

The tall gentleman who is sitting by that little table, near the window, has a Canadian as well as an American reputation. An historian of splendid attainments, he, a few months ago, published a fresh volume—"Frontenac"—and in that book we have a complete account of the distinguished French Governor's life in Canada. This is Francis Parkman—a great name in literature, a true Canadian at heart—and the author of no less than eight volumes of history, a charming book on the rose, and one novel.

This is Curtis, the polished and polite editor of "Harper's Magazine," as dainty in his young days—and he is not very old now—as Nathaniel Willis was when he called on that strong-minded woman, Harriet Martineau.

Standing by him, chatting agreeably, is Edward Everett Hale, the acute observer who wrote, you remember, some years since, that odd thing which everybody believed to be truth at first, called "The Man without a Country"—ill-fated Philip Nolan.

This is Whipple. Many of you have seen him doubtless, for he has lectured often in Canada. He is a critic of excellent taste. Hawthorne used to say he liked to read Whipple's opinions and criticisms, even when they disagreed with his own, because they were so honest and just. Macaulay, too, recognized his originality and culture and superior talents. His face seems to tell you how full of fun he is, how full of dry and shrewd observation. Whipple never cuts up a book, as Jeffrey used to, for the mere love of saying sharp and spiteful things.

The old gentleman who is sitting a little behind Professor Lowell, and immediately below that speaking portrait of Henry Thoreau, the Hermit of Walden, which is hanging on the wall, is Bronson Alcott, the mystic teacher of Con-