

Fire-Fly, only her dreams would have been nightmares to Margret Sinclair. Arriving at the lake in this placid frame of mind, she saw, to her consternation, Harry Rogers with Margret Sinclair, and was so far touched æsthetically as to say she had never seen "such a pretty picture." If perfect happiness makes a "pretty picture," it was before her. This world never knew a happier being than Margret Sinclair at that time. She had no thought for past or future. Harry Rogers was with her, her head rested confidently on his shoulder, and the story was told. At sight of Caroline Masten there was no attempt on the part of the lovers to change their position, but Harry Rogers, looking up, said, coolly, "Poor Cousin Carrie, and did you think I would not give up a thousand commissions for the sake of this little girl?"

Caroline Masten's sense of propriety never deserted her, and she found herself quite equal to indignant remonstrances, at which the Fire-Fly laughed. It was not in her to feel danger or dismay with her hand in Harry Rogers's hand. For life or for death she was ready. Caroline, however, finally consented not to betray them, promised most solemnly not to tell any one she had seen Harry Rogers, and went straight back to the house and told her father.

The old Commodore, in a fit of passion, and before he had seen Harry, reported him to his superior officers, informed the Sinclairs, and all Washington soon knew a court-martial was ordered on Harry Rogers. No one saw Margret Sinclair for weeks. During this time it began to be whispered, and then known, that Harry Rogers could not stand up against these accumulated troubles. He fell. He passed his days and nights in unconsciousness, and when dismissed from the navy, he never realized it. What kind of a blow this was to Margret Sinclair no one ever knew. She came amongst us again, to all appearances having forgotten Harry Rogers, but we knew it would not be safe to disparage him to her; and when he died from *mania a potu*, soon after, no one cared to tell her. I can not at this time understand any better than I did then the mistaken kindness which allowed her to go to a ball the very night of the day on which Harry Rogers was buried, nor can I ever forget the shock it was to the giddiest of us to see her come into the room,

dressed in white, with the "angel sleeves." There had been a terrible snow-storm raging all day, and she looked the incarnation of it. Not a particle more color in her face than in her dress; but she danced as one possessed, and when midnight came, I saw her float out of the room to the music of the "Angel-sleeve Waltz." It was stopped instantly, and as if by one consent, but she had gone; and the next time I saw Margret Sinclair she lay in her coffin, looking not whiter or colder than when she drifted out of that ball-room.

She went home with her parents very quietly. They noticed nothing unusual, and it was not until the next morning it was discovered she was not in the house. Search was made far and wide; the snow had effectually concealed her path, and the day wore on without any traces of her. Some one suggested the cemetery, and it seemed strange it had not been thought of before. There they found her, on Harry Rogers's grave, the snow covering her entirely, except that one "angel sleeve" fluttered feebly over the mound. Harry Rogers had promised to leave all pleasures and pains for those "angel sleeves," and she impotently called on him to fulfill it.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"THE town has been in a great bustle," wrote Horace Walpole on the 29th of May, 1744, "about a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox, asked, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*: all the blood royal have been up in arms."

The Mr. Fox here alluded to by the most famous and entertaining gossip of his age as the son of a footman was the father of Charles James Fox. The lady who consented to elope with him after her parents had rejected his suit was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, great-granddaughter of Charles II. of England, and great-great-granddaughter of Henry IV. of France. One of her sisters married a son of the Duke of Leinster, and another was the mother of Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

The advantages which attach to the accidents both of noble and of humble ex-

traction were never probably more completely combined than in this marriage, nor, humanly speaking, with happier results. The rare talents and Parliamentary importance of the footman's grandson, re-enforced by the birth of a child, soon reconciled the families, and healed what threatened to be an incurable wound so effectually that it left not a scar behind. Though during most of his married life Henry Fox was one of the most unpopular—and perhaps deservedly unpopular—men in England, the home of Henry and Lady Caroline Fox presented, says his latest, his best-informed, and by far most eloquent biographer,* “a beautiful picture of undoubting and undoubted affection, of perfect similarity in tastes and pursuits, of mutual appreciation, which thorough knowledge of the world and the strong sense inherent in the Fox character never allowed to degenerate into mutual adulation. . . . They lived together more than thirty years, and the wife survived the husband not quite so many days. Neither of them ever knew content except in the possession or immediate expectation of the other's company, and their correspondence continued to be that of lovers until their long honey-moon was finally over.”

Genealogists have not thought it worth while to trace the Fox family farther back than to the footman Stephen Fox; but this low-born father of the first Lord Holland possessed many of the qualities for success in life which any nobleman in England might have envied. At an early age he had established for himself such a reputation as a manager that Lord Clarendon recommended Prince Charles, then a refugee on the Continent, to place his financial affairs unreservedly in his hands. The advice was taken, and its wisdom was thoroughly vindicated by the results. When Charles came to the throne, Stephen's services were gratefully remembered. In due process of time he was made paymaster of all his Majesty's forces in England, Master of the Horse, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. He was a favorite with four successive monarchs and twelve successive Parliaments. His places were all lucrative, and he died leaving a handsome estate. The

children by his first wife having no descendants, he in his seventy-sixth year took a second, by whom he had two sons—Stephen, who became Earl of Ilchester, and Henry, who became the first Lord Holland, son-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, and father of one of the three most famous Parliamentary orators that England has produced.

Henry inherited his father's talent for getting on in the world, but not that for retaining to the same degree its esteem. During the Seven Years' War, on the whole the least inglorious foreign war that England ever waged, Henry Fox also held the post of Paymaster of the Forces, in which his father had laid the foundations of his ample fortune. It is not to be disguised that the desire of accumulating wealth absorbed all other aspirations, and greatly circumscribed the influence of Henry Fox, who, says Earl Stanhope, “might have filled a great part in the history of his country had his character borne any proportion to his talents.” The emoluments which Fox derived from his office could not have been less than £600,000, and they served till long after his retirement from public life* as a popular fountain of invective. In a city address written by Wilkes he was styled “the public defaulter of unaccounted millions.” Another corporate body denounced him at the foot of the throne as the worst of speculators, and in a tone of vehement remonstrance demanded the sequestration of his wealth, and the removal of his name from the list of the King's confidential advisers.

There is no good reason for believing that Henry Fox acquired his wealth by any methods not common, and fully authorized by the usages of his time, so far as usage could sanction them; but either the English world was raising its standard of public virtue, or Fox must have been most unfortunate in his mode of plucking the public goose, to have made it so very noisy. But even his scandalous greed might have been soon forgotten had he not allowed himself to enter the Bute cabinet, and act the leading part in reconciling Parliament, by fair means and foul, but mostly foul, to the termina-

* *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Longmans, Green, and Company. 1880.

