

such a curious thing for her to do.' I went with her as far as the corridor as I wanted to catch Miss Carew coming down, and so secure the next value, but before Mrs. Martin had well opened the bedroom door she gave a scream. 'Call my husband,' she cried, 'go for the doctor. Come here.' And I saw on the sofa, in front of the grate in which the fire was out, the poor girl, *still in her riding habit*, lying dead. They say it was heart-disease, and that she had died some time before we found her. I can't explain anything. I can only tell you exactly what happened. The gowns she wore as Lucy were hanging in the wardrobe, seemingly untouched, just as her maid had left them after the morning rehearsal. It upset us all awfully, for, beyond the liking we had for her, it is such an inexplicable, ghastly affair. We either played with a dying girl—who by a superhuman effort dressed herself, acted, and then instead of putting on her ball-gown got back into her habit—or we played with a ghost. And, on my soul, I firmly believe it was a ghost."

Loitering in Chiswick the other day I came in a back lane on Hogarth's house which stands on the edge of the road with half an acre of overgrown garden, the famous mulberry tree still in its midst, stretching to the right of its windows. On each side of the entrance are the leaden vases Garrick gave his friend for the adornment of the villa, and till quite lately the gravestones erected in memory of a dog and canary belonging to the actor were fastened into the wall, but some lodger with an eye to antiquities must have taken them away, as they are there no longer. A woman washing the paving stones in front of the Queen Anne porch rested from her uninteresting labours to tell me she rented the dining rooms, and if I liked I might see them with pleasure; so I was taken into the low oak parlour where the little man in the scarlet roquelaure whom Sala describes in the biography, entertained so often his boisterous friends,—Scott, the landscape painter, John Thornhill, Hogarth's brother-in-law, Tothill, and Forest. This was first the grand Sir James's parlor, and here Hogarth, the apprentice, must have been bewitched by pretty Miss Jane with her bright face and sweet voice, and out of this very window—so goes the legend at the villa—he helped the wilful young lady to fly to the post-chaise in waiting round the corner. The room is characteristic of the last century, and is hardly injured, if at all, by the scanty pieces of modern furniture which have taken the place of the heavy chairs and tables with which in the days of its prosperity it was filled. Here, long after Hogarth's death in Leicester Square came Cary, the translator of Dante and writer of the epitaph on Lamb in Edmonton Churchyard, who sipped his dish of tea in company with other learned souls, surrounded by spindle-legged stools and Italian engravings, and then, last of the celebrated tenants was "Hicks, the great actor," said my hostess. "Maybe you know his name?" And I think how much it would have delighted "Bravo 'Icks," of transpontine memory if he could have heard himself described as "great,"—almost as much a triumph as securing the house where Garrick visited so much, which, no doubt, he thought was half-way towards Drury Lane, and the applause of the Town. The dining-room lodger warned me from attempting to see the upstairs lodger on the score that her temper was "crusty," and she detested strangers, but I climbed the pretty old stair-case to the first floor bent on propitiation, and after but a short parley, conducted on both sides, I hope, with perfect good breeding, I was led into one of the grandest old drawing-rooms I have seen for many a day. The rounded, small-paned, triple window I recognized as painted in the background of the "Lady's Last Stake," though here it is bow, while in the picture Hogarth, for his own purpose, has made it flat; and the pannell'd walls, painted pale green and pink (whose taste was this: Hogarth's, Cary's or Hicks'?) on which once were pinned and nailed rough sketches of the "Marriage à la Mode," or the "Rake's Progress," boast the possession of a suggestion of a drawing, a faint tracing of two figures, "which when the sun shines," says the first floor lodger, comes out beautiful." She was maligned by the dining rooms, this brisk young woman with her right arm about the last baby. She touched in gentle fashion with her left hand the round rough head of the last baby but one, speaking the while in a cheerful tone of the many advantages they enjoyed. How 4s. a week is little enough to pay for the quiet garden out look, for the southern aspect, for the hundred and one conveniences of these delightful old rooms. There is an inner apartment, used, I should say, by Mrs. Hogarth as her especial sanctum, where this contented family lie down to rest every night, the sun waking them the first thing in the morning: and here I left them, all leaning over the crumbling sills of the Georgian windows (little touzled locks blowing about in the winter air) watching with interest the arrival of the boy with the milk for their tea. "Ain't she a tartar?" said the ground-floor as I passed by, vigorously brushing her mats in preparation for the home-coming of her husband. "She didn't let you in, did she? Well, I never! I just gave that sarcy lad of her's the least mite of a clout the other day and she flew at me like a tiger."

