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CONTENTS *of* VOL. CCLXVIII.

	PAGE
Across the Cordillera, from Chili to Buenos Ayres. By MAX WOLFFSOHN	580
African Pygmies, The. By A. WERNER	556
Artistic Mystery, An. By ARMIGER BARCZINSKY	541
Bee-Masters, On some Old. By R. C. DAY	148
Beroalde de Verville. By ARTHUR MACHEN	382
Book-Fires of the Revolution and Restoration. By J. A. FARRER	361
Breton Fisherman's Song. By C. E. MEETKERKE	427
Browning, Robert, as a Teacher. In Memoriam. By Mrs. ALEX. IRELAND	177
Bunyan Warrant, How I Found the. By W. G. THORPE, F.S.A.	192
Burglar's Blunder, The. By RICHARD MARSH	433
Canonbury Tower. By C. C. ROBINSON	372
Case, The, against Compulsory Vaccination. By A PHYSICIAN	201
"Characters," The, of La Bruyère. By HENRY M. TROLLOPE	235
Chili to Buenos Ayres: Across the Cordillera. By MAX WOLFFSOHN	580
Claque, The. By A. O'D. BARTHOLEYNS	302
Clubs and Fraternities. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS	309
Colonel Newcome. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	497
Costa Rica and its Resources. By ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	87
Crotchet and Quaver Wit. By FREDERICK J. CROWEST	185
Dr. John Cove's Diary. By J. THEODORE BENT	470
Droitwich. By AN OLD OXONIAN	41
Druid Stone, The: a Phantasy. By ISABELLA WEDDLE	105
East End, The Universities in the. By HAMLET E. CLARK	630
Examining a Scotch School. By ALEXANDER GORDON	247
False Eyes and True. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING	537
Far West, Pantomime in the. By W. J. LAWRENCE	28
Flodden's Fatal Field. By GEORGE EYRE-TODD	171
Fraternities and Clubs. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS	309
French Protestant, A, During the Revolution. Rabant Saint-Étienne. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON	281
Fresh-water Fish and their Associations. By the Rev. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.	20
Ha! Ha! Ha! By ARTHUR GAYE	348
How I Found the Bunyan Warrant. By W. G. THORPE, F.S.A.	192
Hunting Songs. By LAURA ALEX. SMITH	489
Johnson Characteristics, Some. By H. W. MASSINGHAM	155
La Bruyère, The "Characters" of. By HENRY M. TROLLOPE	235
Light from the Talmud. By LAUNCELOT CROSS	449
Little Tours. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.	409
Lost Prayer-Book, The. By MICHAEL KERNEY	615
More about Models. By R. GRAHAM	165
Mountain Sheep. By A HILL SHEPHERD	528
Mr. Ruskin, Artist and Publisher. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.	126
Mystery, An Artistic. By ARMIGER BARCZINSKY	541
Newcome, Colonel. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	497

	PAGE
New Forest, The, as a National School. By FRANCIS H. CANDY	276
One Day in Russia. By SIDNEY WHITMAN	604
Ongar and its Great Forgotten Statesman. By F. T. NORRIS	618
On Loafers. By A LOAFER	398
On some Old Bee-Masters. By R. C. DAY	148
Pantomime in the Far West. By W. J. LAWRENCE	28
Pasteur at Home. By ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	257
Pearls. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS	51
Petronius. By J. F. ROWBOTHAM	515
Philosopher's Stone, The. By the Rev. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.	62
Prayer-Book, The Lost. By MICHAEL KERNEY	615
Pygmies, The African. By A. WERNER	556
Quaver and Crotchet Wit. By FREDERICK J. CROWST	185
Rabant Saint-Étienne. A French Protestant during the Revolution. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON	281
Revolution and Restoration, Book-Fires of the. By J. A. FARRER	361
Robert Browning as a Teacher. In Memoriam. By Mrs. ALEX. IRELAND	177
Ruskin, Mr., Artist and Publisher. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.	126
Russia, One Day in. By SIDNEY WHITMAN	604
Salvage Theology. By J. A. FARRER	594
Samuel Richardson. By WM. C. WARD	74
Schoolboys in Council. By H. F. LESTER	570
Scotch School, Examining a. By ALEXANDER GORDON	247
Sheep, Mountain. By A HILL SHEPHERD	528
Some Johnson Characteristics. By H. W. MASSINGHAM	155
Statesman, Ongar and its Great Forgotten. By F. T. NORRIS	618
Steel. By CHARLES WESTON SMITH.	510
Stone, The Philosopher's. By the Rev. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.	62
Sub Rosa. By GEORGE HOLMES :—	
Chaps. I.-IV.	I
Chaps. V.-VIII.	109
Chaps. IX.-XI.	217
Chaps. XII.-XV.	325
Summer Stroll, a, in Sussex. By EDWARD CLAYTON	463
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
Eighteenth Century Figures—Shakespeare's London—The Early American Stage	107
Octogenarian Verses—A Chaucer Bibliography—Black-letter Chaucers	215
Conditions of Private Printing in Paris—Dr. Furnivall on Chaucer's Bibliography—Are there Two Chaucers of 1561?	323
The Signatures in Books—History of the Signatures—The Laureate and Mr. Swinburne—Mr. Gladstone as a Bibliophile —Are there Two Chaucers of 1561	429
Among Old Books—The Book Sales of 1889	539
Further Contribution to the Chaucer Bibliography—The 1561 Chaucer in the Greenock Library—Manuscript Notes in the Greenock Library Chaucer	643
Talmud, Light from the. By LAUNCELOT CROSS	449
Theology, Salvage. By J. A. FARRER	594
"The Thin Red Line." By JOHN O'NEILL	340
Tours, Little. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.	409
Universities, The, in the East End. By HAMLET E. CLARK	630
Who was Robin Hood? By W. WHEATER	56

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1890.

SUB ROSA.

BY GEORGE HOLMES,
AUTHOR OF "FARMER JOHN."

CHAPTER I.

Ich sitze und sinne und träume,
Und denk' an die Liebste mein.

.
Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein ;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

HEINE.

"BANNY, come here ; I want to kiss you !"
He had spoken very softly ; for although Mr. Maybanke, according to his evening habit, was apparently sound asleep in his easy-chair, yet old gentlemen are known to have a disagreeable way of suddenly awaking and demanding, "What is the matter ?"—when nothing is the matter.

Leaning through the conservatory door, Carey blew a whiff from his cigarette, while his eyes followed every movement of the little figure in a mourning dress sitting at a table in the long drawing-room beyond. Her attention was wholly given to the book which she was reading, her hands all the time whirling her knitting-pins. Still, it was evident that she must have heard him, for the whispered

words had brought a mischievous little smile to her lips, and the downcast eyelids quivered. Just then Mrs. Maybanke returned to the room, a little put out that her maid had been enjoying the contents of the new number of her favourite magazine before herself; and finding that some trace of Carey's tobacco had found its way into the room during her absence, called to him to close the conservatory door.

Carey cast a rueful glance at Banny, and her answering nod of amusement was perhaps the reason why Mr. Maybanke was so effectually startled from his evening nap by the sudden banging of the glass door at his back.

Surrounded by the weird and fanciful shapes of his father's orchids, Carey Maybanke lay back in his rocking-chair, half closed his eyes, and gave himself up to a half-hour's meditation. Blanche was probably now accusing him of a fit of sulking, and she was really so very provoking, that she deserved some such treatment at his hands. He put up his feet comfortably, and began to think.

He was of course thinking of Blanche. He had, indeed, thought of nothing else for the last six months. But now, as he lounged there comfortably, his brow was contracted into a frown, as though the subject of so many pleasant meditations were after all suggestive of disquietude at times. He turned to look at the little group in the drawing-room beyond,—his mother smiling over her magazine; his father staring at the fire, his sharply knuckled hands now grasping his gold-headed cane, now spread to the glow, without which his chilly old frame could not do, even in these last days of summer; and, still knitting, still reading, Blanche Gressell, the cause of a week's troubled happiness to him, the cause of a future which just now looked very cloudy.

If only his father had allowed him to enter some profession, so that he might feel he would have a right to exercise an independent choice! If only he had been as poor as the little fair-haired girl over there, who had begun to earn her own living at twelve years old, when he was a boy at school! Above all, if only the Ladywood property had never come into the market!

Carey, conscious of energy and capacity to make his own way in the world, if allowed to do so, felt that he was being badly treated by his father. Since taking his degree he had constantly pressed this wish upon him, but he had not been listened to, and by this time he had spent some months in enforced idleness at home. Not but that Mr. Maybanke had very definite ideas and plans with regard to his son's future. He himself had spent the greater part of his life in a

hard struggle with fortune, for he had had the usual lot of a younger son,—a luxurious bringing-up, a classical education, and a small allowance. Directly he found himself his own master, Mr. Maybanke determined to become a rich man. He was clever, persevering, and not to be daunted, so he put his family pride in his pocket till he could afford to display it, and devoted himself to the business of money-making.

Money-making, indeed, as a craft, he despised ; but he was resolved to have what money alone could procure. He succeeded ; and when, after amassing a considerable fortune, he retired from the Stock Exchange, the word *business* was a forbidden one in his hearing.

He married late in life a lady much younger than himself, to whom he had been long engaged, and soon after he bought a beautiful property in Kent, on which he settled for the remaining years of his life. During the peaceful years that followed he almost forgot how fierce the struggle had been by which he had secured the object of his young ambition—a family estate. The notion that his only son should desire any other position than that of a country gentleman (a class that he feared was rapidly dying out of England) was distasteful, and even incomprehensible, to him. Carey, the heir to so beautiful a little property as Ladywood, to wish to spend his youth in poky London lodgings ! Where, indeed, had he picked up these low, commercial notions ?

For Mr. Maybanke might have persuaded himself that his family had always been masters of the Ladywood property, had it not been for one great drawback.

The Ladywood estate was not all his ; and when he was in a despondent mood Mr. Maybanke would express the fear that it never would be. It had been a cruel disappointment to find, when examining the fair Ladywood lands with all the delight of ownership, that a small, but the choicest, portion of them had been sold some years before by the proprietor, who had not, at that time, been in such reduced circumstances as to contemplate parting with the entire estate. The property had been considered a great bargain by Mr. Maybanke's advisers, and it had come into the market just when he was most anxious to buy. An additional motive, too, for his choice was the fact that Mrs. Maybanke's uncle, a life-long friend of his own, was rector of the adjoining country town of Ladyhampton (commonly called *Lampton*), of which the little village of Ladywood was a hamlet ; and had it not been for that unlucky piece of land—more coveted than ever was Naboth's vineyard—Mr. Maybanke

might have enjoyed to the full the well-deserved repose of his last years.

But to drive constantly past that richly-wooded hill, which belonged of right to his property, to see strangers constantly coming to inspect the ruins of the old Priory at its foot, were griefs of daily recurrence. And the present owner, who had all his wits about him, delighted to annoy the envious squire by frequent threats of burning down the old place, which he was wont, in brutal, matter-of-fact speech, to declare was "neither good for man nor beast!" Mr. Maybanke had commenced negotiations for the purchase of the land soon after his arrival at Ladywood. But Farmer Wossett knew his man; and Mr. Maybanke, with chagrin, was obliged to own that he could not give the exorbitant price demanded, without unduly reducing his present income, and leaving his wife and son ill-provided for after his death.

Mr. Wossett, on his part, had no wish to sell;—or so, at least, he often assured Mr. Hopperton, the rector of Lampton. Mr. Hopperton could have bought up the Ladywood property and Farmer Wossett also, had he chosen; but in Mr. Maybanke's opinion he had none of the instincts of a country gentleman, preferring to squander his money in the most eccentric manner on a swarm of *protégés*, and looking upon landed property with philistine contempt.

Had the squire listened to Mr. Hopperton's advice, he would have laughed at Farmer Wossett, whistled a tune, Nero fashion, while the old Priory was a-burning, and allowed his son Carey to become a civil engineer, like young Lord Eustace Huntley, whose father had modern ideas.

Mr. Maybanke liked nothing better than his friend Hopperton's conversation, but when these subjects were started it was plain that the deafness, which had been creeping over him of late years, had so rapidly increased, that even the rector's cheery tones were inaudible to him.

Mr. Hopperton was at least ten years younger than the squire, and his health and activity of mind were perfect; and although Mrs. Maybanke could not prevent herself from thinking it probable that Carey was his heir, she felt that any conjectures on the subject of his fortune, and how Carey might spend a part of it, were as useless as they were unworthy. She had kept her uncle's house for him for many happy, if uneventful, years, and the closest intercourse had existed between the two houses since her marriage. Mr. Hopperton, she would often muse to herself, was undoubtedly right, and his views were as sensible as they were invariably kind-hearted. But still, if he

could have been induced to express a little more sympathy with the squire with regard to his favourite hobby, it might have been an advantage—indeed, might he not, even then, gently lead his friend to relinquish these desires which he could not possibly gratify? And then, again, the question presented itself, Would the old rector be so much the loser, as the gainer, if he were himself to gratify those very natural desires? He was so rich, so free from encumbrance, and generally so generous! Such thoughts as these made Mrs. Maybanke sigh, more often than she should have done, over the strange discrepancies in the arrangement of tastes and means, as at present observable in an otherwise improving world.

Since Carey's birth the squire had found fresh ground for hope, which grew with the lad, and could not now be far from fulfilment. The old Priory had mocked him with the baffled desire of possession for more than five-and-twenty years; but it might yet be his;—indeed, he had lately more than once assured Mrs. Maybanke that it would be his! The ground for hope was of the simplest nature. As a boy Carey had heard of little else when he came home for his holidays; and as a young man at college he had been accustomed to give his half-laughing, half-sheepish assent to his father's repeated assertion that "Carey should marry an heiress." The idea had become a matter of almost life-and-death importance to the old man, so why should Carey contradict him? "Let her have her eyes straight in her head; and I don't mind yellow hair, father," he would sometimes say, silyly. At which times Mr. Maybanke felt that he was making quite a generous concession to his son's feelings when he would reply, "Oh yes, a handsome lass, of course! That's all you silly lads think of; but you talk differently when you come to *my* time of life!"

Such was the state of things when Carey returned to the Priory after his last term at Oxford.

He was the exact picture of his father's youth; a tall, well-made young man, with good looks of a somewhat old-fashioned type. His face was without beard; and, indeed, it was a rather tender subject with Carey that he had so small an excuse for using a razor at all. His manners, also, were what might be termed old-fashioned, in that he was neither supercilious to men, nor casual with women; and, consequently, both men and women liked him. With old ladies he was an especial favourite, perhaps because he reminded them of the young men of a generation ago. As for his tastes and character, he was a keen sportsman, and, unlike the *blasés* "mashers" of to-day, an indefatigable dancer; clever, but not much given to books;

athletic, open-hearted ; somewhat obstinate when any settled idea had taken possession of his mind.

Carey found but few changes in the Priory and its inmates on his return home. But these changes were notable.

His father was feebler in health, but the more rooted in his darling wishes for his son's future. His mother was the same as ever, but apparently a little over-anxious that the home peace should be maintained undisturbed, for the old squire's sake. And Blanche Gressell, her *protégée*, whom he had left a prim little girl in short frocks, was now a grown-up young lady, with a demure but most provoking smile, which she used as answer to that first look of his—a look expressing all that he felt of astonishment and admiration.

She had till now lived in the village with an invalid aunt, and Mrs. Maybanke had found a delicate way of adding to the poor gentlewoman's slender income, by employing Blanche to read every day to the old squire, before he took his luncheon at two o'clock. Carey had been quite accustomed to the sight of the little figure coming sedately up the avenue every morning, when he was home for vacations. It was difficult to think of her as anything but "Banny"—a diminutive of his own invention—and he did not attempt it. She was now living at the Priory until some definite plan could be decided for her future ; for her old aunt had lately died, and Mrs. Maybanke knew that Blanche's education would not fit her for what is nowadays required in a governess. Mr. Hopperton and she had agreed between them that she ought to go to a good boarding-school for at least two years, before entering on the difficult task of earning her own livelihood. Next winter they would send her to Mrs. Maybanke's old schoolmistress, Miss Slater, whose establishment did such wonders for backward girls ; and during the holidays there would be always a welcome for her with them at the Priory. As she was only just seventeen, with far less experience of the world than many girls younger than herself, Mrs. Maybanke was not sorry to give her a few months' happiness among her only friends, before launching her by herself on the unknown sea of society. Banny was a charming little companion to her and to the old squire, when Carey was away from home, and as intelligent as she was industrious.

But it required Carey's eyes to make the discovery that Blanche was very pretty, as well as the possessor of all those good and useful qualities with which his mother had credited her. "Very pretty," he told himself, and certainly more at her ease than was he, when Mrs. Maybanke had proposed, on the first evening of his return, that

she should show him the new summer-house, which he had planned before he went away.

She chatted gaily as they walked along together ; while he, scarcely listening, and not once answering, was watching every motion of the slight, supple figure at his side, and thinking what a winsome little head it was, that turned this way and that. A small, well-shaped little head, with an abundance of short, fair hair—so fair as to be almost colourless—growing low on the white forehead. Her complexion matched her hair, and her features were delicate and *piquante*—what the French so sweetly name *mignonne*. She had a way of looking up at people out of her grey eyes with a certain air of admiring attention, while round the corners of her mouth there lurked the saucy little smile that seemed to contradict it. For several days (perhaps by reason of this most provoking but fascinating smile) Carey was not quite sure whether to adore or to hate her. Before long, however, he found himself devoting the greater part of his time to following the little black-robed figure about from house to garden, and from garden to house. As Mrs. Maybanke, all unwittingly, committed the foolish mistake of allowing them to be together as much as they pleased, the inevitable result followed. Carey and Banny, after two or three preliminary quarrels, found that they could not do without each other's society, and they became fast friends. Carey admired her courage, as well as her complete innocence ; and his heart was often sore when he pictured her battling alone with the cold, hard world. And what could Banny do but admire him, and feel delight in his society? Gradually she crept into his love—gradually, but the more surely. Gradually her mind became possessed with his presence, till her whole soul seemed filled with love of him, and to be near him was a joy that she could not have described. And then he spoke, and her shy silence answered. And they took long walks together hand in hand, while he told her the story of his love over and over again. And Banny listened and was glad, for she loved him.

Carey soon began to form plans and resolutions for his future and Blanche's, which his strong will determined to carry out.

Just now, as he sat brooding in the conservatory, it was plain from the look on his face that those plans and resolutions were presenting themselves vividly before him ; while beyond, in the drawing-room, sat the little family group, unconscious and unsuspecting. Carey had been for one week engaged to Blanche. A week's troubled happiness, which he knew could not last.

It was impossible that, under such an observant eye as his

mother's—with every facility for observation—the whole affair should not soon be discovered. And that meant, Blanche banished for ever; her protectors turned into enemies; the poor child cast friendless on the world. For Carey knew that desperate measures would be taken to prevent him from ever seeing her again. At the mere thought his eyes flashed: then he smiled: he knew, with a sweet sense of peace, that his love was stronger than any power of opposition.

His resolution, indeed, was taken. If his father exacted impossibilities from him, he must disobey his father. But he would do so without causing him a moment's pain. The deception which he contemplated seemed to him lawful, in that it would leave undisturbed the tranquillity of the old man's declining years. Hitherto he had given up his own way to him in everything; but, where the choice of his wife was concerned, Carey told himself that he would bow to no man.

He had made up his mind to marry Blanche Gressell secretly; to live at the Priory as before; and when—no, he did not allow himself actually to anticipate his father's death—when circumstances changed, he would be free to proclaim, without self-reproach, what he had done. He must have the assurance that, whatever happened, however they were separated, Banny belonged to him. When the right time came, he would know how to claim her as his own! He had already procured a special licence, and now he only awaited an opportunity of uniting their destinies for ever.

How to persuade Blanche to go through the marriage ceremony—to go to church with him and be made his wife—that was apparently the only difficulty that remained. But she was so inexperienced, so obedient to him, that Carey flattered himself the task would not be beyond his powers. He had told her enough of his father's views to induce her to keep their engagement secret, at any rate for the present.

But the strain was telling on her, and she looked whiter than ever. Like himself, she would no doubt feel it a relief when all was finally settled.

CHAPTER II.

Had I the right to name her by my name,
To call her mine:—what matter what has been,
Or will be, to me, then? Nor hate, nor blame,
Nor life, nor death could part us, come between.

G. H.

HIS meditations over for the present, Carey softly opened the conservatory door, and entered the drawing-room.

His father had dropped off to sleep again. Mrs. Maybanke and Banny were talking in whispers, and he drew up a low chair beside them.

"Don't you agree with me, Carey," began his mother, in low tones, as she turned towards him, "that Banny has been looking very poorly this last week or two?" Mrs. Maybanke laid down her *crochet* and glanced from one to the other. "I mean to send her away for a change," she went on. "Young girls require change of scene oftener than we old folk."

Carey scanned Blanche's downcast face with anxious eyes. "Yes: she is rather pale," he said presently; and Banny's glance met his appealingly.

"I am going to send her to my friend Lady Packville. She took a great fancy to Blanche last spring when she was here (you weren't at home, Carey), and gave her a general invitation. And she wrote and asked her again yesterday."

"Is it all arranged, then?" Carey asked, with some abruptness.

"Yes; to-day. I must learn to spare Banny," Mrs. Maybanke added kindly; "and it is of importance to her to keep up with her London friends. I wish I did not need to part with her. It will be dear Miss Slater's turn next. But I know Blanche will be happy with her."

Carey's face flushed, and he half put out his hand while his mother bent over her work, as though he could scarcely restrain himself from seizing Blanche's, lying within reach on the table before them.

"So you settled it to-day, mother?" he said with an accent that attempted indifference.

"Yes; and I was just telling Banny that I had written to Lady Packville to say that she should go on Monday."

"How long are you to stay?" Carey inquired, looking Blanche full in the face.

"Till Saturday, not longer," answered Mrs. Maybanke. "Your father will miss her, I am afraid."

Carey got up quickly without speaking, and moved to the other end of the room; and soon after the great clock below struck ten, the squire awoke gently at the well-known sounds, and they went downstairs to the hall for prayers.

Mrs. Maybanke opened the piano, which stood near the staircase, and the long row of servants joined in the Evening Hymn, led by Banny's ringing voice. The squire sat listening in a large oak chair, with a look of peaceful pleasure on his fresh old face. Every now and then his white head nodded in time to the well-known tune.

Carey, with arms folded and head thrown back, stood at a little distance from his father's chair, his attitude being quite unconsciously that of the portrait of Mr. Maybanke as a young man, which hung in the morning-room beyond the hall. Mr. Platten, the butler, and Mrs. Lacey, the lady's-maid, had often compared notes on the likeness.

To-night Carey allowed himself to look at Blanche as much as he pleased. She was so pale and fair; too pale, he thought tenderly—his little "white pearl!"

And then they all knelt down, and the old squire repeated the Lord's Prayer, Mr. Platten's sonorous voice being heard above the hum of the maid-servants.

