

tue, and honor, and self-respect ; my heart spoke out to his. 'Oh, don't go'; I cried, running to him. 'Don't you know how I love you? For my sake, stay ; I cannot live without you!' I clasped both my hands on his rough coat-sleeves, and my head bowed down upon them. 'Do you suppose I can live in New York, and see you belonging to another man?' he asked, harshly. 'The world is all Hell now, as it is ; but that would be the blackest, nethermost Hell. Do let me go!' he said, fiercely, pushing me away roughly, while his face was writhen and distorted. 'If you go,' I said in my insanity, throwing myself into his arms, 'I'll go too. Oh! for God's sake, take me with you.' He strained me to his desolate heart, and we kissed each other wildly, vehemently; none came between us then. Then he tried to put me away from him . . . But I would not be put away. I clung about his neck in my bitter pain. 'I'd rather go to Hell with you than to Heaven with him!' I cried blasphemously. 'Oh! don't leave me behind you! you're all I have in the world now; oh! take me! take me with you!' My hair fell, in its splendid ruddy billows, over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat."

No comment is needed on this scene. It is fair to add that the end is better than might have been expected. But is that most degrading and humiliating spectacle—a wife thus entreating a reluctant lover—a fit subject for a writer, with any sense of shame, to imagine, or for a reader with any self-respect, to dwell on for amusement. To take a very simple test ; there is no theatre in New York, even of the lowest kind in which any manager would dare to

produce that scene unaltered, dramatic and effective as it is. And yet the worst of the book is not to be found in any particular passage. There is about the whole novel a sort of polluted atmosphere, an air of immodesty, a deliberate dirtiness, a perpetual suggestion of ideas which any virtuous man, much more any modest woman, would blush to recognize, even in thought.

There is not a character in the book that a brother would like his sister to resemble, or that any man would not shrink from taking as his wife ; yet it was met with general acceptance and a wide circle of admiring readers.

IV.

But we will pass on to another aspect of the fashionable novel. The theme of this is a sort of devil-worship of sheer muscularity and brute strength, invariably employed, as the old heathen deities were supposed to have employed their power, as the instruments of reckless profligacy and unbridled sensuality.

The "Emotional Actor," who is the hero of this class of novel, is always an object of envy to his fellow-actors, and of unmeasured admiration to a certain class of women ; partly because he is larger and stronger, and possibly a trifle more unprincipled than themselves ; but especially because he can smoke more tobacco, and take bigger drinks, and yet keep his head cool for general purposes of quarrelling and gambling. It is also necessary for the perfection of his character, that he should be utterly selfish exceedingly disagreeable in ordinary society, and cruel and ferocious whenever he has an opportunity of exerting his physical strength. In short, the conception of an "Emotional Actor" is the realization of