

HOW THEY LOOK.

The Personal Appearance of the People Who Write the Books We Read and Enjoy.

ALL THE NOTABLES

[Detroit Free Press.]

The portraits of W. D. Howells rarely do that popular novelist any approximate measure of justice. They make him look just a trifle sleepy, not to say stupid. No one who has ever read his admirable novels would dream of applying either of these adjectives to him, and those who have met him wonder how the photographic art has ever been able so to misrepresent him. In physique, Mr. Howells is a little under the medium height and compactly built, with a tendency to comfortable stoutness, as the years slip by. He is now 46. His features are mobile, well rounded, and close shaven, with the exception of the upper lip, which is adorned with a heavy mustache, verging on the gray. His thick hair, which is apt to fall over his broad, capacious forehead in careless fashion, also reveals the touches of time. His eyes are keen, penetrating and humorous, and most expressive in conversation. At such times one forgets that the face is, on the whole, a bit heavy in its mold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich appears to be a little taller than Mr. Howells, and a lighter build. He is of light complexion, while the author of "A Woman's Reason" would be considered dark. He is about a year younger than Mr. Howells. He has a fine forehead and well-cut features. His expression is alert, a bit fastidious, perhaps, but decidedly genial. He wears a light and very becoming mustache, the ends of which are apt to be waxed. His profile is particularly fine. In dress he is neat and stylish, but in no way foppish. In manner both Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich are extremely courteous, and both of them possess a generous amount of the delightful quality the French call bonhomie.

Henry James, who completes the trio, is remembered by those who knew him in his early literary days as a delicate-looking young man, handsome and strikingly refined in appearance. He is now full in figure, but not stout, and is of medium height. He has a rather ruddy complexion and dark brown hair and eyes, and he wears his beard closely cropped. He is slightly bald, and is said to resemble the Prince of Wales in face and figure, but this is far from being the fact, for he is much of an invalid and often suffers intensely.

Julian Hawthorne, in appearance and manner, is not unsuggestive of his father, but still has some English traits which would distinguish him from a Yankee who has clung to the home of his nativity. Unlike some of our authors, he can without flattery be termed a handsome type of a man; of liberal frame, fine eyes, and flowing hair and heavy mustache, with a refined, cultivated and liberal air. He is about 35 years old. He has traveled the world over, and is pleasantly chatty about where he has been and what he has seen. Mrs. Hawthorne is a pretty, petite lady, and wears dresses made in Paris.

Bret Harte is a rather spare, nervous man of 45 years, with features naturally somewhat delicate. His dark hair is now longer than fashion dictates, and glossy mutton-chops adorn his cheeks. His eyes are alert and uneasy, and were wont to look haggard when he hung about the theaters where his plays didn't succeed. Fickle fortune has smiled upon him recently, in reparation, perhaps, of a degree of neglect in the not remote past.

James Russell Lowell is a strikingly fine man of 64. He apparently possesses a good deal of muscular power and vigorous health for his years. He has kindly blue eyes. His hair, naturally brown, and beard, naturally auburn, are fast losing their distinctive lines in the encroachment of the silvery threads. In a manner, he is genial, courteous and kind, and to strangers one of the most approachable of men.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is well preserved for a lady who has reached the Scriptural limit. Her figure is not heavy, her face of a thoughtful cast with features expressive of some decisiveness and strength of opinion. Her gray hair is plainly arranged. She dresses with simplicity, and has an air of New England domesticity.

Joaquin Miller, whose real name is Cincinnati Heine Miller, is 42 years old. He has lived a very romantic life, and in the past has been wont to dress in very picturesque fashion, carrying his peculiarities to such an extent as to wear a broad-brimmed Texan straw hat and open collar through the rigors of several New York winters. But latterly he has clipped his long, light hair, and donned more conventional hats and garbs, and may now pass in a crowd without attracting particular attention. His eyes are blue and his features rather open and well defined. He talks like a shy man to strangers, but in his intercourse with his friends there is no embarrassment.

In person Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet," is tall, erect and stout, and moves about with the aid of a large cane. His white hair thrown straight back from his brow, and full white beard, give him a patriarchal appearance. His cheeks are fresh and ruddy; his forehead is deeply furrowed with horizontal lines; his eyes bright blue, but not large; his lips full; his cheeks round and smooth; his five senses are exceptionally acute; his voice clear and firm. In dress he is very simple, but is always scrupulously neat and clean.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has paced so many lecture platforms that the public is more familiar with his personal appearance than with that of most authors. He is compact in figure, of medium height, and has a frank, sensible face, touched with good nature, but revealing behind that no small amount of resolution. His conversation is replete with the humor that characterizes his writings. He is just 48 years of age, was married 13 years since, and enjoys much domestic comfort with his wife and two charming little girls at a pleasant mansion in Hartford, Conn.

Charles Dudley Warner, of medium stature, has features thoughtful, refined and full of character. His thick hair and unshaven beard are somewhat gray, but he looks decidedly under 50 years of age.

Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson is a man of strong and stalwart frame, bearing a marked resemblance to the Rev. Robert Collier. He is a little over 50 years of age.

George Winman Curtis, 39 years of age, is a tall man with stooping shoulders, the physical result of years of labor at the editorial desk. His gray hair and side whiskers are sometimes allowed to grow as they please, free from the pruning of the tonsorial shears. His ears are not always observable on account of this capillary growth. His forehead is full, and, with bushy eyebrows, projects over a pair of kindly but resolute eyes. His other features are large, but flexible, expressive and good-natured.