Prayers being over, Carey, according to the custom of years, gave his father his arm upstairs. But first he held out one hand to Blanche, the other holding the candle which he had lighted for her. There was something wonderfully pathetic in the scene; the unconscious confidence of the old man awaiting his son at the foot of the great staircase; Mrs. Maybanke whispering a last injunction to one of the maids; and beyond, the two young people, clasping hands, the one pale with an inner resolution, the other rosy with the joy of love.

"Good-night, Banny," he said. "So you run away from us on Monday, do you?"

"Good-night, Carey," she answered demurely.

But inwardly she wondered at the peculiar significance of his tone, and at the strange light in his eyes as he spoke.

CHAPTER III.

Perhaps I am uncharitable in my judgment of those sour-looking people I told you of the other day, and of these smiling folks. It may be that they are born with these looks, as other people are with more generally recognised deformities. Both are bad enough, but I had rather meet three of the scowlers than one of the smilers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

No human figure stir'd to go or come,
 No face look'd forth from shut or open casement;
 No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
 From parapet to basement.
 With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd;
 The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after;
 And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd
 With naked beam and rafter.

HOOD: *Haunted House.*

ON Wednesday, ten days after Blanche's departure, Mrs. Maybanke, in garden gloves, and with a shady straw hat tied under her

chin, was moving about among the Priory flower-beds, snipping off the dead leaves, and filling a basket with roses for her own little boudoir. She missed Blanche's merry talk as the two had wandered about the grounds together, on bright summer mornings, while the rooks in the copse beyond cawed and whirled in the air, and the light breeze made all the leaves whisper together.

Carey had been absent from home for more than a week. He had gone up to Town the day after Banny had left them, to pay a few days' visit to his college friend Parry, who, Mrs. Maybanke knew, was soon to sail for India. She expected him home that evening.

The Priory had seemed very dull and empty without the two young people. The rector, too, had failed them, for he was laid up with a bad cold, and—an unusual occurrence with him—had not left his bed for several days. He was to have dined with them that night, but was now, of course, unable to fulfil his engagement. The squire, who had a hundred things to talk to him about, would be very disappointed. Mrs. Maybanke heaved a sigh. It was but one step in her imagination from the squire to his hobby, and from Mr. Hopperton to his money! But no: there was no question of that; and the sooner Carey met and wooed his "heiress," the better for every one.

She had often pictured her daughter-in-law—a tall and stately damsel, with the usual well-bred, slightly *bored* expression of good society. Would she find her husband's mother just a trifle old-fashioned, a little dull? she wondered, with a touch of self-pity. Of course, it would be very nice when the squire was satisfied; and Carey was so gentle and lovable, he would make an excellent husband. He was very young, she mused with a sigh; but had not Mr. Hopperton often said in her hearing that if a man married at all, he had better do it young? And Mrs. Maybanke had never yet disputed her uncle's wisdom.

She stopped in her walk to look up at the red-brick, ivy-covered house, and mentally decided the rooms which the young couple would require. "Mrs. Carey" should have every comfort. The morning-room, with its oriel-window looking out on the velvet lawn, its beautiful pictures and old oak cabinets, should be set apart for her sole use. Mrs. Maybanke relinquished it with the greater ease in that her own boudoir was upstairs—a cosy little room, devoted to talks with Carey, who liked nothing better than to join Blanche and herself there for four-o'clock tea.

Those talks, and his old habit of spending a few minutes with her in her dressing-room before he had his "last smoke" at night,

would of course be at an end. There must necessarily be some changes in the household customs ; and, although she was bravely resolved not to complain, the reflection was not without sadness.

Mrs. Maybanke had been moving slowly across the lawn while she mused on all these things. Now she turned into the rose-walk (or *rosery*, as it was called), where branching rose-trees had been trained to meet overhead, and to form an arbour of shade and fragrance in the summer. Out of the rookery, not far off, the *caw-caw* of the birds came to her ear, mingling with many other delightfully familiar country sounds. From the courtyard, round which, in the form of a horseshoe, the house was built, Mrs. Lacey's voice sounded, shrilly calling the chickens to come and be fed. Here, in the winding rosery, it was almost dark, till you rounded a corner and the sunlight flickered in again at the farther opening.

After a short time devoted to an inspection of the kitchen garden, and particularly of the peach wall, Mrs. Maybanke slowly returned to the house. It seemed dreadfully still ; and the new kitchenmaid's deep laugh came distinctly through long passages and several closed doors.

"It's only their low way, mem ; those common people don't re'lly know no better," said Mrs. Lacey, her elderly maid, with a sympathetic look, taking her mistress's hat and gloves as she spoke. "I've told the cook to talk to her about it. It's her place, of course. But I don't know as we shall make anything of her, mem. Mr. Platten says she's such a rude, *volgar* gurl."

Mrs. Maybanke concealed a smile, and quietly mounting the staircase, she passed through the drawing-room into the large conservatory beyond. Outside, the great hickory-tree, a feature of the house, leaned its long green boughs against the wall, and threw a shadow on the corner where the maidenhair and hothouse ferns were ranged.

"You must water these, Lacey," Mrs. Maybanke said, "now dear Miss Blanche is gone."

"Yes, mem," said Lacey. "And please, mem, I thought it might be a good day for to look out your autumn things, mem. Time flies, we know ; and we shall be in leaves and rain before long, for certain ; and you in your musling gown, unprovided, so to speak."

She led the way down a narrow corridor, hung with small, black framed engravings, to Mrs. Maybanke's boudoir.

"They're all laid out, mem, and we can try 'em on quiet-like, now Mr. Carey ain't here to make his fun."

Somehow the long morning crept away, as Mrs. Maybanke looked over her wardrobe with Mrs. Lacey to advise and to suggest,

Heaven would not have been heaven to Lacey had it contained no such mornings.

After luncheon the old-fashioned carriage, with the rumble behind—where Blanche and Carey loved to sit, and duck their heads when they passed beneath the drooping elm-branches of the park—and a venerable but sour-faced coachman on the box, took Mr. and Mrs. Maybanke off for their afternoon drive. Platten whistled to a dog, lighted one of Carey's cigars, and, in a loud checked coat of the latest mode, strolled down to the village. The footman and the new kitchenmaid amused themselves by mimicking his aristocratic deportment, to the delight of the cook, who permitted herself to "enjoy a bit o' fun when *Meeria Lacey* were not there to spoil the play." Mrs. Lacey herself had moved too long in the best circles to find any amusement in such "low" behaviour. Shut up in her own sitting-room, she devoted the whole afternoon to millinery, some discarded raiment of her mistress inducing the unwonted industry. In the courtyard, outside her window, the nine children of Mr. Poles, the coachman, were tearing round and round, now flattening their noses with inquisitive eagerness against the pane, then fleeing pell-mell when she arose, with wrathful fist-shaking, to dislodge them. All her life long Mrs. Lacey had suffered because she prided herself on feelings "above her class"; even her friend Platten occasionally found her sadly wanting in a sense of humour. She could not bring herself to join in the applause, which fairly threatened to blow off the school-room roof, when the butler from the Priory rehearsed at village concerts his well-known *répertoire* of songs *in costume*. To her, such condescension was profanity of the office of butler in a "genteel family"; and her solemn looks, through all her neighbours' nudging, suggested that she was taking part in a funeral service, rather than enjoying something unusually comic and racy.

The carriage rumbled on in the direction of Lampton, and turned in at the Rectory gates. Mr. Hopperton had not left his room, but he sent many messages to the squire by his curate, who had come to visit him on parish affairs.

Standing in the doorway, hat in hand, with a sympathetic expression on his sallow, shaven face, the Reverend Whympur Burroughs poured out an eloquent description of Mr. Hopperton's condition into the squire's impatient ears. Mr. Maybanke could never understand on what principle the rector had chosen his curate. "A man who looks like a shop-walker, or an advertisement of the last fashion in parsons' clothes; who gives you a hand like a wet sponge to squeeze; and talks so indistinctly that one can't hear one word in ten he says——" here Mr. Maybanke's disgust would overpower

his eloquence, and an expressive glance upwards would complete the sentence.

"It's his hobby, you know," he would add, when strangers who rather fancied Mr. Burroughs's fine manner and imposing figure ventured a remonstrance; "Hopperton's a charming fellow, charming fellow, but so fond of these queer adventurers; likes to give the beggars a helping hand! The Church is full of them nowadays;—worse luck, worse luck!"

It annoyed him now, that Mrs. Maybanke, who enjoyed a good long talk on parish matters with the curate, should be transferring the rector's invitation to him.

"He lunched with us on Sunday, my dear," he murmured very audibly as he nudged her arm.

"So kind of you, Mrs. Maybanke; I shall be delighted, I'm *shaw*," Mr. Burroughs said with his usual smile—a process which was merely a stretching of his straight, thin lip over his small white teeth, a line of red gum showing above.

"My son will be at home, we hope," Mrs. Maybanke added.

Mr. Burroughs bowed and smiled again, and the squire cut short any further expression of politeness by giving the signal for the carriage to move on.

"I cannot agree with you, Philippa, about that young man," he began, when they were out of hearing. "So much assurance with ladies, and yet such disgusting servility. I wonder where Hopperton picked him up!"

"He used to be in business, I have heard; indeed, he told me so himself," Mrs. Maybanke answered. "He had a hard struggle with poverty till our kind uncle met him, not many years ago, and gave him a helping hand."

"Your uncle's too fond of lame dogs," burst out the squire angrily; "and I can tell you I don't like the fellow at Ladywood."

Towards the close of the drive Mr. Maybanke raised himself in the carriage, and let his eyes rove over the charming scene that now lay spread before them. Askers Hill rose in a gradual incline behind the ruin of the old Priory, which stood far back from the road in a sheltered hollow—a quaint, grey-mullioned building, past which the little river Asker rushed, with a murmur they distinctly heard. Here grew the choicest wild flowers and ferns for miles round; here stood the oldest trees; and, as though tradition had descended to them, the swans belonging to the new Priory came sailing down the river to the home of their ancestors. Mr. Maybanke could see them flapping their great wings, and tossing the clear water, as the carriage, after turning in through a neglected wooden gate, drove along a narrow

roadway with huge elms meeting overhead. Here was the best view of the old house, with the sun shining through its broken front in long flames of light—a melancholy, old-world object, devoted to decay in the very midst of summer verdure and beauty.

The squire leaned feebly over the side of the carriage, while Mrs. Maybanke contented herself with looking at the swans, and wondering how they found their way so far down the stream. She disliked this part of the afternoon drive, and would fain have given Poles orders to return home by a shorter route.

Soon after the carriage passed out by another gate, and the squire took up the thread of his usual remarks.

“How old is Carey?” he asked, for the third time that week.

“Twenty-three last March.”

“And young Campbell, your cousin, married at twenty-one! His property cannot compare with Ladywood; do you think so, Philippa? But Ladywood is nothing now to what it will be some day. My dear, had you heard, that wretched Wossett talks of felling those trees! Think of that! There are no such elms in all the county.”

“His poor wife looks like a shadow,” Mrs. Maybanke remarked, to change the conversation. “She’s had the doctor every day for the last fortnight, Lacey tells me.”

“The timber will pay his bill,” returned the squire grimly.

“My dear,” he began again, after a short silence, “how much was Miss Golding’s fortune?—the young lady, I mean, whom your cousin was so fortunate as to meet at that *hôtel* in Germany, a few summers ago.”

“Nine thousand a year: she was an only child,” Mrs. Maybanke replied, for the third time that week.

“Carey never seems to think about going abroad,” the old man remarked presently. “I must talk to him about it.”

CHAPTER IV.

Here’s the garden she walked across,
 Arm in my arm such a short while since :
 Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
 Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
 As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;
 For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

ROBERT BROWNING : *Garden Fancies.*

At dessert that evening, while the Reverend Whympier Burroughs was delicately peeling a peach for Mrs. Maybanke, Carey’s step was heard on the threshold.

He had walked from Lampton, and had already dined, he said, in answer to Platten's solicitous inquiries.

He had on his Sunday coat, and a single white lily withered in his button-hole. He was very pale—almost haggard—and his eyelids were reddened by fatigue or emotion.

A greater contrast to the sleek complacency of the clergyman opposite to him could not have been discovered, although no one troubled to observe it.

The squire had been delivering his opinions at great length upon the interesting question of matrimony; and the curate had proved almost as earnest in supporting his view, that to marry without money "on *both* sides" was little short of suicidal! "Why had *he* not turned his steps to Germany on his last summer holiday? where Mrs. Maybanke's cousin seemed to have made such a successful tour. For the Rev. Whymper Burroughs considered himself to be "a great favourite with the ladies." And he confidently expected, partly by the aid of his own charms, and partly by the attractiveness of the clerical profession to devout ladies (of large fortune), to make, as so many of his brethren had done, a wealthy marriage. During conversation such as he was now holding with the squire, the curate had a somewhat singular habit of twisting his fingers and stroking his upper lip, which habit owed its origin to the fact that once upon a time there grew thereon a long and silky moustache of a very worldly type. This had, however, been long sacrificed to the hopes of ecclesiastical promotion. "A bishop with a moustache!" The very idea had aroused the wrath of all his clerical advisers. So, as Burroughs contemplated a bishopric, the moustache was doomed. But its glory lingered yet.

"Uncle Hopperton looks rather pulled down, mother," Carey began, waking up from a reverie at a question put by Mrs. Maybanke. "I promised to ride over and spend an hour or two with him to-morrow."

"He always enjoys a visit from Mr. Carey," put in the curate, with his blandest smile. "We often wish that the Priory were nearer." He smiled again at Mrs. Maybanke as he spoke, and she bowed prettily in return. The squire, who had not caught the remark, frowned, and murmured something to himself about "indistinct talking."

Carey had apparently buried himself once more in his reverie, when he was aroused by the curate asking, in somewhat pointed tones: "Whether he had by any chance seen anything of little Miss Blanche during his London visit?"

For a moment the young man seemed to have lost command of himself, as, turning sharply round, he fixed the innocent-looking

clergyman with his furious gaze. Then, as suddenly, his eyes dropped; he became deadly pale, and there was an awkward little silence, which Mrs. Maybanke's mild remonstrance, "Carey, dear!" served rather to emphasise than to mend.

"Miss Blanche is in London, is she not?" inquired Burroughs, with an injured air; "I'm *shaw* I understood so from yourself, Mrs. Maybanke."

"Yes, yes," she answered quickly; "but nowhere near where my son was staying.—You are tired, Carey," she added, by way of turning the topic; while the old squire, without the least apprehension of the subject of dispute, but nevertheless enjoying to the full the curate's chagrined looks, rose from the table with the loudly uttered remark, "None of his business, I dare swear!"

It was a calm August evening, towards the end of the month—one of those days of gold and crimson which seem to be summer's last setting. The brilliant flames of a glorious sunset were dyeing the dining-room panes with every imaginable colour. Fields and hills and lawns without seemed all a-fire. The *caw-caw* of the rooks came through the open hall-door as Carey, leaving his mother and the clergyman to their parish talk, sauntered out along the avenue. To him all this calm and peaceful beauty of a country summer's night was but a mockery—a mask over a passion-distorted countenance. And amid the hundred innocent voices of happy beasts and birds around him, he could only hear the sighing of his own tempest-tossed soul. The beauty and the peace were hateful to him just then; the voices jarred. He wished himself away, among crowded streets; and his ears coveted the clash and rumble of the great city. Nature's pure face and sweet tones irritated, instead of comforting, him. How men laugh at Fate! he mused, with bitterness; and how they struggle against it! But the wrestling, though it last until the daybreak, availeth nothing; and they arise, like Jacob, changed, new-named, weak and maimed. But of the blessing at the close of the conflict perhaps Carey dared not think.

The withered lily fell from his button-hole to the ground; but, instantly missing it, he stopped and lifted it to his lips. Would his fair lily ever wither, and drop from his keeping? A mist seemed to blot the quiet scene from his sight, and many memories, crowding upon him, made his heart ache. Still, all the time his feet were unconsciously carrying him from spot to spot, each dedicated to some past moment, where love had first awaked, where love had spoken, where a soft little sigh had answered love with love!

* * * * *

Here, in this shady corner, where the ancient ivy had spread sheltering boughs of almost tree-like proportions, Banny had read aloud to him all their favourite books:—Emerson, Charles Lamb, Thomas Hardy, and rare Richard Jefferies. Here, too, hung their hammocks side by side : how well he remembered her “capsising” him one morning while he lazily slumbered in it ! And in the *rosery*—but no, he had scarcely the courage to enter that. The roses within might awake at his footsteps, and tell him how once they had watched and listened ! It was there that he had first covered the soft fair head with kisses ; there that she had slipped upon his finger the little silver bangle-ring. What a point she had made of its being a “*real bangle-ring*”—real silver too ! It was Banny’s one poor piece of jewelry.

* * * * *

The squire was nearly worn out with the struggle of maintaining a polite demeanour to the Reverend Whymper Burroughs, when the curate at last rose to take his leave. Carey had not appeared again in the drawing-room during the evening.

“I do miss little Banny’s songs,” the squire said, throwing himself into an easy-chair, when he had reached his room. “And where’s the boy been all the evening?”

“Carey seems very tired and out of spirits,” Mrs. Maybanke answered, opening the door of her room, which led out of the squire’s, and into a smaller apartment which Banny occupied when she was at the Priory. “I dare say it would be a good plan for him to go abroad for a few weeks, Marchmont.”

“Ah, he couldn’t stand that *whimpering* Burroughs,” the squire shouted, highly pleased with his own wit. “Platten,” he said to the butler, who had just entered the room with a tray bearing whisky and water ; “next time Mr. Burroughs comes, let me know, that I may be in the library, and not to be disturbed on any account !”

Mrs. Maybanke left him chuckling to himself, as she closed the door, and sat down at her *escritoire* to enter the day’s events in her diary. It was at this time that Carey generally came to talk with her for a few minutes—a custom that had been continued since the old days when, as a little boy, he could not sleep till she had sung some favourite ditty by his bedside, or whispered a soothing story into his ear, as his arms clasped her neck.

But to-night he did not come ; and she sat waiting and waiting till the remembrance of Mrs. Lacey patiently abiding her summons, made Mrs. Maybanke walk slowly to the window, and look for traces of the absent one outside. Perhaps he had forgotten the good-night

hour ; and she softly unfastened the casement, and listened for his footstep on the gravel below. Soon she heard it : he had forgotten ; and the familiar smell of his cigar hung on the clear summer air. The waning harvest-moon lighted up the park, and the rookery, and the outline of Carey's figure moving quickly to and fro in restless, hurried pacing. Then he passed out of sight among the shadows, and she closed the window sadly.

Some hours later she awoke suddenly from a vivid dream, to fancy that the stillness of early night, which now wrapped the house, was broken by stealthy footsteps in the passage outside. She could not have decided whether it was a dream-voice, or one well-known, which then so softly spoke the words she so distinctly heard:—
“*Good-night, Banny : good-night, my dearest !*”

Surely it was all part of her dream ; for Blanche was far away in London.

Poor Carey ! it was his wedding-night.

(To be continued.)

FRESH-WATER FISH AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

IT is matter of wonder, seeing how much has been written of late years on the folklore of animals and plants, that so little attention should have been paid to the curious beliefs connected with fish. Hardly any English writer condescends to give them more than a passing notice. In France, Rolland and Sèbillot have not forgotten them. Probably from being so much out of man's notice, not found until caught, as it were, fish have escaped in great measure the pleasing fancies of folklore, the terrors of superstition, even the mild wisdom of the proverb-monger. A certain class of minds has an utter repugnance to fish. Odysseus and the heroes who fought at Troy would not touch them. No more would Sir Galahad in the great English Epic. Numbers among the working-classes at present will not eat fish. Ask a Scotchman to taste a dish of eels and see what he will say. Still, folklore has crystallised round some of our fresh-water fish (just as in the South Kensington Museum a small fish may be seen inside a lump of amber), and, oddly enough, most of it has settled on the eel and its reputation. This may be from its resemblance to the serpent, the primal cause of the trouble and death that have invaded the world. Singularly enough Mr. Henderson, in his amusing book "My Life as an Angler," tells a story which bears out this notion. Mr. Henderson had once brought home to his landlady some eels to be cooked for dinner, when she broke out: "Nay, nay, Mr. Henderson, surely ye wadna hae me touch thae serpent beasts. Think now o' what the serpent did to poor Eve; nay, aw canna get ower that" (ed. 1876, p. 104). And he adds that many of the Scotch peasantry believe the eel to be only a species of water-serpent.

But the first place must be given to the *salmonidæ*, and, of course, in it the salmon (*salmo salar*) deserves most consideration. From some old Keltic belief yet lingering among the Highlands, this fish is never spoken of by gillies and fishermen there as a salmon; it

is always *par excellence* a "fish," or more frequently a "fush." They would look grave and uneasy did an angler under their charge speak of taking a "salmon." Much in the same way we believe that the right, or Greenland, whale is always called by the whalers a "fish." Such an undefined awe surrounds whale and salmon, as it were with a halo, in the eyes of their superstitious captors that these quarries as of right arrogate to themselves the superior, nay, the supreme title, "fish." That the salmon was of importance in Keltic times emerges from the curious legend of St. Kentigern, "The Salmon and the Ring," the remembrance of which lingers in the armorial bearings of Glasgow. The town of Lanark and University College, Aberdeen, also bear salmon in their arms. Walton deems the blackish spots with which salmon are marked "an addition of natural beauty such as I think was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves." It is too tantalising, however, in these days of river pollutions, when he goes on to assert that no salmon "are of so excellent a taste" as the salmon of Thames. Pliny, for his part, gives the preference to those of Aquitaine. Proverbs have not forgotten the salmon. "Lose a hook," says one, or "throw a sprat to catch a salmon." Like entering Corinth, another declares "It is not for every one to catch a salmon." A Monmouthshire proverb runs, "A good year of prides" (lamprens) "a good year of salmon." "He kens nae a sealgh (seal) frae a salmon" tells its own nationality, and so does

A foot of Don 's worth two of Dee,
Except it be for fish and tree,

None but the French could have minted one: "Salmon and sermon have their season in Lent."

The trout is derived from a word meaning to eat, just as salmon from one meaning to leap. The former fish has acquired some celebrity in folk-medicine. Thus it is a superstition of Shropshire that a pie-dish full of cider should be taken down to a river, and a good-sized trout caught and drowned in the cider, would a person recover from the whooping-cough. Trout and cider were then to be carefully carried back to the house, and the sick person must eat the trout after it has been fried, and drink the cider.¹ In Northumberland, for the same ailment a trout's head is put into the mouth of the sufferer, and, as it is said, the trout is left to breathe in the patient's mouth.² Still more curiously, Mr. Henderson relates that a friend, when fishing in Cleveland, was asked by a peasant to give

¹ Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 205.

² Mr. Henderson's *Folklore of the Borders*, pp. 141, 154.

him a "wick" (live) trout to lay on the stomach of one of his children who was much troubled with worms, a trout so applied being a certain cure for that complaint. As to the time when a fisherman should go forth, the Herefordshire rhyme says :

When the bud of the Aul (Alder) is as big as the trout's eye
Then that fish is in season in the river Wye.

"Shropshire is full of trout and Tories," says another proverb. Several others may be here gathered.

"The best trouts must needs make the best sport."

"You must lose a fly before you can catch a trout."

