she had felt yet was the moment in which he raised her hand to his lips, and murmured tenderly, "My own true Grace!" She could only sign to him to leave her, and hurry back into her own room.

Her first feeling, when she found herself alone again, was wonder—wonder that it should never have occurred to her, until he had himself suggested it, that her betrothed husband had the foremost right to her confession. Her horror at owning to either of them that she had cheated them out of their love had hitherto placed Horace and Lady Janet on the same level. She now saw for *the first* time that there was no comparison between the claims which they respectively had on her. She owed an allegiance to Horace to which Lady Janet could assert no right. Cost her what it might to avow the truth to him with her own lips, the cruel sacrifice must be made.

Without a moment's hesitation she put away her writing materials. It amazed her that she should ever have thought of using Julian Gray as an interpreter between the man to whom she was betrothed and herself. Julian's sympathy (she thought) must have made a strong impression on her indeed to blind her to a duty which was beyond all compromise, which admitted of no dispute!

She had asked for five minutes of delay before she followed Horace. It was too long a time.

Her one chance of finding courage to crush him with the dreadful revelation of who she really was, of what she had really done, was to plunge headlong into the disclosure without giving herself time to think. The shame of it would overpower her if she gave herself time to think.

She turned to the door to follow him at once.

Even at that terrible moment the most ineradicable of all a woman's instincts—the instinct of personal self-respect—brought her to a pause. She had passed through more than one terrible trial since she had dressed to go down stairs. Remembering this, she stopped mechanically, retraced her steps, and looked at herself in the glass.

There was no motive of vanity in what she now did. The action was as unconscious as if she had buttoned an unfastened glove, or shaken out a crumpled dress. Not the faintest idea crossed her mind of looking to see if her beauty might still plead for her, and of trying to set it off at its best.

A momentary smile, the most weary, the most hopeless, that ever saddened a woman's face, appeared in the reflection which her mirror gave her back. "Haggard, ghastly, old before my time!" she said to herself. "Well! better so. He will feel it less—he will not regret me."

With that thought she went down stairs to meet him in the library.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the year 1730 a select committee of Parliament exposed the cruel condition of the jails in England. The prisoners, innocent or guilty, were abandoned to barbarous keepers. They died of every kind of loathsome disease. They were tortured with thumb-screws and iron skull-caps. They were chained in damp dungeons. They perished of famine. Forty or fifty together were locked for the night into a room not sixteen feet square. The mad inhumanity of their treatment is incredible. But the wretched victims had their revenge. Chief Baron Pengelly went to hold court upon the Western circuit, and in the county of Somerset Chief Baron Pengelly, his officers and servants, with the high sheriff of the county, died suddenly of fever arising from "the horrid stench emanating from the prisoners brought to their trials." Not long before, the judge, sheriff, grand jurymen, and some hundreds of citizens at Oxford, died from an infection caught from the prisoners tried at the assizes.

The novels of that time give terrible glimpses of the prisons. In Fielding's *Amelia*, in Smollett, you see the jail life, as in Dickens's *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* you see its more modern aspect. It is always hideous. A hundred years ago John Howard was high sheriff of Bedfordshire. What he saw in the county prisons so shocked him that in two years he had examined almost every jail in England. In 1777 he published his work on prisons, in which he described those nurseries of vice and crime, full of filth and disease, in which the victims starved and froze to death. And Parliament palliated the evil a little, but did nothing to prevent it. In 1835, about a century after Chief Baron Pengelly and his company died of the infection of prisoners, the great jail of Newgate, in London, under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen, was found to be a "disgusting example of the contaminating influence of an ill-managed prison;" while of the Scotch prisons "dirt, idleness, drinking, gambling, fighting, and stealing were the distinguishing characteristics." Prisoners of every kind were herded together without employment. The hoary criminals taught the boys who were held only upon suspicion, and during the temporary rest from crime new and surer villainies were matured.

The old times and the old countries are the most convenient and familiar tests. How the poor Hebrews are battered for the sins of Christian congregations! How pleasant and natural it is to say, "Dear neighbor, I am seriously concerned about that mote in your eye." Mr. Warner says, in his delightful *Back-log Studies*, that we are all well supplied with Gothic church-

es, which are severely Gothic and utterly inconvenient. But who so base as to consult his convenience in religion? To sit behind a noble stone column, where you see nothing of the preacher, and hear nothing of him but the indistinct rumbling and roar and reverberation of his voice among the groined arches of the roof, is our modern maceration. We are martyrs, too, in our way. It is not that of St. Lawrence or St. Sebastian. But times change, and martyrs. We are all well supplied with splendid Gothic churches and with jails.

