

this criticism is certainly deserved. Yet, as he is almost the only writer to attempt an analysis of the characters of those in his field of observation, and as he succeeds admirably in this attempt, we cannot fail to enjoy whatever he has to say. We shall be interested lookers-on as the story proceeds, and shall watch closely the rivalry of Tom Greyson and George Lockwood, and the conduct of the "skittish" Rachel. We hope it will not terminate as a comparison with Mr. Eggleston's other works would indicate. This would have Tom converted and become a "Methody preacher," and Rachel's decision would be in his favor. Yet we must grant a certain advantage to his style of plot. It seems perfectly in keeping with the kind of society the author depicts. Miss Eggleston's illustration gives evidence of artistic taste and ability, but the faces and costumes seem rather too classical for Illinois "nearly a lifetime ago."

\* \* \*

Mr. Howells is undoubtedly an enthusiast in many of his opinions, but he is at least very near the truth when he says that Tolstoi is the greatest writer of fiction the world has ever produced. It is the thing just at present to go wild over all the fiction that Russia sends to us. This is a mistake, as crazes usually are. Some of the most unpleasant and unprofitable novels it has ever been our lot to read have come to us from the land of Tolstoi and Tourguenieff, and these very novels have been enthusiastically lauded by the critics. We are only giving our opinion. The critics may, after all, be right, but so long as the rest of our race is confessedly fallible, we are not willing to concede any supernatural insight to these professional expounders of system, style and schools. To be real or ideal, romantic or prosy, has little to do with the merit of the fiction that will last. It is a something which we have never seen satisfactorily explained—a something in the nature of a waft, with which he endows the children of his fancy, and which becomes apparent to the student of his works. If one could generalize on this something, if it were capable of being analyzed, the essence of the original could not exist, and the charm of the masters, past and present, would be no more, for the essence itself would become common property. There is no danger of this coming to pass, however, for, we think, no one man can understand more than the surface workings of the mind of his fellow, the general and common character traits; and certainly it is not in these that the charm of individualism rests. But we are wandering from our text.

\* \* \*

In an ordinary life-time, or even a half dozen of them, it would not be possible for one to read even the works of acknowledged merit that the literature of our language affords. This is the excuse we offer for not blushing that now, for the first time, we have read Hawthorne's essay, we could almost say his finest essay, "The Haunted Mind." He treats his subject so easily, so dreamily, that we do not realize that we are considering one of the most difficult to describe of all the phenomena of the mind, the sensation one experiences when first awaking from sleep, when one is in the borderland of the two worlds we inhabit, the dream world and the one in which we must dwell in during our time of wakefulness. We can think of but one sensation as difficult to analyze, and that is Poe's favorite one of being on the verge of recalling some forgotten thing, yet being unable to do so. The time of the night and the time of the year, the place, and all the attendant circumstances the author has selected are just the ones to bring us most completely under the strange spell. If one could ever wholly enter into the weird and beautifully imaginative spirit of Hawthorne, it would certainly be in this

little sketch. We did not say that this is his finest essay, and very self-confident would the person be who would venture to place any one among his works, all so prominent in the world's literature, at their head. But certain it is that if, with our small knowledge of Hawthorne, we were to recommend one, and only one, to a friend, we would choose "The Haunted Mind," for it has given us more pleasure than any one of the others.

#### DANIEL DERONDA.

Some one has said "The prevailing literary form or type of the present age is undoubtedly the novel—the narrative picture of manners; just as the epic is the natural literary form of the heroic or traditional periods." This is verified by the increasing number of novels constantly issued from the press and eagerly devoured by the public. The novel is the staple of numerous magazines and newspapers which boast of a circulation of hundreds of thousands. It now appears in cheap pamphlet form and is universally read—all are familiar with it, from the street waif to the most distinguished scholars.

Novels are of the most varied character. They compose a medley. Some are written in the lowest; some in the highest style of composition. They must represent the various sorts of people, and so while some are pure and elevating, others are vulgar and immoral; some are true to nature, others mere affectation. Horace Mann says that "ninety-nine parts in every hundred of all the novels extant are as false to truth and nature and to the affairs of men, as though they had been written, not by lunarians, but by lunatics."

"Daniel Deronda" is a type of the highest class of modern novels. The central figure is Daniel Deronda, the reputed nephew of a Sir Hugo Mallinger, who, during Daniel's youth, is a scholar of literary tastes and good habits. The boy loves him with filial affection and lives a happy life on the baronet's "romantic, homelike" estate. Sir Hugh treats him as a son, furnishes him with a tutor and does all that a wealthy worlding could be expected to do to make the boy's life pleasant. Daniel asks one day about his parents. "You lost your father and mother when you were quite a little one, that is why I take care of you," replies Sir Hugo. Not a very satisfactory answer this, but sufficient one would suppose, to assure the boy that he was not Sir Hugo's son. But in the course of his study the thought of his uncertainty concerning his parentage and birth "falls like a flake of fire upon his imagination." It tortures him and colors nearly every event which touches his life. He goes to school at Eton and, after completing his studies there, goes to Cambridge, where his generosity prevents his graduation. His chum, Hans Meyric, having injured his eyes, Deronda, neglecting his own studies, reads to him, helps him to gain the much desired scholarship and fails in his own examination. On account of this failure and spurred by his dislike of university methods, he leaves Cambridge and finishes his education in Germany. His education completed, he goes into the chambers of London under pretense of reading law. But making little progress in this, he takes to boating on the Thames. One evening he sees a figure on the bank of the river. It is that of "a girl hardly more than eighteen, of low, slim figure, with most delicate looking face, dark curls, large black hat, and a long woollen cloak over her shoulders. Her hands were clasped before her and her eyes were fixed on the river with a look of immovable statue-like despair." When he sees her make preparations to drown herself, he lands and speaks to her. She says, "you look good, perhaps it is God's command," to