"Said the chevin to the trout
My head's worth a' thy bouk (bulk)."

"On chatouille la truite pour la mieux prendre."

"Faute de truites on mange des barbeaux."

"Le cerf et la truite ont la même saison."

"Skilled hands eat trout."

"Trout are not caught with dry legs."

It is much to be feared that this last (a Spanish proverb) has a poaching savour about it. Evidently it only thinks of catching trout as being tickling them. Even Shakespeare falls back upon tickling on the two occasions on which he names trout.

"Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling," says Maria (*Twelfth Night*, II. 5, 25); and Pompey (*Measure for Measure*, I. 2, 92) speaks of "groping for trouts in a peculiar river."

The grayling is so little known that but scanty legendary lore attaches to it. Izaak Walton tells how the French value the grayling so highly that they say "he feeds on gold, and many have been caught on the famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken." Some think, he adds, that it feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it on being caught. He is very medicinal. "The fat of a grayling being set with a little honey a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness or swarthyness, or anything that breeds in the eyes." St. Ambrose, "the glorious Bishop of Milan," calls it "the flower-fish, or flower of fishes."

Next the nobler fishes for variety of folklore and proverbs, or even before them, comes the eel. Pliny says "yeeles live eight yeares, and if the north wind blow they abide without water six daies, but not so long in a southern wind. Of all fish, they alone, if they be dead, flote not above the water,"¹ and much more of the mar-

¹ Dr. Holland's *Translation* (1634), ix. 21.

vellous. The birch for boys under seventeen at Rome was formed out of eel-skins. How eels are engendered has always been a matter of wonder with the credulous. They have been said to spring from the mud, from rocks, the carcasses of animals, May dew, horsehair cut from a stallion's tail and put into water, and the like. Walton gives much amusing folklore on this fish; how eels have been known to lay themselves up in ordinary during winter in a haystack; that the flesh, though palatable, is dangerous meat, hence the "uncharitable" Italian proverb, "Give eels and no wine to enemies." An eel's skin worn about the naked leg is deemed in the North a preventive against cramp, and in Herefordshire against rheumatism. Eel's blood is a sovereign cure for warts. It is also believed on the Border that a horsehair kept in water will in due time turn into an eel. Shakespeare must have known eels in the Avon. He says:—

Is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3.

And again, "Cry to it, as the cockney did to the eels when she put them into the pasty alive; she rapped them o' the cockscombs with a stick and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!'" (*Lear*, ii. 11). Thin arms are compared to "eel-skins stuffed" (*King John*, i. 1). Proverbial lore of eels abounds. Such are—

"Put your hand in the creel, pull out an adder or an eel."

"You cannot hide an eel in a sack."

"Eels are not choked by mud."

"*Anguilla in strigmento.*"

"*Cauda tenes anguillam.*"

"*Folio ficulneo tenes anguillam.*"

(Because it was supposed that eels could only be held by their tails, or in a rough leaf like a fig-leaf.)

"He has a slid grip that has an eel by the tail;" this is a canny Scotch proverb. A favourite French one is, "The eels of Melun, which cry out before they are skinned." More French ones are: "No eel so big but it has a rival"; "to break an eel over your knee"; "holding a woman by her word and an eel by its tail, mean holding to nothing"; "you come too late, says Lent to young eels." The Danes believe that "He who has been bitten by a snake is afraid of an eel."

Although these notices might be indefinitely increased, it is time to pass to Walton's "tyrant of the rivers, or fresh-water wolf," the pike. So well marked and voracious a fish has naturally attracted

the notice of folklore. Even architecture has not disdained, if we are not much mistaken, to carve the pike. This fish will be found among the curious figures which form the corbel-table of the wonderful Norman church of Kilpeck, in Herefordshire. Some pike are bred by generation, says Walton, and others, "unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, of a weed called pickerel weed." He tells a story all anglers will remember, of the Emperor Ferdinand's pike which had a brass collar fastened round its neck, the inscription on which shewed that the pike had lived 267 years. Its voracity is vouched for by the same authority, for did it not bite a maid in Poland "by the foot as she was washing clothes in a pond"? One Mr. Seagrave, who kept tame otters, had known a pike in extreme hunger fight with one of them for a carp which the otter had caught, and there can be no manner of doubt that "a pike will devour a fish of his own kind that should be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow the other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees," inasmuch as even an ox does much the same in chewing the cud. Nay, a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure Gesner that he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a pike. Folk-medicine has seized upon the pike. Its jawbone, heart, and gall are medicinal in several kinds of diseases; they stop blood, abate fevers, cure ague, and expel the plague. On the other hand, a pike's bite is very venomous. Good Bishop Dubravius also tells many marvels of a pike. The largest caught in England of late years was 35 lbs. in weight. The legendary lore of Westminster has a story of one William Ushborne, keeper of the adjoining palace, who was given to sacrilege and appropriated a garden containing a pond belonging to the Sanctuary. One night he caught from it a pike and invited his neighbours to join him at supper. "He himself began upon it, and after two or three mouthfuls he screamed out, 'Look, look! here is come a fellow who is going to choke me;' and thus caught, without the viaticum, by the very fish which had been the cause of his sacrilege, he died on the spot, and was buried in the choir of St. Margaret's."¹ It is pleasanter to think of another William, Will Wimble, who used to catch pike for Sir Roger de Coverley, concerning whom he who lists may read in the *Spectator*.

Proverbs have not forgotten the pike. "Un brochet fait plus qu'une lettre de recommandation," is curiously fulfilled in an account of the progress of one Shillingford, Mayor of Exeter, to town to prose-

¹ Stanley's *Westminster Abbey*, p. 447.

cute an appeal against an adversary. When he reached London, he took care to purchase the finest pike he could find and send it to the Lord Chancellor with his respects. Needless to say that, after this *douceur*, the Chancellor found that the weight of evidence was entirely on the Mayor's side. "Better a salt herring on your own table than a fresh pike on another man's," is a homely lesson on content in Denmark, to which country the proverb belongs. "Little fish make the pike big," speaks for itself. "Better a pike's head than a sturgeon's tail," is probably justified in fact. A quaint proverb connected with the pike comes from the popular sayings of Italy :

Disse la tinca al luccio :
E meglio la mia testa che 'l tuo busto.

Risposta del luccio :
Taci, taci, tinca ruginente,
Chè chi mangia di te
Tutto il dì febbre sente.

Two still quaint proverbs attach to the pike in French folklore. "S'ennuyer comme un brochet dans le tiroir d'une huche," and "Le brochet est dans le fleuve pour que la tanche ne s'endorme pas."

Besides the medicinal virtues of the perch, alluded to in the saying, "More wholesome than a perch of Rhine," it is said to have a stone in its brain which is sold on the Continent by apothecaries on account of its sovereign virtues. This probably means the otolite, part of the mechanism of the pike's head to enable it to hear. Walton was credibly informed that the perch would grow till almost two feet in length. Such a fish would indeed be a prize to the modern perch fisher. Catch one perch, and the rest of the "school" can ordinarily be taken after it (that is, if one does not escape after being pricked with the hook); for perch, as it has been said, are "like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their friends and companions perish in their sight." The perch is not highly esteemed in folklore.

It is otherwise with the tench, which from early times has been regarded as "the physician of fishes." It was said that it carried a natural balsam to cure both itself and other fishes. The pike was esteemed its special patient, and that, whether sick or well, it was cured by the touch of a tench. "And it is observed," adds Walton gravely, "that the tyrant-pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he never so hungry." The tench's excellence appears in the doggerel :

De tous poissons fors che la tanche,
Prenez la dos, laissez la pance.

For the rest, "the tench, I am sure, eats pleasantly," says the patriarch of angling; "and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him."

The bream, although "a large and stately fish," is not held in high repute at present. Most people mentally connect it with fishing in the Broads. "And it is noted that the best part of a bream is his belly and head." The French say, "Qui a brème peut bremer ses amis." Mascal is thought to have introduced the carp into England, but Dame Juliana Berners names it long before his time. In any case "the carp is the queen of rivers," and grows to a great age. "It is thought that all carps are not bred by generation, but that some breed other ways, as some pikes do." Sébillot, in his "Brittany Traditions and Superstitions," amusingly enough relates: "Si la carpe frottait, étant dans l'eau, la main de l'homme avec sa queue, elle pourrait le paralyser" (p. 244, vol. 2). The French proverb for escaping capture is "le saut de carpe"; while "faire l'œil de carpe" means to vanish, or to make "yeux doux." Another proverb speaks how "on laisse aller le fretin pour courir après les carpes;" while, as a testimony to the excellence of the fish, it is said "he who eats carp is no fool." The capture of the barbel is now chiefly left to the Nottingham fishermen, but in old days it was more in request, and it is related that Archbishop Sheldon was particularly skilled in taking it. It is regarded as a noxious fish to eat, especially its roe, and the French say "the barbel is neither good to roast nor to boil." "As sound as a roach" is a common phrase. If the carp for his cunning is the water-fox, as Walton states, so the roach is the water-sheep for his simplicity. "Fresh as a roach" is another commendatory proverb of the French, while "to give a bull-head to catch a roach" finds many parallels. The loach is a "most dainty fish," but curiously is coupled by Shakespeare (1 *K. Henry IV.* I, 2) with the tench for the manner in which it is infested with fleas. "Fat as a loach," or "silent as a loach," are sufficiently apt comparisons. Folklore deals slightly with a few more English fish. The minnow is only renowned for "minnow-tansies," which who will may eat. As for the bull-head "Matthiolus commends him more for his taste and nourishment than for his shape or beauty." The chub, or cheven, is emphatically "un vilain" in the estimation of our neighbours. Piscator, it will be remembered, calls him "the fearfulest of fishes," and catches "a great logger-headed chub."

" Said the chevin to the trout,
My head's worth a' thy bouk" (bulk),

and this is exactly what a vaunting, worthless chub would be supposed to say could fish speak as do the animals in Æsop's Fables.

Without further dwelling on our common fresh-water fish, such

are some specimens of the wealth of proverbs and folklore which have gathered round them. It would be well worth the while of any country dweller, fond of fishing, to look deeper into the subject, and collect further superstitions and popular beliefs connected with it, as Rolland and Sèbillot have done so excellently for the fauna of France. The above have been put upon record on the principle of the proverb, "Better small fish than an empty dish." Another celebrated proverb, to be found in the "Hortus Sanitatis," the great picture-book of the fifteenth century, is "after fish, nuts" (*post pisces nuces*); but in the spirit of the proverb, to add moral lessons to what has been written might well be resented in an age so fruitful as is our own of sermons and wise injunctions. "Ower muckle water drowns the miller," according to a Scotch saying; and, having pointed out some landmarks in a sea of curious inquiry and conjecture, that must suffice. It behoves us now (to carry on the tone of this article) to become "muet comme un poisson."

M. G. WATKINS.

PANTOMIME IN THE FAR WEST.

ALTHOUGH many and various are the writers who have danced after Harlequin since that laughing child of Italian humour first set out upon his memorable journey westward some three hundred years ago, one important chapter in the history of pantomime still remains unrecorded. With our usual insular prejudice and parochialism, it has pleased us to think that the true clownery and pantaloony passed away with Grimaldi and Tom Matthews. How absurd! Master Harlequin had no more intention of ending his days in our foggy climate than he had under the clearer atmosphere of France. America marked the limit of his gambols westward; and when things began to look dull in the Old World, to America he skipped.

Perhaps we here in England are not so very much to blame for ignoring this last chapter in Harlequin's history. No one ever told us that America possessed a pantomimic school of her own. True, we have seen one or two Transatlantic clowns of merit, notably Alexander Zanfretta, who appeared in the "Nigger" pantomime of the "Hoodoo Queen," as produced at Her Majesty's by Haverly's Minstrels in the Christmas of 1880, and J. W. Harris, who was the Joey in "Little Red Riding Hood" at the same theatre three years afterwards. From the Far West, too, came Mr. Paul Martinetti, who has introduced many of the Ravel ballets to our notice, and won an enviable position for himself among English mimes. But a thoroughly representative American pantomime has never been performed on our side of the Atlantic.

Pantomime, in both England and France, had reached the highest point of development before Harlequin and Columbine set foot on American soil. Indeed, by the time our Transatlantic cousins had a distinctive pantomime of their own, the genuine art had well-nigh become extinct throughout Europe.

In 1832, when Grimaldi had retired from the boards, and the elder Debureau was at the meridian of his powers in Paris, the art of pantomime was introduced into America almost simultaneously by two troupes, representing at once the two great European schools

of harlequinery. The English company was first in the field, but met, as we shall see, with dire disaster.

Early in 1831 Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin, of the Bowery Theatre, New York, journeyed to London to arrange for the production of the first English pantomime ever seen in America. It was only after considerable difficulty that a tolerable company could be got together, as many of the leading pantomimists, Mr. W. H. Payne among the number, refused to entertain the tempting offers made them. A voyage across the Atlantic was no joke in the days when steamers were unknown, and when the passage frequently took fully three months to perform. Fixing upon Dibdin's famous pantomime of "Mother Goose" as the piece most likely to come through the ordeal, the Bowery manager had all the properties executed at considerable cost in London, and finally secured as principal members of his company E. J. Parsloe, Gay, and Louisa Johnson, who had all been prominently identified with the Covent Garden pantomimes. Everything, however, from the outset militated against the success of the novelty. On the voyage out poor Parsloe, who as clown was the mainstay of the piece, hurt himself severely by falling down the companion-way. Despite his weakness he did his best on the opening night at the Bowery, towards the end of February, 1832, to rouse the customary mirth; but the audience was small on account of the extremely rough weather, and ill-attuned to levity. Three nights passed with equal discouragement, and on the fourth the unfortunate clown, broken down by illness and mental anxiety, actually burst into tears in the middle of the performance, and was obliged to retire. Early on the following day, March 8, poor Parsloe expired at his lodgings with a prayer on the lips for the wife and children he had left behind him in London.

The subsequent adventures of at least one member of the troupe were extremely curious. After making fruitless efforts to gain employment as a dancing-master at Boston and elsewhere, Gay, the Harlequin, made his way out West. Want had forced him to part bit by bit with all his apparel, until the only thing left him to wear was his professional costume. His avocation on the boards had given him a peculiar habit of attitudinising, and when he chanced one night upon an Indian encampment his spangles and his posing, viewed by the fitful gleam of the watch-fire, fascinated the redskins, and gained him the reputation of being a great medicine-man. His life was safe among these aboriginal men of the prairies just so long as his spangles lasted; for the Indian mind hungered after these as amulets. After a twelvemonth's sojourn in this uncanny society Gay found it neces-

sary to make himself scarce, and, an opportunity occurring, escaped to England, where he ended his days as a theatrical costumier somewhere in Whitechapel.

It would certainly seem as if the cold-hearted reception meted out to poor Parsloe and his associates had been marked down in the Book of Fate as a precedent to be rigorously followed in all attempts of the sort. For, strange to say, some misadventure or another has attended the production of every English pantomime performed in America since that time. Not many years ago an importation of this nature was made at Niblo's Garden, with the Hemmings as an attraction. The pantomime was lavishly mounted, over three hundred pounds having been expended on one scene alone. But it only dragged through a single performance. Numerous other examples might be given down to the production of "The Grim Goblin," at Wallack's Theatre, on Thursday, August 5, 1880, when Mr. George Conquest received serious injuries by the snapping of a rope while engaged in performing one of his famous phantom flights.

But to continue our retrospect. It was in the autumn of 1832 that a motley troupe of French pantomimists and rope dancers, called the Ravels, first brought the traditions of the dingy little Théâtre des Funambules, in the Boulevard du Temple, under the immediate notice of American playgoers. These same Ravels, originally ten in number, dated from the year 1825. Previous to their American appearance they had performed in London at the Vauxhall Gardens. Strange to say their success in New York was as pronounced as the failure of their English predecessors. They performed for an entire season at the Park Theatre, made a remunerative tour of the States, and returned to England in 1836.

There is a certain significance in the almost concurrent landing of the English and French companies, for when Fox arose and America had a school of pantomime of her own, it presented a mellow combination of the two great European systems. Of course, the long-extended popularity of the Ravels, extending over a period of well-nigh thirty years, made the French influence the more apparent of the two. But if the style of clowning is reminiscent of Debureau, the general form of entertainment bears a powerful resemblance to the English pantomimes of Grimaldi's day. Indeed, if you care to examine Tom Dibdin's famous "Mother Goose,"¹ you will find there the model of most of the American pantomimes, with their succinct "openings" and long trick harlequinades. Out of the

¹ See French's *Acting List*.

nineteen scenes in "Mother Goose," no fewer than fifteen were devoted to the pranks of Clown and Pantaloon. Within the last thirty or forty years we have reversed that proportion in England, while the Americans still scrupulously preserve it. In England pantomime has lost its traditions, its distinctive character, and has degenerated into a flashy *revue*. In America, pantomime, as with Grimaldi, is an unpretentious semi-pastoral ballet-pantomine played almost entirely in dumb-show, with a harlequinade sequel, a connecting link being found in the transformation, in full view of the audience, of the four principal characters by the Good Fairy.

So much for the form. It is in the style of acting that the French influence becomes apparent; in the ghostly make-up of the Clown, and in the quiet force of his by-play. Like the French, too, who laugh heartily at John Bull for giving Master Joey the "droit annuel de cité" at the leading theatres, the Americans have never seen any rational association between Plum-pudding and Pantomime. As well say they play tragedy only at Easter or burlesque in July. While no such limit of season ever hampered the national pantomime in France, its performance was, on the other hand, invariably restricted to the inferior theatres. In a tradition-ridden country like ours, it would have been impossible for us to have had a place of amusement like the Parisian Funambules, where motley was the only wear from January to December. In America, where no restriction in regard to time or place has ever been put upon pantomimic performances, no mere matters of custom presented obstacles. Hence the Théâtre Comique, in Boston, was kept open for several years by Moffit and Bartholomew as a pantomime house pure and simple.

But to return once more to our regular chronicle of events. October 1836 found the Ravels back again in New York playing at the Park Theatre. After passing a whole season there they transferred their services to Niblo's Gardens, a popular place of amusement with which their triumphs in America are chiefly identified. "Niblo's" was the result of a happy thought on the part of a small coffee-house keeper of that name, who ultimately made a fortune through being the first to recognise the fact that a cheap and wholesome place of open-air amusement was very badly wanted in New York during the warmer months. In the earlier days of its history the theatre attached to the grounds was perfectly open to the elements on one side. Niblo fixed the price of admission at fifty cents to all parts of the house, with no seats reserved—"first come, first served." Situate at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, Niblo's was in its time a great New York institution; and here the

American taste for pantomime was chiefly fostered by the laughter-provoking antics of the Ravels. During the autumn of 1837 this famous troupe of mimes appeared in a ballet called "Godensky, or the Skaters of Wilna," in which something like a sensation was created by Gabriel Ravel's skating evolutions. This is thought to have been the first time roller skates were ever seen in public, especially as the clever pantomimist referred to is said to have been their inventor. In all probability the ballet was subsequently performed in Paris; for when Meyerbeer brought out "Le Prophète" at the Grand Opera, in 1848, he deftly appropriated some of its most striking features in the incidental skating scene.

Making due allowance for frequent visits to Europe, which brought about changes from time to time in the composition of the troupe, the Ravels remained a prominent feature of the bill of fare at Niblo's for close on a quarter of a century. In August 1839 they produced there a new pantomime called "The Green Monster," and in August 1842 two others—"Mazulm," and "The Night Owl." On returning to America after a European tour in 1848, they brought with them as auxiliaries the Martinetti family, from whom sprang, if we mistake not, our own Paul of that ilk. Then a change came over the spirit of the scene, abolishing the gardens, but leaving the theatre untouched.

At the transmogrified Niblo's, in December 1849, the Ravels produced another new pantomime in the shape of "Râoul; or the Magic Star." June 1853 saw the first performance of two more, "The White Knight," and "Robert Macaire"; and September 1854 still another two, "Asphodel, or the Magic Pen," and "Jacko."

Returning almost annually to Europe for a brief period, and making occasional tours through the Southern States, the Ravels kept going backwards and forwards to Niblo's until about 1861, when the brothers then forming the principal members of the troupe all retired to live privately at Toulouse, having amassed ample fortunes. It is noteworthy that European as well as American playgoers have reason to be thankful for the labours of this clever company of grotesques. The marvellous neatness and precision of their pantomimic action have been successfully emulated by another band of brothers of larger and more recent fame. When the French mimes were at the height of their popularity at Niblo's, the then little-known Hanlon Lees were performing in New York in the capacity of gymnasts. Naturally enough they became pantomime-bitten. After making several tentative essays in a minor way, they finally conceived the brilliant idea of grafting the Ravel comic-ballet upon the Parisian vaudeville

The result was "Le Voyage en Suisse," with whose many pantomimic excellences fully one-half of the civilised world is now cognisant.

Among individual members of the Ravel troupe the most celebrated was Gabriel, who, as a physical contortionist, probably never had a superior. As an admirer has said, he seemed "literally made of gutta-percha and hung on wires." As a natural consequence he had imitators in galore; and from this marvellous mime sprang that peculiar school of pantomimic *diablerie* which has had the Girards, Miltons, and Majiltons as latter-day exponents.

It was the influence of Gabriel Ravel's popularity, likewise, that occasioned the rise of native pantomime in America by stimulating G. L. Fox, while playing "low comedy" at the Old National Theatre, to try his hand at clowning.

The compeer in pantomimic genius of both Grimaldi and Debu-reau, evoking admiration quite as affectionate in its way, from *his* public, as that tendered to the great clowns of England and France, poor George Fox has been rather harshly treated by posterity. For him no budding Boz or fantastic Janin to lay a wreath of glowing imperishable words upon his shrine. Even at this late day it is not a difficult task to outline the leading incidents in his sadly-chequered career. He was born in Boston in 1825, the same year in which the Ravels first burst upon Paris. Like our own Grimaldi he came of a theatrical family, and, equally like the illustrious Joseph, took to the boards at a very early age. His first appearance was made at the Tremont Street Theatre, Boston, in 1830, in a slight juvenile rôle in "The Hunter of the Alps." Players, as a rule, have an unaccountable aversion to bringing up their children in their own profession. Fox's parents were among those who entertained this strange prejudice. The child had not long trodden the stage before he was hurried away and placed under the care of a large merchant tailor, who employed him to do all sorts of odd jobs, but omitted to teach him any sound business habits. Let us not blame the worthy trader, however, for leaving unattempted a virtual impossibility. Poor Fox soon became affected with theatrical nostalgia, and, after numerous appeals to his father and mother, was at length allowed to follow his inclinations. By the year 1850 he had found his way to New York, where he grew rapidly into public favour at the old National Theatre in Chatham Street, and played an extensive variety of low comedy parts with unequivocal success. Here, too, he became smitten with a taste for pantomime owing to his admiration of the Ravels, and soon succeeded in persuading Mr. Purdy, his manager, to let him try his skill at that class of entertainment. This led to the production, at

the National Theatre, under Fox's superintendence, of several Ravellesque pieces, such as "The Red Gnome," and "The Schoolmaster," which were very favourably received, and brought the popular young comedian additional laurels. Happily, however, for the future of American pantomime, Fox was not fated to pose for long as a mere imitator of the French mimes. He had not received the training necessary to make him a thorough acrobat; but nature, as if to give compensation for the lack of this quality, had endowed him with an inexhaustible fund of quiet humour, and a marvellously expressive *vis comica*. After all, clowns, like poets, are born, not made. And if the numerous pantomimists who came after Grimaldi had possessed Fox's shortcomings, allied to his talents, we in England should not now be deploring atrophy in the harlequinade.