* Lord Macaulay styled Henry Fox “a political adventurer”; and Lord Chesterfield, a contemporary and an intelligent observer, says that “he had not the least notion of or regard for the public good or the constitution, but despised those objects as the cares of narrow minds.”

tion of the Seven Years' War by what was generally and justly regarded as an inglorious if not a dishonorable peace. He remained in the cabinet five months, accomplished the ends for which he was called, and was rewarded with the peerage; but he carried into his retirement a reputation for which a crown would be scant compensation.

But whatever Lord Holland suffered from the desertion of friends and the malignity of enemies seemed to be fully made up to him within his domestic circle. There there was no limit to the attachment which he inspired and the happiness he gave to those around him. Few husbands or fathers have ever been more devotedly loved, and yet fewer husbands or fathers were ever more unselfishly indulgent. Lady Holland was endowed with every charm which is required to win and keep the affections of a sensible man. She had beauty, rank, and talents, and all the privileges which they imply. By her, Lord Holland had four sons, of whom Charles James, who was born on the 24th of January, 1749, was the third. His powers of interesting and attracting others, for which he afterward became so famous, seem to have been his birthright. The natural man was rarely if ever more dangerously attractive than in Lord Holland's family, but Charles's powers of fascination were conspicuous from his earliest youth. His father idolized him. Even the pursuit of wealth and power seemed to be subordinated to his affection for this boy. Though accidentally born at a lodging-house in Conduit Street, it was at Holland House, then undergoing repairs, that he passed his boyhood, and from its imposing avenues, its spacious lawns, its fantastic gables, its luxurious libraries and drawing-rooms and galleries, that he derived his earliest remembered impressions of the charms of nature and the purifying joys of domestic life.

At seven Charles had outgrown nursery instruction, and he was sent to a school at Wandsworth, kept by a Frenchman, from whom he is supposed to have acquired at least an excellent grounding in French. It was Charles himself who decided that he should go to Wandsworth, and after a stay there of eighteen months it was he who decided to go to Eton; for no one of his contemporaries could remember when Charles was so young as to have any domestic restraint put upon

his inclinations. He was accompanied to Eton, in the capacity of tutor, by Lady Holland's chaplain, Dr. Francis, known to most educated English and American school-boys as one of the innumerable translators of Horace, and to a wider circle as the father of the as yet best authenticated author of the letters of "Junius."

All authorities agree that Charles at this time was beloved and admired by all who came in contact with him, and that his tendencies and dispositions were rich in promise of every kind of excellence. If he could have been permitted to remain here and pursue his studies without interruption, his future career need not have required to be written so largely in the language of apology; but Lord Holland, with an obliquity of moral perception which it is difficult to comprehend in any one, and still more in a parent, wishing to withdraw himself and his new title for a time from the notice and criticism of his countrymen, could think of no better diversion than to start with Charles to the Continent to amuse themselves. At Spa it was his practice to send this boy of fourteen nightly to the gaming table with five guineas in his pocket; and if family tradition may be credited, it was not the father's fault if he did not leave France a finished rake. At the end of four months, and under the impulse of his own higher nature, Charles left his father and went back to Eton, "where," says Mr. Trevelyan, "he passed another year, with more advantage to himself than to the school. His Parisian experiences, aided by his rare social talents and unlimited command of money, produced a manifest and durable change in the morals and the habits of the town."

Charles left Eton for Oxford in 1764, entering Hertford College, then under the care of Dr. Newcome, afterward Primate of Ireland. The pupils of this college were mostly young men of family, and the discipline anything but rigorous. The lads who ranked as gentlemen-commoners enjoyed the privilege of doing as they pleased, and were never required to attend either lectures, hall, or chapel. "The men with whom I lived," wrote Lord Malmsbury, who was of Charles's set, "were very pleasant but very idle fellows. Our life was an imitation of high life in London. Luckily, drinking was not the fashion, but what we did drink was claret; and we had our regular round of evening card

parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often been a matter of surprise to me how so many of us made our way so well and so creditably."

Of these pleasant fellows Fox was no doubt one of the pleasantest, but not, as one would be apt to assume, one of the idle ones. On the contrary, he was then a faithful student, delighting in mathematics, loving Oxford, and whenever his father could be induced to forego his company, remaining there through the vacations as hard at work as the neediest candidate for a fellowship. "Application like yours," wrote Dr. Newcome, "requires some intermission, and you are the only person with whom I have ever had connection to whom I could say this." Many years after, when Fox was Secretary of State, he used to take this letter of his old master from his pocket-book to read to his colleagues when they rallied him, as they but too often had occasion to, for his indolence. It was during his two years' sojourn at Oxford that Fox laid the foundations for his minute and thorough comprehension and enjoyment of the classics, his favorite refuge through life in hours of trial, and under the gravest disappointments. How much Fox's happiness as a man, his influence as a statesman, and his usefulness as an example to mankind would have been increased if he had continued a few years longer in his scholarly seclusion at Oxford will never be known, for the evil star of his too fond father was still in the ascendant. In the spring of 1766 Charles was taken from Oxford, and with his two elder brothers must needs accompany Lord and Lady Holland to the Continent. They spent the first winter in Naples, and the second in Nice, the old people returning to England for the intervening summer, while Charles roamed about the Continent with some of his old Eton companions. In the spring of 1768 Charles was joined at Genoa by Lord Carlisle and Lord Kildare, and the three friends set out together for Florence and Rome. "The history of their proceedings," says Trevelyan, "may be read in the fourth book of the 'Dunciad.' Lads of eighteen and nineteen who had been their own masters almost since they could remember, bearing names that were a passport to any circle, with unimpaired health, and a credit at their bankers' which they were not yet old enough to have exhausted,

made their grand tour after much the same fashion at all periods of the eighteenth century, and it is unnecessary to repeat what Pope has told in a manner that surpasses himself. Travelling with eight servants apiece, noticed by queens, treated as equals by ambassadors, losing their hearts in one palace and their money in another, and yet on the whole getting into less mischief in high society than when left to their own devices, they

'sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground,
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of opera or the fair,
Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
Judicious drank and greatly daring dined.'