There are as many jails in the country as there are counties. In the State of New York there are more, for there are sixty-six. Does any body ever go to see his county jail? Has he any idea of its condition? As he strolls in a pleased and half-dreamy mood along the quiet country ways, thinking what a beautiful world it is, and pensively agreeing with Burns that man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, does he ever suddenly hear a voice asking, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And does he wish to veil his face as he remembers that Abel is in the county jail, which he has himself, indeed, never seen, but of which he has an uncomfortable theory? Cain's answer to this question is the first statement of a familiar and favorite theory of government—the *laisse-faire* and *laisse-aller* of Carlyle's contempt.

Or, quite willing to do what he can, does he suppose that, as more than a century has passed since Chief Baron Pengelly and company were slain by the pestilential stench of a jail, and since so many select committees have reported the frightful condition of the prisons, and since those more powerful committees of one, the great novelists, have described the horrors of jails, and since so many societies and philanthropists have investigated and denounced and exposed—does he suppose that Abel as a county prisoner is rather cockered and spoiled than abused, and that the superior luxury of his situation is likely to demoralize society and multiply crime by making every body of a self-indulgent turn desirous of being housed amidst the comforts of a "penal institution?" Is he uncomfortable lest he is overdoing the care of the criminal classes and making the county jail a little heaven below, and fairly laying himself open to the withering sarcasm of pitying the poor dear murderer? Then let him ask himself, "Have I ever been inside of my county jail, and do I know any thing more of it than any golden youth of England a hundred and a hundred and thirty years ago knew of the frightful abuses which Dr. Johnson's General Oglethorpe exposed?"

Look into those places, then, through the testimony of those who have seen and studied them. Last year special commissioners in the State of Michigan explored the county jails, and said: "Their condition is wretched beyond all power of description, and beyond all conception of those who have not had the experience of their own senses in the matter......If the wisdom of the State had been exercised to devise a school of crime, it would have been difficult to devise a more efficient one......Our present county-jail system is an unmitigated evil, and ought to be abated." The State Board of Charities in Illinois tells the same story. It appeals for mercy. If criminals and persons suspected of crime are to be tortured, very well; only let the law prescribe what and how they shall suffer. Do not refuse the prisoner air to breathe. "Do not deny him the light of day. Do not compel him to be idle for weeks and months. Do not disgrace our boasted Christian civilization by forcing him to live over an open privy-vault used by a score of prisoners."

You see that Abel is not pampered overmuch in the luxurious county jails of Illinois. How is it in Ohio? The Board of State Charities assert that "Ohio is to-day supporting, at public expense, as base 'seminaries of crime' as are to be found in any civilized community." All inmates, guilty or not guilty, young or old, "are crowded often into an ill-ventilated, dirty, dark prison, where the whole being, physical, mental, and moral, is soon fitted to receive all 'uncleanness with greediness.' With bad air, vile quarters, and depraved associates, little can be added to hasten the perfection of the student in crime. And these schools of crime are to-day found in every county in the State, sustained under form of law and at the expense of the public." These are representative States, and this is the condition of their county jails in this most beautiful of beautiful worlds. Chief Baron Pengelly and his retainers might well mournfully ask, "To what end were we slain by the noisome breath of the jails?"

In the great and good State of New York the committee of the Prison Association said concisely in 1867 that the county jails were "nothing less than seminaries of vice and nurseries of crime." The report for the year 1871 confirms that of earlier years, that sunlight and fresh air are shut out of the county jails; that there is no proper separation of the sexes; no decent provision for personal cleanliness; that the air is foul with sickening stenches; that the prisoners have no employment, no instruction, no discipline; that they are herded together to pollute each other; that they are "infamous dens of death," in which "all the nobler attributes of the mind and the moral feelings are hopelessly destroyed in thousands of prisoners every year." There is nothing new in all this. It is a wretchedly old story, as old as the general indifference to it.

But how clearly it shows that the worthy men who compose the boards of supervisors of counties have adopted Cain's philosophy! They are evidently not Abel's keepers. What is it that ossifies so many men's hearts the moment that they become public functionaries? Evidently there is one mischief developed by a popular form of government. Public officers are so fearful of forfeiting the public favor and the free and enlightened votes of their fellow-citizens, if they propose any increase of taxation, that they wink at enormities which money would do much to remedy. It is the moral duty of supervisors to inform themselves thoroughly of the condition of all the county institutions, and to bring the facts to the knowledge of the people. In that way there would be the beginning of a public opinion which would imperatively demand a thorough reform in the whole system of county imprisonment.