Remaining at the old National almost until *finis* had been written to its records, Fox, in August 1858, entered into partnership with another actor, named Mr. J. W. Lingard, and became joint-lessee of the Bowery Theatre. But the speculation was unsuccessful, and only lasted a twelvemonth. Better luck was in store for the duo when they assumed the reins of management at the new Bowery Theatre in the autumn of 1859. In the spring of 1862 Fox and Lingard dissolved partnership, the former at once opening the Old Bowery on his own account, and remaining there until the year 1867. A solid bill of fare was always presented at this theatre in those days, and it was not unusual for one actor to appear on the same night in drama, farce, and pantomime. During his first season Fox himself played in every kind of piece produced for upwards of one hundred and fifty nights. His pantomime of the "Frisky Cobbler" proved a great success in 1862. Apparently it was about this time that the Bowery manager conceived the brilliant idea of playing the old Grimaldian nursery pantomime according to the French system of miming. Hence the origin of American pantomime proper.

Not all the credit of G. L. Fox's success both as creator and exponent is due to himself. He was largely assisted in his work by the labours of his brother, C. K. Fox, an active member of the Bowery company, who had a perfect genius for inventing clever trick-changes. As for George's system of clowning, it was unique—born of his own individuality. It was based for the most part on the quiet miming of the French Pierrot, with make-up in keeping—white-faced and bald-pated, without either the traditional English half-moons or coxcomb. But in cut and colour the dress approximated more closely to that of the genuine Grimaldian clown than anything else. As for his face, none more flexible or expressive had ever been seen on the

stage. The crowning feature was the nose, which of itself uttered volumes of comic eloquence. To appreciate this remarkable fact it is of course necessary to have seen the droll. But any one who cares to glance over the American toy-picture-books of "Humpty Dumpty" will glean some faint inkling of its truth.

Following the old English principle, many of Fox's pantomimes were produced merely as after-pieces. There was "Old Dame Trot," which ran for seven weeks at the beginning of 1865, and "The Golden Axe" and "Mother Goose," which were both brought out in the following October. Fox's final pantomimic successes at the Old Bowery were "Jack and Jill," produced in February 1866, and "Little Boy Blue," with the run of which the actor-manager's tenure came to an end in May 1867. But the taste which Fox had created in Bowery playgoers for pantomime was too enduring to evaporate with his departure. In March 1869 Robert Butler appeared there as clown in the "Seven Dwarfs." In January and July 1871 Hernandez Foster's troupe produced "See Saw" and "Humpty Dumpty." In February 1873 Charles Abbott's pantomime "Will o' the Wisp" first saw the light; and in December of the same year Foster's troupe returned to appear in "Mother Goose."

Shortly after leaving the Bowery Fox joined Mr. John A. Duff as associate-manager of the Olympic Theatre, Broadway. Here he appeared as Bottom in an elaborate revival of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and created much amusement in burlesques of Hamlet and Richelieu. But his connection with this house is chiefly memorable for the production in 1868 of his pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," which became amazingly popular, and held its place in the bills for several seasons. From his success in this G. L. Fox was ever afterwards known by the agnomen of "Humpty Dumpty," and the title of the piece grew to be recognised by American minds as a synonym for pantomime. Indeed, such was the vogue enjoyed by Fox's *chef d'œuvre*, that very few entertainments of the kind produced since throughout the length and breadth of the United States have been called by any other name than Humpty Dumpty. And this, too, no matter what their ingredients!

After Fox had left the Olympic, through some disagreement with his partner, "Humpty Dumpty" was revived there by Robert Fraser, a clever American pantomimist still living, who also performed it with great success in Philadelphia and Boston. Meanwhile Fox had been making a prosperous tour of the Eastern and Western States, but returned to New York after a short time to appear at the Grand

Opera House in his impersonations of Bottom and Humpty Dumpty. Another brief tour through the States was followed by an engagement at Booth's Theatre in 1876. He little thought when he returned to New York that he was so soon to make his last appearance on the boards. But symptoms of that insidious malady, "softening of the brain," had already begun to show themselves, rendering his facial contortions, once so provocative of laughter, painful to witness. After a lingering illness, during which the sympathies of all sorts and conditions of playgoers were poured out upon him in affectionate letters to the papers, suggesting benefit performances, &c., poor "Humpty Dumpty" passed away at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Howard, at Cambridge, Mass., October 24, 1877. Sad to say, the popular favourite of a quarter of a century, who had proved a veritable Mascot to all with whom he came in contact professionally, left so little of the world's goods behind him that his widow had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But such, indeed, is the general ending of artistic genius when unallied with business capacity.

In connection with the immediate cause of Fox's death, it is a strange coincidence that several American clowns, and at least one English pantomimist, have all died insane. Hitherto, the general belief among professionals has been that the quantity of bismuth used in "making up" (particularly in America, where the hair is cropped close, and the bismuth rubbed into the side of the head), had a great deal to do with the disease. But one old pantomimist still living solemnly attests that, so far as his experience went, the bismuth not only left his faculties unimpaired, but had the merit of healing sores and cracks in the skin.

Poor Fox's taking off left a void in the ranks which it was found impossible to fill. Notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of several good pantomimists to uphold the principles of the new school, the traditional harlequinade gradually lost ground in New York, and has depended latterly for existence in America on the favours of the Southern States. The native pantomime had little to depend upon, save the "drawing" powers of its exponents. Not having the "annual right of the city," that spectacular development which took place in England with the decadence of good clowning, was a matter of impossibility across the Atlantic. Indeed, although spectacular pantomime (or, to speak by the card, elaborately mounted *feeries*) had its beginning in New York with "The Black Crook"—an innovation which made the fortune of Henry Palmer, the great theatrical manager—it never achieved permanent popularity.

Since G. L. Fox's death, the most widely-known name in connection with American pantomime has been that of Tony Denier. Mr. Denier's extraordinary success is typical of the enterprise abounding in the country of his adoption. The son of a famous French advocate, who boasted descent in a direct line from some of the bluest blood in France (a not unremote ancestor having figured as Ambassador to the Court of Spain), Master Tony ran away from home about the year 1852, owing to his lady-mother presenting him with an uncongenial step-father. When the boy landed in Boston he had no friends to look to, and very little money; and yet to-day there are few wealthier men in the American theatrical profession than Tony Denier. After numerous vicissitudes, our youthful hero was taken as apprentice by a circus manager, made good progress as an equestrian, and left the odour of the sawdust to join the Ravels in a humble capacity. Drawn towards this inimitable troupe by sheer admiration the brothers appreciated his services very highly, and gave him many valuable lessons in their art. From that time onward Denier's career as a pantomimist and manager was one long tale of unbroken success. When Fox and Lingard separated—the one to manage the Old Bowery and the other the New—Denier was engaged by the latter for a season of four months, appearing in "Harlequin Jack Sheppard" and other pieces with considerable increase of reputation. Indeed, he was immediately afterwards secured by Fox for the Old Bowery, where he performed for a year, during the season of 1863-64, and became a general favourite.

It was natural that a pantomimist who had graduated with the Ravels and mimed with Fox should occupy in the future a large place in the annals of his art. In 1864-65 Denier became a prominent member of the company at Barnum's Museum, and produced there with great acceptance several of the Ravel comic ballets. Subsequently he clowned, with much success, in the pantomime of "Jack and Jill" at Philadelphia and St. Louis. One result of these latter engagements was that he conceived the project of forming a permanent touring company, and at once made arrangements with Fox for the right of performing "Humpty Dumpty."

Strange to say, from September 2, 1868, when "Humpty Dumpty" was brought out at Ellsler's Theatre, Cleveland, until the spring of 1888, when the manager retired from the profession, Denier's ever-varying company appeared only in the one pantomime. That is to say, out of respect to the principles and memory of Fox, the entertainment afforded has always been known as "Humpty Dumpty"; but, as an American critic has sagely remarked, "No matter how

often it may be presented, it is always susceptible of change, in its tricks, its transformations, and its specialties; and so to see the 'Humpty Dumpty' of the present is to witness a complete transformation from that of former years."

After forming the leading spirit of his own troupe for ten years, Tony Denier retired from active service as a pantomimist to direct its movements from his residence in Chicago, introducing as his substitutes from time to time George H. Adams, Alfred Miaco, and other amusing clowns. Year after year as the month of July came round, the now obese Tony was to be found in his cosy homestead in Congress Street, making new properties and tricks for the ensuing season, selecting his company, "routing the show," and designing his lithographic and other printing—generally one of the most expensive items in his bill of expenditure. Considerable ingenuity had to be exercised in constructing the tricks, as the exigencies of transportation necessitated their being made in several pieces that they might be readily packed in convenient-sized trunks. So little had spectacle to do with the success of the pantomime that no scenery to speak of was carried by the company, the manager trusting to the various theatres where the piece was performed for the supply of that necessary auxiliary.

With the conclusion of the rehearsals Denier invariably consigned his company to the tender mercies of his playgoing patrons under the experienced guidance of a popular stage-manager, and seldom troubled himself further beyond receiving his weekly profits on the undertaking, which for many years averaged fully four hundred pounds. With money pouring in like this it is not difficult to realise that the quondam clown, who with rare business shrewdness invested most of his savings in Chicago real estate, is now a very wealthy man.

Just a few words on the usual method of performing "Humpty Dumpty" on tour. Almost every town from Maine to California boasting a theatre or large lecture-hall is visited in turn, the generality being "one-night stands," but cities like Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are always reckoned good for a week's stay. The primary elements of the pantomime remain very much as left by Fox, with the exception that a somewhat undignified competition with circuses and other illegitimate attractions has occasioned the introduction of certain features distinctly savouring of the menagerie and the music-halls.

In the American touring pantomime what we in England call the "opening," takes the form of a simple ballet-pantomime,

generally performed in two scenes, with a running orchestral accompaniment throughout. No one is allowed to speak save the beneficent fairy, who transforms the four principal characters after the approved Old-English manner, in full view of the audience. A couple of harlequinade scenes follow, played entirely in dumb show, and the first part of the entertainment concludes, having lasted an hour. The whole of the succeeding act, lasting about the same period of time, consists of a well-arranged series of specialties—juggling, stilt walking, rope dancing, gymnastic exhibitions, and what not. This is a very sensible arrangement, as the more un-theatrical features of the entertainment are thus kept in a section by themselves, the action of the pantomime being meanwhile suspended. In the third and closing act the pantomime proper is carried on by the performance of three or four more harlequinade scenes, and the whole concludes with a modest “transformation scene” or “fairies’ home,” having lasted from start to finish about two hours and a half. The scheme and action of the opening hardly ever alters from year’s end to year’s end; but the harlequinade scenes are generally arranged up to date. Thus in Tony Denier’s “Humpty Dumpty” for 1886, the clown and pantaloons in one scene went on the war-path after the manner of Buffalo Bill, and in another found themselves reproducing the various incidents in “The Mikado.” The company, by the way, scarcely ever numbers more than twenty-five people all told, as the performers in the “opening” not only appear in the harlequinade, but do duty in the “specialty” section as well.

English innovations are not readily accepted in America. The senseless principle of a double harlequinade, with two sets of pantomimists, was quite unknown in the United States until followed in 1880 in New York by Abbey’s “Mammoth Humpty Dumpty Troupe.” But Nick Roberts, some four years previously, had introduced two clowns in one pantomime at Niblo’s Garden. Subsequently, while on tour, he blossomed forth with three clowns; and in 1881, as if to reduce the idea to absurdity, “outdid all his previous outdoings” with a Minstrel Troupe of Clowns. Imagine forty white faces all in a row!

Although I have spoken of American pantomime as if still enjoying a vigorous existence, signs are not wanting that poor “Humpty Dumpty” is at last *in extremis*. Tony Denier, for instance, is not the man to retire from a field where his labours have so long proved remunerative, unless the yield had given out. Other facts are equally significant. Seven years ago, as many as nine “Humpty Dumpty” troupes were touring the States simultaneously; at present

the field is held by one. Several reasons exist for this remarkable change of face. It has been already stated in this retrospect that "Le Voyage en Suisse" was the happy result of engrafting the Ravel Pantomime upon the French Vaudeville. Hence the piece in question presented all the best features of American pantomime, shorn of the traditional harlequinade characters. More than this, it afforded an opportunity for a sensible laugh on the part of adult minds. Now, since "Le Voyage en Suisse" was produced at the Park Theatre, New York, in September 1881, when it enjoyed a run of upwards of 100 nights, its lucky possessors have played it, and are still playing it, throughout the length and breadth of theatrical America. Add to this the fact that most of the so-called farcical comedies at present in vogue in the States have a redundancy of buffoonery and pantomimic action, and the secret of the revulsion from the more childish entertainment is opened to our view. The change was quite to be anticipated, but it is questionable whether the flowing of Pantomime into more rational channels is a movement in the right direction, especially as it bids fair to overwhelm higher forms of dramatic art in the impetuosity and irregularity of its course.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

DROITWICH.

A GOOD many years have sped since, as a very little boy, I first passed through Droitwich on my way to Cheltenham, and now for twenty years and more I have generally gone through it from four to twenty times a year, so that I can speak with some knowledge of its appearance : and I must confess that a grimier-looking, more unprepossessing little place, from the railway, it would be hard to find. Fine or wet, bright or gloomy, there hangs over the town a dense canopy of what looks like smoke, but which on closer inspection is seen to be steam condensing into water. The railway is about the worst possible spot from which to make the acquaintance of the quaint old town, and greater familiarity corrects the first unfavourable impression. Droitwich is not beautiful, and it would be absurd to pretend that it is ; nevertheless, rich and fertile country surrounds it, and it is sufficiently ancient to satisfy the most exacting antiquary ; while its salt springs or wycles are connected with one of the oldest industries in the country.

Salt works existed at Droitwich in Roman times, and from the departure of the conquerors of the world to the present hour the wycles have yielded vast quantities of strong brine, and have found constant employment for successive generations of salters. In Heptarchy days, Kennulph, kinglet of Mercia, having first cut off the hands and put out the eyes of his brother kinglet, Egbert of Kent, tried to propitiate Heaven by endowing the great church, which even then made Worcester famous, with ten salt furnaces at Droitwich, and the temporal Church was satisfied, and promised the sinner the pardon of Heaven. Two hundred years later a far worthier wearer of a crown, the unhappy Edwy, Over-Lord of all England, tried to purchase the Church's sanction to his marriage with Elgiva, his second cousin, by giving it five more Droitwich salt furnaces ; but this time the Church refused to be gracious, and poor Edwy and the beautiful Elgiva were not allowed to rest in peace till their unrelenting enemies had hounded them into the grave. Salt from Droitwich gave a pleasant flavour to many an insipid dish in Anglo-Saxon times, and

it is likely enough that Alfred and many of his successors got their salt from the inexhaustible springs of Wich, the name which Droitwich continues to bear in legal documents. A single powerful brine spring will yield a thousand tons of pure salt weekly: while the district supplies at least two hundred thousand tons of the best salt in the world every year, and the springs still pour forth their treasures in undiminished prodigality. In his history of Worcestershire, Nash wrote in 1779 that the net salt duties of the Empire amounted to about £240,000, and of this Droitwich contributed £75,000. In spite of modern discoveries of salt veins all over the world, Droitwich salt, according to Worcestershire people, maintains its reputation as the best and purest in Europe. The preparation and evaporation of the brine are so simple as to account for the high estimation in which it has been held for nearly two thousand years. No costly shafts are required, no mining operations in the bowels of the earth. The brine actually comes up of its own accord, and it has been known to overflow. The wycles are in the middle of the town, and rise from a depth of 200 feet, through beds of new red sandstone and gypsum. Considering the importance of the industry and the value of the brine treatment in many complaints, it is surprising that the Roman *Salinæ*, the Saxon *Wych*, and the more familiar Droitwich, has only a population of 4,000, to whom, however, fluctuations in the price and prospects of salt are more important than international complications and changes of government.

In that part of England, the prevailing geological formation is the upper and lower new red sandstone; it extends many miles round the coal basin of the dingy and unattractive, though geologically interesting town of Dudley; but let no one accuse me of not appreciating the beauties of the Castle Hill—there is indeed a gem, wonderful in loveliness, and full of interest to the antiquary. The lower division of the new red sandstone is not of great importance, though in places containing quarries of soft building stone, but the upper division is of incalculable value, for it is the inexhaustible storehouse of household salt, and to salt we owe half the enjoyment of our food, and the very existence of many important industries. At Stoke Prior, three miles north-east of Droitwich, Mr. Corbett, M.P., has extensive and magnificent salt works, and a shaft has been driven to a depth of 460 feet; it has pierced four beds of rock-salt, the thickness of which amounts in the aggregate to eighty-five feet. This is, however, very insignificant compared with the vast deposits of Cheshire, where the upper bed measures 78 feet, and the under exceeds 120: while in Spain and in Poland, beds of still greater thickness are known, and

at Cordova the rock salt deposits have a depth of hundreds of feet. A very natural question is—where did this salt come from? and are the beds continuous, that is, are the Cheshire an extension of the Droitwich districts? In some quarters the opinion obtains that the last is the case, and the arguments that have been adduced have some show of reason.

Many theories have been framed to account for the deposit of salt: they are ingenious enough, but unsatisfactory. Some geologists think that salt is a volcanic product ejected from below; others assert that it is the precipitate of a deep ocean overcharged with saline matters; and others hazard a guess that it is a vast deposit from sea-water lakes, which were cut off from the main ocean by accidental barriers or walls, much like the tropical salt water lagoons of our day, and then in time the sun evaporated the redundant water, leaving an ever-increasing accumulation of salt. Many objections can be made to every one of these three theories; the volcanic is not supported by any existing parallel instance, and though volcanoes, which are generally near the sea, often deposit a crust of salt on the margin of their craters, they never, as far as is known, eject vast quantities of saturated brine. The second theory, in like manner, falls to the ground, since it is impossible to conceive of a vast deposit of salt as the result of a surcharged ocean, and no parallel case exists on the face of the globe. The lagoon theory is more plausible, and might, under certain circumstances, account for the deposits, were they small and thin; but beds of salt extending 200 miles, and hundreds of feet in depth, would require evaporation to be carried on through almost innumerable ages; still, this, after all, may be the true explanation. At the western extremity of the expansion of the River Manech, large salt lakes exist, marking the site of the inland sea that once, according to modern geological theories, probably occupied a considerable part of Central Asia. Unfortunately scientific theories have little more permanence than the fashions ruling the cut and material of ladies' bonnets: what will be the next theory? The summer heat in mid-Asia is considerable, and evaporation is rapid; nevertheless, though these lakes are small, the largest hardly five miles long by two thirds of a mile wide, the surface during a favourable season is not coated with a scum of salt more than an inch thick. But these lakes, though they may be regarded as vast natural salt pans, are so shallow that the boats collecting the salt scum actually scrape in places along the bottom, and the whole of the salt, were all the water in the lakes to evaporate, would only make a deposit a few inches thick; the winter rains, however, mix with the water again, so

that complete evaporation of the contents of a pan never, it is said, takes place. It may also be doubted whether the remarkable purity of Droitwich salt is compatible with its being deposited from evaporated sea water. Salt from such a source is very impure, and when used in large quantities often causes disease; in proof of this it is only necessary to remind the reader of the complaints made in our own country three centuries ago when, through the long winter, food preserved in impure sea-water brine had to be commonly eaten. After all, geology, like most other sciences, is in its infancy, and a century hence our greatest knowledge of any subject will seem to our descendants little more than the crude guesses of ignorant children do to us.

The late Mr. Bainbrigge, an eminent Droitwich surgeon, perhaps did more than any one else to make the valuable curative properties of the brine generally known; he was the author of an excellent little book which has been long out of print, called "Droitwich Salt Springs." He gives particulars said to be perfectly correct, which cannot fail to surprise his readers. He mentions that the saline springs of Droitwich are stronger, that is, more nearly saturated, than any others in Europe. His table is remarkable, and gives the solid constituents of the following seas:

Mediterranean . . .	410 grains in 10,000
English Channel . . .	380 " "
German Ocean . . .	325 " "
Baltic . . .	168 " "
Dead Sea . . .	2,460 parts per 10,000 of water
Droitwich brine . . .	4,000 to 4,200 " "
Other British salt springs from	1,500 to 2,500 " "

John Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII., of course visited Droitwich, and inspected the salt works. He was astonished at the activity of the place, and asked a salter how many furnaces they had in all; the man "numbered them to an eighteen score," adding that "every one paid yearly to the king six shillings and eightpence," a large sum in those days. "Making salt is a notable destruction of wood," he continues, "six thousand loads of young polewood, easily cloven, being used twelvemonthly, and the lack of wood is now perceivable in all places near the Wyche, or as far as Worcester." About 1662, coke began to be used at Dudley for smelting iron-stone, and before long, coal made the salters of Droitwich independent of wood, which, in those days of bad roads and defective water communication, could not be conveyed far on account of the almost prohibitive expense. No large woods remain close to Droitwich, though Wyre Forest, near Bewdley, is only ten miles off; there is, however, a great deal of park and hedge-

row timber, and the country quite up to the town is singularly beautiful, the dearth of trees being about the last thing the visitor would complain of.

