

merely Miss Nellie, the French teacher. They came to me to have their themes corrected, to recite their tables, and "Moreaux Lyriques;" and when I was by they were accustomed to go on with their conversation about fashion and etiquette, and mamma's last party, and auntie's dress at the opera, quite as if I were not present. Not that they intended to be rude or inattentive. Only I was not a part of their daily life, and it did not occur to them to make themselves a part of mine. I belonged to nobody. I went about my daily occupations; I felt and thought and suffered, and no one heeded me, no one cared. Other people had friends and interests and pleasures to be shared, and troubles to be participated in with some one else—I was all alone.

But out of the depths a voice called unto me, and said—

"A Friend who His own  
Did never forsake nor leave alone."

Had me be of good courage, I learned to cast all my care on Him who careth for us: I who was weary and very heavy laden, brought all my burden and weariness to the foot of the cross. There trial and disappointment and loss were all explained, and all made beautiful. I grew accustomed to the weight laid upon my shoulders. I learned to bear it by a strength not my own. Was I not told that the long, sad nights and lonesome days of my human life worked for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?

Blanche Randall came back to school some weeks after the beginning of the term. I met her first in the hall-way. She was walking up and down with one or two girls in her class, and when I saw her sweet, fair face my heart grew lighter than it had been for many a week, and I leaned forward impulsively to kiss her. She kissed me in return quite warmly, and with one of her familiar little nervous starts, but still did not take her hand from the arm of Bella Wilson, her companion. Blanche was as sweet as ever, as cordial, as winning, but somehow then and there our former tender friendship died the death. I found nothing to say to her, and she seemed to be equally at a loss with me, although she smiled on me that bright, engaging smile of hers, and was altogether her sweet, artless self. If I had expected to be made happier by her coming, I was sorely disappointed. Nothing seemed to disappoint me now.

Afterward Warner came and went to see her as he used to come and see me. I learned that he was school-crook, and I heard of him fully from half-a-dozen other sources as well as from Blanche herself—that they were engaged, and that the wedding was to take place at Christmas.

Blanche did not wish to return home to be married, and consequently her father was coming on to New York to give his daughter away at Grace Church. The girls were one and all deeply interested and excited all winter in the details of the transaction. Miss Randall was preparing. Her father had been very generous to her, and Blanche was besides an heiress in her own right. Her mother had left her a large fortune when she died.

I assisted in December at the bridal toilet. Blanche looked surprisingly lovely in her trailing satin dress and tulle over-skirt, and floating veil, and orange blossoms, swaying and drooping about, and she went from one to another of her school-companions, to bid them good-by. Stately, graceful and stately, with her beautiful face tinged with just a flush of pink, she stood on the threshold of what I thought must be a very happy life. When she came to me, her wandering, uncertain eyes fell; she hesitated an instant and then caught me to her.

"Don't despise me—don't hate me," she said. "Let no man be called happy till he dies. O Nellie, I have such frightful temptations to-night."

I had no time to reply. Madame called her, and some one handed her an opera cloak, and she was dragged away. For my part, I sat down and cried for months. I tried to be reconciled, but it was so hard to have my life as it "might have been" brought face to face with my life as it was!

"Just what I had prayed for bestowed on another. Empty my hands, and desert my heart."

Mr. and Mrs. Warner lived in a house on one of the fashionable avenues, and Mrs. Luce had her carriage and diamonds and imported laces and silks; and Mr. Luce occupied a very much the same position as a married man, that he had occupied as a young man about town. That is to say, he was very fashionable, very exclusive, very elegant. Moreover he had the reputation of being a very rich man. I came for this by supposition, that he used his wife's money in secret. He had been as I well knew, a poor man in his bachelor days.

In the meantime, my life changed the same, except that little by little I made new friends, and varied the monotony of my days by day visits to one or two of them, and I had made friends. I led a lonely life, therefore, an unhappy one. I was very happy as I gradually became in my power to be useful in the church I attended. That comforted me, and interested me, in some way to help the poor in the parish; besides, it was a way to compare one's own lot with that of others more miserable still. The blessing came out strongly by contrast. Gradually I grew to find business everywhere, even in my everyday frocks and veils and hats.