What is needed is very evident. The county jails should be for the detention of those charged with crime, and of such only. They should be

well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and provided with decent means of personal cleanliness. There should be employment for all, and the sexes should be rigidly separated. Convicted criminals should be sent to penitentiary work-houses. These are the recommendations of those who have visited both Cain and Abel in prison, and who have reflected long and well upon what they have seen, and what the most sympathetic and sagacious observers every where have also seen. They are not sentimental visionaries who pity the poor dear murderer; they are sensible and humane men who know the purpose of punishment and the reasonable methods of attaining it. They know also that there is a moral influence in the matter which is invaluable, and which in the volunteer visiting societies is beginning to be felt. That influence is sympathetic visitation. "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Who of us, comfortable loungers or hard workers, have done it, or have the habit of doing it? But to show the boy or the girl that to trip is not to fall forever, that to enter a prison is not to leave all hope and human sympathy behind, that life still offers something better than plots of revenge for punishment—this is man's humanity to man, which is the best police, and will reduce taxation.

Mr. Froude left the country sooner than he intended, and, undoubtedly, disappointed. He did not come without expectation of misrepresentation and opposition, but perhaps he also expected more sympathy and support than he found. There are many reasons which explain his disappointment. To begin with, he was an Englishman, and somehow the old feeling still lingers—the Englishman is a red-coat, and he shrugged his shoulders when we more recently fell into trouble. It is largely factitious, this feeling, but it exists, and it is carefully cultivated by demagogues. We are inclined—we Americans who are magnanimous and unconcerned about money-making—to fancy John Bull a cold, selfish, mercenary fellow-creature, who never puts himself out to do any body a favor, and who stands by to make the most for himself out of all that happens. He kicked our ancestors out of his country because they didn't like the lawn sleeves of his clergy, and then he tried to thrash them because they wouldn't let him pick their pockets. The brutal bersekir, as Taine keenly felt, is in his blood. He is a despot. When the first George came over he brought the gross German sausage and blood-pudding, and they have passed into the character of John Bull. There are plenty of honest Americans who wish no other reason for disliking somebody than that he is an Englishman.

But who kicked our ancestors out of England? Who asserted the right of eminent domain over the colonial pockets? Dr. Johnson, indeed, and George the Third, but not Chatham and Edmund Burke. Who cheered the escape of the *Alabama*, not from any love of either side in our quarrel, but because of a wish to see us divided and broken? Not John Bright, nor Richard Cobden, nor Goldwin Smith. Our generalization is unfair. There are two Englands, and there always have been, but in another sense than Disraeli intended in his novel. There are two Americas also, and there always have been. Still, the gibe at John Bull is usually agreeable to the American audience. It gazes with complacency upon the lion retiring with his tail between his legs, while the majestic eagle of our country pecks undazzled at the sun.

Besides being an Englishman, Mr. Froude came to speak upon a subject in which our sympathies were against him. Ireland, at least, is unhappy, and our sympathies are always with misfortune. And the unhappiness is, we are generally of opinion, due to that selfish and supercilious personage who kicked our ancestors, etc., etc. But whether that be the truth or not, it is a subject about which only one class among us greatly cares—and the mind of that class is passionately fixed. When Mr. Froude began, therefore, they began. They denied and derided and inveighed. The general feeling of the surprised public was, "Why does the man wish to raise such a pother?" And a very pusillanimous feeling it was.

An English scholar and historian, whose works we have all read with delight, comes to speak to us of a subject upon which, as he thinks, the enlightened opinion of America may be very serviceable in settling an ancient and difficult dispute. Of course he expects no extravagant nor immediate result. In pursuit of his plan he tells us a most interesting tale of the history of Ireland in its relations with England. Instantly he is answered in the most vehement way by an Irish clergyman, who gives his side of the story. Simultaneously the Englishman's veracity as a historian is assaulted, and upon two grounds: one, that he perverts or forges manuscripts; and the other, that he misstates or disregards printed documents. In the midst of the hubbub the servants in the family in which the Englishman is staying declare that either he must leave the house or they will, and he is insulted at a railroad station.

That a simple historical discussion should provoke such bitter personal hostility upon the part of those who have no interest in history is absurd. The reason of the excitement must, therefore, be sought elsewhere, and it is found in the patriotic and religious sympathies of the opponents. The Englishman is made to appear to be, against his own distinct assertion, the apologist of British tyranny in Ireland, and the enemy of the Roman Catholic Church; and it becomes a serious question whether a learned scholar may calmly express upon the American platform his views of the history of his country. It would seem as if the American instinct must settle the point at once. Every man shall "say his say" unharmed. If there is the slightest question of touching his right, there is the most conclusive reason for asserting it. His topic disappears. The question is at once not whether English rule in Ireland was or was not good or bad, but whether in America a man, speaking decently and in order, shall or shall not be allowed to express his opinion.

Whether the servants were dismissed with a lesson upon American liberty is not known. But it is known that the Englishman was gravely advised to go home and not to provoke trouble, while the tone of the press was either openly hostile or contemptuous. He was told that nobody was interested in the subject, and that he was vexing his soul for nothing; and that he