I have candidly admitted that Droitwich is not attractive in the same sense as Cheltenham, Leamington, and Tunbridge Wells ; and its own citizens do not deny that it is dingy and sombre, partly from the canopy of steam and smoke, which is far worse close to the station than elsewhere, and partly from the old and tumbledown appearance of the houses. An old town is often picturesque, though seldom desirable as a permanent residence, but at Droitwich certain causes besides age are at work to make those improvements impossible, or at any rate peculiarly difficult and costly, which generally keep an old town abreast of modern progress. The truth is, the town is slowly sinking, and the houses are falling. The incalculable quantities of brine pumped up through so many centuries have led to a gradual sinking of the surface. A little reflection, however, shows that were this sinking gradual, and were it going on evenly over a vast area, very little injury would result, at any rate for many centuries, to the superincumbent houses, churches, and streets. A single inch of water per acre represents 101 tons, so that were a million tons of brine pumped up every year it would take twenty years to lower the level of twenty square miles a foot ; but at the rate at which brine is being pumped up, I suppose it would take thirty or forty years. But while parts of the district are hardly affected, others suffer much, and some portions of the old town have sunk nineteen feet in twenty years—at least, this is said to be true of Queen Street. In other words, the surface sinks in grooves, if I may so express myself, and the houses fall toward the lines of greatest subsidence. The sinking has always been gradual, and those violent collapses which have given the Cheshire salt districts an unenviable notoriety have never occurred. Only one house has suddenly collapsed of late years, but as the inhabitants were out of doors at the time, they escaped injury. Many houses have had to be taken down, and large numbers are shored up to keep them from falling. House property is not a good investment at Droitwich, and could not be recommended to speculators ; indeed, it is difficult to dispose, at any price, of houses in some parts of the town. But near the station, which is half a mile from the older streets, land subsidence is hardly going on at all, and many excellent houses have been recently built, with some pretty and commodious villas. It is, however, very strange to find handsome half-timbered houses of great antiquity remaining of the sort for which Worcestershire is famous, in good preservation, and in the very heart of the town, which have sur-

vived the land sinkings and the wear and tear of centuries, and promise to outlast many of their newer rivals. I once stayed at the Heriots, the residence of Mrs. Bainbrigge, the widow of the distinguished surgeon who did so much for the place, and was surprised to see that, though near Queen Street and Worcester Road, where the sinkings have been remarkable, this old villa stands firm in its pretty grounds, unaffected by the surrounding desolation. It naturally occurred to me that it could be enlarged and turned into a very handsome, well-appointed hydropathic establishment; but there seems little chance of that. The roads and courts of the town have to be frequently raised to keep them level and fit for carriage and foot passengers, and to give a proper outfall for surface drainage; this, while making the rates unpleasantly heavy, increases the appearance of desolation and ruin, as before long the roads are considerably raised above the level of the adjacent land; much as the constant repairing and raising, to prevent inundations, of the banks of the Po, has led to that river passing over the plain of Lombardy between colossal embankments. Near Queen Street several houses are pointed out, the roofs of which alone remain above ground, and the irregularity in the sinking of High Street has been curious. Twenty years ago rain flowed *from* the station into Queen Street; now there is a line of subsidence crossing High Street at right angles, near the middle, and water flows towards it from both ends. Again, in Worcester Road, the southern continuation of Queen Street, the sinking has been great, and the walls enclosing the gardens in that part of the town have in places sunk until only their tops rise above the ground, or rather would rise, but extensive repairs have been carried on, and the height of the walls has been kept up. The effect of these levellings-up of the partially imbedded walls is singular, and gives them a patchwork appearance. Dr. William Parker Bainbrigge, the son and successor of his father, was good enough to permit me to examine his new residence in Queen Street; it has only been built six years, and when completed one had to ascend *into* it; now one goes *down* a couple of feet; the sinking in that short time at this particular spot has not been less than three or four feet.

Well-founded complaints are heard that less care and thought are given to making our watering and health resorts attractive than on the Continent. A lady last week, at Ilfracombe, was telling me that she was not surprised that our pleasure towns were deserted by all except those of our own countrymen who could not afford to go abroad, while no foreigner ever came to England for change. In addition to a warmer and pleasanter climate, and brighter sky, she added that

continental towns were made greatly more attractive—their promenades, music, concerts, and company being superior to anything in England. If Bournemouth, Eastbourne, Cheltenham, and Clifton do not satisfy the wealthy Englishman, what can Droitwich offer, for there it would be madness to lay out the sums which would make towns *with better foundations* beautiful and attractive beyond description? Town improvements are scarcely possible at Droitwich, and the place is heavily handicapped. In spite of it all, the place owes a debt to Mr. Corbett, the member, and the Salt-King, for what he has generously done.

No description would be complete that did not say something of the industry that has made the place famous; and the other day, for the first time, I went over the salt-works. The process is almost too simple to be interesting. The brine is pumped up and stored in large reservoirs; from them it goes through pipes into open, shallow, evaporating basins, called salt pans, perhaps twenty feet by ten; the newer ones are circular and better constructed, so that evaporation from them is more rapid. Under the pans huge fires are kept up to evaporate the water. A man armed with a large wooden rake scrapes the salt from the middle of the basins to the edges, where some women are standing. It makes one sad to look at them—not, however, that they are unhappy or unhealthy. On the contrary, they look modest, rosy, and strong; but their labour and dress do not seem the best fitted to preserve the delicacy of a woman's nature; at least, that was the impression made on me. They work in a loose linen chemise, with short skirts, hardly reaching below the knees. From being exposed to great heat in a damp atmosphere they are obliged to clothe lightly. Every woman has a number of moulds, each large enough to hold a salt-brick. The mould is put on end in the pan, and filled with wet salt scraped from the bottom; the girl then carries it to a drying chamber, where it is subjected to a high temperature. Evaporation is rapid, and when the contents of the mould are dry, the brick is easily turned out, and piled up in a store chamber. The steam hanging over the town comes from the salt pans, which are open to the sky; but the air of the town is not damp, nor are the residents and the salters unhealthy, so that Droitwich does not suffer from its occupation and atmosphere. Mr. Corbett and his agent, Mr. Green, have been doing a great deal for the place and its trade by introducing the most perfect modern appliances, and building costly public institutions. To the Salt-King Droitwich owes its splendid St. Andrew's brine baths. The town has always had many benefactors, and some almshouses, going back a couple of centuries, are perfect,

and no honest broken-down labourer could wish for or have better quarters in his declining years.

Droitwich is at last attracting general attention as a health resort, and many sufferers from gout and chronic rheumatism are flocking to it for treatment. The accommodation for invalids is said to be insufficient, but, considering the state of the land, and its tendency to sink, very great credit is due to local builders for doing so much. Important and well-planned additions have been made to the Raven, once the Manor House, now a hotel, and some large boarding-houses have been recently built. The brine springs are credited with almost miraculous efficacy; and I remember when a lad, and before beginning to study medicine, making the acquaintance of an elderly lady in Birmingham—who still survives—who had often gone to Droitwich for the baths. Her first visit must have been paid over thirty years ago. She derived great benefit, and speaks gratefully of the place. Two or three years since I sent a gouty patient up who had resisted all the remedies I could think of, and, to his delight and my gratification, a stiffness of the right shoulder, that had come on after falling from a tree upon his arm, and which had practically crippled him, yielded to frequent baths. He is now working hard, and without inconvenience, whenever his partiality for cider, mead (the favourite Dorset drink), and beer leaves him leisure and inclination for less pressing duties. The discovery of the most striking virtues of the Droitwich brine was accidental, and occurred during the cholera visitation of 1832; many deaths had taken place, when it occurred to some one to put certain of the sufferers in salt pans, and it is asserted, though the report seems too good to be true, that every one treated in this simple fashion recovered; at any rate, whatever the cause of their recovery, the reputation of the brine treatment was made, and before long a small bath company was formed. Since then the waters have grown in repute, until many persons of high rank, some, indeed, members of the Royal Family, have gone to Droitwich, and derived such decided benefit that they have returned again and again. The chief efficacy of the water is in gout and chronic rheumatism; in these complaints baths artificially heated—for the brine does not come up from a sufficient depth to be warm—are taken once or twice a day, with almost immediate advantage. The brine is mixed with at least an equal quantity of fresh, hot water, or in some cases with three times as much. Dr. W. P. Bainbrigge tells me that after sufferers from rheumatic gout have had several baths, their skin becomes soft and velvety, and the water in which they have bathed contains traces of urate of soda, which that learned physician

believes must be dissolved out of the tissues by the solvent properties of the brine. Some medical practitioners might argue that the urate of soda was washed *off* the skin; but the fact, given on good authority, is curious, and calls for extended experiment and investigation; for if the brine actually dissolves out the urate of soda from the tissues of gouty patients, its value as a remedy in these crippling and painful complaints is placed on a very different footing. Brine tanks go to Malvern, fourteen miles off, where unsuccessful attempts have, it is said, been made to give the invalids, who flock to that pretty place, the benefit of Droitwich brine baths, without the trouble of going to the neighbourhood of the Wyches. The main difficulty in carrying on the brine treatment at Malvern, or anywhere else at a distance, is the heavy carriage of the brine, so that the temptation is almost irresistible to put it in the baths in homœopathic doses; but the imagination is a powerful factor in the cure of disease, and many a sufferer may fancy that he is getting great good from his diluted brine baths.

At Droitwich there are some excellent hotels, more particularly the Raven and the Royal; the former, as I have mentioned above, has been enlarged. There are also very extensive brine establishments, so that the visitor can obtain everything he needs. I was particularly charmed with the Raven; its sitting-rooms were handsome and home-like; its grounds well kept and lovely, and its general appearance prosperous and attractive. The new St. Andrew's baths are large, and fitted with the best modern appliances. They were only opened two summers ago, and in the spring of 1888 they had to be made three times as capacious, so great had been the run upon them. They include private bathing places, and large and convenient swimming-baths. There is a want at Droitwich of medical homes for invalids, similar to those that have made Malvern, Matlock, and Buxton popular. Sufferers would often find it better to take the brine baths while under the systematic supervision of medical advisers. Some Droitwich doctors have resident patients, but there are no large and palatial establishments; and, although the hotels are excellent, gouty sufferers need close supervision, combined with scientific regimen, and that can only be managed in the house, and under the eye of an experienced medical practitioner. Good private establishments are numerous, where great skill is shown in the management of the inmates, and one of these is kept by a lady who has had a thorough training in a public hospital; she is the daughter of a medical man, who was for many years greatly respected at Hereford.

Of late, the prosperity of the town has much improved, and the severe depression of a few years ago has for the present passed away; this has given courage to the residents, and more is being done than for a long time. Mr. Corbett has bought the Royal Baths lately, and has been building a large establishment for the accommodation of invalids. Wealthy proprietors like Mr. Corbett can do so much when, like him, they have ripe experience, ample capital, and practical knowledge. Some day a park may be laid out, and that would be a great boon; while one or two hydropathic establishments under medical management are urgently needed, and I apprehend that suitable sites would not be difficult to find. There is evidently a good field at Droitwich for enterprise and capital.

Droitwich is, after all, not such a bad place as it looks. The country is pretty, the railway communication excellent, and Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton are within easy reach. Worcester Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey, and the tapering spire of St. Andrew's, Worcester, are well worth more than one visit; so is Malvern, with its grand old Priory; a little further off is Ross, with its Horse Shoe Bend and ever-verdant fields. The Forest of Dean and Lydbrook with its magnificent viaduct, the Wye, and Symond's Yat, are not beyond easy reach, while Hereford with its Cathedral is hardly an hour's run. At Hereford, too, the beautiful Catholic Priory Church, at Belmont, on the banks of the sylvan Wye, should be visited; still further off, the beautiful neighbourhood of Ludlow, with its majestic castle and noble circular church, delights the visitor; and in the opposite direction from Hereford lies the glorious valley stretching from that city to Brecon and Devynock; while the splendid Priory of St. John's at Brecon, the Priory walks, the Brecon Beacons, the charming valley of the Honddw, and the pretty falls of Ffrewgrech, with the beautiful Llangorse lake or Lynn Safaddan, and Builth Rocks on the Usk, are every one of them most attractive. A couple of summer months at Droitwich would give the visitor the full benefit of the treatment, and at the same time enable him to visit the picturesque places I have named, and many more besides, all within reach of any ardent lover of nature who has a good long purse and full command of his time.

PEARLS.

PEARLS have been rising in value in the European market so long, and threaten to rise so steadily, that they may soon become the costliest, as they have long been the most elegant, ornaments of a beautiful woman.

“Si douce, si douce est la Marguerite!”

sang the ancient Provence troubadour. Many a jewel is fifty times as effective : the ruby is richer in colour, the diamond is brighter, gold and silver are more plastic—as full of possibilities as Reynard’s bag of tricks. The pearl has but its mild satin skin, like an angel’s shoulder, its rounded curves ; yet its shy, moony lustre seems to have a more permanent hold over a dainty fancy than many a more vivid and more robust material. True, it is mere carbonate of lime ; true, its globing form comes but from the sickness of an invertebrate ; its colours are drawn, not from the living fish, but from its putrescence after death. An ornament that owes its existence to nothing but disease and decay certainly draws little from sentiment ; and perhaps the pearl owes more to its constant association with noble pictures of beauteous women than to its intrinsic glory. For all that, the decorative position of pearls is quite unassailable. In spite of their grim origin, a necklet of fine pearls remains a far more refined and dainty ornament than one of brilliants. We should naturally deck Aspasia with diamonds, but Polyxena with pearls (though, no doubt, it *ought* to be the other way). Perhaps one reason is the presence in pearls of beauty without brilliancy. “Only the star glitters,” said Emerson, “the planet has a faint, moon-like ray.”

Enormous sums have been given for pearls in all ages, because they were so beloved. Cleopatra would have swallowed a diamond had not a pearl been costlier, Arch-Snobness as she was ! and the “pearl of great price” has been a synonym for the most precious possession from time immemorial.

But after the great Exhibition of 1851, when a great impetus was given to the manufacture of artificial pearls, whilst at the same time

increased study of the pearl-bearing mollusks led experts to conjecture that it would presently be possible to sow the sea with pearls like a field with grain, the value of real pearls went down considerably. Pearl necklets could be bought for but moderate sums. People gave pearls away without much consideration, which now they would prize, and they were no longer looked upon as an "investment" for money. Of course, I do not speak of pearls of unusual size and colour—they have always had their particular market, as the best thing of its kind must have—but small pearls about the size of duck-shot, that now fetch at least £30 to £40 a row. I have had little strings of pearls sent me when a child in letters as pretty things of some, but no great, consequence, by kindly disposed friends, of a now extinct breed.

The experts, however, who prophesied smooth things about pearl-culture, proved regularly out of it, as science in her proud moods often does prove, and nature seems to take her revenge.

Proprietors of the pearl-banks, in haste to get rich before the value further deteriorated and the sea became a mere heap of scientific wealth, became impatient of the normal risks of this anxious trade. The oyster-stacks, built of rotting bivalves, and purchased by auction at vast prices, began to yield fewer and fewer pearls of importance, in proportion as the size and number of the stacks increased. The divers, who hitherto had plied their dangerous trade with as much discretion as courage, detaching only the old misshapen oysters which were likely to have secreted big pearls in the long struggle with the vicissitudes of oyster life, were now bidden gather shells of all sizes; and they gathered recklessly, exhausting the banks for future use by removing young oysters incapable of pearl-bearing, whilst glutting the market with "seed" and "blind" pearls—two things which sent down the value of all pearls at the time, and have helped to raise pearls to an almost abnormal value since. For "sowing the sea with pearls" turned out a scientific failure. Both pearl-oysters and pearl-mussels refused to have their picturesque disease oftener than they could help. The Chinese—ingenious tricksters!—began to manufacture real pearls after a desperate fashion by coaxing the obliging mollusk to coat balls of wax and small shot with the lustrous nacre. They even introduced small josses of thin metal between the shell and the mantle of the pearl-bearing mussel about their coasts; and these, setting up an irritation in the creature's sides, speedily became coated, and, after "stacking," iridescent, and were bought as great and mysterious curios. They also had a way of taking a single scale from off a pearl of fair size, and afterwards

filling it up with wax or other substance so as to look like a whole pearl.

The concentric layers can be clearly seen when a pearl is sawn in two, as is often done for the purpose of economically setting; and the tool of the workman can be inserted in such a way as to separate the scales, and so make two pearls out of one. This separation is occasionally done by fraud, sometimes by accident, the workman, using the manual force necessary to work the "short grain" of the gold in setting, may for a moment miss his aim, his hand may slip, his thoughts may wander for a second—he touches the pearl improperly, and the mischief is done. Of course it is a bad blunder, and a rare one.

Pearls are costly things from first to last—costly to whomever has to do with them. First there is the worth of time. It takes a long while for the chance grain of sand which the oyster's gelatinous body cannot expel to be coated with the luminous nacre, still longer for the layers upon layers to form around it, that go to build up the pearl's constitution: and a *big* pearl—who knows how long it takes to grow? Perhaps fifty unmolested years.

A whole fleet of boats is kept up to visit the banks in the Oriental seas, and the banks have to be guarded and kept in order by the company between the "seasons." The diver who fetches up the parent mollusk has no easy time. He is highly trained to his work, and works hard, diving with his life in his hand—for sharks abound in the pearl seas. Forty to fifty plunges a day are very common, five divers at a time relieved by five more, who can retain their breath for several minutes—the average is one minute and a half—and bring up 100 oysters at each plunge. The boats, when full, must be completely unloaded before nightfall; if not, the dead oyster might open and drop pearls before it was stacked. Then comes the stacking in pits, as high as a room's wall sometimes—and glad am I that I do not live to windward of an oyster-stack! The stacks are sold by auction, the buyer taking his chance whether any pearls are in the oysters he so buys. He may spend his all upon a stack and not get a single pearl. He may find a "pearl of great price" and recoup all former losses.

Not only boats have to be provided by the company who owns the bed, but priests and sorcerers, without whose rites the superstitious native divers are afraid to go down; the "sharkbinder" goes out with each boat, and the priest remains on shore distorting his body in queer attitudes and going through the oddest ceremonies, to protect the industry.

When found, the pearl has to be polished with pearl dust, a process which does not injure the opalescent surface derived from the decay of the fish. It is drilled by the blacks and strung with others with great dispatch and skill.

The pearls are next sorted, those which are clearest in colour and roundest in shape being preferred—indeed, in the European market hardly any crooked pearls appear, though in my own opinion quaintly shaped pearls, such as are preferred by the Moors and worn by them in such extreme profusion, are far more picturesque than round ones, big or little. Then they come to be set, and the setter is paid 1s. per pearl in the trade. Thus, when we calculate the cost of this strange gem to the dealers, from first to last, we can hardly be surprised if we cannot buy it very cheap.

Pearls will never be cheap again, unless new banks are discovered producing fine nacre and rigorously nursed. The great pearls like marrowfats, which graced the garb of Lely's and Vandyke's beauties, are limited in number. It is thought that they will never be found again in any quantity, however ardently sought, because the oysters never grow old enough to make them of such size. Future Lelys will shadow forth Roman pearls only, on the ivory necks of lovely women. Not that Roman pearls at their best are to be sniffed at, costing as they do £5 a row, and being indistinguishable save by experts, and by them only after shrewd tests.

There was one of the most lovely pearl necklets I ever saw, at Mr. Glading's, King's Road, Brighton, the other day—a single row of the most softly shaped and tenderly coloured round pearls, as big as small peas. I wanted it. I want it now. But not having £400 about me, I cannot have it yet. A fine black pearl was recently sold at a monstrous price for these commercial days. It was valued at £30 per grain, and it weighed 26 grains, and fetched the modest price of £780. "A hundred pounds do not go far in pearls," said Mr. Glading to me in the course of an interesting talk amid his ever interesting collection of rare things.

A maid of mine, who had lived with "Mr. Manton," had sometimes to take charge by wearing (for safety's sake), during travelling, her mistress's celebrated pearl necklace, worth many thousands of pounds, which could never be lost sight of when it was not at the bank. What a "white elephant"!

It used to be said that the sunrise surface of pearls was too delicate to be much exposed to the air, and pearls were kept in the dark, in wool, in powders, in blue paper; but Lord Beaconsfield was quoting from a well-known jeweller when he recommended, in "Coningsby,"

the frequent wearing of pearls—even at breakfast—and laying them out on the grass in the sun to improve their colour.

The highest known cost of a single pearl is said to have been paid by Tavernier at Catifa in Arabia. It was oval, spotless, two inches long, and its price was £110,000. A very fine British pearl—we might have a more regular British supply, I suppose, with a little more self-command, and a grain more national pride—has found a resting-place in the Crown of England. It came from the Conway. These finds, however, are very rare here. Scotch pearls, when fine, fetch a good price. They wear a faint pink blush, which Parisians run after greedily. The Cingalese pearls are the whitest, but whether white, pink, black, or straw-coloured, there must always supervene that peculiar translucent finish or “water,” with more or less iridescence, which, like the bright colours on Roman glass, seems inseparable from the action of buried gases. Without this the pearl is of little or no value, and is termed a “blind” pearl, like those small pearlkins we often find within half-swallowed oysters at table. You might find a big “blind” pearl, worth nothing, in your mouth, which properly tinted by the bitter essences in the putrid stack, would be worth a fortune.

An anxious business must be his who deals in these faint and tender gems that seem to cast a tearful gleam towards the unthinking fair one clasping them on her throat or arm. Trusting life and fortune to luck, and to the fluctuations of fashion year after year, laying out so heavily for so uncertain a reward—losing at every pore one season, hoping to recoup in time to come—drownings, shark-bites, disease in the oyster beds, sunken beds, mismanaged beds, speculations almost mad in their uncertainty—all must be borne by the pearl-hunter, and yet, like the magic Rhein-gold, the faint lustre beckons him on—again, again—“*the sea hath its pearls!*”

M. E. HAWEIS.

WHO WAS ROBIN HOOD?

IT is a curious and not unprofitable speculation, who gave its name to merry Barnsdale? The etymology of the word might give two sources of its birth. The word might be Anglian, and be the Bearn-sdale, the Chieftain's-dale; or, being Anglian, it might belong to some particular chieftain, who had adopted Bearn as a cognomen. We read that, in the year 780, Dukes Osbald and Ethelherd, having collected an army, burnt Bearn, the king's patrician, at Seletune, on December 24. There had been local trouble there, the meaning of which may be taken to be ethnic, not national. Seletune is held to be Selston, in Nottinghamshire, and if the assumption be true the outrage was not a long way off Barnsdale.

But the word may be Norse, and then we should have the Björn's dale, the bear's dale, literally—the björn being very probably the descriptive *sobriquet* of some ferocious Norseman who was a king's officer. We may not have far to search for such a Björn as would here be required. In 1049 Earl Beorne, son of the Danish Earl Ulph, took part in one of the invasions of England; and without producing certificates of birth or desirable minutiae of that kind, we may take a passing note of the fact that Earl Ulph was one of the great benefactors to York Minster. The Jarl's horn, "made of an elephant's tusk, curiously carved, and originally mounted with gold," is yet among the treasures of the Minster, of which the *terre Ulphi* are not an inconsiderable support.

Out of such a possibility as one of the above the name has arisen. The district required strength of rule, for it was in the heart of the country where the native Celts chose to make the fiercest fights against all their invaders. The line of the river Don has been one of the fiercest battle-fields of northern England. The Romans halted there in force, as Doncaster and some other stations yet prove. The Angle had there to fix a very stern grip, as his clan stations yet make manifest. The later comers had to repeat all these precautions, as the strong fortresses at Conisborough—the king's fort—and Tickhill, not to include Nottingham, are evidence. And over and above all these the Celt

preserved his nationality there even until Magna Charta was signed, as the king's forest of Sherwood may be regarded as proof. It is certain that long after the Conquest the Celt furnished an unabsorbed portion of the people of Northumbria. In Nidderdale and the forest of Knaresborough—the Cnorresburg, stronghold of the indigenous tribe—the shepherds count their sheep up to the present day in old Welsh numerals ; and it may, perhaps, be that their Nither-dale, still so called, was scornfully named by the Angles as the dale where the nithings or worthless-folk were allowed to dwell.