But while wasting so much of his time in frivolous amusements and shameful indulgence, it must not be inferred that none of it was profitably employed. So far from it, few people have brought back from a two years' sojourn upon the Continent more that was worth having or that cost more hard work to acquire. He returned to England an excellent linguist, and a far better English scholar than he was when he left it. He became an enthusiastic student and admirer of Italian literature. "For God's sake," he wrote to his friend Fitzpatrick, "learn Italian as fast as you can, to read Ariosto. There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages I understand put together."

Though considered a proficient in French from his youth, he was not satisfied that the people with whom he associated anywhere spoke it better. Dr. Johnson accounted for his excellent talk by saying that he always talked his best. A large share of Fox's success, such as it was, in life, was due to a constitutional tendency in all things to approach as near as possible to perfection. The late Lord Holland tells us that the most marked and enduring feature of his disposition was his invincible propensity "to labor at excellence." He carried this propensity into his amusements as well as into the more serious affairs of life. His verses of society were polished with care. He was expert in chess, and familiar with its literature. He took lessons from a writing-master after he became Secretary of State. A treatise on carving lay beside his plate at his own table until its teachings were superfluous. When he settled in the country he became an ardent and success-

ful student of gardening, of which St. Anne's Hill still is said to bear pleasing testimony. He accounted for his expertness in tennis, of which he was very fond, even after he had become quite corpulent, by saying that it was because he was "a very painstaking man." It was this practice of always doing his best, and mastering thoroughly whatever he engaged in, which, later in life, gave him such a marvellous fund of resources in debate, which made it impossible to take him by surprise, and which justified the remark of Macaulay that Fox was *an* orator, but he was *the* debater.

Though Fox did not wholly neglect his opportunities, it can not be denied that he abused them, and that his follies, excesses, and extravagance were so immoderate that his father felt obliged to recall him before he had visited Rome. Fox had had so little experience of his father's authority in conflict with his own inclinations that the order to come home had to be repeated and enforced by the entreaties of friends before it received attention, and then was reluctantly obeyed. The motives which determined Lord Holland to recall his son determined him to find a seat for him at once in the House of Commons, where his strong nature and impetuous passions would find immediate and honorable employment. A seat in the "finest debating society in the world" he not unwisely concluded would open to Charles new and more exalted objects of ambition, cut off unprofitable connections by creating new ones, accustom him to the detail of business, draw forth the extraordinary faculties which no one better than the father knew the young man to possess, and detach him from some of the depraving and ruinous habits which were threatening to master him, and thus by more exalted and exalting employments deprive him both of inclination and leisure for the ignoble associates and pursuits upon which he was wasting his talents.

A general election was to take place in the spring of 1768. A seat in Parliament in those days was merely a question of money or family influence. Though barely nineteen when Parliament was dissolved, a family arrangement was made by Lord Holland and his brother Lord Ilchester by which they hired a borough for each of their boys, as they might have rented a shooting-box for the vacation. "They selected Midhurst," says Mr. Tre-

velyan, "the most comfortable of constituencies from the point of view of a representative; for the right of election rested in a few score of small holdings, on which no human being resided, distinguished among the pastures and stubbles that surrounded them by a large stone set up on end in the middle of each portion. These burgage-tenures, as they were called, had all been bought up by a single proprietor, Viscount Montagu, who, when an election was in prospect, assigned a few of them to his servants, with instructions to nominate the members and then make back the property to their employer. This ceremony was performed in March, 1768; and the steward of the estate, who acted as returning officer, declared that Charles James Fox had been duly chosen as one of the burgesses for Midhurst." If anything could add to the absurdity of such an election as an expression of popular opinion, it would be the fact that it occurred while young Fox was still amusing himself in Italy. He did not return in time to take his seat until the succeeding winter session.

At the time Fox entered Parliament, George III. was thirty-eight years old, and had been eight years upon the throne. None of the Stuart dynasty entertained more exalted notions of the royal prerogative, or were more unscrupulous in the means they used to maintain it. Every public man was presumed to have his price, and all the patronage of the kingdom was not thought too high a price, if it was all necessary, to secure to the King the privilege of being just as despotic and unreasonable as he pleased. He never would forgive a politician for taking a right course, unless satisfied that he took it from a wrong motive. During the first ten years of his reign he had six different Prime Ministers. He distrusted and cheated them all by turns. He had most of the qualities which enable a man to abuse an exalted station, with hardly any of those necessary for acquiring it.

The general election which brought Fox into Parliament was the first since the King came to the throne. Older than his years in his opportunities, Fox's equipment for statesmanship consisted of a few political prejudices, a few personal alliances, rather social than political, and not a few personal dislikes which he had inherited; but of course, at his age, he had next to no political knowledge, no political

convictions, and no idea of a public life beyond getting a good place as soon as possible.

Lord Chatham resigned the great seals immediately after the election, and the Duke of Grafton became Prime Minister. Fox took his seat upon the ministerial benches less from any partiality for its policy than from regard for his father, and unwillingness to fellowship with his father's enemies.

His earlier Parliamentary efforts did more to establish his reputation as a debater than as a statesman, for he accepted rather as an inheritance than from conviction party relations which his maturer judgment led him to condemn, and he was the most effective Parliamentary antagonist of those constitutional rights of which he afterward became one of the most eloquent and impassioned vindicators. The first speech in which he gave his colleagues an opportunity of taking his measure was one of the most trying that can well be conceived of for a *début*. It was upon the petition of John Wilkes, from the King's Bench Prison, praying "that he might be allowed to satisfy the solicitude of his constituents by attending to his duty in Parliament."

With few moral qualities to commend him in private life, Wilkes possessed some of the rarer qualities of a statesman in as large a measure as any man of his time. Profligate in his habits, brutal as a husband, though an affectionate sort of father, bankrupt in his estate, he managed by his superior discernment of the English character, his marvellous wit, tact, courage, and persistence, to make himself the successful champion of an issue second only in importance to that which was decided of old on Marston Moor, to defy the King backed by an overwhelming Parliamentary majority, to attain the highest civic dignities and affluence, and become and remain till his death the idol of the English people. Expelled from Parliament in 1764 for an article which appeared in the *North Briton* offensive to the sovereign; driven the same year into exile under a sentence of outlawry passed upon him by the Court of King's Bench—Lord Mansfield Chief Justice—for writing an obscene poem he never published; arrested again, four years later, and fined £1000 and imprisoned for twenty-two months for two other alleged libels; having been four several times

elected by the voters of Middlesex to represent them in Parliament, and as many times declared incapable of sitting—the Commons at last declared his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, elected, on the ground that the votes cast for Wilkes were void. It is safe to say that the announcement of this vote made John Wilkes the most popular man in the empire.*