And I found a dear friend, moreover, as the time passed on, who asked me to my work, and brightened my lonely hours, and made it seem possible to me that even in my little shell, a little earthly life might be possible. I suppose our friendship was deepened and strengthened because I had so few other friends, and because when I came to Mr. and Mrs. Luce, I found that the French teacher, Madame de Rod's, he was almost a stranger in New York, and not only by chance, one evening, at my friends, Mrs. Seymour's.

I had not seen either Blanche or Warner since their marriage, and that had now been three years since, when I met Blanche one day on the street, as she was stepping into her carriage. I scarcely expected that she would notice me—it had never occurred to her to send me on during all this time—but when she saw me, she turned directly and put out both her hands.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," she said, "I have thought of you so often lately, and wanted so very much to see you."

I was older than when I used to be, and more given to reflections of the Indies' speeches; but Blanche looked now as if she were in her first youth, very much fresh and going off as it were, and she looked so radiant of her fresh beauty, except her perfect form and her lovely hair and glowing teeth. The French teacher was painfully abrupt and considerate, and she had a way of looking about her in a nervous, startled way, as if on the outlook for some unexpected terror. She gave me no time to deliberate.

"Nellie," she said, "it is Saturday. Don't say you have not the time. Drive with me just a little way. I want so much to see you."

I fancied that something was wrong, and that she wished to inform herself to me. Had we not been dear friends once. Was it possible that such a fond affection could utterly have died out? For my own part I could feel the old love for Blanche still stirring in my heart, revived

by the sight of her fair face, and by the sound of her sweet voice.

When she saw that I hesitated, she tightened her grasp of my hand.

"O Nellie," she said, "don't refuse me. Do come with me."

The servant held open the carriage door, and Blanche urged me in. It seemed unaccountable to hesitate when there was no real reason why I should refuse.

"Very well," I said, finally, "only drop me at Madame's in time for dinner at five."

Then the man closed the door and we drove off.

Blanche still kept hold of my hand, just as she used to do in old times, when she was restless and excited. But she did not say much. Her eyes wandered about nervously, and she had a restless, preoccupied manner. We drove to Central Park, and passed quantities of stylish, elegantly-dressed people, nearly all of whom Blanche seemed to know. She told me about them, and described to me who they were and what they were, and where they lived. I could see that since we had parted all her interests in life had centered on just such things as these. They were her all—dress and fashion and display. I wondered—no, I did not wonder; by this time I very well knew that Warner Luce's aims were no higher, nor indeed, had they ever been. I had regarded him through a glamour of childish love and prejudice.

When five o'clock came, and I reminded Blanche of her promise to see me home, she begged me instead to return with her to her own house. Under ordinary circumstances I should have declined; a certain feeling of pride would have withheld me from accepting overtures from people who had so entirely overlooked me for so long; but somehow this was not a case for pride. I felt instinctively that I was needed; that something was weighing on Blanche's mind. I knew her so well. I used to be very familiar with every phase and expression of her face. Consequently I consented to go home with her.

"That is to say, if you are to be quite alone," I stipulated, glancing at my gray alpaca. "I am not dressed for company."

"Oh, you will not see a soul," she replied. "Not even Warner. He has a dinner engagement this evening."

The carriage stopped before a beautiful house, which was also most elegantly fitted up in every part. Blanche made me take off my things in her own room—a lovely boudoir, furnished in blue and silver—so costly and elegant a room as any I had ever seen. Then she opened the door beyond into her bedroom and dressing-room.

"You know that Warner had all this fitted-up for me two years ago, after my father's death. You know that father died?"

"Yes."

I had heard of it from sundry and diverse acquaintances of Mrs. Luce's. He had left all his property to his daughter, and the Luce establishment had been immediately greatly increased. But of course I had never learned of the event from either Blanche or Warner. It chilled me to remember how completely we three had drifted apart. And Mr. Randall? I recalled the letter he had written me once, and the temptation, which, however, had been no temptation, to become the mistress of the elegant establishment in Chicago. The two thoughts kept me silent, and just then the servant came up to announce dinner.