The Celt's residences in the valley of the Don are yet named. He had a stronghold at Burgwallis—the military post of the Welsh—he had another residence in Wales ; the various Brettons are, again, his, given to him by the Norseman, as the word Brett signifies. Beyond all these local existences we have here and there a bit of history to speak of him and his doings. In 1205 Juliana, wife of William Craddoc the forester, gave one hundred shillings for the liberation of the said William, her husband, who was in custody in the gaol of Nottingham. That piece of evidence, recalling some old-world trouble—very likely poaching—is of very high value in more than the ethnological sense. Craddoc was undoubtedly an ancient Briton. So was Vivian of Rossalle, who compelled by law-process, in 1282, Peter de Stane to abandon his claim to lands that Vivian held from his ancestors. So was Henry le Waleis, who, in the reign of King John, claimed lands in Dunsford, in the forest of Knaresborough, against Alice, who was the widow of Ralph Mauleverer, which the said Ralph had given to her as dowry ; though Henry said Ralph had given the lands to him in homage, and the court allowed that Le Waleis had made good his claim. The beginning of the end of the Celtic *régime* is well marked in 1139, and, as usual, the betrayal of nationality has to start in the ranks of the so-called noble. Hugh Brito, the founder of Kirkstead Priory, offers us the illustration. He was an ancient Briton, and a landed proprietor, “ first among the first of his race and of the dignity of a baron.” He then adopted the name of FitzEudo, and as Hugh FitzEudo, lord of Tateshall, passed into the Norman ranks and into oblivion. That it is not so with the peasantry is a fact that I take to be the origin of the Robin Hood myth.

Who was Robin Hood? Certainly not a disbanded soldier of one of the Edwards, as Hunter would fain reply. Certainly not the Earl of Huntingdon, as all the old stories go. Certainly not any one corporeal thing, but a myth. Have we not in the analysis of the name of his favourite haunt another weapon for the destruction of

the personality of our most famous outlaw? Was not Robin the Middle-English survival of a series of Celto-Teutonic traditions, centring in the beorn of Anglian rule, and later in the gisl-björn of Norse times—the king's officer, bailiff, warden, and harsh rule? It is almost certain that this was so, and that the proud sheriff of Nottingham was the gisl or King's officer, his björn being a myrmidon, who has in turn come down to us as Sir Guy of Gisborne.

Barnsdale represents the border-land of three counties, Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Lincoln. Sherwood Forest—the forest at the shires, where rule divided, as it does for the police at the present day—like all the northern forests at least, was one of the last lurking grounds of the Celt, where broken men were likely enough to resort, and where they might live in some lawless freedom if they would but confine their operations within themselves, and keep off the king's highway, which traversed Barnsdale, and was watched over by the beorn and then the björn. The now somnolent little town of Bawtry stands upon the very intersection of the counties. If it be true that Bawtry—the baug-tré—takes its name from the Icelandic *baug*, compensation, we have some shadow of rule being maintained, or extortion practised, “under the greenwood tree”; of local tumults and fierce execution done or black-mail levied there in the ante-Conquest days. The boundary between Yorkshire and Nottingham runs through Bawtry, and so for legislative purposes the town would be convenient. It is situate upon the site of a Roman road from Agelocum, Littleborough, to Danum, Doncaster, and this fact meant something in the days when the Romans were masters. A fair of four days in the year was procured from King John by Robert de Vipont, then lord of the manor, for a present of four palfreys. That also means something having intimate relationship with the confluence of people, and the necessity of an authority to tax them and control them either with beorn or björn. Anyhow, we may take it that the fair did not bring the people; they being present as of old was the necessity of the charter.

The romantic history of Barnsdale seems to loom out of these scattered facts; it would not be lessened if we could revive all the stories of the Celto-Teuton struggle. Sir Guy of Gisborne and the Dragon of Wantley are illustrations of its social history. Everything points to an oppressed people and a harsh rule. In the twisted, half-forgotten lines of the ballads we have the evidence of this:

Now, by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Not lords and proud aristocrats, not harsh sheriffs, but yemen, a people, race against race. And I take it that this is the dream of a Celt, the "tow mighty yemen" being the two branches of his Gothic persecutors, the Angle and the Norseman. It will be observed how soon one of these mighty yemen is dropped from the ballad; the one remaining being a very redoubtable personage:

A sword and dagger he wore by his side;
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capul hyde,
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Which is an excellent picture of the last of the persecutors, one of the Bersarke followers of Ragnar Lothbrog, Ragnar of the shaggy breeks! The ballad has here allowed the Angle to drop out of sight, for his iniquities had been surpassed by those of the man "clad in his capul hyde."

Little John went to Barnsdale, whose "gates he knoweth each one," and the gate is the road, as the men of Norse origin speak today in their Kirkgates and other similar names. Little John was captured, as also was Scarlette.

For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

May we venture on the interpretation of the outlaw's name, Scarlette? The Norse pirates affected that colour, and paid heavily for garments of it. As the ballad proceeds Robin then encounters, not the sheriff, but his myrmidon the gísl-björn.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lync.
Nay, by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.
I dwell by dale and doune, quoth hee,
And Robin to take I'm sworne;
And when I am called by my right name,
I'm Guy of good Gisborne!

Which is certainly a very peculiar twist of the old forgotten phrase, remaining only as a sound. It is strange, if we accept the words literally, that this dweller by "dale and doune," who must clearly be a rustic if the words mean anything, should declare himself to be of "good Gisborne," a town whose old name was positively Gisilburn, and which means the burn or stream of the gísl, king's officer. However, Robin then has his say—

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin;
By thee I set right nought;
I'm Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

And so they fought. The outlaw slew Sir Guy, and, when he had cut off his head, "Robin pulled forth an Irish knife." Why Irish, if not Celtic? The yeman had a sword and dagger by his side—not the lance, be it remarked, the knightly weapon—he was a man wearing the Royal authority; but Robin was a bowman only; and as a subjected peasantry are always disarmed, he must conceal a metal weapon, so the one that he pulled forth was an Irish knife—whatever that might be! His description of the arms of the gísl-björn and the outlaw falls back some centuries from the days of the Plantagenets and the era of Robin Hood.

Among the rest of the heroes we have the notorious Pinder, George à Green, and, what is most remarkable, he is the Pinder of Wakefield. The old name of this latter place—Wachefeld and even Walchefeld—is evidently the field or allotment of the Welsh or Celts. In the earliest forms of the ballads, then, we have another law-myrmidon, and still again the reference to Celtic times and the Celtic borderland. And then comes the most singular circumstance, the place of the death of Robin.

The hero's grave is pointed out in the park of Kirklees, a beautiful woodland site in the valley of the Calder, once the park of a small Benedictine, or, perhaps, Cistercian nunnery. The story is that Robin went to the Priory, of which his aunt was prioress, to be let blood. In its allegorical sense such an errand is very comprehensive. While there, *in the hands of friends*, he was designedly or carelessly suffered to bleed to death by the nun who had performed the operation, and his death was due *to the Church*, the history of which at that time is abundantly significant. The creation of the Priory of Kirklees, in the very core of the Robin Hood era, the last quarter of the twelfth century, is due to a de-nationalised Celt of the valley of the Don! That, at least, is a very noteworthy fact.

The donor of the lands is called Reiner Flandrensis in the charter of foundation, but the correctness of translating the vernacular name Fleming by Flandrensis is here doubtful. The Icelandic word Flæmingr means a stroller, land-louper, and has clear reference to strife and unsettled habits—to Celts and outlaws. The monks did not always so translate the word. In an essentially Celtic district Michael Flamengus gave lands to Furniss Abbey in 1253; so we have the Norse word latinised, and not the geographical expression.

At a short distance from the Angle foundation, Hertshead, near the highway "is the base of a genuine Saxon cross, called Walton Cross, a very interesting relic"—at a *Wealhas-tún*, or Celt's enclosure.

And so we have a Celtic outlaw, coming from the valley of the Don, over the great Wakefield fee, to this remote corner of it. He there founds a nunnery, and that nunnery provides the grave of—what? of Robin Hood, *alias* the last hero of the Celtic race, now so rapidly assimilating with the usurpers, and forming the greater whole that must grow from the Gothic stock. Thus, then, in the beautiful allegory which proclaimed the dissolution of Celt-rule, Robin Hood, the incarnation of the Celts in their struggle with their oppressors, left the great haunt where the turmoil had so long gone against them, to rest on the less dangerous border, where kinsfolk were settled in peace. Why he should be betrayed there, and that, too, in a religious house, is a matter for much further inquiry.

There are some other remarkable coincidences in this strange story. Having passed the Walchefeld with its ruthless government, and followed the windings of the Calder up to the Waletun and the edge of Warren's fee, it still found no repose. If reliance be placed on the date of the epitaph on the so-called tomb of Robin, it is singular that it should be dated in the month of December in the year 1247, the close of the year when, after a long minority, young Earl Warren was reaching the power he will sway with a hand which will take care that "sick utlauz az hi an iz men, vil Englande nivr si agen." The Countess his mother, under whom the rule had been an easy one, died in 1248, and henceforth her wayward son is in trouble greater or less. In the satirical ballad of *Richard of Almaine* the Earl is thus spoken of:—

By God that is above ous, he dude muche synne
 That let passen over see the Erl of Warynne;
 He hath robbed Englelond, the mores ant the fenne,
 The gold ant the selver, and y-boren henne.

The allusion to his robbery of the "mores and fenne" refers to his doings upon Hatfield Chase, and other of his estates, as a game preserver and destroyer of the common rights of the people. It was he who bared the rusty sword before Edward's commissioners inquiring into titles of lands. He was Edward's lieutenant in Scotland in later years—a warrior of fame, whose death the king mourned for, and ordered masses to be sung publicly for the weal of his relentless soul. He and his ancestors had been the chieftains of the northern portion of the line of the Don since the Conquest, and the gaol of the Walchefeld, once Warren's richest seat, is still one of the greatest gaols of the kingdom.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

“THERE are many ways,” says Del Rio, “in which the Philosopher’s Stone is made. Writers contest with each other which is the right way. Pauladames opposes the opinion of Brachescus ; Villanosanus will have none of the mode of Trevisanus. So one assails another, and all call each other foolish and ignorant.” But however they may have disputed how to make it, no one succeeded in finding the right way, for no one knew where to look for it ; and yet the Philosopher’s Stone was before all their eyes, to be enjoyed by all alike, but to be appropriated by none. This precious stone, which went by various names, the “Universal Elixir,” the “Elixir of Life,” the “Water of the Sun,” was thought to procure to its happy discoverer and possessor riches innumerable, perpetual health, a life exempt from all maladies, and cares, and pains, and even in the opinion of some—immortality. It transmuted lead into gold, glass into diamonds, it opened locks, it penetrated everywhere ; it was the sovereign remedy to all disease, it was luminous in the darkest night. To fashion it—so the alchemists said—gold and lead, iron, antimony, vitriol, sulphur, mercury, arsenic, water, fire, earth, and air were needed ; to these must be added the egg of a cock, and the spittle of doves. Really, said one shrewd and satiric writer, it only wanted oil, vinegar, and salt, to make of it a salad.

Now the curious thing is—as we shall see in the sequel—the alchemists were not far out in their opinion. All these ingredients, or rather most of them—the cock’s egg and the dove’s spittle only exempted—are to be found combined in the Philosopher’s Stone, and only recent science has established this fact.

As the possessor of this stone was sure to be the most glorious, powerful, rich, and happy of mortals, as he could at will convert anything into gold, and enjoy all the pleasures of life, it is not surprising that the Philosopher’s Stone was sought with eagerness. It was sought, but, as already said, never found, because the alchemists looked for it in just the place where it was *not* to be

found, in their crucibles. Medals were struck on which were inscribed "Per Sal, Sulphur, Mercurium, Fit Lapis Philosophorum," which was a simplification of the receipt. On the reverse stood, "Thou Alpha and Omega of Life, Hope and Resurrection after Death." It was identified with Solomon's seal ; it was called Orphanus, the One and Only. It was thought at one time that the Emperor had it in his crown, this Orphanus, and that it blazed like the sun at night ; but the German emperors enjoyed so little prosperity that philosophers came to the conclusion that the stone in the Imperial crown was something quite different ; it brought ill-luck rather than good-fortune.

Zosimus, who lived in the beginning of the 5th century, is one of the first in Europe to describe the powers of this stone, and its capacity for making gold and silver. The alchemists pretended to derive their science from Shem, or Chem, the son of Noah, and that thence came the name *alchemy*, and *chemistry*. All writers upon alchemy triumphantly cite the story of the golden calf in the 32nd chapter of Exodus, to prove that Moses was an adept, and could make or unmake gold at his pleasure. It is recorded that Moses was so wroth with the Israelites for their idolatry, "that he took the calf which they had made and burned it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." This, say the alchemists, he never could have done had he not been in possession of the Philosopher's Stone ; by no other means could he have made the powder of gold float upon the water.

At Constantinople, in early Byzantine times, the transmutation of metals was very generally believed in, and many treatises upon the subject appeared. Langlet du Fresnoy, in his "History of Hermetic Philosophy," gives some account of these works. The notion of the Greek writers seems to have been that all metals were composed of two ingredients, the one metallic matter, the other a red inflammable matter which they called sulphur. The pure union of these substances formed gold ; but these substances were mixed with and contaminated by various foreign ingredients. The object of the Philosopher's Stone was to dissolve and expel these base ingredients, and so to liberate the two original constituents whose marriage produced gold.

For several centuries after this the pursuit flagged or slept in Europe, but it reappeared in the eighth century among the Arabians, and from them re-extended to Europe. We are not going to trace the history of alchemy *downwards*, and see one student after another wreck his genius and time on this rock, nor see what use was made

of the belief in it by impostors to enrich themselves at the expense of the credulous—we will follow the superstition *upwards*, and track the stone to the spring of the belief in its supernatural powers. The search for the stone will take us through strange country, give us many scrambles; but, if the reader will condescend to accompany me, I believe I shall be able to bring him to the very real and original stone itself.

The following story I give as it was told to me by some Yorkshire mill lasses, in their own delightful vernacular. I forewarn the reader that the golden ball in the story is the same as the Philosopher's Stone, as we shall hear presently:

“There were two lasses, daughters of one mother, and as they came home from t' fair, they saw a right bonny young man stand i't house-door before them. He had gold on t' cap, gold on t' finger, gold on t' neck, a red gold watch-chain—eh! but he had brass. He had a golden ball in each hand.¹ He gave a ball to each lass, and she was to keep it, and if she lost it, she was to be hanged. One o't the lasses, 'twas t' youngest, lost her ball. She was by a park-paling, and she tossed the ball, and it went up, up, and up, till it went over t' paling, and when she climed to look, t' ball ran along green grass, and it went raite forward to t' door of t' house, and t' ball went in, and she saw 't no more.

“So she was taken away to be hanged by t' neck till she were dead, a cause she'd lost her ball.

[“But she had a sweetheart, and he said he would get the ball. So he went to t' park-gate, but 'twas shut; so he climed hedge, and when he got to t' top of hedge, an old woman rose up out o' t' dyke afore him, and said, if he would get ball, he must sleep three nights i' t' house. He said he would.

“Then he went into t' house, and looked for t' ball, but couldna find it. Night came on, and he heard spirits move i' t' courtyard; so he looked out o' t' window, and t' yard was full of them, like maggots i' rotten meat.

“Presently he heard steps coming upstairs. He hid behind t' door, and was still as a mouse. Then in came a big giant five times as tall as he, and t' giant looked round, but did not see t' lad, so he went to t' window and bowed to look out; and as he bowed on his elbows to see spirits i' t' yard, t' lad stepped behind him, and wi' one

¹ In another version one ball was *gold*, the other *silver*. I sent this story to Mr. Henderson, and it is included in the first edition of his “Folklore of the Northern Counties,” but omitted in the second.

blow of his sword he cut him in twain, so that the top part of him fell in t' yard, and t' bottom part stood looking out o' t' window.

“ There was a great cry from t' spirits when they saw half t' giant tumbling down to them, and they called out, ‘ There comes half our master, give us t' other half.’

“ So the lad said, ‘ It's no use of thee, thou pair o' legs, standing aloan at window, so go join thy brother ;’ and he cast the bottom part of t' giant after top part. Now when t' spirits had gotten all t' giant they was quiet.

“ Next night t' lad was at the house again, and saw a second giant come in at door, and as he came in, t' lad cut him in twain ; but the legs walked on to t' chimney and went up it. ‘ Go, get thee after thy legs,’ said t' lad to t' head, and he cast t' head up chimney too.

“ The third night t' lad got into bed, and he heard spirits stirring under t' bed ; and they had t' ball there, and they was casting it to and fro.

“ Now one of them had his leg thrussen out from under bed, so t' lad brings his sword down and cuts it off. Then another thrusts his arm out at t' other side of t' bed, and t' lad cuts that off. So at last he had maimed them all, and they all went crying and wailing off, and forgot t' ball, and let it lig there, under t' bed ; and the lad took it and went to seek his true love.¹]

“ Now t' lass was taken to York to be hanged ; she was brought out on t' scaffold, and t' hangman said, ‘ Now, lass, tha' must hang by thy neck till tha' be'st dead.’ But she cried out :

“ ‘ Stop, stop, I think I see my mother coming !
Oh mother ! hast' brought my golden ball
And come to set me free ?’

“ ‘ I've neither brought thy golden ball
Nor come to set thee free,
But I have come to see thee hung
Upon this gallows tree.’

“ Then the hangman said, ‘ Now, lass, say thy prayers, for tha' must dee.’ But she said :

“ ‘ Stop, stop, I think I see my father coming !
Oh father ! hast' brought my golden ball
And come to set me free ?’

“ ‘ I've neither brought thy golden ball
Nor come to set thee free,
But I have come to see thee hung
Upon this gallows tree.’

¹ The portion within brackets I got from a different informant. The first version was incomplete ; the girls had forgotten how the ball was recovered. They forgot also what happened with the second ball.

“ Then the hangman said, ‘ Hast thee done thy prayers? Now, lass, put thy head into t’ noose.’

“ But she answered, ‘ Stop, stop, I think I see my brother coming,’ &c. After which she excused herself because she thought she saw her sister coming, and her uncle, then her aunt, then her cousin (each of which was related in full); after which the hangman said, ‘ I wee-nt stop no longer, tha’s making gam o’ me.’ But now she saw her sweetheart coming through the crowd, and he held over head i’ t’ air her own golden ball; so she said :—

“ ‘ Stop, stop, I see my sweetheart coming !
Sweetheart, hast’ brought my golden ball
And come to set me free?’

“ ‘ Aye, I have brought thy golden ball
And come to set thee free ;
I have not come to see thee hung
Upon this gallows tree.’ ”

In this very curious story, the portion within brackets reminds one of the German story of “ Fearless John,” in Grimm (K. M. 4), of which I remember obtaining an English variant in a chap-book in Exeter when I was a child, alas! now lost. It is also found in Iceland,¹ and is indeed a widely-spread tale. The verses are like others found in Essex in connection with the child’s game of “ Mary Brown,” and those of the Swedish “ Fair Gundela.” But these points we must pass over. Our interest attaches specially to the golden ball. The story is almost certainly the remains of an old religious myth. The golden ball which one sister has is the sun, the silver ball of the other sister is the moon. The sun is lost; it sets, and the trolls, the spirits of darkness, play with it under the bed, that is, in the house of night, beneath the earth.

But the sun is not only a golden ball, but it is also a shining stone; and here at the outset we tell our secret; the sun is the true Philosopher’s Stone, that turns all to gold, that gives health, that fills with joy.

In primæval times, our rude forefathers were puzzled how to explain the nature of sun and moon and stars, and they thought they had hit on the interpretation of the phenomenon when they said that the stars were diamonds stuck in the heavenly vault, and that the sun was a luminous stone, a carbuncle; and the moon a pearl or silver disk. Even the classic writers had not shaken off this notion. Anaxagoras, Demokritus, Metrodorus, all speak of the sun as a glowing

¹ Powel and Magnusson, *Legends of Iceland*, 1864, p. 161.

stone,¹ and Orpheus² calls the opal the sunstone, because of its analogy to that shining ball. So Pliny also.³ Nonnus Dionysus also speaks of the "white stone" of the moon. The old Norse spoke of the stars as the "gemstones of heaven," so did the Anglo-Saxons.⁴

But perhaps the clearest idea we can have of the old cosmogony is from the pictures preserved to us of the world of the dwarfs. When a superior conception of the universe was general, then the old heathen idea sank, and what had been told of the world of men was referred to the underground world, peopled by the dwarfs, who were the representatives of the early race conquered by the Britons, and by Norse and Teuton, a race probably of Turanian origin. Our British and Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian forefathers knew of the cosmogony of the conquered race, and came to suppose that they inhabited another world to them, a world of which the vault that over-arched it was set with precious stones; and as the aboriginal inhabitants were driven to live in caves, or in huts heaped over with turf so as to be like mounds, they regarded them as a subterranean people, and their world to be underground. In a multitude of stories the trolls or dwarfs are said to live in tumuli or cairns. This is nothing more than that their hovels were made of sticks stuck in the ground, gathered together in the middle and turfed over. The Lapp hut, even the Icelandic farmhouse, look like grass mounds. In many tales we hear of human children carried off by the dwarfs, and when these children are recovered they tell of a world in which they have been where the light is given by diamonds and a great carbuncle set in a stony black vault.

William of Newburgh⁵ says that at Woolpit (Wolf-pits), near Stowmarket in Suffolk, were some very ancient trenches. Out of these trenches there once came, in harvest time, two children, a boy and a girl, whose bodies were of a green colour, and who wore dresses of some unknown stuff. They were caught and taken to the village, where they would eat nothing but beans for many months. They gradually lost their green colour. The boy soon died. The girl survived, and was married to a man of Lynn. At first they could speak no English; but when they were able to do so they said that they belonged to the land of St. Martin, an unknown country, where, as they were once watching their father's sheep, they

¹ Cf. Xenoph., *Memor.* IV. 7, 7. Plut., *Plac. Phil.* II. 20. ² Lith. 289.

³ "Solis gemma candida est, et ad speciem sideris in orbem fulgentes spargit radios," *Hist. Nat.*, xxxvi. 10, 67.

⁴ Grimm, *D.M.* p. 665.

⁵ *Hist. Anglic.*, I. 27. See also Gervase of Tilbury, cxlv., for an account of the subterranean world reached by the cave in the peak of Derby.

heard a loud noise, like the ringing of the bells of St. Edmund's monastery. And then, all at once, they found themselves among the reapers at Woolpit. Their country was a Christian land and had churches. There was no sun there, only a faint twilight; but beyond a broad river there lay a land of light. Giraldus Cambrensis, in his "Itinerary of Wales," tells another queer story of the underground world, and notices that some of the words used in it are closely related to the *British* tongue.¹ But in neither story are the sun and stars spoken of as stones incrusting the vault.

The underground "Rose-garden of Laurin the Dwarf," by Botzen, is, however, illumined by one great carbuncle.² The same sunstone—a white, marvellous stone—reappears in the "Grail Story," which is from beginning to end a Christianised Keltic myth. In it the Grail is originally not invariably a basin or goblet, but a stone. It is so in Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival." In that there is no thought of it as a chalice: it is a stone which feeds and delights all who surround, cherish, and venerate it.

"Whatsoever the earth produces, whatsoever exhales,
Whatever is good, and sweet, in drink and meat,
That yields the precious stone, that never fails."

In the Elder Edda, in the "Fiölvinnsmal," Svipdagr is represented as climbing to the golden halls of heaven, and when he comes there he asks who reigns in that place. The answer given him is:—

"Menglöd is her name

.
She here holds sway,
And has power over
These lands and glorious halls."

