

by a glass which imparts a comical hue." There will remain a doubt, however, in the minds of some of Mr. Stockton's readers whether his object and achievement is not, first, the telling of an ingenious, amusing, and surprising story, and, second, the truthful presentation of such human character as happens to be connected with it. "Two Runaways," by H. S. Edwards, is a delicious Southern sketch, full of Georgian colour and ludicrous with inimitable negro character; and Emma Lazarus's "Day in Surrey with William Morris" throws an idyllic interest about the first of three labour articles discussing coöperation.

*Harper's* for this month opens with an ideal portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose face, so full of gentle responsiveness, one never tires of studying. The work of great men is apt to trick most of us into a faith that it takes some sort of physical expression in their lineaments, a faith which the first illustrated magazine is very likely to shatter without mercy. Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of those rare examples of consistency in nature where the face is eloquent of an eloquent soul. Every line in it bespeaks, not only his genius, but its peculiar quality.

To read this instalment of Mr. Warner's "Pilgrimage," with its audacious accompaniment of sketches by Reinhart, is to avail oneself of one of the most enjoyable and inexpensive trips advertised this season. One may lie in the hammock of his own verandah, the somewhat public retirement of his own sand nook on the Island, or the unassailable privacy of the fourth-floor back in a boarding-house of any grade whatever, and depart in the society of one of the best fellows in modern literature for Newport and Narragansett, and all the quaint, quiet bayberry-grown old places along that coast. There is just enough story in "Their Pilgrimage" to give it human interest, but it is most artfully subordinated to the author's main purpose, which is buoyantly descriptive. Mr. Warner's irony seems to improve in quality as we follow him in his exhilarating course, his perception to grow keener, and his transcription brighter and breezier.

"And that is the famous Kittery Navy Yard."

"What do they do there, uncle?" asked the girl, after scanning the place in search of dry-docks and vessels, and the usual accompaniments of a navy yard.

"Oh, they make 'repairs,' principally just before an election. It is very busy then."

"What sort of repairs?"

"Why, political repairs; they call them naval in the department. They are always getting appropriations for them. I suppose that this country is better off for repairs than any other country in the world."

"And they are done here?"

"No; they are done in the department. Here is where the voters are. You see, we have a political navy. It costs about as much as those navies that have ships and guns; but it is more in accord with the peaceful spirit of the age. Did you never hear of the leading case of 'repairs' of a Government vessel here, at Kittery? The 'repairs' were all done here, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the vessel lay all the time at Portsmouth, Virginia. How should the department know there were two places of the same name? It usually intends to have 'repairs' and the vessel in the same navy yard."

This may be an old story, but Mr. Warner has given it a new virtue. "Bonne Maman," by Grace King, is a story which admirably illustrates the peculiar Southern quality of literary contributions of its nature. Miss King is a young lady of New Orleans, pretty and piquant, graceful and clever, bearing a sort of cousinship, I think, to Joaquin Miller, and her personality is in some vague but perfectly appreciable way expressed in her story. There is something fine and delicate about it, like a perfume. Its thought texture is exquisite, its English discrimination dainty and charming; but it is very gossamer. It is the product of several generations of indolent culture, and hangs in one's memory filmy and beautiful, only till one's next impression blows it away into utter oblivion.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, when he decides to stop sermonizing about national jealousy, a thing no amount of homiletic discourse will affect one iota, will probably give us something entertaining in his papers on "French and English," the first of which appears in the current *Atlantic*. Mr. Hamerton has another advantage beside that of a dispassionate spirit. He knows whereof he speaks, and he has a facile fashion of imparting his knowledge. A little sane impartial discussion of Gallic and British merits and demerits will be refreshing, after the imbecilities that have been the current exchange of international compliment lately.

Notwithstanding the rampant egotism of Dr. Holmes's "New Portfolio," the leaves which have slipped into the *Atlantic* this month, contain a very special charm. They have lain in the Autocrat's Mental Portfolio these fifty years, and are stamped with youth and young impression. It is the London and Paris of half a century ago, and the hand that paints

the magic picture covers its canvas with the skill of to-day. One finds even Dr. Holmes's unapproachable conceit easy to forgive in view of its unique quality. It has a salt, a raciness, that reconciles one's literary palate to its most flagrant expression.