We dined in almost silence, and after dinner Blanche asked me to go upstairs again to her own room. She drew a pretty easy-chair for me up to the window—a bow-window, filled with lovely flowers, and began pulling off the lovely white nylons and tea-roses, and trying the effect in my hair.

"You can stand natural faces yet," she said. "You are handsomer than Warner, and we always used to call you the handsomest girl in school. Now I am frightfully faded. It takes a great deal of dress to keep me up to the mark. You composed, placed people wear so well. But then I have had much to make nervous."

"Have you, Blanche? I thought you had had the brightest kind of a life. Now I have been hard at work ever since we parted."

She dropped the nylons in her hand, and slipped down on the floor beside me. "Do you remember the presentiments I used to have?" she asked. "I have them still, Nellie. I have had such dreadful ones all day. That was why I made you come home with me. To-night it seems to me that I shall go crazy."

I held her hand just as I used to do.

"We are all in the hands of God," I said, "He orders all things; and whatever is, is right. Whatever is sent to us to learn the strength to bear it is sent at the same time. Only remember that He will not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, and then you feel a confidence in any future that may come."

She was kneeling down beside me, her face hidden.

"Life is so hard," she said. "I don't realize that there is a kind Providence directing it. Things seem to be governed by a cruel fate instead."

After a time she began to talk to me as freely as she used to do in the old times. The Luce's were in great trouble. Mr. Luce was a ruined man, and that not only in fortune but in reputation. His wife told me that the crash might come at any moment, and that when he had left her that morning he had told her that he fully expected that the news of his failure would be all over town by the next day. I could see that all the love of the home alone would have been an insupportable blow to her, and that coupled with dishonor—loss of her reputation, everything, it would strike them like thunderbolt. No wonder Blanche looked harassed and faded and ill. This thing had been hanging over her three months. I said what I could. I advised with her, and pitied her, and tried to comfort her. But I doubt whether she even heard all I said. She would not let me go. In fact I could not bear to leave her as the evening advanced, she was so utterly unstrung. Therefore I sent a note to Madame instead, explaining where I was, and saying that I would be at the school the next day.

The hours were on. At twelve o'clock Warner had not yet returned. His wife then began to walk the floor, in vain attempting to control her terrible anxiety. Not that there was really any especial cause for anxiety, only some overpowering presentiment of evil seemed to be gathering upon her. Meanwhile the little ornate clock on the mantel ticked steadily on. Often during the evening that tick had been the only sound in the room. Suddenly Blanche gave a little cry.

"The clock has stopped," she said. "Now, Nellie, I am convinced that something dreadful has happened. The clock has stopped, and it was only wound up this morning."

The clock had stopped, strange to say. I crossed the room and looked at it myself. Of course I could not account for the circumstance, but I tried to laugh Blanche out of her superstitious fancy, although, and I am sure I could not have told you why, a foreboding began to take possession of me, too. And as I stood there Warner Luce came in.

His wife sprang toward him with a cry of joy, and clung to him; but he scarcely returned the embraces. He was flushed and excited, and looked like a worn-out, middle-aged man, in his

elegant evening dress. Blanche, still with her hand on his shoulder, turned to me.

"Warner," she said, "here is your Cousin Nellie. She has been with me all day."

As he turned his face towards me, I could see what he was doing. But he shook hands and muttered some unintelligible speech to the effect that he was very glad to see me; then he passed on into the next room, after hesitating an instant, and locked the door. Blanche turned as white as a sheet, and sank into a chair.

"Nellie," she cried. "Pray—I cannot—pray out loud."

I remembered the Collect beginning, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve," and I began to repeat these words. At the same instant, almost, there came the report of a pistol, and the sound of a heavy fall in the next room.

Blanche started up.

"I knew it," she said. "I foretold it all day. All day there has been before my eyes the death of my father. He shot himself, and Warner has shot himself, too."