In the debate on his petition all the great speakers on either side had had their say: Onslow and Blackstone and Thurlow and Sir Fletcher Norton, not to speak of the paid lawyers who presented the petition, were heard on behalf of the government, and Grenville, and Wedderburn, then at the summit of his professional renown, and Burke, the greatest of them all, for the petitioner. Wedderburn and Burke were still unanswered when young Fox arose. Of what he said and how he said it we know little, for in those days it did not suit representative assemblies to allow the people to know much of their deliberations beyond their results, but there is an abundance of contemporary evidence that the great lawyer and the great statesman had met a foeman in all respects worthy of their steel. His speech was marked by a freedom, not from most of the faults, but from most of the weaknesses, of new speakers. He spoke as if he had spent his life in the House of Commons, and had no other thought or preoccupation in rising than to get votes against the petition. When he resumed his seat it was conceded that the lawyer and the statesman had met their match. Walpole bears reluctant testimony to his success. So unanimous was the public verdict that Lord Holland felt at liberty to allude to it in terms which so experienced a veteran of the House of Commons would hardly have indulged in had there been any difference of opinion about the facts. "I am told," he writes to one of his corre-

* Lord Brougham has preserved an anecdote of Wilkes which gives a good idea of his popularity. While he and Luttrell were standing together on the Brentford hustings, Wilkes asked his antagonist privately whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkesites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said the colonel. Perceiving that the threat did not disturb Wilkes, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you would stand here an hour after I did so?" "Why," was the answer, "you would not be alive an instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!"

spondents, "and I willingly believe it, that Charles Fox spoke extremely well. It was all off-hand, all argumentative, in reply to Mr. Burke and Mr. Wedderburn, and excessively well indeed. I hear it spoke of by everybody as a most extraordinary thing, and I am, you see, not a little pleased with it. My son Ste. spoke too, and (as they say he always does) very short and to the purpose. They neither of them aim at oratory, make apologies, or speak of themselves, but go directly to the purpose; so I do not doubt they will continue speakers. But I am told Charles can never make a better speech than he did on Monday." His speech is nowhere mentioned except with some indication of surprise at its extraordinary merit.

Luttrell's election was confirmed by 221 votes to 152, and later in the same day Parliament was prorogued. Fox had the satisfaction of knowing that he had contributed conspicuously to the triumph of his party, and afterward the pain of remembering that the first eventful act of his Parliamentary life was a foul and serious blow at the liberties of his country. Happily he lived long enough to expiate this youthful indiscretion, and to completely efface every trace of it from his reputation as a statesman and a patriot.

While these troubles between Wilkes and his sovereign were working out, Pitt, who had exchanged the title of "the Great Commoner" for that of Earl of Chatham and a seat in the House of Lords, had been prevented by illness from retaining his place in the cabinet or taking any part in the public business. But he among all the counsellors of the King seemed to comprehend the gravity of the situation and the consequences to the country of conceding to the King through a corrupt exercise of his patronage upon the House of Commons the right or power to deny to a lawfully elected delegate of the people of England his seat in the national council. He appeared in his place on the 9th of January, the first day of the session of 1770, and as soon as the address, in which the Lords pledged themselves to assist the King in doing all the mischief that his royal heart might incline to, had been read and seconded, he rose and in a brief but most impressive speech called upon the Peers "to inform the mind of their sovereign and pacify the just irritation of his people by declaring that the House of Commons by proceed-

ing of its own authority to incapacitate Wilkes from serving in Parliament had usurped a power which belonged to all the three branches of the legislature." As soon as the earl resumed his seat the Lord Chancellor Camden rose and said the time had come when he must speak out and proclaim to the world that his opinions were those of the great man whose presence had breathed life into the State, and that if in his character as a judge he were to pay any respect to this unconstitutional and illegal vote of the House of Commons, he should look upon himself as a traitor to his trust and an enemy to his country. Of course the example of such defection was contagious, and a reorganization of the ministry was inevitable. This difficult task, which consigned the Duke of Grafton's immediate successor to a premature grave, a victim of remorse and shame, finally resulted in the formation of the North ministry, so famous, or so infamous, for its part in drawing the English colonists into rebellion and a successful war for their independence.

While the King was cradling himself to rest in the supposition that a venal majority of the House of Commons expressed as much of the will of the English people as he at least had any occasion to reckon with, "Junius," who was at the height of a popularity which in our day seems a more curious problem than his identity, after making all the members of the government in turn cower under his lash, did not hesitate to address the King himself, and warn him of the consequences of attempting to absorb in himself the powers which were constitutionally distributed among the three estates of the realm. The publisher of the *Public Advertiser*, in which this article appeared, and all others who had any part in writing, printing, and circulating it, were at once arraigned before the King's Bench for what his Majesty in his foolishness thought fit to treat as a libel. In spite of Lord Mansfield's disgraceful charge to them that the greater the truth, the greater was the libel, the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" as to the libel. This verdict would have been a sufficient intimation from his people to a wise king that he had strained the prerogative, and should have warned him that "that way danger lies." The triumph of Woodfall was the triumph of Wilkes, whose term of imprisonment was soon to expire, and

the influence of whose tongue and pen was looked forward to by the ministry with dismay. His appearance in the streets was all that seemed to be lacking to crystallize the popular disaffection around a leader upon whose prudence and forbearance then more than upon those of any other man in England the security of the throne itself was dependent. But Wilkes was far wiser and more prudent than either his enemies or his friends gave him credit for being. He was determined to be recognized as the member for Middlesex, and to vindicate the supremacy of the people over Parliament, as their supremacy over the crown had been vindicated a century before. But he had no disposition to be the leader of a rebellion or a martyr to liberty. He accepted all the civic honors that were thrust upon him, and was re-elected to Parliament as often as he was refused his seat, the majority for the administration growing smaller, however, on every division. It was in one of the debates on a question of unusual intricacy to which this Middlesex election gave rise, that Fox won his next greatest Parliamentary triumph, and took his place unconditionally among the first Parliamentary debaters of England.

"Wedderburn by a singularly ingenious and well-timed argument," says Trevelyan, "had convinced even his opponents that there was no precedent for the course recommended by the government in a matter where precedent was everything; and honorable members were just settling down to the disagreeable conviction that they would have to vote against their common-sense or see their party defeated, when Charles Fox started up, and produced a case in point so apt and recent as entirely to cut the ground from under Wedderburn. The House 'roared with applause'; the King, delighted by a majority which exceeded his most sanguine expectations, begged the Prime Minister to give him the particulars of a debate which had been crowned by so brilliant a victory; and on the very day after his Majesty had heard Lord North's report of what had passed, a new writ was moved for the borough of Midhurst in consequence of Mr. Charles Fox having been appointed a junior Lord of the Admiralty."

