

of any one, with visits from her husband of two or three days at fortnightly intervals.

The birth of a child, which, however, wailed away its life in a few months, brought her a little distraction, and two years wore away before she began actually to rebel, and to demand a wife's rights of being publicly recognized.

Then began misery in real earnest. Cecil was nearly tired of his whim, and had no idea of appearing in public with a woman of whose mere beauty he had now grown careless, and of whose parentage and education he was ashamed. His visits grew less frequent, and when they occurred, were too often only scenes of anger and mutual reproach.

The husband was firm in his refusal, with what object the simple, affrighted woman only too soon discovered, and then refusing to submit longer to such treatment, she threatened to force him to acknowledge her. She had her wedding-ring, her marriage certificate, and letters he had written to her as his wife, and with these weapons she threatened him.

It was the most unfortunate thing she could have done. From being the persecutor she became the persecuted; for her husband, awakened to the consciousness that the ill-educated woman had spirit and energy enough to put her threat into execution, left no means untried to get possession of these valuable witnesses to her cause.

She was far from any town, without any means of getting assistance, and Huntingdon soon began his prosecutions, by stopping all the luxuries he had hitherto permitted her, limiting her to the bare necessities of life. These, even, he soon curtailed, and all the cruelties her isolated position enabled him to inflict with impunity, he did not hesitate to make use of, in hopes of bending her to his will. But the birth of another child—little Cecile—made her only firmer in her resolution to keep the precious documents at all hazards, and force her husband to acknowledge her.

Things went on in this way for another year, when suddenly she ceased to see or hear from her husband.

He never came—never sent; and after waiting and expecting, till her fear that she was a deserted wife became a certainty, she summoned up all her energy, and, with a resolution that overcame difficulties and hardships without number, managed to reach Kingston just at the period of Gaunt's third visit. There she learnt the news of her husband's departure, and found herself almost penniless—alone and ill, without knowing where to turn for relief.

It was with the desperation that a drowning man catches at a straw, that she sent that letter to Gaunt.

Fortunately, Dick was not one to be appealed to in vain; all that his kindness and money could do for her, they did—but they could not recall her husband, nor prolong her life.

A few months after arriving at Kingston, poor Marie died, though not before she had extracted a promise from Richard Gaunt, the singularity of which can only be accounted for by supposing that her intense hatred and fear of her husband, in her debilitated and nervous state, had become a kind of morbid insanity.

Placing all the papers necessary to prove her marriage in Gaunt's hands, she made him swear that he would hold them secretly and securely until the death of Mr. Huntingdon; that he would also place her child under the care of an old relation of her own in England, to whom he should communicate her parentage and history, but that to no one else should either the existence of the child or papers be made known. She further made him swear to protect Cecile as his ward, never allowing her for a day, to be out of his own or Mrs. Marsh's surveillance. Besides this, she begged him to forward her portrait, with the intelligence of her death, to her husband.

The climax of peculiarity in her requests was reached in her last. At Cecil's death, she required Gaunt to come forward, produce all the evidence of Cecile's being Mr. Huntingdon's legitimate child, and claim the property for her.

With all the vehemence and terror, that mental

and physical illness so often produce, she represented to Gaunt, that her unprincipled husband would not hesitate to destroy the papers and disown the child. To her excited fancy, Cecil was a fiend in whose hands the very life of her little daughter was not safe, and her last words were a wild prayer to Richard to save the child from her father.

Under other circumstances, Gaunt might have hesitated before entering into such an engagement. As it was, he was not blind to the fact that this terror of her husband was a great deal the result of her feverish imagination: still he knew the bad, cold heart of the man, and it was so heartrending to look upon the wreck his cruelty had made of his young, beautiful wife, and listen to the wild, pathetic outpourings of the misery she had gone through, as she piteously implored him to grant her dying prayer, that, in spite of feeling he was acceding to the schemes of an almost disordered fancy, he gave the promise, and, as far as he could, honestly kept it.

A few months after Marie's death, Gaunt contrived to discover Mr. Huntingdon's address, and to him he forwarded the portrait and a short note informing him of his wife's decease; then, returning to England, and placing the child under Mrs. Marsh's care, he pursued his usual life.

Dick was not a man to be very much burdened with memory, nor very much oppressed by any obligation when not actually fulfilling it. After Cecile was safely located at Blackheath, the papers sealed and securely locked in that pretty India box, and deposited in his private closet, he dismissed the subject very quietly from his mind.

I doubt if he ever gave a thought to Cecile, except, when, at the end of each quarter, he forwarded a check to Mrs. Marsh.

