

The ordinary course of conduct of this special type seems to be based upon some such maxims as these: To awaken the hero's interest, maintain a silence as obstinate as it is uncalled for. Confirm the conquest by hurling insults at him. Strike him with your riding-whip—these ladies are apparently never without their riding-whips—or box his ears, as the heroine of "The Initials" did, and he is yours to all eternity.

To leave these heroines for those of Charlotte Brontë is a violent transition. *Jane Eyre*—though Miss Brontë wrote more than one novel, it is the *Jane Eyre* personality that is portrayed in them all—is too passionate, too melancholy a figure to serve as an illustration here. For our purpose it may be enough, before passing on, to say that Miss Brontë removed the last limitations from an author's treatment of his heroine. In *Jane Eyre* she set a precedent which henceforth permitted the heroine to be plain and insignificant in person and intellectual in mind, depending for interest upon her character alone.

It was originally intended to conclude with two heroines taken from one of the earliest and one of the most recent "psychological" novels—Mary Garth, from "*Middlemarch*," and Hope Hawberk, from William Dean Howells' "*The Son of Royal Langbrith*." Mary Garth would not be the first name to occur to us as the heroine of "*Middlemarch*," but she seems a more natural companion for our "background" heroines, if they may be so described, than Dorothea Brooke, who leaves a certain impression of aloofness and Puritanic chill. A closer reading of the two novels, however, showed such close resemblance between the characters of Mary Garth and Hope Hawberk that a separate description would involve much repetition. There is the same wholesomeness, the same humor and good sense in both. Hope Hawberk has a droll whimsicality that we miss in Mary Garth. More probably it is a difference due to the different styles of the two writers. There is an air of massiveness about all that George Eliot does that is brought out all the more by comparison with a style so extremely facile and delicate as Mr. Howells'. Mary Garth plays a rather less important part in "*Middlemarch*" than Hope Hawberk in Mr. Howells' novel, a fact that may serve as a pretext for choosing the latter for our illustration.

A few of the steps in the heroine's emancipation—to borrow