

phrase of a lifeless character in fiction. The Vicomte de Bragelonne, in the romance which bears his name for title, is a kind of wooden lay figure made up as a gallant gentleman, but moved stiffly and unnaturally by the force not of his own but his creator's will. John Inglesant is better dressed and far more graceful, but he is a degree further from life, in that the strings which work him are pulled not by the author but by the other characters and forces in the book. It is in this sense that we accept Mr. Shorthouse's own jest, that at times John was beyond his control. He "had decided that his hero was to spend the second volume in Italy, but John Inglesant would have none of it; and they two, creator and created, fought it out stubbornly for a week." No, no; if John hesitated about the Italian journey it was only because the influence of Serenus de Cressy was balancing that of Father St. Clare; and even then "from the moment the Jesuit began to speak he knew that he should go." As for the stubbornness, certainly he was stubborn enough at times, but only when his line had been marked out for him. We are once tempted to hope for better things, when Father Hall tries to persuade him to keep out of the battle at Edgehill, "saying he had different and more useful work for him to do," and John rides with Rupert notwithstanding. But this he must have done to remain an Englishman at all, and it is the puppet's first and last natural kick. Later, when the adept terrifies him with a vision in a crystal ball, he takes the weird commotion roused by his protest for an allegory of his own spirit, "perverse and headstrong under the pressure of the Divine Hand." This was pure self-deception; disobedient he might be, but only from weakness: he had not head enough to be headstrong, and his creator sees it clearly. "We call ourselves free agents;—was this slight, delicate boy a free agent, with a mind and spirit so susceptible that the least breath affected them?" The Jesuit had him entirely in his power, and Inglesant knew it. "I am not my own. I am but the agent of a mighty will, of a system which commands unhesitating obedience—obedience which is part of