

her own side she liked him so heartily, notwithstanding the arousal of frequent antagonisms, that the purely amicable nature of this fondness blurred any conception of him in the potential light of a lover.

But indeed, Pauline had resolutely closed her eyes against the possibility of ever again receiving amorous declaration or devotion. She had had quite enough of marriage. Her days of sentiment were past. True, they had never actually been, but the phantasmal equivalent for them had been, and she now determined upon not replacing this by a more accentuated experience. Her path toward middle life was very clearly mapped out in her imagination; it was to be strewn with nicely-sifted gravel and bordered by formally-clipped foliage. And it was to be very straight, very direct; there should be no bend in it that came upon a grove with sculptured Cupid and rustic lounge. The "marble muses, looking peace" might gleam now and then through its enskirting boskage, but that should be all. Pauline had read and studied with a good deal of fidelity, both during her marriage and after her widowhood. She had gone into the acquisition of knowledge and the development of thought as some women go into the intoxication of a nerve. Her methods had been amateurish and desultory; she had not been taught, she had learned, and hence learned ill. "The modern thinkers," as she called them, delighted her with their liberality, their iconoclasm. She was in just that receptive mood to be made an extremist by their doctrines, the best of which so sensibly warn us against extremes. Her husband's memory, for the sake of decency if for no other reason, deserved the reticence which she had shown concerning it. He had revealed to her a hollow nature whose void was choked with vice, like some of those declivities in neglected fields, where the weed and the briar run riot. The pathos of her position, in a foreign land, with a lord whose daily routine of misconduct left her solitary for hours, while inviting her, had she so chosen, to imitate a course of almost parallel license, was finally a cogent incentive toward that change which ensued. The whole viciousness of the educational system which had resulted in her detested marriage, was slowly laid bare to her eyes by this shocking and salient example of it.

(To be continued.)

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHINESE WALL FOR DEFENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—If those few million dollars are burning a hole in the nation's pocket, if they must be expended and must be expended at once, then I advise that they be spent in beautifying and refining the heart of the nation; not in defacing and brutalizing the boundaries of it. Our pastoral hills and level lands and harbours look ten thousand times better in their grassy covers and front and visage that God has given them, than they could be made to look in all the battlements and bristling cannon that could be piled upon them. So much for looks. As for utility, we do not need them. We do not want them in any way. We despise them. And we can afford to despise them. The day of building Chinese walls is done with.

There was a place once not much bigger on the map of the earth than the point of this pen. And yet it stands out to-day like a star. What is Thebes with all her walls and gates to glorious little Sparta? Time has trampled the walls of a thousand unnamed cities in the dust. Yet the splendour of defiant little Sparta shines on forever.

I know of nothing so cowardly as this Chinese cry for walls of defence. It is contemptible. What have we done, or what are we going to do, that we must be getting ready to defend ourselves? But even if we have done something or should choose to do something that might challenge attack, what of it? Are we so weak that we need walls and battlements about our white sea doors?

Nothing of the sort. The simple truth is this country without a single sea wall or fort or battlement, and without a day of preparation, can defend itself against the whole united force of the earth. Our men could leave their work to-day, lick the whole world, and be back to work in a week. It is nothing to boast of at all. It would be an easy thing to do, a little thing, maybe even a mean thing. But such is the strength of this Republic. And let us go ahead; not stop to build walls. Let other nations train armies, cast cannon and build walls. We have other things to do. We have made a new departure over here. We are an example to the world, a law unto ourselves. Our future is before us: not behind us.

Lord Lorne told me last summer that the walls of Quebec, which cost the scandalous sum of more than \$100,000,000 since the Duke of Wellington had reconstructed them, were a continual and costly burden, and a useless one to Canada. The Dominion, I am sure, would be glad if this wall could be sunk in the sea or levelled to the ground. The expense of keeping up this worthless relic of barbarism is enormous.

Senator Miller, of California, called on me here last summer, and incidentally informed me that he voted for the River and Harbour Bill in order that the money in the Treasury might be, in a laudable way, returned to the people. And this same not inexcusable notion might have

been in the mind of the President when he penned his message. But for all that, it is a barbarous idea, brutal; behind us; a long way behind us. We are, at least, as big as Sparta.

