selves, that we are unable to bring home the truth to our friends. If a man is perfectly simple in his motives, and can either justify or be sorry for his actions; if he genuinely and solely desires his friend to come at the whole truth, he may leave his friend angry with the motive on which he acted, but he need not leave him in ignorance of the exact truth of his position. Mr. Stevenson, in the essay we have spoken of, says:injured one could read your heart, you may be sure that he would understand and pardon; but, alas! the heart cannot be shown, it has to be demonstrated in words and to do that is to write poetry of a high, if not the highest order." But it is because we so rarely love our friends as much as we love our own injured innocence, or because at the bottom of our hearts we know we are not entirely guiltless of offence, that we find it difficult to make them understand. If our heart is really right with our friend, we may always become inspired for that poetry.

To understand those we live among, we must care for them sufficiently to forgive the one half that we may love the other; and we must do a still more difficult thing than this, we must in forming our judgment about people know what to discard as a truthful account given by themselves of what is in reality untrue of them, though they are not aware of it. This is the more difficult the better we come to know people, and many a friendship is wrecked by letting our friend feel too early that we see more clearly than he does his own bias of character. He is jealous of such knowledge, and nothing needs more delicate handling than to make a man change his opinion about himself, unconsciously and without offence. We must be masters in the art of friendship, to bring home to a friend that though we know him to be something different to what he thinks he is, we love him all the same. How compli-cated does all this become, when we bring to bear upon our friend a mind full of preconceived opinions of his character. Until we have had much experience, it is difficult to grasp the fact that we must learn our friends, as we learn a foreign language or a new science. We must approach them with an entirely open mind. We must be prepared to weigh and to compare, to build up our knowledge slowly and impartially; to discard what we thought was a leading note, and place it only among the minor chords that we would willingly make the key-note of the whole. Above all, we must refrain from taking the alphabet of our knowledge of our friend, and using the letters to frame a language for ourselves,-a language which shall speak our own words and suit our own needs, a language which shall feed our vanity by helping us to weave a romance for our amusement, wherein our own characters and our own motives are made to do duty for those of our friends, but which is a language that never for one moment could have disclosed the secrets of our friend's mind.

It has been said that letters "are in vain for purposes of intimacy," and though, perhaps, they may be for building up a friendship, yet some friendships cannot survive without their help. How many things there are that we dare not trust ourselves to say in the actual presence of our friend. Our faces and our tones are expressive, and we cannot choose our exact opportunity, nor frame our sentences on the spur of the moment-Many times we say to ourselves, "I will tell him this, or I will ask him to tell me that," and then, when the time comes, it is impossible to catch the moment. A footstep, the rustle of a leaf, and timidity seizes us. We frame the sentence, we look up at our friend's face, and see something that is a barrier,possibly only a shyness,-possibly a passing fear of how much must follow, if the question is put and answered. Anyhow, it is a barrier, and we end the sentence in the opposite direction to which it was begun. Yet the words unuttered, and the friendship ends as so many do, in the mere exchange of every-day opinions, flavoured to suit the fancied requirements of the person we are talking to. But in letters it is different. There the question can be asked, or the sentence framed, and yet that subtle influence we all possess over each other not produce the wrong effect, or cause the thought itself to cease to be for the time. Your friend has time to hear you to the end. The words remain with him with just that sense of uncertainty as to why you uttered them which is often the saving clause when what is said might awake anger or annoyance. No doubt you run the risk of the letter reaching your friend when he is full of other thoughts, but so he may be when in your company; and this is not forced upon you suddenly, as it might easily be, when you had said

