represents to us what we understand as a "live issue," while the latter seems to us mere straw-splitting. So, in spite of labor and learning, Mr. Ebers has not been able to compel us to identify ourselves with his characters, or to feel that the ideas for which they suffered ennobled the sufferers—this, too, with allowance made for diminution of vividness through translation, which, though often very significant, is here reduced to a minimum.

*Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

THIS supplementary volume to the Life of Longfellow by the same editor is principally devoted to further illustration of the last fifteen years of the poet's career, when he was enjoying the fruits of his fame in the formal respect of whatever persons of distinction visited our shores, and in the common appreciation of his countrymen, whose expressions of esteem were sometimes more awkward and tedious, but not of less worth. It was felt that this period of Longfellow's life had been somewhat slighted in the previous volumes, and it is in answer to that criticism, and in response to the desire for some fuller memorial of these days, that the present work has been prepared. It consists of extracts from the later journals and correspondence, with a few episodes and some new letters of the earlier time to serve as an introduction. The plan is the same as before; the good taste, the care, the scrupulous amiability, also, are the same, and the materials have the same character. It is true, as the editor asserts in his preface, that the former work "is complete in itself"; no one will find in this addition to it anything except greater fulness of knowledge upon topics already adequately known. But every refined reader will take fresh pleasure in observing anew the daily progress of a charming life, and will better judge its riches, both for Longfellow's intimate circle and those who merely touched him for a moment as they passed, by this last book. What is here published is equally good with what was given before; it is all of a piece.

In one respect the present volume offers a more favorable view even than did the Life. Here the poet is seen almost entirely in his mature manhood, or perhaps one may fairly say in his old age, since his principal original works were all completed before the period of the last fifteen years set in. The scene practically does not change, the habits of life are fixed, the character of the whole has complete harmony. This limitation of the view gives a unity of impression rarely to be derived from the entire story of an active life, and the time, fortunately, is that when Longfellow was most attractive. He was most dear to his country as an old man, and that is the character in which he is presented. His qualities, too, as a man were those which age most improves—his universal kindness, his dignity of breeding, his reposeful nature, could have full effect only with ripe years; and one so given to

permanent friendships as he was, could not fail to grow happier in their exercise, and more noble through them in proportion as they lasted out time and tide. The story of Longfellow's care for his friend Greene is, in these new illustrations of it, one of the delightful episodes of literary biography.

In the way of literature, Longfellow was employed in these years upon the drama, and the simplicity of his remarks upon it are instructive, though they provoke a smile. He was not efficient as a dramatist, and perhaps no competent critic would now claim for him dramatic genius. He illustrates how far drama has drifted from literature. Evidently he had not thought much upon the general subject, and was but little skilled in knowledge of its conditions or in criticism of its aims, methods, or effects. One finds him saying, after reading Victor Hugo: "Perhaps exaggeration is necessary for the stage; I am inclined to think it is. A play, like a bust or statue destined for a large room, must be a little larger than life." He speaks of Fechter's *Hamlet* thus: "It is pleasant to see anything so like nature on the stage; not the everlasting mouthing and ranting." He contemplated having the "New England Tragedies" acted, and wrote to Fields: "As to anybody's 'adapting' these Tragedies for the stage, I do not like the idea of it at all. Prevent this, if possible. I should, however, like to have the opinion of some good actor—not a sensational actor—on the point. I should like to have Booth look at them." He actually consulted Bandmann with regard to the matter, and sets down the answer: "Bandmann writes me a nice letter about the Tragedies, but says they are not adapted for the stage." That Longfellow should have dreamed of having them acted, shows how far out of his element he was in composing them. The drama was to him a book, not an art.

Elsewhere he makes some admirable remarks that spring out of his practice of the art, always wise and sometimes profound, as is this which we find among his *pensées* at the end: "It is a great mystery to many people that an author should reveal to the public secrets that he shrinks from telling to his most intimate friends." The profound thing in this, if any one should not at once understand our application of the word, is that he does not stop to explain the "great mystery"; to him it is simple enough. But one does not often meet with the humor shown in another sentence, in a letter to Greene: "You cannot improve a sonnet by making it more than fourteen lines long." It is strange that, with such playfulness as he exhibits here and there, and seems to have indulged in more easily in conversation, so little expression of it is to be found in his works. For this quality one must go to these volumes, though there are scenes in 'The Golden Legend' in which it has colored the language and occasionally touched a character. The absence of the classical influences in his career is as noticeable as before. He finds in the Greek anthology only "dead garlands." Of self-criticism there is as little here as in the previous volumes. He remarks how much learning Sumner brought back from Italy, where he himself had gained only impressions; and the joy of the sentimentalist in remaining unconvinced is happily expressed when he says, "I let the waves of argument roll on; but all the lilies rise again, and are beautiful as before." The poet writing in prose is often to be observed in similar figures and sentiments, and once or twice there is a brief letter—the one of consolation "To —," for example—which is "an entire and perfect chrysolite."

There are others besides Longfellow in these pages. As we have remarked before, his life is a memorial of a distinguished circle as well as

of a man. This impression is the stronger because the view of his domestic life has been practically suppressed, and he has been shown to us only in his relations with his books and his friends. Fortune favored him in both. Sumner, as before, gains by all that is told of him or by him. One is tempted to think that only Longfellow knew him as a man. The letters from other sources are also excellent, and contain a few plums, such as Sam Ward's quotation from Jean Paul in illustration of the German dealings with France in 1870: "Eternity sat upon chaos, and gnawed it and spat it out again." The letters of "Tom Appleton" afford, as ever, much that is delectable. The description of Mrs. Browning, in 1856, as "a little concentrated nightingale living in a bower of curls," has the old touch; but best of all is his quoting "an expression of Mr. T. Lyman to me years ago: 'The bother of the Yankee,' said he, 'is that he rubs badly at the junction of soul and body'—as true a thing as ever was said, and he not much of a sayer of such things."