If Fox had been a man to be intoxicated by success, the time had come for him to lose his head. This grandson of a foot-

man, and son of one whose name was never mentioned in political circles except to be denounced, in his second year in Parliament, and before he was of age, had become a leader of the House of Commons, and one of the King's confidential advisers. The younger Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-three, and Napoleon received the command of the Army of Italy at twenty-six. Both these appointments were tributes to genius, but neither more conspicuously such than the selection of Fox, yet in his teens, as the fittest man in Parliament to cope with an opposition headed by Chatham and Burke and Wedderburn and Grenville, backed by the cordial sympathies of the middle and lower classes of the people of England. Much as we may regret that the speeches with which he won this distinction have not reached us, they are not necessary to convince us of their power, for to them only can be ascribed a success in Parliament which in some respects is still unrivalled. Unhappily he was rolling the stone of Sisyphus and pouring into the sieve of the Danaïdes. He was wasting his extraordinary gifts upon a failing cause. He was purchasing laurels as a debater by mortgaging his character as a statesman. He was still the son of Henry Fox, and the heir to his quarrels and party prejudices, and such his filial affection constrained him to remain so long as any other course could give that father pain. He was yet to learn that in the struggles of truth with error, and of justice with oppression, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The pertinacity of the ministry in its attempts to punish the printers for uttering opinions shared by the great body of the nation began to alarm all who were wise enough to know that the freedom of the press was the indispensable bulwark of popular liberty. Lord Mansfield's doctrine that it was for the judge to determine what was a libel, and for the jury to determine the fact only of its publication, was easily seen to place every printer and author in the kingdom at the mercy of a servile judiciary. A fortnight's reflection sufficed to satisfy the opposition that such a doctrine must be fought as they would fight a foreign invader, and as an earnest of their purpose, at the immediate instigation of Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburne moved for a committee to inquire into the rights of the press and the authority of juries.

The object of this motion could not be mistaken, and it brought all the debating talent of the House into the field. "Glynn, Dunning, and Wedderburn," said Lord Chatham, "stood with much dignity for the transcendent object now at stake." The Attorney-General and Thurlow opposed the motion in behalf of the government with ingenuity, but Fox's speech did more than the arguments of all the learned lawyers in the kingdom to reconcile his partisans to the vote they were bound to give, with or without argument. After briefly, but with an imposing audacity, maintaining that to deny to a judge the right to determine what was a libel was an insult to the ermine, he abandoned the arena of technical right, where his adversaries had him at a disadvantage, for the open field of general politics, where their situations were reversed. Reproaching Glynn and his friends with having clamored for a dissolution of Parliament on the ground that it did not represent the people, that it was a packed assembly, he suddenly turned upon the supporters of the motion with a torrent of interrogatories which artfully concealed the weakness of his case and the ludicrous unfairness of his taunts, and in his most audacious manner cried: "What are you about? You have yourselves allowed that you are no legal House of Commons; that you are *de facto* and not *de jure*; and you are going to arraign the venerable judges of Westminster Hall, and enter upon a revision of the laws of the land. What have you been doing for these last two years but ringing constantly in our ears the contempt in which we are held by the people? Have you not made these walls incessantly echo with the terms of reproach which you allege to have been cast upon us by men of every degree—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned? Were we not, and are we not still, according to your account, held in universal detestation and abhorrence? Does not the whole empire, from one end to the other, reckon us equally weak and wicked? How can you, then, with a serious face, desire us to undertake this inquiry in order to satisfy the people? The people, if your former assertions are to be credited, will get no good at your hands. Who do you think will pay any attention to your authority? From your former confessions, have they the right? They can not, if they take you at your own words, hold you or your

debates in any other light than the idle declamations of coffee-house politicians. I have heard a great deal of the people, and the cries of the people, but where and how am I to find out their complaints? As far as my inquiries have led me, those complaints do not exist; and as long as that is the view of the majority of this House (who themselves are the people, as being their legal representatives), I shall continue to think with them."

The impression which Fox had produced compelled Burke to go to the rescue of his friends, and though it would seem an easy task to expose the absurdity of the notion that to revise the laws was to degrade the judges, he found it necessary to put forth all his powers to give dignity to their defeat. Of course the House refused the inquiry. Nearly a quarter of a century was to elapse before the freedom of the press was to be properly secured, and then by the eloquence of the very man who had dealt it its most telling blows. It was Fox himself who ultimately carried through Parliament, with Lord Camden's assistance, the law which vindicated the rights of juries, and placed the insurmountable barrier of a free press between the rights of the people and the exorbitant pretensions of the crown.

Fox in these days rarely gave a vote which his maturer life was not destined to rebuke, but his devotion to the peculiar institutions which his father had taught him to revere, and the disastrous tendency of which no one has yet succeeded in making quite intelligible to the English people, was due in his case to the generous impulses of youth, not to any sordid calculations of selfishness. Invaluable as he had already proved himself to the ministry, and as in the course of the Parliament he repeatedly proved himself again, especially in his opposition to the Grenville act for the greater purity of elections, and the Nullum Tempus Bill, which were the features of the session of 1771-72, his services were never accepted cheerfully nor rewarded gratefully, for there was a conviction that underlying all his zeal for the despotic measures of the administration there were sentiments of honor and justice and independence which made him unreliable for a hireling ministry sustained by a venal Parliament. He voted badly enough to suit the King, but his motives were not bad enough. He always seemed to be in earnest when it would

have inspired more confidence if, like the rest of the court party, he had been content with being simply servile. He denounced the Grenville act not because it was an opposition movement, but because he saw nothing but injustice and bad logic in visiting people with a penal disfranchisement for doing once in seven years what was done every quarter-day by a majority of the gentlemen who condemned them. What business had a Parliament, nearly every seat in which was bought, putting penalties upon bribery? Fox had never seen nor known of any other sort of a Parliament, or of any other way of governing England but that from which this act threatened to strike the foundation. He could have used to his critics the reply given a famous Grecian general who reproached his wife with never having told him that his breath was bad. "I supposed," the virtuous lady answered, "that the breath of all men was like yours. I have never been near enough to any other man to learn better." He had no difficulty in putting his opposition to the Nullum Tempus Act upon the highest grounds of reverence for the constitution and the sanctity of property, though the act was manifestly a wise effort to counteract a flagrant outrage upon both. The fame of his speech on this question betrayed Horace Walpole, who was not given to praising his juniors, to confess that Fox was "the phenomenon of his age."