A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR BALL,

and a good many people homeless, and a good many people hungry in this great city of New York at the same time. Those familiar with Gibon will remember that he reckons the beginning of the end of the mighty Roman empire from scenes very similar to that of the great Vanderbilt ball of last week. Of course, one such ball, a dozen such, or a dozen such millionaires make but little difference. But when the love for gold and power and vulgar display becomes so great that the thing becomes universal, then will the Imperial purple be sold to the highest bidder; just as it was in the olden time, because human nature is just as it was in the olden time.

I search history in vain for anything better to balance power and justly distribute power than the old Jewish system of tithes. Then the rich man gave his tenth to the church, and the church gave it to the poor or expended it for the public good in beautifying and building up the holy city. These rich men here in this Republic must not be permitted to be so mean. Their meanness makes them bad citizens and imperils this Republic, which is the hope and pride of the earth. These greedy men must be made to pay tithes; a little something for the land that has done so much for them. This must come sooner or later. And the sooner it is done the easier. We the people say it. The Catholic Church got all the money of Spain once. It was thought to be safe. For around it stretched the strong arms of religion. Yet a Catholic king confiscated it all. And this has been repeated many times in many places. We the people will do the same when necessary.

"BARON" TENNYSON.

Baron Tennyson! Say it over to yourself: and say it over and over again. I am so sorry. For say it over and over and over, I shall never be able to get the sweet sense of Alfred Tennyson out of my mind. And so Alfred Tennyson must remain a poet, be another being from this "Baron." And why did her Majesty give him this warlike title? This one of all others. The old Barons were brutes, bloodthirsty savages.

Let us hope that the sweet, pure poet will not descend to this title. It is an impertinence to ask him to do it. Her Majesty the Queen is great. But not nearly so great as Alfred Tennyson the poet. And the Empress of India can give him nothing at all in the way of dignity and honour which the universal world has not long since conferred.

"'Tis only noble to be good." Years ago the poet referred to something of this sort. He was stronger then, in the full vigour of his functions. And then, too, Dickens was at his side. I believe they both received titles at the same time. But now, in his old age, when weak and worn, they tempt him with nonsense and change his name. And the poor man now puts by that great name which he has won by long and splendid toil, nights and days of effort, years and years of glorious evidence, and walks down and becomes instead of Alfred Tennyson only an English Baron. How awkward he will feel. What a misfit this garment will make! Let us still hope his manhood will return to him and he will remain still Alfred Tennyson.

AN ANTI-CHARITY SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

I have been implored, and with savage pleasure I call attention to this association. Could any one believe that as we stand upon the verge of days which have been devoted since the advent of Christ to universal charity, that there is a great society of that name, or rather that nature, in New York? Well, there is a flourishing order of that kind here; and it has just held a big meeting and was presided over and addressed by big men, rich men, influential men. Federal office-holders, professed Christians. One is a famous ex-Cabinet minister. They appeal to the public to give no beggar a cent.

Who are the beggars? You find, as a rule, they are those who have been wounded in this battle of life. No, not in the body, but in the brain. They are very helpless. Let them lean just a little on you as they limp on toward the grave, only a few paces ahead. Look at any beggar you meet. Will he live long? He or she will, nine cases out of ten, not live the year out. Measure his or her intellect with yours. Repulsive? Of course, very repulsive. But Christ never seemed to think them so. They mar the beauty of the city a bit. But all the beggars out of purgatory would not and could not put so much shame upon the city as does the existence of this one Anti-Charity Society.

I want you all to remember in this Christmas season, that of all the soldiers of the South, the impoverished men, the homeless soldiers, the men made destitute, desperate, demented, from the long and unequal fight and final overthrow, not one has had any help as the soldiers of the North have. Not one wounded man has been pensioned or paid. And there are wounds of the brain, of the heart greater than the loss of legs or arms. Here is a little drama in verse which happened in Ohio a few years ago:

THE OLD SOLDIER TRAMP.

Yes, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;
Yet you stand and you stare,
As if never before came a Tramp to your door
With such insolent air.

Would I work? Never learned.—My home it was burned;
And I haven't yet found
Any heart to plough lands and build homes for red hands
That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said?—Then my curse on your head!
And, what shall sting worse,
On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,
Fall my seven-fold curse!—