Somewhat more than the last third of the book is filled with reminiscences, reprinted from other sources, and not of remarkable excellence, together with table-talk and few fragments of poetry, among which the lines on Egypt rank high in color and power, though without finish; and the volume concludes with various papers on the Study, the Westminster Memorial, Genealogy, Bibliography, etc., etc. Two new portraits, both excellent, embellish the work, and several other sketches of interest are interspersed in the pages.

*History of Woman Suffrage.* Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joselyn Gage. In 3 vols. Vol. iii. 1876-1885. Rochester, N. Y.: Charles Mann. 1887. 8vo, pp. 1,013.

THE literary quality of this history has not improved, or, indeed, changed, in its progress to completion. The third volume, like the first, is the unedited work of many hands, a disorderly repository of facts, to which a rough geographical subdivision and a meagre index furnish a precarious clue. Nominally the chronicle of a recent decade, its chapters on the several States go back of this period *ad libitum*. Mrs. Robinson's Massachusetts opens with the civil war; the case of Prudence Crandall (1833) introduces Connecticut; New Hampshire leads off with Nathaniel P. Rogers (1846); the Pennsylvania retrospect begins at 1768, etc. In fact, these chapters would be mere repetitions of what has appeared in the preceding volumes except that they take a general range, and, not confining themselves to woman suffrage, depict the progress of the sex in all directions—under the law, in schools and colleges, in the learned professions, in business, in invention, etc., etc. They are remarkable for a pretty uniform deficiency in constructive skill, in order, in coherency. In strong contrast to all the American contributions is the chapter on Great Britain, by Caroline Ashurst Biggs, evidently the product of a disciplined mind. There is also a chapter on Continental Europe and another on Canada, where for more than thirty years, as we learn, women have had the suffrage and eligibility to office, in school matters, but have shown themselves rather indifferent to it.

During the period under review the thirtieth anniversary of the first Woman's Rights Convention has been celebrated (1878), and there have been numerous conventions at Washington, during the session of Congress, with the result of securing the appointment of select committees in House (1882) and Senate (1881), for the reception of all memorials relating to woman suffrage. In the Senate Mr. Hoar in 1879 presented a minority

report favoring a constitutional amendment to that end. The year before, at a hearing before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in behalf of such an amendment (offered by Senator Sargent of California), Mrs. Stanton made an argument, here given at length. In a foot-note she speaks of the "studied inattention and contempt of the Chairman, Senator Wadleigh of New Hampshire," who

"took special pains to show that he did not intend to listen. He alternately looked over some manuscripts and newspapers before him, then jumped up to open or close a door or window. He stretched, yawned, gazed at the ceiling, cut his nails, sharpened his pencil, changing his occupation and position every two minutes, effectually preventing the establishment of the faintest magnetic current between the speakers and the committee. It was with difficulty," adds Mrs. Stanton, "I restrained the impulse more than once to hurl my manuscript at his head."

There was the usual coquetting with the national party conventions in 1880, with small comfort in the case of the Republican and Democratic, whereas the Prohibition platform yielded this for its eleventh plank:

"We also demand that women, having privileges as citizens in other respects, shall be clothed with the ballot for their own protection, and as a rightful means for a proper settlement of the liquor question."

The earliest presage we get in this volume of the now powerful alliance between prohibition and woman suffrage, which have no necessary logical connection, is in the speech of Mrs. Z. G. Wallace of Indiana, in January, 1880, before the Senate Judiciary Committee—still on the question of an amendment to the Federal Constitution. "I wish," said this lady, "to make just one remark in reference to what Senator Thurman said as to the popular vote being against woman suffrage. The popular vote is against it, but not the popular voice. Owing to the temperance agitation in the last six years, the growth of the suffrage sentiment among the wives and mothers of this nation has largely increased."

It was in Nebraska that the first triumph was confidently expected, for a constitutional amendment had been procured to be submitted to the people in the fall of 1882. The vote was adverse, however. In Kansas a similar amendment had been lost in 1867, after a most exciting campaign. Meantime, a flourishing Women's Christian Temperance Union, in open accord with the suffragists, had sprung up, and the Republican State Convention of 1882 fell into line; but its recommendation was disregarded by the party in the State Senate the year following, when a bill to submit the question to the people was introduced only to be summarily rejected. In 1883, too, the Republican Convention—perhaps throwing off its impedimenta in view of the approaching Presidential contest—ignored woman's suffrage; and the Kansas chapter closes with vague if cheerful prophecy of the "good time coming" which has since arrived in that State—municipal suffrage having been allowed twenty years after the fuller liberty had been denied. That complete suffrage will shortly be achieved in Kansas, there can be little doubt.

All this is very instructive reading. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the Southern States. Slavery had so effectually barred the door of that section to all "isms" that one is surprised to learn that women have had school suffrage in Kentucky for thirty years; but they have very sparingly availed themselves of it. The legislation of Missouri towards women has been exceptionally liberal and equitable. In Louisiana the Constitution of 1879 provided that "women twenty-one years of age and upwards shall be eligible to any office of control or management under the school laws of the State." As regards the general attitude of Southerners