He was a little surprised and very much annoyed when, at the end of a year, he received a letter from Cecil Huntingdon, inquiring what had been done with the papers and personal property of the person whose portrait he had received some twelve months past.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

PART III.

Australian characteristics are essentially English, and yet there is something that distinguishes a native born Australian from an Englishman at first sight, the probable cause being the difference in climate. The young Australians ride, swim, and shoot well, are shrewd, intelligent and quick-witted. They boast that they possess the Grecian climate, and certainly the eager, burning democracy that is springing up in their great towns, resembles, in some points, the ancient Grecian spirit, though the author of "Greater Britain," writing twenty years ago, describes it as being widely different from the republicanism of the older States of the American Union. Mr. Froude says, that there is not anywhere in Australia the slightest symptom of a separate provincial originality, either formed or forming. In thought and manners, as in speech and pronunciation, they are purely English and nothing else, though there is a slight physical difference, the tendency being to grow tall and thin, while we know that John Bull is certainly not inclined that way.

Some queer customs prevail. In Mackay, Queensland, a recent traveller states that the most noticeable fact was that not a single man in the town appeared to own a coat. At a dinner party, at one of the sugar planter's, it was a curious sight to see the ladies dressed in the latest fashion and the gentlemen sitting down without a coat on. A most noticeable feature in Australian character is the extreme hospitality of all classes. Indeed, to know what the word means, it is said, you must go to Australia. Let him journey through the length of the land, in the solitude of the back country, or the busiest of the towns, a traveller has nothing to do but say he is a stranger to ensure him the warmest welcome. Whether he

brings letters of introduction or not, as long as he behaves like a gentleman, he will find no door in the country closed against him. Hospitality is there no respecter of persons; the rich and poor, those who come from ten miles off, or people from the other side of the world, who are never likely to be able to return it, receive the same welcome.

The amusements are eminently English. Lawn tennis is everywhere immensely popular, and played with much *vim* and eagerness. Cricket is the national game and is enthusiastically supported, the Australian eleven being well known in England. Dancing is also exceedingly popular with all classes. The principal sports seem to be hunting wild cattle, spearing alligators, shooting wild ducks and hunting kangaroos, while, in some parts of the interior, the settlers appear to really enjoy an occasional fight with the Blacks. The political institutions of the colonies are still in a state of comparative transition. The discovery of gold, gave an abnormal development to the country, which caused a too hasty demand for free constitutions. These were finally granted in 1856. Thus the wild and turbulent democracy of the gold-fields was called upon to select its own rulers, and, although the people who poured into the new continent were intelligent, above the average, they were necessarily composed of an adventurous and reckless class. The government was, therefore, for a time, correspondingly disturbed. Universal suffrage was introduced; difficulties arose between the councils and assemblies, between the governors and the legislatures; land-laws, good, bad and indifferent, were made; administrations were changed again and again. Nevertheless, the good sense of the people as a whole, and their ability to get at the root of a difficulty, have preserved them from serious trouble, while the improvement has been marked and continuous.

Society in Australia is democratic to the core. There is a plutocracy of wealth, but no aristocracy. Suitable materials for a second legislative chamber have been found wanting in all the colonies. All of them having responsible government possess such a chamber, and in each of them more or less dissatisfaction exists as to its working. In New South Wales and Queensland, the members are nominated by the Crown; in Victoria and South Australia, the elective system prevails. Yet it is in Victoria that the conflicts between the two houses have been the most intense, and it is there that the popular dislike to the upper house is the greatest.

These chambers, whatever the nature of their constitution may be, always fall into the hands of one particular class, the squatters or land proprietors, and the business connection, and the interests of this class are supposed to be directly antagonistic to those of the bulk of the people on the question which is the moving spring of Australian politics—the land problem.

A Canadian politician would feel bewildered if he happened to drop into an Australian legislature. The same names, but what different principles? The creed of the Victorian Liberal party consists of two divisions,—the destruction of the overgrown landed estates, or what is claimed to be such, and protection to native industries. In New South Wales there is the same land policy coupled with free trade principles. In Queensland the liberal ministry, of two years since, was overturned on a railway scandal. The conservative party, in all the colonies, is composed of the landed proprietors, moneyed classes and merchants. They invariably hold the reins of power in the council, while the liberals often have a majority in the assembly.

The "upper class" are the successful men of business and practical intelligence who make large fortunes and spend them handsomely. Victoria is said to be democratic, progressive, and eager for an intercolonial federation, similar to that existing in Canada. New South Wales is progressive also, in its more deliberate fashion, is opposed to colonial federation, believing or fearing that it might lead to ultimate separation from Great Britain, while it favors a wider federation, one that would embrace the whole British Empire.

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