

of his guilt or innocence might be decided. The votes of the Areopagus were equally divided, but the casting vote was given in his favor by Minerva, who then made a compact with "the angrily protesting goddesses, the Erinnyes, that they should henceforward be expiable and assume the enphemic name, Eumenides, by which they were thereafter to be addressed in prayer." Although they have ever since been allowed to wear their mask, they soon went back to their former merciless cruelty; and be it well or ill that this should be concealed, we will at least lift the veil now and then and call them by their true name. The torch and the snake are still their weapons of war, in the long use of which, however, they have become most direfully skilled, as we in their present age well know.

Hovering midway above the ocean, betwixt the new land and the old, casting a shadow successively upon each with the coming and going of the light, circles one of the exultant Three. In both lands the "up-turned faces" are held spell-bound by the writhings of a monstrous snake, upon which she has not once allowed the torch to shine. We see it only in the half-light, and whether it means to spring and fasten upon us, or whether it has not already commenced to coil itself stealthily about our feet, we cannot tell. Some are of one mind, some of another, and no unity of opinion can be obtained. In this vexed "Eastern Question," not to be too personal, but to speak of the country designated by our metaphor in their abstract form, the vengeful Alecto seems to have found an inexhaustible supply of material out of which to evolve torture. For the last four years not a journal has been published, and scarcely a periodical, that has not been "tangled in the thunder at one end." Leaning its huge elbows upon our horizon, and rising head and shoulders above stands "Foreign News," ever leering with ghoulish visage at our credulity. And how fares the Turk meanwhile? It may be a piece of after-wisdom, but to say the least of it he has had but little time for his devotions since first he began to complain of being disturbed, and better have kept quiet. The relentless Alecto is still striving to keep us in darkness, but we are lighting our own torch now, and the end of her triumph is near.

Megæra, the second sister, holds the torch political, as Alecto, the snake. She flashes it alternately from behind the scenes upon both parties, not only rendering the present thoughts and feelings of each member plainly visible to his opponents, but stretching out behind him in long perspective all that they ever have been in the past. Whether or no they be truthfully photographed, is a question always taken for granted in the affirmative. Megæra is of an imaginative turn of mind, and generally seeks out for herself a field where her power may have free scope. Then, when each has seen himself as others see him, and flashes of fire have been lodged in every brain, she transforms them into poisonous serpents, breathing out venom in return. But, after all, more good may be done than she wots of, for to find a man so conscientious as to need no reminder of his faults would indeed be difficult.

Megæra also holds the torch above the head of society, sending its fitful gleam now upon one now upon another, searching out things painful and things amusing, things solemn and things ridiculous, and throwing upon all the same grotesque, weird light. Satire and scandal, with their respective accomplices, Wit and Gossip, are her frequent torch-bearers, and a hoydenish, rough company are they to fall in with. Woe to the poor traveller, however innocent a face he may wear, who happens to meet them! Let him not hope to "so pass by." Those mischievous little urchins, Wit and Gossip, will fling up their torches and blind him with smoke, whether he take it sorely or pleasantly; and if he escape being scorched he is indeed fortunate.

But the third sister, Lisiphone, is the one most to be dreaded. She gives into the hand of each man's friend a torch, and to his enemy a snake. One may grow indifferent to the frequent assaults of one's enemy, and cease to regard them; but who can become callous to the pain of having one's secret motives sought out and scrutinized under the light of that torch held unswervingly over the head by one's friend? Had we not the satisfaction of revenging ourselves upon some other poor unfortunate in like manner, it would be unbearable. To be told of one's failings, though never so kindly, is by no means pleasant, and that the inflic-