You know how people—although actually right and paralyzed with horror—nevertheless act energetically, and do all that is requisite in a case of emergency, as though under the influence of some invisible force. I called the servants and soothed Blanche, and went through the ordeal of that terrible night calmly; but my heart stands still when I think of it, even at this lapse of time.

They forced the door open, and found Warner lying on the floor in his own blood—dead.

The next morning, Glanville Ward came to me, and he helped me advise and comfort poor Blanche. And not long afterwards, when I married and went to live in my own home, that home was Blanche's too.

And I was right when I told her that God would give her strength to bear whatever He might see fit to send.

#### PURE, VERSUS CORRUPT ENGLISH.

In a recent number of this journal, I was permitted to give my views as to the true and scientific principle of English pronunciation. I now proceed to examine certain corrupt forms of speech which have crept into circulation, and which ought to be discarded. They are parasitic growths which not only deform the stately trunk of English speech, but sap the vigor and impair the vitality of the glorious tree. Let every one consider that our language is a great national deposit, that it is our duty to watch over its purity, not for our own sake only, but for the sake of all mankind, among whom it is spreading, if not as a spoken, yet as a read and understood dialect. The French seem to take a greater pride in their language than we do; they preserve it more carefully; they have even formed an Institute charged with the special duty of observing its changes, and resisting all but legitimate developments. I allude to the French Academy, which gives its imprimatur to certain grammars and dictionaries, and thus brands with its disapprobation all corrupt innovations and careless or incorrect phrases.

Now we have no such Institute in England, nor perhaps could we endure it. Then the more need is there that individual criticism should supply the place of public authority, and lead with "purity" or "corruption" every word, phrase, or idiom. There is a public department which watches the state of the currency, and calls in certain coins which are found to be deteriorated, and reissues them in their full weight and original sharpness of form. And is not language, too, a currency, passing, if not from hand to hand, yet from mouth to mouth, equally or even more subject to deterioration, and easily more precious than any amount of gold or silver coin? Words do not circulate as commodities, but they circulate as thoughts; and thus language becomes a nation's most precious heirloom, and it exercises a constant influence to debase or elevate, to barbarize or refine.

Let us now proceed to certain instances of the alleged corruption and decay of the word, and I will at once designate the point and origin of these evils to exist in an absurd following of Latin grammar in place of English idiom, and an equally absurd introduction of Latin words or Latin-derived words where English words are at once more direct and more expressive.

It is a rule of Latin grammar that a plural noun requires a plural verb; it is no less a general rule of English, but it sometimes happens that a plural in form denotes only one thing in reality, and here English idiom permits a singular verb. Thus we read in our Bible—that pure well of English undefiled—that "the wages of sin is death"—rightly so, for "wages" is here one thing being equivalent to "reward" or "consequence." But now, even in our best journals, we sometimes see, "Fifty pounds have been paid." Here the sum is a single unit—it is one amount, and when paid by bank-note or in coins is quite immaterial. This corruption is a silly adherence to form, and a neglect of the substance. Thus, too, I have seen, "news are arrived," that so-and-so is dead. This is equally silly as ascribing to the announcement of a single fact. I lately saw an advertisement headed thus: "Deaths not words are the maxims of the day." This is clearly one maxim, but the erudite tradesman paraded his little learning in this senseless fashion. "Plural nouns, you know, require plural verbs," etc. For the same reason, to say "The United States has declared" is the correct form, for the central government is one, though the states are many.

Another rule of grammar is that two substantives are not to be united, but that an adjective and substantive go together. Thus we do not speak of "the England tongue," but the "English tongue," but there is such a thing as a pedantic adherence to this rule, thus, I have seen something stated as happening "in the Chinese seas." Here it would be better to say, "in the China seas." Why? To avoid a bad and clumsy sound—that is a sufficient reason for departing from the ordinary rule. Thus we speak of "Cambridge butter," "the London or Paris press." It would be absurd to pursue to speak of "the Londonish or Parisian press." Thus it is better to say, "China grape or China orange," instead of "Chinese grape or Chinese orange."—It runs more pleasantly and glycerially off the tongue, and language, as I have seen, where said, is made to be spoken. To introduce a worse sound, grating to the organs, out of a strict adherence to grammar, is not to improve a language, but to figure it.