Charles Follen Adams, whose first poem, "Leadle Yawcob Strauss," was written for the *Detroit Free Press*, is of medium height and slender physique, with eyes keen and bright with a sense of humor therein, with a well-shaped mouth and rounded chin, and a mustache of which he is justly a trifle proud. He is extremely neat and naty in his attire. He may frequently be seen walking down Boylston street with

A QUICK AND NERVY STEP,

but he always has time to pass a genial word with the many friends he is likely to encounter on his way.

John G. Saxe shows unmistakably the effects of years and family bereavements. He will be sixty-eight next June. He is also suffering from the effects of an accident received some years ago. His massive frame is bent, his luxurious hair has grown thin and his eyes are getting dim.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who had her thirty-fourth birthday just before Thanksgiving, is a lady of tolerably petite stature, a trifle given to embonpoint. Her hair is of a reddish tinge. Her features are large and expressive. In conversation she is most vivacious and entertaining, and the people who have talked with her go away with the impression that she is a charming person. Her dresses are a marvel of the modiste's art.

Miss Nora Perry is an interesting blonde, petite in stature, with a figure that correspondents speak of as "exquisitely perfect in its modeling," with a strong, well controlled face that quickly reflects every mood from grave to gay, with calm, gray eye, and profusion of what is termed new gold hair, which persists in curling. She is said to be as mercurial as a French woman in temperament, but with the faculty of self-possession, the vivacity and energy supposed to be characteristic of all genuine American girls.

Joel Chandler Harris is a young man with red hair, a short mustache and a complexion that shows the effect of a Southern sun. He is rather slight and of medium height. He would not be called handsome, but there is no doubt about his quaint and ready humor and never-failing good nature.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott carries her burden of 53 years very lightly. She is a stately lady, unusually tall, with thick, dark hair clear-seeing, blue-gray eyes and strong, resolute features, full of varied expression.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is a slender, graceful woman of 39 years, with dark blown hair, sympathetic blue eyes, a rather long, thin nose, a facile mouth, never at rest, and a gentle, tender voice, which is not an unwelcome sound among the poor people of Andover and Gloucester. Her health is delicate.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is a handsome, stalwart Irishman, with piercing dark eyes, fine dark hair and noble mustache and rich complexion. He is about medium height, and is debonnaire and convivial.

Richard Henry Stoddard is a man of average proportions, with white hair and a shaggy white beard, which was once as black as coal. He has a leonine head, with strongly marked features.

Edgar Fawcett, 36 years old last May, is as tall as the average, and of shapely, solid build, with a squarish head, black mustache and eyes, and dark complexion. He does not make himself up for an author, but rather gives the impression of a man of the world, with manners and speech free from pedantry, and with an unaffected politeness.

Miss Lucy Larcom is a medium-complexioned, pleasant featured, comfortable-looking, middle-aged lady, who dresses very plainly and converses very agreeably.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard is said to be a magnificent blonde of generous proportions, with charming eyes of a hazel cast—such a woman as, one of her admirers recently remarked, men were once wont to fight for in the lists.

George P. Lathrop is a pale-complexioned man, with full, dark beard and hair, of medium stature.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is a tall, spare woman, with a sad, grave face and gray hair. She always dresses in black.

Eulogy on Gen. Roger W. Hanson by George D. Prentice.

The following eloquent and touching tribute to Gen. Roger W. Hanson is from the pen of George D. Prentice:

The remains of Gen. Roger W. Hanson are expected to reach our city tomorrow on their way to their allotted resting place in Lexington. After having lain for years in the bloody and historic soil where he fell, he goes to his green-curtained couch in his old home, where the same flowers will shed perfume and the same birds and winds and fountains make music over him and his sleeping kindred.

Roger W. Hanson was a man of remarkable qualities of mind and heart. He felt strong regard for his friends and had the power to attract the strongest regard from them. With but ordinary education, he had extraordinary strength of intellect, direct, vehement, and irresistible in its movements, and a natural keenness and sagacity rarely equalled. Whether at the bar or in legislative halls or in the rough conflicts of a political canvass, he was ever a most formidable antagonist, whom few, however great their confidence in themselves, were unreluctant to encounter. He never felt more at home than when he found himself and a strong foe, the stronger the better, grappling like two lions in an amphitheater.

Yet Roger W. Hanson was a most kind and gentle nature, ever delighting in a circle of congenial friends and ever the life of it. Upon such occasions he was always ready to throw himself upon the free and bounding waves of passing enjoyment and let them bear him whithersoever they would. In his hours of social hilarity, he seemed not so much to possess the wild spirit of fun as to be possessed by it. And yet he had a true and high and earnest soul, not less capable of sternness than of joy. His chivalry was equal to that of Napoleon's Marshal of the white plume. He reveled in dangers as a sea-bird in a storm. He fought heroically in two wars. He aided in bearing his country's banner

victoriously in Mexico, and he fell fighting under the Confederate flag upon the dreadful field of Murfreesboro, which was reddened by no more gallant blood than that which flowed from his veins.

Adieu, Roger W. Hanson! May your high heart, now resolved by the mysterious chemistry of death into its elements of earth and air and water and fire, be forever overshadowed in its new and last spot of repose by the silvery wings of Angels!

Lexington, Ky.—Can you furnish me a copy of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful poem called "Life?" Every one knows it, or they should know it, but I can not remember any but the first and last verses.

Answer.—The whole poem is as follows:

Life! I know not what thou art,
But I know that thou and I must part;
And when, on Lov, or why we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear,
Thou steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter
clime
Bid me good-morning.