But while Fox could be trusted in those days to defend any stretch of authority or abuse of patronage which the pressing emergencies of their party rendered necessary, no one could predict what he would do upon any question which had not been developed into an article of party faith. When an attempt was made to relieve the clergy and the graduates of universities from the necessity of subscribing to the XXXIX. Articles, and to restore to them their undoubted rights as Protestants of interpreting Scripture for themselves, neither the frowns of Lord North nor the undisguised wrath of the King could prevent him from voting with the friends of the measure. Again, early in 1772, a member of Parliament asked leave to introduce a bill to secure the holders of what had once been church lands against dormant claims of more than sixty years standing. The bishops were opposed to this bill, and North, who could not dis-

pense with the Upper House, opposed it also by unusual methods. Fox fell upon the Prime Minister ruthlessly, charged him with inventing an unparliamentary rule of procedure to resist a measure against which he had submitted no reasonable objection, and followed up his speech with his vote in favor of the bill. Of course this was an act of insubordination which "lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget." At least so Fox supposed, for he resigned his Commission of the Admiralty within a day or two.

Fox was no doubt precipitated into a resignation of his office in consequence of his hostility to the Royal Marriage Bill, commonly known as the King's Bill, introduced in consequence of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to Colonel Luttrell's sister. This bill, which gave to the King an absolute power to annul the marriage of any one of the blood royal entered into without the King's consent, and to stigmatize with illegitimacy the offspring of such a marriage, was offensive to the Holland family, and dishonorable in the King: offensive to the Hollands, because under such a law, if in force twenty-four years before, Charles James Fox might have been proclaimed a bastard; dishonorable to the King, because he had been himself a suitor for the hand of Lady Sarah Lenox, and was only prevented from marrying her, and making the aunt of Charles Fox Queen of England, by the intrigues of Earl Bute and the Princess Royal.

But though Fox was a man whom it was exceedingly difficult for the ministry to get on with, it was far more difficult to get on without him. The political morality of the day justified the popular impression, when it transpired that Lord North had lost a subordinate, that Lord Rockingham had gained an adherent. But they greatly misjudged who supposed that, while his father lived, Fox would ally himself to those whom he had been taught to regard as his father's enemies.

Neither would he blindly serve any chief who in his opinion was in no way his superior but in years, and that was one of Lord North's misfortunes as a Premier in Fox's eyes. He was determined to have something to say about the measures to be presented for his support before he would consider himself bound to support them. Lord North, feeling that he could

not afford to drive Fox into opposition, and as he dared not shoot him, there was nothing to do but to muzzle him.

Before the close of the year which commenced with Fox's resignation the ministry was reconstructed, and Fox was made one of the Lords of the Treasury. He accepted this post partly because it evinced a disposition on the part of the Prime Minister to treat him as a colleague and not as a creature, and partly because it was a post where he could learn the work and entitle himself to the reversion of the Chancery of the Exchequer.

But those were not the times, nor was George III. the king under whom a man of Fox's temperament and genius could long work in official harness. At the commencement of the session of 1774, Fox asked Parliament to direct the Attorney-General to file an information against the writer and printer of a stupid paragraph which traced back the then prevailing corruption and immorality of the age to the date of the rebellion against James II. So inveterate was the disposition of the British lawgiver of those days to regard the press as vermin, and always in the wrong, that, to the great disgust of Lord North, who had no inclination for another bout with the newspapers, the resolution was adopted.

This offense was aggravated by the agency which Fox had in preventing a like disposition of a libellous publication against the Attorney-General, of which Horne—more commonly known now as Horne Tooke—was the author, and Mr. Woodfall the printer.

In this case he opposed the proposal to have Horne disciplined by the judiciary, and insisted that he should be dealt with at once and summarily by the House of Commons. "Was the House of Commons," he asked, "with its undoubted and unbounded judicial authority, to implore an inferior tribunal for protection? The King's Bench would never humiliate itself by appealing for redress to the Common Pleas. And what the King's Bench in majesty and strength was to the Common Pleas, that and much more was the House of Commons to the King's Bench."

To North's great chagrin, Fox's view prevailed. Woodfall, the publisher of the offending paper, was brought to the bar of the House, where he admitted that Horne was the writer of the alleged libel. Having now the name of the principal,

the more reasonable men were inclined to relieve the government of the irksome responsibility of holding the accessory. But Fox had no such thought. He paid no attention to the writhings and torture of North, and succeeded in committing the government to the proposal that Woodfall should be sent to jail instead of remaining in charge of the Sergeant-at-arms. Driven to vote for a course of which he disapproved, by a subordinate whom he was beginning to detest, North thankfully accepted the humiliation of being beaten on a motion of his own introducing by a majority of two to one.

Woodfall temporarily disposed of, Horne was sent for. He contended that the law officers had nothing against him but the unsupported testimony of a man who had accused him in order to clear himself. The government could not meet this point, and asked an adjournment to procure farther testimony. The adjournment was carried in spite of Burke's appeal to Lord North to desist from engaging Parliament in a war with individuals where victory could only be bought with the tears, and defeat would be attended with the scorn, of the whole kingdom. Burke was right. When the inquiry was resumed the new witnesses proved to be two of Woodfall's printers, one of whom had printed the MS., but did not know the handwriting, and the other had only heard his employer say that Horne was the author.

Fox turned angrily upon his brother ministers for allowing the publisher, of whom they were sure, to escape, to pursue a writer they could not hold; and amidst his mutinous upbraidings of his colleagues and the taunts of the opposition Horne stalked out of the House, the second indifferent sort of man whom the persecutions of this King and his servants had made the idol of his people. The discomfiture of the government in this affair was all ascribed by the King to Fox. He had made all the issues, waiting neither for North to indicate the policy of the crown, nor for Wedderburn or Norton to lay down the law. When remonstrated with in the progress of the battle, he was inexorable. He had been taught by his superiors in the government that its officers were not to be criticised by the press, and that when they offended in that way there was scarcely any punishment too severe for them. He believed what he preached. Unlike his colleagues,

he had the courage of his convictions, and when he saw them falter, he cheerfully assumed their functions without so much as saying "by your leave." The King, who had marked Fox for discipline because of the inconvenient independence which he exhibited in his treatment of the Dissenters' Relief Bill and the Royal Marriage Bill, felt that the time had now come to administer it, that his government could no longer get along with Fox, and must get along without him. As soon as the circumstances attending the defeat of the government were communicated to him, he addressed the following note to Lord North:

"I am greatly incensed at the presumption of Charles Fox in obliging you to vote with him, and approve much of your making your friends vote in the majority. Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honor and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious; and I hope you will let him know you are not insensible of his conduct toward you."