How full of this vigorous to-day Gotham's new magazine, *The Forum*, has, so far in its brief existence of five numbers, invariably succeeded in being! A glance at its table of contents and the names of those who serve thereat is more than enough to convince a busy man that this is the topical *menu* which the conditions of his hurried existence make easiest and most profitable of assimilation. It is, above all, a popular magazine. Within, the great Public finds itself reflected as in a glass, not darkly, but with vivid exposition of its latest mood. The reflection is most recognizable too, for it is made in English that a wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly fail to understand. In its most successful effort after comprehensibility, *The Forum* touches low water mark in the popular intelligence this month, rather needlessly, however. Ella C. Lapham writes of "Woman's Duty to Woman" in a lengthy paper in which she is at much pains to evolve the proposition that every mother should train her daughter for self-support. The "woman question" is not fertile of novelties, but Miss Lapham's theme is hackneyed beyond recollection. And truly, one would think that Junius Henri Browne might have been induced to discourse upon something more favourable to the display of his abilities and more useful to the people generally than "The Manuscript Market." Everybody knows about the manuscript market who has ever brought his wares to it, and no amount of discouragement can avail to prevent others from gaining the same unhappy experimental knowledge. And the fact that while the initiated will find a positive insult in the truth of Mr. Browne's article, the uninitiated will regard it with scornful incredulity, seems to deprive it somewhat of its value to everybody for whom the subject possesses the slightest interest.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermons delivered by him during his present visit to England are to be specially reported and published monthly verbatim in *The Brooklyn Magazine*.

THE editor of the *Century* has just put into the printer's hands a novelette by Mr. Stockton. It will fill three numbers. This is in addition to the long story upon which Mr. Stockton is now working.

THE Southern custom of "Strawberry Day" is celebrated in a poem in the July *Wide Awake*, by Susan Coolidge; the large strawberry-growers of some sections having established the beautiful observance of giving the first day's pickings to the sick and the poor.

THE July *Wide Awake* gives to its subscribers a fine photogravure of French's famous statue of The Minute Man at Concord, Mass. It accompanies the stirring ballad of "The Minute Man," by Margaret Sidney, commemorative of "The Shot heard round the World."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has promised to furnish *The Brooklyn Magazine* with a series of "Letters from England" during her sojourn abroad. The "letters" will consist of impressions of persons, places, and incidents which may come under Mrs. Beecher's observation.

MISS HELEN GRAY CONE, whose "Oberon and Puck" has proved so popular, is one of the younger poets of New York City and a writer of much promise. "July," which D. Lothrop and Company publish, contains a fine sonnet written by her expressly for that volume.

MRS. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS, whose name appears as that of an original contributor to the July volume of *Through the Year With The Poets*, is the wife of Daniel Rollins, Surrogate of New York City. Her verse, strong and delicate, has been felicitously characterized as "poetry for poets."

A VERY fine piece of historical writing appears in the July *Wide Awake* from the pen of E. S. Brooks, entitled, "When George the Third was King." In this story the author gives in popular form the details, which never before have been so carefully collated, of the Declaration of Independence proceedings at Philadelphia.

IN "The First Blow for American Liberty," *Wide Awake*, as also *Harper's Magazine*, gives the story of the famous "Bunker Hill Powder," written by a descendant of that John Demeritt who carted the powder to Bunker Hill with his ox team, having previously then buried a portion of it in his cellar for safe concealment.

ELDRIDGE S. BROOKS, of the editorial staff of the *St. Nicholas*, and one of the rising young literary men of New York, is the author of a very notable Wonder Book published by D. Lothrop and Company, entitled, "In No-Man's Land," a first edition of which was very rapidly exhausted. An almost equally popular wonder book published by the same firm, "The Bubbling Teapot," is by Mrs. Champney, the wife of the artist of that name, which is brimful of marvels and transformation scenes.

MR. CHARLES P. O'CONNOR, Ottawa, has received from General Lord Wolseley a letter thanking him for a copy of the poem "Didn't I Lead Them Straight?" which appeared in *The Citizen* a month or so ago. The famous general writes of how Mr. O'Connor's ballad interested him, and thanks its author for the complimentary way in which he alludes to him, Lord Wolseley. Mr. O'Connor enjoyed the personal friendship and patronage of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who caused his name to be placed on the Civil List, in recognition of his patriotic and other literary productions. Mr. O'Connor is about to publish a new volume of song which will be illustrated by Miss Ellen Edwards and Sydney P. Hall, of London, Eng.