Let us ask ourselves how came the rules of the grammar of any language to be framed. Some seem to suppose that they were framed *a priori*, and that they were unnecessary to use and practice. The absurdity of this idea is apparent on the least reflection. Rules of course were deduced from observation of established usage. They are the mere classification of certain observed usages, and are not derived from abstract reason. They are to be regarded with respect, but not to be held so sacred as not to be departed from on occasion. In the present instance two substantives may be lawfully combined in order to produce a good and lively

sound, and one easy for the vocal organs, as in the cases above given. But it would also be a sufficient reason if a lively idiom is thus conveyed in the shortest possible form. Thus, Mirabeau called Lafayette a "Grandison-Cromwell," wishing by this form to convey the idea that he united in his nature some of the qualities of the hero of fiction with those of the hero of history.

I will next notice the misuse, and I will add the vulgar use, of the word "beneath"—a word which is too often used where "under" is alone proper. You will hear a due lady say, "It is beneath your chair." The vulgarism here consists in using an elegant and dignified word, one having a shade of moral meaning, instead of the common word which simply means all that is intended in this connection—below in a physical sense. We say of unworthy conduct, "It is beneath you." There is dignity and force in the word thus used; but to take this term expressive of moral reproach merely to signify a certain local or mechanical relation, is to debase the word by using it in an improper connection. Let dignified words be only brought forth on dignified occasions; but this is the very abuse which a person of vulgar taste is apt to resort to—using a fine word on a poor occasion. The thought is not raised, but the word is disgraced. Nor let us forget that words are outworks of moral feeling, and that the use of an elevated word on a low occasion is a real profanation. We are guilty of removing a moral landmark. Then what are we to think of the following instance of the use of the word "beneath" in the well-known lines of Moore, in one of his Irish melodies?

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,  
He sees the light towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining."

Is this a legitimate use of the word *beneath*? Here is only denoted local *underness*; and if so, it seems to come under the last of the rule I have just laid down; it is, however, saved from the charge of being vulgar by the fact that the word is here used in the service of poetry, and that glorious service elevates every word that it employs. Hence, "beneath" is not debarred by its use in this passage. We ought to be precise in our use of language, but by no means pedantic.

Our next misused word shall be "party." Its original and proper use is relative; it implies an opposite party, as in the case of "parties" to a suit, or to a contract. But it has in the course of time come to be used without any sense in relation, in the simple sense of "person." Thus you will sometimes hear, "A party came up to me," and you will hear the answer, "It was probably the same party who accosted me." This is very vulgar, and one would hope would never be heard except from the mouths of uneducated people. But even in Parliament it is often wrongly used. In a late speech of an eminent statesman, he is reported as saying, "Some sanguine parties have stated," which meant merely individuals. In these days of popular speaking, a vulgarism will occasionally be heard even in the House of Lords, will occasionally be found even in a State-paper. Even a Queen's speech is not always pure English.

The word "previous" is now an old offender. We may now write "previous," *viz.* "before." Superadded to this we hear the good old Saxon word, "Tickets used to be taken 'the day before'." But now we are told that "tickets should be taken the previous day." We used to be told of what occurred "the day before his death and the day after," but now it is "the day previous to his death and the subsequent day." All these are downright vulgarisms. Which is better to say, "the day before Parliament meets," or "the day previous to the meeting of Parliament?" Clearly the former. It is just the difference between saying a thing in a rambling pretentious style, and saying it in a simple and natural manner. Why introduce a foreign word when a native one is at hand? Is "previous" a better sounding word than "before"? No; it is a worse sound. Why give a learned air to a common thing? Where a foreign word more loudly conveys an idea, adopt it; not otherwise. Now it does so in the case of such words as *cannot* or *proceed*; but to adopt a Latin term to express the primal fact of "before" and "after" is a foolish affectation. Nothing is so vulgar as using fine words on common occasions. We debase the word, while we do not exalt the idea.