half of what you meant to say. After all, risks must be run. and it is often better for the friendship in the end that one side should be able sometimes to frame his speech untrammelled by his friend's presence, than that both sides should hesitate and fail at a critical moment, through the undue influence of what. after all, may not be more than passing emotions reflecting themselves upon an expressive countenance. It is even true that some natures can only be really intimate in letters. Natures that are reserved more from habit and instinct than from reason, and who are unduly sensitive to tone or look, will often find personal intercourse less helpful to freedom of intimacy than the comparative solitude that surrounds intercourse through letters. As Emerson says, "We sit and muse, and are serene and complete, but the moment we meet with anybody, each becomes a fraction." Perfect confidence may exclude all need for letters, and the closer the friendship becomes, the more difficult in some ways it is to be intimate in letters; but so long as intimacy is complicated by shyness and reserve, so long will some natures find the uniting element only in letters.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"IN MEMORIAM."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,-A portrait from Mr. Carlyle's portfolio not regretted by any who loved the original, surely confers sufficient distinction to warrant a few words of notice, when the character it depicts is withdrawn from mortal gaze. Erasmus, the only brother of Charles Darwin, and the faithful and affectionate old friend of both the Carlyles, has left a circle of mourners who need no tribute from an illustrious pen to embalm the memory so dear to their hearts; but a wider circle must have felt some interest excited by that tribute, and may receive with a certain attention the record of a unique and indelible impression, even though it be made only on the hearts of those who cannot bequeath it, and with whom, therefore, it must speedily pass away. They remember it with the same distinctness as they remember a creation of genius; it has in like manner enriched and sweetened life, formed a common meeting-point for those who had no other; and, in its strong fragrance of individuality, enforced that respect for the idiosyncracies of human character without which moral judgment is always hard and shallow, and often unjust. Carlyle was one to find a peculiar enjoyment in the combination of liveliness and repose which gave his friend's society an influence at once stimulating and soothing, and the warmth of his appreciation was not made known first in its posthumous expression; his letters of anxiety nearly thirty years ago, when the frail life which has been prolonged to old age was threatened by serious illness, are still fresh in my memory. The friendship was equally warm with both husband and wife. I remember well a pathetic little remonstrance from her, elicited by an avowal from Erasmus Darwin, that he preferred cats to dogs, which she felt a slur on her little 'Nero;' and the tones in which she said, "Oh, but you are fond of dogs! you are too kind not to be,' spoke of a long vista of small, gracious kindnesses, remembered with a tender gratitude. He was intimate also with a person whose friends, like those of Mr. Carlyle, have not always had cause to congratulate themselves on their place in her gallery, -Harriet Martineau. I have heard him more than once call her a faithful friend, and it always seemed to me a curious tribute to something in the friendship that he alone supplied; but if she had written of him at all, I believe the mention, in its heartiness of appreciation, would have afforded a rare and curious meeting-point with the other "Reminiscences," so like and yet so unlike. It is not possible to transfer the impression of a character; we can only suggest it by means of some resemblance; and it is a singular illustration of that irony which checks or directs our sympathies, that in trying to give some notion of the man whom, among those who were not his kindred, Carlyle appears to have most loved, I can say nothing more descriptive than that he seems to me to have had something in common with the man whom Carlyle least appreciated. The society of Erasmus Darwin had, to my mind, much the same charm as the writings of Charles Lamb. There was the same kind of playfulness, the same lightness of touch, the same tenderness, perhaps the same limitations. On another side of his nature, I have often been reminded of him by the quaint, delicate humour, the superficial intolerance, the deep springs of pity, the peculiar mixture of something pathetic with a sort of gay scorn, entirely remote from contempt, which distinguish the Ellesmere of Sir Arthur Helps's earlier dialogues. Perhaps we recall such natures most distinctly, when such a remembrance is all that is left of them. The character is not merged in the creation; and what we lose in the power to communicate our impression, we seem to gain in its vividness. Erasmus Darwin has passed away in old age, yet his memory retains something of a youthful fragrance; his influence gave much happiness, of a kind usually associated with youth, to many lives besides the illustrious one whose records justify, though certainly they do not inspire, the wish to place this fading chaplet on his grave. —I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W

MR. CONKLING AND GENERAL GARFIELD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,—It is not to be supposed that the details of American politics are of sufficient interest to English readers of the Spectator, to admit of any continued discussion by correspondence in your pages. But, as one of many American readers who believe that "A Yankee," in his letter of July 5th, has not accurately represented the political situation in the United States, I beg the favour of space for a few words of criticism npon his letter.

It is, indeed, true that the nomination of Mr. Garfield was a surprise to him and to the Republican party. It was, however, more so to him than to a large section of the party, who hoped that the unexpected might happen. This section had no par-ticular choice for the Presidency. They only hoped that a man might be nominated who would not revive the methods of General Grant's administration, which had been in part broken up by President Hayes. Having secured the defeat of General Grant, they were more than satisfied with the outcome of the Chicago Convention. A man was nominated who had received the best training of one of the best American colleges, who had served with distinction in the war of the rebellion, and who had had a long experience in the National Congress. Besides this, General Garfield had been a warm supporter of the administration of Mr. Hayes, an administration which Mr. Conkling had lost no opportunity to revile. One of the reasons for this opposition to General Grant was the belief that if elected he would be in his new term, as in his last, largely under the influence of Mr. Conkling. The distrust of the latter as a safe guide in the management of the affairs of the country, whether justified or not, was and is widely spread. After the nomination of Mr. Garfield, the three hundred and six delegates who, under the leadership of Mr. Conkling, Mr. Cameron, and General Logan, had held out to the last for Grant, endorsed the successful candidate with great unanimity and good-feeling. Not so Mr. Conkling. He, as in the canvas of 1876 (Hayes against Tilden), and as in some minor canvases, when the men nominated were not to his liking, held aloof. He was silent for some weeks, and was said to be sullen. At last, and when General Garfield's prospects of election were good, and not bad. as your correspondent intimates, he was induced by the pressure of his friends, represented by the candidate for Vice-President, to join in a campaign that was being everywhere vigorously carried on. Ever since Mr. Conkling thus came reluctantly into the field, we have been told, just as your correspondent has repeated, "It was the New York machine that made Mr. Garfield President." Waving all other answer to this audacious proposition, it is sufficient to say that it was the united Republican party that made Mr. Garfield President. If the 15,000 Independent Republicans of New York—"scratchers," not "half-breeds "-voters who would never have cast their ballots for General Grant, had withheld their support from Mr. Garfield, he would not have been elected. Thus we might also say of the Independent Republicans in such States as Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. General Garfield was elected because his nomination made it possible to secure these essential ballots. The overthrow of the third-term scheme, so carefully nursed for four years, with its unit rule and its "bosses," made this possible. All that we can say to the credit of Mr. Conkling in that canvas is that, judged by his own standard of party fealty, he only tardily did his duty. An opponent of the machine, as your correspondent claims to be, who "confesses" that "in New York this party organisa-

