

ings were touched he did find time for public controversy. When Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, was found guilty by some of the best men in England of having shed innocent blood in defiance of law and justice, Carlyle was among the first to rush to his defence. The danger is that in lavishing so many encomiums on Carlyle, notwithstanding the prevailing tendency of his works, we are apt to lose sight of the great men of English history, who, not content with denouncing shams in general, single out individual abuses, and taking their lives and reputations in their hands, make continuous and successful war on those who uphold them.

J. G. W.

F.'S EXPLANATION.

'F.' has explained, and has let slip the expressions 'chivalrous insinuations,' 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' and '*honi soit qui mal y pense*,' which is commonly rendered 'evil be to him that evil thinks.' I dwell little on that. It is easy enough to overlook this sort of thing in a lady, as I must presume 'F.' to be, from the choice of the term '*chivalrous insinuations*.' The expressions are used without the understanding of their full import: they rise to the lips and bubble over, that's all. Never mind. But none the less does self-respect demand that I should show with what degree of propriety such things are said.

'F.' has explained; but the facts remain precisely as they were. The responsibility is transferred to a 'friend, far distant.' It is but a shadowy impersonality; but it must bear the brunt. 'F.' says that she would, 'rather in any such case give the *ipsissima verba*,' but that they were not to be had. She relied on the 'friend's intelligence and accuracy,' a frail support, as it has turned out. We could desire no more than the *ipsissima verba* if we were in the 'witness box.' It is certainly lawful to tell a story, even without the *ipsissima verba*, 'simply as an illustration of what we frequently see in everyday life.' Yes; but I respectfully submit that it is not exactly that, to state as a fact that a certain well-known lady told a certain story, the lady being mentioned by name. Besides, it was told by 'F.' not as such an illustration, by any means;

but as a remarkable story worth telling for itself, worth bringing in Mrs. Oliphant's authority for, and duly emphasized with a note of exclamation. It was not a story of what we 'frequently see in everyday life,' but a story of a certain paltry husband, with whom Mrs. Oliphant happened to take a journey, but who is, fortunately for human nature, now discovered to have had no existence. The *ipsissima verba* being desirable, but being wanting, it would perhaps have been better to have foregone the gratification of telling the story.

'F.' speaks of the 'only material difference' between her version of the story and mine. I think that this is perhaps hardly in accordance with 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' when I have already said, and shown by placing the two stories side by side, that one was altered from the other in every single particular. That may be referred to, and need not be repeated. So far from there being only one material difference, the transformation had been total. There was not a single 'sample brick' of the original structure left, and, in this condition of entire metamorphosis, it was built into 'F.'s article, which it had in this way been made exactly to fit. A man had been changed into a woman. A 'University Don' had been changed into a wife. His taking pupils had been changed into her taking boarders. The wife of a gentleman, making a great deal of money, as in all such cases, who would certainly never have 'put her hand' to anything, simply because such a thing is altogether contrary to custom in England, had been changed into the wife of a poor man, induced to increase her means by 'the work of her own hands.' His quadrupling of the 'family income' had been changed into her 'more than doubling it.' His little speech about 'buying' gloves had been changed into his 'talking magnanimously about giving his wife a pair of gloves.' What had not been changed?

I will leave it to the reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to determine whether such a total alteration, such a reading backward, could be the work of chance;—whether there is not evidence of design as clear as the sun at noonday;—whether the same *animus* is not transparently clear in every part of it;—whether a device was not resorted to, and that device to show up an imaginary