When George III. was betrayed into the use of such language about one of his ministers, Death alone could ever be expected to negotiate their reconciliation.

When asked at Almack's the evening which followed his successful rebellion whether North had turned him out, Fox replied, "No; but if he does, I will write to congratulate him, and tell him that if he had always acted with the same spirit I should not have differed with him yesterday."

Another week's pressure from the palace, and a fresh act of insubordination, at last nerved the minister to write the following note to his untamable colleague:

"SIR,—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name."

So twice in as many years Fox was in and out of office, and before he had reached what is commonly regarded among statesmen as the age of political responsibility. He was now out for good. The death of his father, whose battles he had been fighting, left him free to choose his political associates. The Boston Port Bill and the disfranchisement of Massachusetts Bay, which came under the consideration of Parliament within a month or two after his retirement from the ministry, took him at once into the ranks of the opposition, where the illustrious career as a statesman by which he is known

to history may be said to have commenced. The six years that he had spent in Parliament between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five had satisfied him that England could not be governed upon the principle that the government and the people of England were rivals.

Though it is not our purpose in this paper to follow the subsequent career of Fox, which happily has had no lack of historians and panegyrists, it is but just to give the only defense which Fox ever felt impelled to offer for any of the speeches made during what may be charitably termed his political nonage. In 1780 he was charged by Dundas with having abandoned the sentiments he had held respecting the Middlesex election, and with having then maintained that the people had no legal or constitutional voice in the House of Commons.

Fox, after circumstantially denying the correctness of the report of the language imputed to him, went on to say that in the second or third speech he had ever made in his life, and while he was only one-and-twenty years of age, expressions loose and undefined might undoubtedly escape him; but was it candid, or just, or manly to examine such expressions with rigor? Was he the only one likely to be injured by a precedent so contrary to the usage of Parliament? Was an assembly of British senators the only society of gentlemen in which no allowance was to be made for the inadvertence of youth or the warmth of debate? Were a man's settled habits of thinking to be known only from a single sentence uttered at a time when his judgment could not be very mature, and at least long enough ago to render the recollection of it extremely imperfect and precarious? He then went on to show the improbability of his using the language imputed to him, and concluded by saying that it had ever been his opinion that the voice of the people was always to be heard within those walls, except when a majority of their representatives acted in the most notorious and palpable contradiction to the voice of the people in their original capacity. In all ordinary cases it was certainly the most practicable and expeditious mode of declaring their meaning; but when the representative body did not speak the genuine sense of their constituents, the people themselves had a constitutional right of announcing it in whatever form they

deemed it most eligible and efficient. This had ever been and would still be his opinion.

Never did any one rally quicker from an official discomfiture, and overcome the "avalanche of unpopularity" under which any of his colleagues would have been buried forever sooner, than this stripling statesman did. "And while his elasticity of temperament," says Mr. Trevelyan, "boded well for his own happiness, those who looked to him as a future servant of his country noticed in all that he said and did the unmistakable tokens of an ingrained disinterestedness, which it required only a good cause to turn into heroism. He was not a political adventurer, but a knight-errant roaming about in search of a tilt, or, still better, of a *mêlée*, and not much caring whether his foes were robbers or true men, if only there were enough of them. He was one who, in a venal age, looked to something besides the main chance; who, when he had set his mind or his fancy on an enterprise, never counted the odds that he faced, or the hundreds a year that he forfeited. But with all these generous gifts, his education and his circumstances almost proved too much for him; and it was the instinct of moral self-preservation which drove him to detach himself from his early surroundings, and find safety in uncompromising hostility to that evil system which had come so near to spoiling him."

When Macaulay called Fox emphatically *the* debater of the British Parliament, and Burke proclaimed him the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw, they accorded to him an intellectual eminence to which few of the sons of men have attained. But far more marvelous than his gifts as a debater in our judgment were his moral forces. How any one trained and indulged as he had been, commended to the excitements of the gaming table and the bagnio, while yet a school-boy, by a father whom he adored; accustomed from infancy to no restraints but the providential penalties of excess; beset with temptations during the most impressionable years of his life to which those of St. Anthony were but as the heat of Vesuvius to the fires of the sun; taught neither by precept nor example, in the domestic circle or in the social circle in which he lived, to deny or chasten any appetite; plunged prematurely and without discipline or preparation into public life in

those days when among legislators venality was as much a matter of course as paying their taxes or praying on Sundays for the royal family; endowed with personal attractions which made him irresistible with the fair sex, and born, as one may say, into a social and official rank which made him the natural prey of the foul of both sexes—it is Fox's greatest distinction that with the loss of his office and fortune (for he was thriftless with money as with ministerial favor) he did not surrender himself to his appetites, make merchandise of his principles and conscience, for which his King always kept open market, and rapidly decline into a sensualist or political Cheap Jack, a Sandwich, or a Rigby, or a Wilkes. So far from this, Fox never for a moment lost his self-respect. With all his excesses and irregularities he never lowered a hair's-breadth his standard of public duty. Early in life he fixed his eye upon the highest dignity accessible to a British subject, and he was never conscious of an act or a thought unworthy of that position. Though the most confirmed gambler in Europe, and one of the lions at Brooks's at sixteen, he seems to have played to lose his own money rather than to win the money of others. He may not be presumed to have carried the largest nose-gays in London for nothing, but he was never involved in any overt scandal; he broke up no man's home; nor did he ever add a paragraph to the chronicles of sin and shame in which many of his companions and some of his relatives conspicuously figured. "There have been few better husbands," says Mr. Trevelyan, "than Fox; and probably none so delightful; for no known man ever devoted such powers of pleasing to the single end of making a wife happy. When once he had a home of his own, the world outside, with its pleasures and ambitions, became to him an object of indifference, and at last of repugnance. Nothing but the stings of a patriotic conscience, sharpened by the passionate importunity of partisans whose fidelity had entitled them to an absolute claim upon his services, could prevail upon him to spend opposite, or even on, the Treasury bench an occasional fragment of the hours which were never long enough when passed at Mrs. Fox's work-table, with Congreve or Molière as a third in company."