When Charles James Fox began his "History of the Seven Years' War," he determined to use no word not to be found in Dryden. His good taste was offended by the introduction of Latinisms, which he saw only obscured the lively spirit of our native Saxon—a dialect in itself so clear and picturesque, and so admirable in the way of directness and force. The use of this simple and energetic speech became almost a Whig tradition, and was a considerable element of their influence and power. And so in more recent times we find Mr. Kingsley, himself a consummate master of language, in his monumental "History of the Crimean War," attributing much of the power wielded by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright over the masses to their strong and always Saxon English. He says that they did not use "weak abstractions or shreds of Latin," but spoke in bold and plain idiomatic English. They did not say, for instance, "Let not our opponents expect that we will tolerate this indication," but they said, "We will stand it no longer."

But while I lay down this as an excellent general rule, we must remember that it is a rule only, and therefore we are to look for exceptions. Latin words, by their greater length, are often of admirable use in giving fulness and point to a sentence. We are to look to sound as well as to sense, for the ear is an important organ and requires to be satisfied. Thus the word "condemnation" may be effectively used for effect. I have myself just written "in more recent times," why did I not say "in later times"? I preferred the exotic word for the sake of its smoothness. We must not give to those who hear or read our sentences a sensation akin to that of eating chopped straw, and not to be like the bark of a dog.

After interposing this caution, and denouncing once more a pedantic adherence, even to the best of rules, I will proceed to notice some more flagrant vulgarisms. Let me instance the too frequent and needless for use of the word "position." It may be termed an elegant and dignified word, and that is the very reason why it is so prostituted by being resorted to on the commonest occasions, and when there is no call for dignity. A tradesman informs the public, by circular, that he is "in a position" to offer certain goods on unparalleled terms, instead of merely saying "he is able" to do so, having purchased a bankrupt's stock. But vulgarisms at length find their way into Parliament, and then the bad phrase becomes current everywhere. Thus a minister is asked whether the government are now in a position "to declare his intentions, and the minister replies that the government regrets that it is not yet "in a position" to do so, instead of saying that it not having made up our minds we cannot do so at present." Ten minutes later he will be speaking of Germany, and "her great position" in Europe. Thus the commonest and the grandest occasions are represented by the same word. A word loses its lustre by being thus paraded on

every trivial occasion: and so does a good saying, a notable instance whereof is afforded by a phrase of Earl Russell, the original of which is to be found in that wonderful inventor of short and pregnant phrases, "Tacitus." Lord Russell described some one "as conspicuous by his absence." A great run had been made on this phrase by the newspapers. If any considerable person is not present at a meeting where he is expected to attend, he is said to be "conspicuous by his absence." We get weary of a phrase so perpetually made to do duty; it is like a piece of velvet used for common scrubbing, and which soon loses its gloss and beauty.

One may notice a very prevailing misuse of the word "should," by making it do duty for "ought." Ought denotes the imperative mandate of conscience, and represents a moral duty or a moral necessity, whereas "should" is a lower word altogether, and only denotes some mere matter of arrangement. "Inquirers 'should' address" so-and-so; "tickets 'should' be got the day before"; but "a solemn promise 'ought' to be kept." If we say "should" we lower the moral tone and impair the sense of responsibility. A different idea is best represented by a different word, and it is not well to confuse together, by using the same word, matters of conscience and matters of convention.

There is also a prevailing misuse of the words "attorney" and "solicitor"—or it would be truer to say that there are now no "attorneys," the terms is extinct, and all are "solicitors." The judges are, indeed, so vulgar as to persist in using the word "attorney," but now every thing of the lower branch of the law is a "solicitor." The man whose practice is confined to the lowest cases, and who never is entrusted with conveying or receiving of property, is, notwithstanding, dubbed a "solicitor." Yet there is a broad distinction between the two branches of practice; yet the public obliterates its distinction in its love of fine words: just as a "school" is too vulgar a thing to exist now except for the lower classes, and becomes a "collegiate establishment."

