

tory ; and he left the impression of a spirit too broad and too nobly generous for petty altercations. Mr. Garfield was singularly fortunate also in his personal endowments. Gifted with a fine presence, a resonant and expressive voice, and an easy and singularly winning manner, he charmed his listeners from the very first sentences of an oration. He had, too, a certain sensuousness of temperament which with a different environment and early training might have developed into sensuality, but which, in fact, merely imparted a richness and warmth to his utterances, and indicated only the virility which is absolutely essential to the successful orator, and which was so noticeable in Webster and in Clay. With all these qualities, then, both natural and acquired, Mr. Garfield stood forth, we think, as the very greatest of recent American orators ; and all his speeches, whether they be his carefully prepared deliverances in the halls of Congress or his spontaneous utterances upon the stump, are vivid, clean-cut, and forceful to a degree, marked everywhere by thought and imagina-

tion, with a certain large and luminous quality about them, and often rising into splendid and stirring eloquence.

Altogether, then, it is not easy to believe that the days of oratory have departed forever, that orators are born no more, and that men can never again be roused to action by the arts of eloquence ; but, as has been already stated, we believe that to-day it is only the occasion and theme that are momentarily lacking. Human nature does not change from generation to generation ; but its impulses and its elemental motives still remain the same. As it has always been true in the past, so will it always, we believe, be true throughout the future, that when great bodies of men are stirred by intense emotion and when the wind of passion is blowing over human hearts, then will the fire once more descend and touch the lips of some born orator, who will as heretofore smite down all opposition, take reason and imagination captive, and impose his single will on all who hear him, by the indescribable magic of the spoken word.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LINES.

AFTER STEPHEN CRANE.

(*Vide* October BOOKMAN, page 149.)

I EXPLAIN THE CROOKED TRACK OF A COON AT NIGHT,
THE SWISH OF HIS SHORT, THICK TAIL,
THE DWINDLING CRACK OF THE FURRED THING'S CLIMBING ;
THE LITTLE CRY OF AN OWL TO AN OWL,
A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS THE GREYER NIGHT,
AND THE GOING OUT OF THE PINE TORCH.
THEN THE GLOOM, THE DANK GLOOM OF THE SWAMP,
AND THE HARSH BARKING OF THE CUR DOGS,
FOR LONG AND IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

REMEMBER, O THOU SON OF AFRIC,
THOU LEAVEST THE DANK GLOOM OF THE SWAMP,
AND THE HARSH BARKING OF THE CUR DOGS,
FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS !

W. S. Bean.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGET HOWE'S CONFSSIONAL.



WHEN the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It iss a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he iss waiting to know whether there will be any answer."

And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognised the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter standing on a tiger-skin, with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read :

"MY DEAR CARNEGIE,—When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have rode side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl

with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be married whenever he can meet with one whom he loves and who is worthy of him.

"Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. 'Time enough,' he would say, or 'The other person has not turned up,' and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

"It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh?

"Well, I am coming to my point, for in those circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and unless I'm much mistaken she will decide for herself, but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

"Don't you think that it looks like an

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