He was the best-natured of men, and

famous for his ability to inspire friendship and preserve it. Even Dr. Johnson, who detested his politics, cherished him with the affection of a father; but, unlike Johnson, he confessed himself "a bad hater."

Though the Fox property was less by £140,000 as a consequence of Charles's childish extravagance and folly, no one, high or low, Jew or Gentile, was ever a penny the worse for having helped him in his extremities.

How Fox was enabled to pass so little scathed through such fiery furnaces of temptation, and to come out of them with such a throng of active virtues and noble graces of character in no way scorched or smoked, is susceptible of but one explanation. He was free from vanity, the besetting sin of public men, which urges them constantly into the sphere of temptation beyond their strength. Fox was ambitious, but he was too proud to ask or accept praise or honors which he had not earned in fair competition and did not deserve. His judgment could not be affected by flattery, while sycophancy of every kind he despised. He carried as much manliness and dignity with him to Brooks's as to the House of Commons. He had no illusions about himself, and no one, however exalted, could by his praise or by his censure make him sacrifice to false gods. This insensibility to flattery was Fox's Egeria. To it he owed in a great degree his perpendicularity of judgment, and his inaccessibility to the meaner motives which always beset and usually mar the career of men in exalted station. We despise the weakness of Bacon, the venality of Marlborough, and the untruthfulness of Napoleon; but no one can despise Charles James Fox for anything he ever said or did, though more conspicuous for the irregularities of his life than either of them.

When Fox's library, which had been taken under an execution by the sheriff, was sold at auction, among the books was found the first volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which appeared by the title-page to have been presented by the author. Upon the same page was found the following note in the handwriting of Mr. Fox:

"The author, at Brooks's, said there was no salvation for this country till six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Elev-

en days after, this same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

In the general opinion of mankind it would be thought as great an injustice to Gibbon to rate him on a level with Fox as a moralist as to rate Fox on his level as a historian, and yet Fox was more incapable of such a surrender of his convictions for place as that which is here imputed to Gibbon than he was to build the literary monument which has made the name of Gibbon immortal.

The complete subordination of himself to the cause or party in which he was enlisted made Fox always decorous in debate. Though a more frequent speaker while in Parliament than any other member, it is safe to say that he was never called to order for an unparliamentary expression.* Gibbon himself bore the most unqualified testimony to Fox's moral elevation of character. "No human being," he said, "was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." It was his entire freedom from self-consciousness, which vanity will always betray, that gave Fox a large share of his influence in Parliament. He never seemed to be concerned about himself, or with anything but the division. He roused no man's jealousy, and encountered no hostility but that which was entertained for the cause he advocated. "His superiority," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preferences usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still

* Bentham, in his *Essay on Political Tactics*, used Fox's example to illustrate the importance of the rule in debate to "never impute bad motives." "Mr. Fox," he says, "the most distinguished orator of England, who attacked his adversaries with so close a logic, carried to the highest pitch the art of avoiding everything which might irritate them. In his most animated moments, when he was, as it were, borne onward by the torrent of his ideas, always master of himself, he was never wanting in the most scrupulous regard to politeness. It is true that this happy quality was in him less a secret of the art of oratory than the effect of the benevolence of his character—modest amidst its superiority, and generous in its strength. Still, however, no man ever expressed himself more courageously or less ceremoniously. '*Les mots allaient*,' as says Montaigne, '*où allait la pensée*.'"

more from the mildness of his nature than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantries perhaps of no man of wit had so unlabored an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from than to be produced by it."

Though Fox may never have known while in the flesh the highest joys of the Christian life, he was a sincere believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and never was heard to utter a word that betrayed either indifference to or want of confidence in them. "Though undoubtedly," says Mr. Fox's earliest biographer, Mr. Fell, "there were and are men of great piety in the House of Commons, whose close attention to religious subjects has done them honor, I have not in the whole course of that attention to the Parliamentary proceedings of the last thirty years which the preceding pages of this volume required, found any speeches or even allusions to a subject in every age so interesting to man, the hope of the virtuous, the comfort of the afflicted, and the terror of the vicious, so replete with

genuine and unaffected religion as those of Mr. Fox."

While there is so much to admire and love in the character of Fox, just commended anew to our study by one of the most fascinating biographical fragments in our language, there is no man of his own or perhaps of any age who presented in himself more to be accepted and at the same time more to be avoided as an example. His habits of life would have ruined him before he had matured if he had not contracted them innocently, and if they had not been afterward controlled to some extent by intellectual endowments of the very highest order. Happily the number of parents who train children as Fox was trained is very limited, and unhappily the number born with such marvellous endowments is still more limited. He is therefore to be contemplated rather as a phenomenon than a model, reminding one of the Pyramid of Cheops, so imposing in its dimensions, so unique in all its proportions, but fitly built in a wilderness, and not a model upon which a school of architecture can ever be founded.

PUSS TANNER'S DEFENSE.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY years previously to the occurrences herein told, Silas Tanner, whose home hitherto had been in the wire-grass region at the head-waters of the Ohoopes, came up into the hill country, married Mary Foster, and settled about two miles east of the somewhat ambitious little village of Dukesborough. A tall, strongly built, awkward man was Silas, and remarkably taciturn. Within twelve years of the marriage his wife died, leaving him with two children—Mary, the elder, and Joseph, five years younger.

From the day of her mother's death, Mary, whom her father first, and everybody afterward, called Puss, was the mistress of the household. She went for several years to the village mixed school, always taking her brother with her. In the afternoons she attended to domestic matters, gave out next day's dinners for her father and the negroes, and acted in most respects as the only authorized head of the family. Thus matters continued until she was about seventeen years old,

when, tall, slender, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, she was the handsomest girl in all that section of Middle Georgia.

Silas Tanner's possessions were his one-story-and-a-half mansion, with piazza and shed-rooms, good common out-buildings, about a dozen negroes, and three hundred acres of good fresh land, lining, on the east side, by Rocky Creek, with the Booker estate, the latter owned, yet undivided, by the widow Booker, her married daughter, Mrs. Kemp, her son George, twenty, and her daughter Eliza, eighteen, years of age.

Now George Booker greatly loved Puss Tanner, and had told her so some time ago. The Bookers were richer than the Tanners, and although they did not exactly war against George's intentions, yet they would have preferred his pursuing what seemed to them a better fortune, namely, Miss Susan Kemp and her fifteen negroes, together with five hundred acres of land, down on Long Creek. This property was already in hand, and George's married sister, who was the sister-in-law of Miss Kemp, assured him that there was a strong likelihood that ten more negroes