Now Menglöd means she who rejoices in the *Men*, the Precious Stone,³ that is, the sun. She is the holder of the sun, as in the Yrokshire story the lass holds the golden ball.

Matthew Paris says that King Richard Cœur de Lion was wont to tell the following story: "A rich and miserly Venetian, whose name was Vitalis, was wandering in a forest in quest of game for his table, as he was about to give his daughter in marriage. He fell into a pit that had been prepared for wild beasts, and on reaching the bottom found there a lion and a serpent. They did not injure him. By chance a charcoal-burner came that way and heard the lamentations of those in the pit. Moved with pity, he fetched a rope and

¹ *Itin. Camb.*, I. 8.

² See for account of the gem-lighted underworld, Mannhardt, *Germ. Mythol.* 1858, p. 447.

³ Egilson; *Lex. poet. linguæ Sept. Men*, = monile, thesaurus, saxum, lapis.

ladder and released all three. The lion, full of gratitude, brought the collier meat. The serpent brought him a precious *stone*. The Venetian thanked him and promised him a reward if he would come to his house. The poor man did so, when Vitalis refused to acknowledge any debt, and threw the collier into prison. However, he escaped, and went with the lion and serpent before the magistrates and told them the tale, and showed them the jewel given him by the serpent. The magistrates thereupon ordered Vitalis to pay to the collier a reasonable reward. The poor man also sold the jewel for a very large sum.¹

Richard must have heard this story in the East ; there are no lions in Venetian territory. Moreover, the story is incomplete. We have the same story in a fuller form in the "Gesta Romanorum."

A seneschal rode through a wood and fell into a pit, in which were an ape, a lion, and a serpent. A woodcutter saved them all. Next day the woodcutter went to the castle for the promised reward, but received instead a cudgelling. The following day the lion drove to him ten laden asses, and he had them and the treasure they bore. Next day, as he was collecting wood and had no axe, the ape brought him boughs with which to lade his ass. On the third day the serpent brought him a stone of three colours, by the virtue of which he won all hearts, and came to such honour that he was appointed general-in-command of the Emperor's armies. But when the Emperor heard of the stone he bought it of the woodcutter. However, the stone always returned to the original owner, how often soever he parted with it.

The same story occurs in Gower's "Confessio Amantis." The story spread throughout Europe, and is found in most collections of household tales. It occurs in Grimm's "Kinder-Märchen" (No. 24), and in Basili's book of Neapolitan tales, the "Pentamerone" (No. 37).

All these were derived from the East, and were brought to Europe by the Crusaders. The story occurs in various Oriental collections. The Páli tale is as follows :—

In a time of drought, a dog, a serpent, and a man fell into a pit together. An inhabitant of Benares draws them up in a basket, and they all promise him tokens of gratitude. The man of Benares falls into great poverty ; the dog thereupon steals the King's crown whilst he is bathing, and brings it to his preserver. The man who had been helped by the other betrays him, and the preserver is imprisoned. The poor man is about to be impaled when the serpent

¹ Roger of Wendover's *Flowers of Hist.*, s.a. 1196. The story is an addition made to the original by Matthew Paris.

bites the Queen ; and the King learns that she can only be cured by the man who is on his way to execution. So the poor fellow is brought before the prince and the whole story comes out.¹ In this version the stone does not appear ; nor does it in the Sanskrit *Pantschatantra*.² But in the Mongol *Seiddi-Kür* (No. 13) we have the stone again. A Brahmin delivers a mouse from children who teased it, then an ape, and lastly a bear. He falls into trouble and is put in a wooden box and thrown into the sea. The mouse comes and nibbles a hole in the box, through which he can breathe, the ape raises the lid, and the bear tears it off. Then the ape gives him a wondrous stone, which gives to him who has it power to do and have all he wishes. With this he wishes himself on land, then builds a palace, and surrounds himself with servants. A caravan passes, and the leader is amazed to see the new palace, buys the stone of the man, and at once with it goes all the luck and splendour, and the first owner is where he was at first. Again the thankful beasts come to his aid. The mouse creeps into the palace of the new owner of the stone and discovers where he hides it, and with the aid of the bear and ape it is again recovered. Here we have the serpent omitted, which is the principal animal to be considered, for really the serpent is the owner of the stone, which grows in its head. This idea is very general—that the carbuncle is to be found in a serpent's head. Pliny has this ; indeed it is found everywhere.³ The origin of this myth is that the great serpent is the Heaven-God—and on the gnostic seals we have the Demiurge so represented as a crowned or nimbed serpent. In the head of this great Heaven-God is the sun, the glorious stone that gives life and light and gladness and plenty. In the West the story was told that the Emperor Theodosius hung in his palace a bell, and all who needed his help were to ring the bell. One day a snake came and pulled the bell. The Emperor, who was blind, came out to inquire who needed him ; then he learned that a toad had invaded the nest of the serpent. So he ordered the toad to be removed. Next day the grateful serpent brought the Emperor a costly stone, and bade him lay it on his eyes. When he did this he recovered his sight.

The same story is told of Charlemagne. He was summoned to judge between a toad and a serpent, and decided for the latter. In gratitude the snake brought the Emperor a precious stone. Charles gave it, set in a ring, to his wife Fastrada. It had the power to

¹ Spiegel, *Anecdota Pållica*, 1845, p. 53.

² Benfy, *Pantschatantra*, 1859, II. p. 128.

³ Cf. Benfy, *op. cit.*, I. p. 214.

attract love. Thenceforth he was inseparable from Fastrada, and when she died he would not leave her body, but carried it about with him for eighteen years. Then a courtier removed the jewel and flung it into a hot spring at Aix-la-Chapelle. Thenceforth the Emperor loved Aix above every spot in the world, and would never leave it.

In the story of Eraclius, the hero finds a stone that has the power of preserving the bearer from injury by water. Eraclius, armed with this stone, lies at the bottom of the Tiber, as one asleep, and is not drowned. In "Barlaam and Josaphat," the hermit undertakes to give his pupil a stone which will afford light to the blind, wisdom to fools, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb.

There is a strange story in the Talmud¹ of a serpent that has a stone which gives life. A man goes in quest of it. The serpent tries to swallow the ship in which he sails. Then comes a raven and bites off the serpent's head, and the sea is made red with its blood. A dragon catches the falling stone and touches the dead serpent with it; it revives and again attacks the ship. Then another bird kills the creature, and this time the man catches the stone. The power of the stone was so great that it revived salted birds that lay on the table ready to be eaten, and they flew away.

In Buddhist stories, the original signification of the marvellous stone is completely lost, as completely as in the European mediæval stories. The Indian Buddhists remembered that there was a wondrous stone of which strange stories had been told, and which possessed the most surprising powers, and they made use of the idea to illustrate their doctrine—the stone was no other than the secret of Buddha. He who attained to that was rich, happy, serene. It is called the Tschinta-mani, that is, the Wishing-stone, because he who has it has everything that can be desired.

Elsewhere the Wishing-stone is described as giving light by night as well as by day, as far as 120 voices could be heard calling, the one catching and repeating to another; and by this light could be seen the seven kinds of treasures falling from heaven like a rain, which are offered to all.

The idea of the marvellous, luminous, enriching, health-giving stone remains, its original significance absolutely lost, and is given a new spell of life, in that it is used as a symbol of the teaching of Buddha.

In Europe, also, the idea of the marvellous stone remains; it is not used allegorically, except in the Grail myth, but it haunts men's

¹ Bababathra, 74, 6.

minds ; they believe in it, they suppose it must be found, and they try to manufacture it out of all kinds of ingredients.¹

Neither Arab nor European alchemist, nor Buddhist recluse, dreamed that the stone that gave light, that nourished, that rejoiced, that enriched, was the sun shining above their heads. The conception of the sun as a stone was so old, so rolled and rubbed down, that they had no notion whence it came. The idea remained, and influenced their minds strangely ; but it never occurred to them to ask whence the idea was derived.

There is something pitiful in looking at the wasted lives of those old seekers, bowed over their crucibles, inhaling noxious vapours, wearing out the nights in fruitless experiment ; but, as in all history, so in that of the alchemists, we are taught a lesson—to look up instead of looking down—a lesson to seek happiness, wealth, contentment, in the simple and not the complex, in light instead of in darkness.

I believe that this is the only one of my articles in which I have drawn a moral, but the moral is so obvious that it would have been inexcusable had I passed it over. But I know that as a child I resented the applications in “Æsop’s Fables,” and perhaps my readers will feel a like objection to having a moral appended to this essay. That I may dismiss him with a smile instead of a frown, I will close with a copy of verses extracted by me, some thirty and more years ago, from—I think—a Cambridge University undergraduate’s magazine, which are probably new to my readers ; but as they enforce the same moral in a perfectly fresh and charming manner, and as they deserve to be rescued from oblivion, I conclude with them :

I was just five years old, that December,
And a fine little promising boy—
So my grandmother said, I remember,
And gave me a strange-looking toy :

In its shape it was lengthy and rounded,
It was papered with yellow and blue,
One end with a glass top was bounded,
At the other, a hole to look through.

“ Dear Granny, what’s this ? ” I came, crying—
“ A box for my pencils ?—but see,
I can’t open it, hard though I ’m trying—
O what is it ? what can it be ? ”

¹ I said at the beginning of this article that the alchemists were right in believing the Philosopher’s Stone to be complex, made up of many metals. We know now that the germ idea of the stone is the sun, and the spectroscope allows us to analyse the sun’s light and discover in the solar atmosphere a multitude of metals and ingredients, in fusion.

“Why, my dear, if you only look through it,
And stand with your face to the light ;
Turn it gently (that's just how to do it !),
And you'll see a remarkable sight.”

“O how beautiful !” cried I, delighted,
As I saw each fantastic device,
The bright fragments now closely united,
All falling apart in a trice.

Times have passed, and new years will now find me,
Each birthday, no longer a boy,
Yet methinks that their turns may remind me
Of the turns of my grandmother's toy.

For in all this world, with its beauties,
Its pictures so bright and so fair,
You may vary the pleasures and duties,
But still, the same pieces are there.

From the time that the earth was first founded,
There has never been anything new—
The same thoughts, the same things, have redounded
Till the colours have pall'd on the view.

But—though all that is old is returning,
There is yet in this sameness a change ;
And new truths are the wise ever learning,
For the patterns must always be strange.

Shall we say that our days are all weary ?
All labour, and sorrow, and care,
That its pleasures and joys are but dreary,
Mere phantoms that vanish in air ?

Ah, no ! there are some darker pieces,
And others transparent and bright ;
But this, surely, the beauty increases,—
Only—*stand with your face to the light.*

And the treasures for which we are yearning,
Those joys, now succeeded by pain—
Are *but* spangles, just hid in the turning ;
They will come to the surface again.

“ B.”

So the old ideas, old myths, are turned and turned about, and form new combinations, and are ever evolving fresh beauties, and teaching fresh truths. Perhaps in the consideration of these ancient myths, and seeing their progressive modifications, their breaking up, their coalitions, we may find the fresh application of the old saw, that there is nothing new under the sun.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SHORT ; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints : about five foot five inches : fair wig ; lightish cloth coat, all black besides : one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly : looking directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck ; hardly ever turning back : of a light-brown complexion ; teeth not yet failing him : smoothish faced, and ruddy-cheeked : . . . a gray eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head : by chance lively ; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours : his eye always on the ladies."

In a letter to his esteemed correspondent Lady Bradshaigh, this description of his own person, at the age of sixty years, is given by one who was in some sense the earliest, who is yet in some respects the greatest, of English Novelists. Until his fifty-first year Samuel Richardson was known to the world only as a plain, upright man of business ; to his friends, as a man of keen sensibilities and generous disposition, with a love of refined society and a remarkable propensity to letter-writing. But the genius so long dormant was destined at last "to burst out into sudden blaze." His occupation as a printer brought him into frequent contact with authors and booksellers. Two of the latter, his friends, acquainted, questionless, with his epistolary talent, desired him to "write for them a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." This humble task he accordingly undertook, but he had not proceeded far before his awakening imagination revealed to him powers and possibilities hitherto undreamt of. He was like a man plodding along a close-hedged country lane, with no view but of the narrow pathway beneath his feet, the banks and hedgerows on either side of

him ; till presently, as he gradually ascends, glimpses of the surrounding country become more and more frequent, and at last, from some fortunate eminence he sees spread before him the whole smiling prospect, with its various charms, widening to the far-off faint horizon. Richardson conceived the idea, at that time wholly novel, of developing, by means of letters, a connected narrative. A true story, which had remained for years in his memory, supplied the necessary groundwork, and in two months the history of "Pamela" was completed.

To appreciate in its fullest degree the originality of Richardson's genius, it is requisite that the reader should be in some measure acquainted with the state of fiction in England in the early part of the eighteenth century. Before the publication of "Pamela," plays and poetry occupied much more of the attention of the reading public than prose fiction, a necessary consequence of the fact that from the days of Shakespeare the drama had maintained a position far in advance of the novel as a picture of life and manners. The prose fiction in vogue at this time may be discriminated into three classes—the French heroic romance, the love stories of Mrs. Behn and her followers, and a third class which may pass under the denomination of fictitious memoirs, and in which may be reckoned the novels of Defoe, as well as some of more exceptionable character. Of these three classes the first appears to have been the favourite. The "Clelias" and "Cassandras" enjoyed a long reign, which might probably have been longer but for their insufferable long-windedness : never was title bestowed with greater propriety than upon these the appellation of "romans de longue haleine." Their heroes and heroines are always of exalted rank, and endowed with every virtue under heaven. They are usually, moreover, persons of historical celebrity, and, indeed, one of the peculiar merits of these voluminous works is the new and unexpected light which they occasionally shed upon the annals of ancient Greece and Rome. Their prolonged popularity must be ascribed mainly to the perennial interest of those sentiments of love and valour, which, with howsoever fantastic extravagance of circumstance, it is their constant aim to inculcate. A late after-glow of the age of chivalry illumines their interminable pages, for the radiance of chivalry lingered in literature when the fact had long become obsolete. The supernatural machinery ridiculed by Cervantes, the giants, monsters, and magicians, the wise Merlin and the sage Urganda, had indeed disappeared, but the incidents recounted by the writers of heroic romance, though not in the same manner impossible, were equally wild and improbable with

those narrated of Arthur, of Amadis, or of Huon. The curious reader whose courage is unequal to the task of attempting these ponderous volumes, will find much information respecting the "romans de longue haleine" delightfully conveyed in Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's charming novel of "The Female Quixote."

A closer observance of nature distinguishes the stories of Aphra Behn, and of her successors, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood. Of these the origin may possibly be traced back to the Italian tales so popular in England at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In the "Decameron" of Boccaccio we may perhaps discover the earliest expression of that interest in the common affairs of life which has since become the distinguishing mark of modern fiction. But these stories, though they bear to the facts of life a nearer relation than either the legends of chivalry or the heroic romances, rise not above the importance of mere episodes, and although Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley in their novels (the former, for instance, in "Oroonoko," the latter in "The Fair Hypocrite") give occasional evidence of more extended aims, they cannot be said to have made any great advance towards exact delineation of character. They have given us, as it were, histories of *passions* rather than of *persons*; nor do we find, throughout their productions, any prefigurement of the great school of fiction of which we may term Richardson the creator. Mrs. Haywood, it may be added, though her early performances possess a family likeness to the novels of the "admir'd Astrea," produced in later life, when Richardson and Fielding had already revolutionised the world of fiction, two novels of real merit in the modern style—the histories of "Miss Betsy Thoughtless," and of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy."

Of the class of fiction to which I have applied the designation of fictitious memoirs, the most popular performances were those which dealt with the court intrigues and amours of the day—romances in which, under a transparent veil of pseudonymity, persons of rank and repute then living were libelled with a degree of licence well-nigh incredible, and with an utter disregard of decency to which we can scarce find a parallel in literature. Mrs. Manley's "Atalantis" was the most famous of this obscene tribe. Another kind of memoir related to travels and adventures; to this division may be assigned "Gulliver's Travels" and the novels of Daniel Defoe. Defoe was practically the first English novelist who sought his subjects among the so-called lower orders of society. His romances, however, are not so much "novels," in the modern sense of the term, as imaginary biographies; they are panoramas rather than pictures; they present no regularly developed plot rising in a climax, nor do they deal,

except adventitiously, with the passion of love, which forms the basis of most fictitious stories. The great merit of Defoe consists in the wonderful air of reality with which by circumstantial minuteness he succeeds in investing all his incidents. To use his own words in the preface to his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "It seems impossible anyone but the very person who was present in every action here related could be the relator of them." Doubtless the long apprenticeship which, as a political pamphleteer, he passed in the art of making fiction look like truth, was in this respect of singular advantage to him; his works, at all events, possess the attribute of verisimilitude in a higher degree than those of any other English novelist except Richardson. He built, moreover, on the enduring foundation of common life, and his is the glory of having first indicated to the English reader that the lowly "annals of the poor" contain matter as memorable and as full of interest as the gilded records of princes and courtiers. 'Tis true the poverty of Defoe's heroes sometimes leads them into questionable society, and engages them in more than questionable enterprises. His works are strongly spiced with the "gusto picaresco," popular long before in Spain, and he relates with evident relish the exploits of his harlots and vagabonds. It may be worth considering whether portions, for instance, of "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders" might not with advantage be published in a convenient duodecimo as a "Pickpocket's Companion, or Complete Guide to the Art of Pilfering." This notwithstanding, the general tendency of Defoe's novels is unexceptionally moral, and his rough homespun is wrought of more lasting, more serviceable material than the gay brocade of most of his contemporaries and predecessors in English fiction.

Of the English novelists who preceded Richardson, Defoe alone can be said to have portrayed men and women with absolute and consistent fidelity to nature. Compared with Richardson's, however, his aim was narrow, his types of humanity were few, his delineation of character, though vigorous and true, was wanting in subtlety and intimacy. There is some justice in Mrs. Barbauld's discrimination, "that the minuteness of Defoe is more employed about things, and that of Richardson about persons and sentiments." And hence, although we feel Defoe's characters to be real, they stir not our affections nor excite our emotions as Richardson's do. We *see* Defoe's as it were, Richardson's we *know*; or it may, perhaps, be said that while Defoe's reflect nature as in a mirror, Richardson's are the life itself.

Again, Defoe gives us, as I have said, but few types of humanity. His heroes belong always to the class of adventurers; whether persons

of good position or of no position at all in the world's esteem, they are equally vagabonds. His female characters are destitute of charm. They occupy indeed, with one or two exceptions, but an insignificant place in his works, and of the exceptions the careers must be acknowledged rather conspicuous than exemplary. Richardson, on the other hand, was an adept in all that relates to the female heart. His types, moreover, both of men and women, are numerous and well contrasted. They are developed with the exactness of individual portraits, and present in combination a series of just and most fascinating pictures of human society.

Richardson's great forte consists in the art of making his characters *live*; in this particular he has rarely been rivalled, never, I think, excelled, by other authors. He employs not the mental dissecting-knife of modern writers. He affects not to analyse with a pretence of profundity the inexplicable workings of the mind. His method, on the contrary, is that of nature herself. The characters of his creations are revealed to us, like those of our friends, in what they say and do; and with so much of nature, so much of consistency, in the representation, that they grow into our intimacy as our friends themselves; they excite our love, our esteem, our compassion, or it may be our scorn, our detestation, as if they were veritably sentient and sensible beings. In a word, the persons of Richardson's novels are no mere problems in psychology, but, relatively to the reader's affections, real creatures of flesh and blood, a consummation far more difficult of attainment. The secret of this living charm was his own, but two things especially strike us with regard to his method of producing it: first, the elaboration of detail, by means of which he permits us to see and hear everything that passes as if we were present at the scene; and secondly, the consistency with which he maintains, through every varying mood and waywardness, the distinct individuality of each of his characters.

But not only does Richardson create, so to speak, *living* men and women, he creates also very beautiful and interesting men and women. If we hold it one of the most important functions of a novel to introduce us into good and charming company, I know of no novelist whose works should be preferred to Richardson's, of scarcely one whose works could be set on a par with his, in this respect. He delighted in female society; no other writer of prose fiction ever possessed so profound a knowledge of the female heart. His heroines are as admirable as Shakespeare's, and as real. Shakespeare's range, of course, was far wider; but within his own limits, and taken at his best, Richardson is hardly less inimitable than our greatest dramatist

himself ; nor would it, perhaps, be possible, from the writings even of Shakespeare, to select four more exquisite specimens of woman-kind than *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Harriet Byron*, *Clementina* and *Anna Howe*. But if with *Richardson*, as with other novelists, the female characters be in general the most attractive, his delineation of men must also be owned in the highest degree lively and powerful. He has touched the lowest depths of human depravity in "*Lovelace* ;" he has attempted to soar to the summit of human perfectibility in "*Sir Charles Grandison*," yet without ascribing to either character one single action, one single sentiment overpassing the strictest limits of probability.

And now the question arises, what is *Richardson's* place among the novelists of his century ? If we except *Sterne*, whose genius was a thing unique and in its nature incapable of comparison with that of any of his contemporaries, there seems no one able seriously to dispute with him the first place. The comparison, however, will serve to display our author's deficiencies as well as his strength. The extreme length of his novels I can by no means reckon, as some do, a blemish. His minuteness and circumstance are, for the most part, far removed from prolixity ; they are an indispensable means to the attainment of that vivid sense of reality of which he remains the supreme master. In some respects, among the writers of fiction of the eighteenth century, *Miss Burney* (*Madame D'Arbly*) approaches him the nearest. She too possesses the Promethean art of inspiring her creations with life ; she too has shown, in "*Cecilia*" and "*The Wanderer*," a power of stirring the emotions closely akin to *Richardson's*, and to his alone inferior. *Richardson*, however, strikes a deeper note ; his knowledge of human nature, if not more various, is more profound than *Miss Burney's*, and the impressions which he makes are, accordingly, both stronger and more enduring. He is no humourist : that is to say, he regards not his subjects with that unflinching sense of the incongruous which is almost equally compatible with the profoundest pathos and the airiest mirth. Nor is his that peculiar tenderness which seems inseparable from the finest humour—the tenderness which makes us conscious of a man's foibles but as bonds of closer sympathy ; the tenderness which illumines the homely features of my *Uncle Toby*, which gilds the rusty armour of the crazy knight of *La Mancha*. I mean not, however, to imply any incapacity of humour in *Richardson*. Some of the letters of *Pamela* in his first novel, those of *Miss Howe* and of *Lovelace* in "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and those of *Charlotte Grandison*, are distinguished by a sprightliness which often attains the elevation of true and most

fascinating humour. But the genuine humourist is a humourist throughout, whether he stand by the death-bed of Lefevre, or puff tobacco-smoke from the toy-cannon on my Uncle Toby's bowling-green ; and Richardson's views of life were far too serious to admit of the irrepressible playfulness which imparts a never-wearying charm to the productions of a Sterne or a Goldsmith. His tenderness, moreover, if it be of a different stamp to theirs, is, in its own serious way, inimitable. What, for instance, in all literature can we point to more exquisitely touching than the dying scene of Clarissa ? He is ever more earnest to instruct than to amuse, though he rarely (I cannot say *never*) descends to the mere didactician. But, in general, he is too great an artist to obtrude unnecessary precepts ; painting vice and virtue in their proper colours, he is content to leave them to work their own moral.