tion works reasonably well," must take a rose-coloured view of New York politics since Mr. Conkling has been the leader of the Republican "machine." Governor Cornell, whom "A Yankee" eulogises as its product, owes his reputation of being a fair Governor to his refusal to practise machine methods in his official position. It is widely believed that there is no entente cordiale between him and the now discomfited leader of that system, since he failed to use his position as Governor of the State in securing Mr. Conkling's return to the Senate, by bringing pressure upon Members of the State Legislature. Moreover, it is notorious that the machine has driven out of State politics such men as Mr. Evarts, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Wheeler, to replace them by ignorant and unscrupulous ward politicians, who are vulgarly known as "heelers." When Mr. Conkling was at the height of his power in the State, when a word from him would have sent a statesman to the Senate, a second-rate politician was elected, whose final exit from political life was hastened by a scandal that scarcely has a parallel in any political history.

No; the reign of the machine in New York and in General Grant's last term did not produce reasonably good results. It produced men who neglected official duties to engage in the nefarious work of stifling public opinion by the packing of caucuses and conventions, men who enriched themselves at the expense of the State, who did not assist nor originate plans for reforms in any departments of the Government, men who so conducted themselves as to turn the country over for a time to the Democratic party. One other charge to be made against them is that they imitated Tweed, of infamous memory, in the formation of unholy alliances with the corrupt wing of the opposing party.

Finally, in contradistinction to your correspondent's eulogium of Mr. Conkling, I quote a description of him given by Dr. Woolsey, late President of Yale College:—"He has originated no great measures in Congress, so far as I know, nor has he revealed any profound views on finance or the statesman's office. His great influence could not have existed, but for the spoils system." Fortunately for our country, it seems as if the machine were overthrown. Its first repulse occurred at Chicago, its Gettysburg in the President's victory in our National Senate in securing the confirmation of his nominations, and its Appomattox in the refusal of the New York Legislature to return Roscoe Conkling.—I am, Sir, &c.,

KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR BARTLE FRERE'S PAMPHLET. [To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,-I have read with great interest your article on Sir Bartle Frere's pamphlet, and especially that portion of it in which you comment on his extraordinary statement that "it was not we who made war on Cetywayo, but he who made war on us." You naturally characterise this as an "astounding assertion," seeing that Cetywayo had no more to do with what Sir Bartle calls "the two armed violations of British territory by armed bands," than the ex-High Commissioner himself. The capture and killing by Sirayo's sons of that chief's two fugitive wives who had committed adultery-a crime punishable among the Zulus with death-were wholly unknown, either to Cetywayo or to the aggrieved husband, until after these occurrences had taken place. Cetywayo, in the letter which he wrote to Sir Hercules Robinson on March 29th last, states that Sirayo was with him in the lower part of Zululand when his sons committed the rash act. You say, "For this offence Cetywayo apologised, and offered what, according to Zulu custom, he considered an ample atonement." This is perfectly true. He was anxious to get off by paying a fine in cattle; and he might well be excused for supposing that we should abstain from pushing matters with him to extremities, seeing that Sir Henry Bulwer, the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, did not actually "demand" the surrender of Sirayo's sons, but was careful to use a much less peremptory word, for in each of the two messages on the subject which he sent to Cetywayo he merely "requests" him to give up the offenders. The ex-King's narrative shows that he found it very difficult to realise the fact that the English intended, after all, to refuse the fine, and to insist upon his sur-rendering "the two boys." His answers to Sir Henry Bulwer were most respectful, as will be seen from the account which the bearers of the first message gave of their interview with him. "Cetywayo," they say,-

"Spoke to us; he was kind; he said he did not wish to quarrel