"Thus, too, you are never asked at the table, 'Is that enough?'—The word is sure to be, 'Is that sufficient?' A long, lazy Latin word is chosen rather than the more sprightly native word. It is thought to be more 're-tel,' that is, more vulgar of all terms, and which has received and well merits the extreme aversion of Professor Ruskin.

I will close this paper with an instance, not of an absolute misuse of a word, but of a *less* proper use of it. That word is "fear." You will hear persons say, "I fear you will be too late." Now, "fear" is two serious words to use in such a connection, besides that "fear" is a painful state of the mind, and the very mention of it jars upon the feelings. The better term would be, "I am afraid you will be too late." Perhaps you will say that the meaning is precisely the same. Not so; the delicate shades of language arise from the feelings, and are not amenable to the coarse rules of logic.—G. D. H. in the *Leisure Hour*.

#### JUST PRINCIPLES OF PUNISHMENT.

Among many questions demanding for their solution serious thought and anxious care, not the least, whether considered in relation to the protection of society or the good of the wrong-doers themselves, is the subject of the punishment of criminals, etc. On few matters, moreover, has public opinion so much vacillated. Formerly our punishments were as cruel as they were futile, and the time is yet within the memory of those living when criminals were treated as savage beasts, while the spectacle of many poor wretches hanging on the gallows at the same time for such offences as sheep-stealing, shoplifting, forgery, or breaking of machinery was not infrequent, and even death itself was a merciful punishment compared with the cruel fate of those condemned to confinement in the vile prisons, or to cross the sea in those vile convict ships, so well called floating jails.

When, indeed, we read descriptions of criminal punishments in these days, and then consider the trivial nature of some of the crimes for which such torture and degradation were inflicted, the mind revolts at the selfish indifference of a community which could allow so bad a state of things to exist; for not only was this treatment of criminals abominable in its cruelty, but it was as deleterious in repressing crime, which at no time, especially in its most serious aspects, was so rife as at that period.

Some twenty-five years ago society, roused at length to a sense of the iniquity of the past, rushed into opposite extremes, and almost made pets of murderers. Having so long forgotten that criminals were, after all, fellow-men, it for the time forgot that those fellow-men were also criminals, and from exclusively thinking of the protection of the community, it lost sight of its duty to the individual, and the reform of the criminal. Since then public opinion has fluctuated, and now, after a long period of excessive leniency, inclined excessively by its principle, and therefore unsound.

In endeavoring, to fix some just principle of criminal punishment, it seems necessary to embody the truths of both these different views, and we then draw the conclusion that criminal punishment to be just and effective must be retributive, as well as deterrent and remedial. Against the first of these demands, however, an influential party strongly protests, denouncing in most bitter language the idea of retribution as unchristian, and inhuman; but in vain do we look for any support of their view either in reason or revelation. On the contrary, even the loving religion of the New Testament most sternly maintains this doctrine, denouncing indignation and wrath against every sort of man that doeth evil, and declaring that suffering in this world or the next, in his repentance here or only hereafter, must follow transgression. While referring to the Civil magistrate, St. Paul says: "He is a terror to evil doers, for he beareth not the sword in vain."

The moral conscience of mankind also proclaims the same truth. When some great crime is committed and the offender escapes, even to some heartless villain who forsakes a weak woman, who in doing so destroys her infant, and through imperfect laws escapes punishment; when some cruel ruffian maims and injures his unfortunate wife or paramour, and through the *technical* leniency of the magistrature suffers only a few weeks' confinement, there is an universal feeling of indignation and regret that justice has failed, and this among persons who are in no way directly interested. It is the feeling of justice planted in the human heart by its Maker and which demands retribution upon the violator of human laws.

Even nature shadows forth the same truth, for the victor of her laws speedily suffers retribution. No fleet the laws of health, and painful sickness will fall upon you; forget the physical laws which govern our world and sharp and bitter pain will follow; and if this law of retribution be just it seems to overthrow the arguments of those who exhibit so much indignation at the

\* We of course put aside such an application of the words "good and evil" as would apply them to civil government, which no one practically holds.