It is Lamb who says that other people's pictures we look at, but Hogarth's we read. The rough, vigorous, coarse pieces appeal comparatively to few, I think, and those few are artists who appreciate the many admirable technical qualities one knows nothing of. That speech of Miss Burney's, in which she says she will not go through mud to look at a fine view, is like an old maid's, and Walpole's finicking fine-lady criticism is worth nothing in the face of the great painters, in the last century and this, who appreciate Hogarth: but study most of these pictures as carefully as I may, I see nothing in them (I except the portraits) that gives me the genuine pleasure one derives from nearly every other artist's works, though they are interesting, of course, on the score of the costume, the furniture, the manner of life, of the time of the first Georges. There are thirteen at which I have been looking this afternoon on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery—"The Sleeping Congregation" caricature of the ugliest, most repulsive type is the worst, the picture of Mrs. Hogarth the best, to

me—and I feel when I have done my scrutiny I am not competent to judge of their merits or demerits when I see present-day artists linger with delight over what appears to me is in many cases ill drawn, ill-coloured, and offensive in taste. How pleasant it is to turn from these to Constable's beautiful breezy landscapes, standing before which I seem to feel the scudding rain in my eyes, or the sun-kisses on my face: or to Mulready's Dute-like, quaint pieces wrought (cherry stone carving) with such a loving hand: or to find one of Reynolds' charming girl-faces gazing at me from under her tall hat and waving plumes: or to linger by the work of men like Gainsboro', Turner, Morland, Collins, or Linnel, and watch the strokes of their brush. And here you may see Mrs. Thrale (how annoyed that quick-tempered little lady would have been had she known of Mr. Stephens' curious denial of her story that she sat to Hogarth) by the side of "Queenie," her eldest daughter: and here is Morland in his studio—a garret out-at-elbows, in which a friend is cooking over the little dull fire while the artist works away (what a contrast to the Fitzjohn Avenue painting rooms of to-day!)—and I am taken to Italy, and brought back to the Midland Counties, or up to Scotland, all in half-an-hour: and before I leave the galleries am caught for a moment by Lady Hamilton's *figure riante* glancing over her shoulder, restless for admiration, or am attracted by Stothair's delicate compositions. It would take days properly to see all the treasures Sir Coutts Lindsay has gathered together, but half-an-hour suffices for most of us. Then we declare we have "done the Grosvenor," and we are competent to discuss all the pictures with any one who may choose to listen to us.

WALTER POWELL.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

WHEN the battle is fought and the desolate plain
Is strewn with the shapes of the wounded and slain,
A thousand throats shout, ere the mourners' tears cease,
That a way there had been to have reared mild-eyed peace.

As our bowed heads are mantling with snows for a shroud,
We too often can look on our life as a cloud,
And vainly lament—could we call back the years
We would enter the future with praise and not tears.

When the friends that were near to our heart and our hearth
Have been grasped in the arms of the All-Mother earth,
We, who coldly would turn from their smile or their moan,
Now carve deep our love on the soul-chilling stone.

Vain, vain are our cries when the battle is fought;
How useless regrets when our lives are as naught;
Our flowers and our love fall like lead on the grave
Of the one who unheeded would sympathy crave.

Then let us cry peace ere the war bugles blow;
Have our hands ever open kind deeds to bestow;
Keep the garlands and love-words, my friends, for each other,
And our hearts shall see God in the face of our brother.

T. G. MARQUIS.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE apocalyptic tendency of our press grows apace, but still more depressing is the fact that our associations and institutions should appear at times in such a condition as to warrant revelations of a most disheartening nature. However, I don't suppose that after all much more censure than others we deserve; and if two columns and a half are devoted to a case which might satisfactorily be dismissed with far fewer words, let us not forget the vast disproportion that exists here between the supply and demand for news, and again the Quixotic temperament of some of our journalists, only too apt at times to mistake a windmill for a giant.

If we look calmly at both sides of the question, the solemn investigations of the Labour Commission do not seem to have revealed facts which must make us despair of our community. On the other hand, the Lacrosse Scandal, and the ill-advised decision of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association to retain as its member one who had disgraced it so thoroughly, are to be deplored. However, the over-chevalresque young gentlemen who carried the day last Friday may have reason to regret their vote, inasmuch as not only the wiser heads of the Association, but also its most influential well-wishers outside, are heartily against them. It is one of the laws of the Association that "ungentlemanly" members shall be asked to resign. But perhaps you have remarked that resignation is one of the last things an "ungentlemanly member" ever thinks of under the circumstances. The directors of the M. A. A. A. called a meeting for last Friday evening, for the purpose of expelling the offending members. The motion was lost, in so far as one of them is concerned; what is in store for the other has not yet been decided. Though the yeas were 225 and the nays 125, the law requires a two-thirds majority. However, the young gentlemen whose votes turned the scales on Friday may perchance be persuaded before the next meeting that at times justice is much better seasoned with common sense than with mercy, and thus save the reputation of a historic and a most praiseworthy Association.

I can't give you any very good reason for it, but every effort is made to keep the undergraduates—men and women—of our College in an antipodal position to each other. Even when they wished to give a conver-