Compared with his contemporaries, Fielding and Smollett, Richardson stands, I think, far ahead of either. Smollett, indeed, in such comparison, appears an ingenious caricaturist, a superficial chronicler of diverting adventures. Fielding was, questionless, a far more dangerous rival. He possessed qualities to which Richardson could lay no claim. An absolute master of burlesque, his fine vein of satirical humour goes far to redeem the occasional grossness of his writings. Richardson, on the contrary, was no satirist ; his censure is unmixed with ridicule, nor did he, indeed, possess the light dexterity of touch, the effortless affluence of irony, requisite for success in satire. In contrasting the two novelists Johnson was unjust to Fielding, yet it must be admitted that in dignity, in pathos, in knowledge of the heart, Richardson altogether outdistanced his rival. Dignity, indeed, is none of Fielding's most conspicuous attributes : even his most charming heroine, Sophia, he cannot refrain from making the subject of an indecent and needless jest. Moreover, in the general management of the story, in what a painter might term its composition, Richardson has, in at least one instance, shown himself a greater artist than Fielding. "Tom Jones" is a desultory performance in comparison with "Clarissa Harlowe." Like a fine painting, "Clarissa" is composed in exact accordance with the rules of art. It has its principal light and its principal dark, with its minor darks and lights worked out with the extreme of elaboration, but always strictly subordinate and subsidiary to the principal. Nothing is omitted which can heighten the realism or give effect to the situations ; nothing is introduced which bears not, directly or indirectly, upon the main purpose of the piece—the development and opposition of the two characters of Clarissa and Lovelace. It is curious

how Fielding's own faculty of humour failed him in his endeavour to satirise Richardson. His clumsy and ineffectual attempt, in "Joseph Andrews," to ridicule "Pamela," had the result only of seriously blemishing an otherwise admirable novel. Happily, after the first few chapters, the creative instinct growing stronger within him, the author forgets his would-be satire, and only towards the end of the book does he again, and with singular infelicity, obtrude it upon the reader. The delicate conceit of completing the name of Richardson's initialled Squire into Booby was not Fielding's, but was borrowed by him from an obscene parody entitled "An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews," published 1741; if, indeed, this pseudonymous piece were not, as Richardson seems to have believed, itself the work of the future author of "Tom Jones."¹ But whether the comparatively innocuous satire of "Joseph Andrews" were or were not but an aggravation of an earlier and a far less pardonable offence, the wound thus inflicted upon the almost feminine sensitiveness of Richardson was never to be healed. He had a perfectly honest dislike of the writings of Fielding, whose peculiar merits he was, perhaps, constitutionally incapable of appreciating. The coarseness and lax morality of the "prose Homer of human nature" inevitably disgusted and repelled one who had entered the lists as the avowed champion of virtue. But beyond this, in all Richardson's allusions to his rival we can trace a vein of personal bitterness. On being told that Fielding claimed to have followed Homer and Virgil in his "Amelia," he exclaimed: "He must mean Cotton's 'Virgil Travestied,' where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels." It must be confessed, too, that while Fielding was the aggressor, the blame of uncharitableness and continued ill-will appears to lie wholly at the door of Richardson, of whom, in reference to "Clarissa," Fielding wrote, with equal justice and generosity: "Such simplicity, such manners, such deep penetration into nature, such power to raise and alarm the passions, few writers, either ancient or modern, have been possessed of. My affections are so strongly engaged, and my fears are so raised, by what I have already read, that I cannot express my eagerness to see the rest. Sure this Mr. Richardson is master of all that art which Horace compares to witchcraft—

Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus."

¹ This conjecture was not rendered less warrantable by the obvious allusion to Fielding's old adversary, Colley Cibber, whose *Apology for his Life* had been recently published, both in the title of the parody and in the *nom de plume* of Conny Keyber, assumed by its author.

In the year 1740 "Pamela" appeared, and was at once received with the enthusiasm due to its merit and its originality. The author's diffidence induced him at first to suppress his name, but his apprehensions were quickly dissipated. He had added a new and considerable province to the realms of literature, and readers of all kinds, men and women of genius or of no genius, were loud in recognition. "Pamela" possesses the same merits, the same irresistible charm (though not indeed in the same degree), which distinguish Richardson's later works. I doubt Aaron Hill's eulogium upon it will be little to the taste of the modern novel-reader, whose anticipations of enjoyment would be, probably, not greatly enhanced by the information that he would find, "under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality." The one blot upon the book was not so much the fault of Richardson as of the times in which he lived. We are constantly reminded of the exaggerated respect which was then entertained for mere rank, independent of worth. In a more democratic age we should regard a sweet, refined, and innocent girl like Pamela as sacrificed rather than rewarded, however humble her condition, in becoming the wife of a selfish rake, even though, like one of Mrs. Haywood's heroes, he were "descended, by the father's side, from the Ancient Britons."

The deserved success of the book induced the author to publish a sequel setting forth the conduct of his heroine in the married state. I have said that he was more earnest to instruct than to amuse. His work had been cried up, doubtless to its author's gratification, as, before all things, a manual of instruction. Pope himself had declared that it would do more good than many volumes of sermons: and accordingly Richardson set himself to work in all seriousness to justify the good opinion of his admirers. The second part of "Pamela" betrays the hand of the moralist rather than of the artist. 'Tis true, it contains delightful passages—passages instinct with that native charm which could not be wanting to any work of Richardson's; but the *moral* is out of all proportion to the *fable*; plot there is practically none, and the story is weighted with a preponderance of didactic matter, which, however edifying, is unquestionably tedious, a word which can with justice be applied to no other production of the author's.

Eight years after the appearance of "Pamela" Richardson published, amid the tumult of yet more general and more enthusiastic applause, his second great essay in fiction. As a work of art "Clarissa Harlowe" is certainly his masterpiece. There is not an unnecessary

digression, not a superfluous letter, in the whole eight volumes of correspondence in which the history is contained. Slowly, yet without a pause, the story moves onward to the tragic culmination ; and beyond it, with even enhanced interest, to the glorious apotheosis of virgin purity. It is not merely affecting, it is heartrending ; yet never were the uses of tragedy more nobly vindicated. 'Tis a true Pilgrim's Progress : all the devils of the pit in league against a single helpless woman. And what a triumph is hers ! Persecuted, tricked, outraged, she passes on with "unbleached majesty" ; the clear mirror of her mind no degradation can dim, the radiant light of her soul no oppression can obscure. The blacker her environments, she shines but with the purer lustre. She dies indeed, but her death is the sealing of her victory, the happy reward of her unshaken fortitude. "It was reserved for Richardson," beautifully observes Mrs. Barbauld, "to overcome all circumstances of dishonour and disgrace, and to throw a splendour round the 'violated virgin' more radiant than she possessed in her first bloom." She might say to her betrayer, with the Lady in "Comus"—

Fool, do not boast ;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

The character of Clarissa rises upon us with each successive volume. At first we are almost inclined to prefer her friend Miss Howe, a charming creature, whose fine and graceful qualities are supported by a spirit and a vivacity in which Clarissa appears a little deficient. But presently we discover that that which we have mistaken for want of spirit is indeed but the meekness and high sense of filial duty natural to a mind so pious and so unselfish. And when the door of earthly hope is for ever closed against her, when renounced and deserted (her one true friend at a distance and unable to aid her) she traverses with lonely steps the Valley of the Shadow of Death, then the full grandeur of her beautiful character is made manifest. Not one moment of weakness has she wherewith to reproach herself. With a noble simplicity she rises superior to shame and disgrace, and we quit the closing scene of her painful pilgrimage with moistened eyes, sorrowful yet exultant, as if we had attended the death-bed of a saint of heaven.

If Shakespeare himself has not given us a heroine more adorable than Clarissa, he has nowhere portrayed so consummate a villain as her betrayer, Lovelace. His character is indeed a masterpiece. Brave, witty, accomplished ; if not generous, at least liberal and open-handed ; with all the advantages of person, of education, and

of intellect, he is, in a word, the most perfect devil extant in literature. The worst of Shakespeare's villains, Iago himself, yields the pre-eminence in wickedness to this prince of iniquity. For Iago is actuated, in part at least, by a sense of wrong and a lust of revenge, while Lovelace merely follows the natural bent of his execrable disposition in persecuting, in ruining, as far as in him lies, a creature whom, in all honour and gratitude, he was under special obligations to cherish and protect. Never had profligate more ample opportunities of reformation; but he casts them all aside. The ambrosia of the gods is offered him; he turns from it to feed on ashes. He is literally a lost soul. His admirable qualities hurry him but the faster to perdition. He may be likened to a pilot steering his vessel upon the rocks with the same skill and determination which might, otherwise directed, have conveyed it safely to harbour. Self-gratification is his ruling passion; for this alone he exists, to this he prostitutes all the good gifts of nature, all the advantages of education. His fits of compunction, though violent, are but transient; of repentance he is incapable; and black Care, if she seat herself now and again behind the rider, is soon shaken off. Richardson's art is greatly shown in the continued superiority of Lovelace, his villainy notwithstanding, to all the other male characters in the book. His wit, his good sense, his plausibility, his address, render him in all companies the man of distinction. Yet, as Clarissa's noble attributes are the embellishments of a soul secure of immortality, those of Lovelace serve but as the mask to a mind utterly corrupt. Mrs. Barbauld rashly concludes that Richardson might have improved the moral effect of his work by giving more of horror to the close of Lovelace's life. But Richardson knew better the character he had created. The death-bed terrors of a despairing rake he had already vividly described in the case of Belton; but Lovelace was a man of different mould to his weak-minded associate. His wickedness is not weakness, not a yielding to temptation: on the contrary, his temptations are in the opposite direction. His vileness is wilful and deliberate; he knows the good, and resolutely refuses to follow it; he is valiant in ill-doing. And accordingly he meets his death with the intrepidity of a brave man; but when, dying, he calls upon the angel whom he has wronged, we feel that he calls in vain, that between these two a gulf is set, for ever impassable.

Our space does not permit us to enlarge upon the minor characters in this admirable work. In these also the reader will recognise the unerring touch, the nice discrimination, of a master of human nature.

Richardson's third and last novel, the "History of Sir Charles Grandison," was published in 1753. As a work of art it is less perfect than "Clarissa," nor can we claim for it the severe simplicity of design which characterises that masterpiece. In other respects, however, it does not fall short of its predecessor. It exhibits the same power, the same insight into human affairs. Moving as are its occasional scenes of pathos, it does not afflict us with the sustained anguish of "Clarissa." It introduces us, moreover, into far more agreeable society; for while, in "Clarissa," the few estimable persons shine like stars against a dark background of sin and wretchedness, in "Grandison" the evil-doers are few and insignificant, the virtuous characters are numerous and attractive, and the sorrows incidental to the story are for the most part consequent upon misfortune rather than upon misconduct, and vanish at last before the sunbeams of prosperity and content. Richardson's chief purpose in writing the "History of Sir Charles Grandison" was to exhibit the character of a man in whom goodness of heart and the highest Christian principle should be combined with the spirit and address proper to a finished gentleman. His success was as remarkable as his design was unusual. Sir Charles is excellent beyond the generality of men, but he is no faultless monster; the ground on which he stands is high indeed, but not inaccessible. He is by no means devoid of passions which call for restraint, and if he exerts his reason to restrain them, and ordinarily with success, he only performs a duty which is incumbent upon every person of sense and reflection. His character, however, is marked by a certain formality and solemnity which alienate from him, questionless, the sympathy of many readers. With regard to the former, it may be urged that as in Richardson's time a degree of formality far beyond that of the present day prevailed in the intercourse between the sexes, the excess, if excess there be, of that attribute in Sir Charles would then have been proportionately less obvious. And if his disposition appears too uniformly solemn, it must be remembered that the circumstances in which he is placed are by no means conducive to gaiety; that throughout the greater part of the story he supports with manliness a weight of melancholy uncertainty in respect to the fate of Clementina and his own destiny, sufficient to depress the lightest heart. In fine, one may say that if at times the excellence of this good man become somewhat oppressive, it is not so much his own fault as the fault of those about him, who are rather too ready to cry "Wonderful!" and "What a man is this, Lucy!" whenever he opens his mouth.

Richardson's mastery of character and emotion is displayed at its

highest in the Italian scenes of this story. Especially, the madness of Clementina, distracted betwixt her love and her religion, is as affectingly and powerfully described as that of Ophelia, though without its tragic conclusion. Not Clementina, however, but the generous and large-hearted Harriet Byron is the true heroine of the book. "I have designed," the author writes, "to make her what I would have supposed Clarissa to be, had she not met with such persecutions at home, and with such a tormentor as Lovelace;" and although the trials to which Harriet is subjected are slight in comparison with Clarissa's fiery martyrdom, enough is shown to convince us that, similarly situated, she would have been capable of the same steadfast and exalted endurance. Of the subordinate characters in "Grandison," numerous and important as they are, I can mention only one—the sweet Emily Jervoise, in whose story Richardson has given us a picture, unsurpassably tender and subtle, of the awakening power of love in a young, timid, innocent, and unsuspecting heart.

The last volume of "Grandison" has been condemned as protracting the story beyond its climax. From a strictly artistic point of view this is, perhaps, not to be defended; but the fact is, by the time we arrive at the seventh volume our sympathies have become so enchained to the *persons* whose fortunes we have followed, our interest in the individuals is so greatly superior to the interest which any mere plot could possibly excite, that we are glad of an excuse for lingering in such pleasant company, though in defiance of the rules of art. And while to "Clarissa" we concede the palm of symmetry and of tragic intensity, we shall feel, I think, that as a book to live with, to return to again and again with unabated enjoyment, the "History of Sir Charles Grandison" stands first of the three great works of its admirable author.

WM. C. WARD.

* * * It is pleasant to know that the bi-centenary of Richardson's birth has not been allowed to pass without some public recognition of his genius. On November 27 last, Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth, a member of the Stationers' Company, of which Richardson was for some years Master, caused a memorial tablet in his honour to be placed in St. Bride's Church, in the middle aisle of which he lies buried. The inscription on the tablet includes the sonorous encomium with which Johnson introduced the great novelist's paper in the "Rambler": "He enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

COSTA RICA
AND ITS RESOURCES.

THE very name Costa Rica—the Rich Coast, the Land of Plenty—has something poetical about it. Had an Englishman discovered that region we should have had Charlesland or James Colony ; but the old Spaniard, despite his cruelty, his bigotry, his greed, and his sensuality, had something magnificent in his composition, and coined a name with the rare merit of being attractive—pleasant to the ear, easy to pronounce, and rolling grandly from the tongue.

Turn to the map of Central America, on the customary atlas scale, and you will see a small bit of country, stretching from coast to coast, a little north-west of the Isthmus of Panama, with Costa Rica printed over it—insignificant enough truly ; just a few towns, San José, of course, among them, the Spanish veneration for saints always appearing very strong. To judge by names, the Spaniard of old days was intensely religious ; but if actions are examined, the less said the better. Probably never in the history of any civilised country, certainly not in that of a so-called Christian land, have deeds more merciless been wrought than those which disgraced the Spanish conquistadores of America, more particularly the ferocious monsters who ravaged the West Indies and Peru. But the Castilian of the 16th century was made of stern stuff, and before him the ruthless Aztecs of Mexico went down ; and in their terrible overthrow that marvellous and mysterious civilisation perished which combined the ferocity of the tiger with the gentleness of the lamb, which showed refinement the most perfect with cannibalism the most revolting, morality worthy of the purest religion with coarseness as gross as that of the vilest outcasts of the worst haunts of European vice. Before the conquerors were swept away the gentle Caribs and the splendid though effeminate civilisation of the Incas, all in one common ruin, disgraced by massacres so awful that the steps of the Spanish marauders are imprinted in the very lifeblood of the unfor-

tunate race, which lost in the unequal contest everything that was brightest and best. The inferior, as usual, gave way before the superior, the weaker melted away before the stronger, in the embittered struggle for existence ; though, if recent writers can be credited, in Mexico at least the Red Men have fully re-asserted their independence, and the ill-fated Maximilian is said to have met his death at the hands of full-blooded Indians—the descendants of the very men whose Emperor Guatemozin perished miserably, harried to death by the stern conqueror and his iron-nerved companions. How could the stone axe or the flint-headed arrow of the North American warrior, or the cotton-quilted armour and the obsidian spears of the people of Anahuac, keep back the horse and its rider, or meet on equal terms the cannon and the rifle? Christianity gained a new empire, while humanity had to mourn deeds which after the lapse of centuries few can read without a strange feeling at the heart. And now what remains of all this pomp? The power of Spain has long been broken, her dominion over the oppressed and decimated Red Men is past, and her flag only waves in one place—the lovely and fertile island of Cuba, the most splendid jewel in the crown of Spain ; but nevertheless the descendants of the conquistadores hold their own—Spanish is still heard in almost every Central and South American town and West Indian island ; the habits, the language, the very appearance of the ruling race keep alive the memory of Old Spain.

Hernando Cortes was of different mould to Francisco Pizarro ; the latter was a blood-stained monster, who revelled in destruction ; the former, in spite of much ferocity, does really appear to have had much chivalry in his composition. The very audacity with which, at the head of 600 men, he planned the invasion of Anahuac, has something splendid about it ; and though his private life was not so correct that it could be accepted as a model, no doubt, besides personal ambition, he was stimulated by the desire to bring those fertile and coveted regions under the nominal dominion of the Cross. Cortes had faith—in an age distinguished for faith—and when the priests who accompanied him had celebrated the rite of baptism upon the people of a subject town, he felt that so many poor souls had been snatched from the power of the Evil One. There is something heroic in the motives which actuated him, and something positively sublime in the reflections which he uttered. War always means destruction and carnage ; but in the sixteenth century matters were far worse than anything of which we have any cognizance in our day. A victorious army was little better than a horde of wolves devastating a flock of sheep ; it literally gloated in carnage.

It counted with unmixed satisfaction the towns it had sacked and the piles of its slaughtered victims. In Mexico the Spaniards were hardly worse than any other European army of that day would have been ; nay, a brilliant writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1845, contends that Cortes was immeasurably before his own day, and that his conduct would compare favourably with that of a merciful British commander in savage lands in our own century. Looking at the bloodthirsty fury of the Aztecs, and at their human sacrifices, and the opposition which was being aroused against them, he holds that terrible though the siege of Mexico was, and awful the massacres which ushered it in, humanity gained immensely by the overthrow of the Aztecs, and that Mexico and Central America were in the long run fully repaid by the triumphs of the lofty-minded, generous, and pious conqueror, whose tolerance and humanity stand out in such splendid relief to the bloodthirsty frenzy of the Spanish and British buccaneers who literally killed and ravaged for killing's sake.

The life of Old Mexico, despite its curious civilisation, had many peculiarities, which almost justify the contempt sometimes expressed for it.

“There were,” says Prescott, “no shops in Mexico, but the various manufactures and agricultural products were brought together for sale in the great market-places of the principal city. Fairs were held there every fifth day, and were thronged by a numerous concourse of people, who came to buy or sell from all the neighbouring country. A particular quarter was allotted to each kind of article. The numerous transactions were conducted without confusion, and with entire regard to justice, under the inspection of magistrates appointed for the purpose. The traffic was carried on partly by barter, and partly by means of a regulated currency of different values. This consisted of transparent quills of gold dust, of bits of tin cut in the form of a T, and of bags of cacao, containing a specified number of grains. ‘Blessed money,’ exclaims Peter Martyr, ‘which exempts its possessors from avarice, since it cannot be long hoarded nor hidden under ground!’ In their dealings it is singular that they should have had no knowledge of scales and weights. The quantity was determined by measure and number.”

Thirty years ago I was a very little boy when I commenced the study of America, and had committed to heart the history of the conquest of Mexico before some children can read ; indeed I often read Prescott's brilliant pages, and mastered all about the rulers and people of the plateau of Mexico—Hernan Cortes and his companions, the Aztecs, and the other powerful and numerous races of the warm lands of those coveted regions ; and almost without turning to a book I could have reproduced a large part of Prescott's works. It was, therefore, with feelings impossible to describe, that a few years ago I heard that my youngest brother had, in the course

of an adventurous and eventful life, something perhaps like that of some mediæval explorer, alighted on the tempting shores of Costa Rica, there to settle—finding unbounded scope for his energy, and speedily forming ties, which generally stop a man's wandering propensities. "He that hath wife and children," says Bacon, "hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those who have children should have greatest care of the future time into which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges." Thus is marriage too often—but in my brother's case there were compensations; if he settled down young, it was to be in high places, and before long I heard that he was to marry the daughter of the ex-President of the Republic of Costa Rica, and now, through my brother's marriage, I am related to many Spanish dons and donnas, and to a goodly array of Presidents, Prime Ministers, and Ministers Plenipotentiary—indeed, the late President of the Land of Plenty, General Don Bernardo Soto, is a nephew of my brother's father-in-law, Don Maria Castro, twice President, and so I suppose a sort of connection of mine. Curious! relationships extend far when to our credit, but we forget cousins, and even nearer relations, when they are lowly placed.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should perhaps not have written the article which I have now taken in hand; and, unfortunately, I have not been able to find graphic narratives to guide me. My brother-in-law, Mr. Cyril Smith, by profession a civil engineer, whose knowledge of the country is exhaustive, is, unfortunately for me, once more in Costa Rica, and during his recent brief stay in England I had very scanty opportunities of seeing him. His business capacity and thorough education, however, fit him to form an impartial opinion, and I heard him say emphatically that he regarded the future of Costa Rica as assured. Had he not thought very highly of that beautiful region he would not have made it his home, perhaps for the remainder of his life, nor would he have persuaded near and dear relations to embark no inconsiderable portion of their fortunes in ventures designed to develop the resources of the State. When a man of experience and mature years is confident, after a lengthened residence in Southern and Central America, that Costa Rica presents a magnificent field, perhaps superior to all others on the Continent, I feel sure that he has weighed the cost and looked fairly

at the consequences. Every year will see larger numbers of well-to-do, enterprising people going out from the old land, to make a home and find a tempting reward for their labours.

Unfortunately there is a very serious dearth of statistical and documentary information available to assist a writer, and I have had to draw somewhat freely on descriptions of neighbouring parts of America, though those narratives are from the pens of recognised authorities—writers of world-wide reputation. Perhaps as an introduction I cannot do better than give a passage from Prescott, in which he presents the principal features of the warm regions of Central America, and though he does not mention Costa Rica his words apply to it sufficiently well :

All along the Atlantic the country is bordered by a broad tract, called the *terra caliente*, or hot region, which has the usual high temperature of equinoctial lands. Parched and sandy plains are intermingled with others of exuberant fertility; almost impervious, from thickets of aromatic shrubs and wild flowers, in the midst of which tower up trees of that magnificent growth which is found only within the tropics. In this wilderness of sweets lurks the fatal malaria, engendered probably by the decomposition of rank vegetable substances in a hot and humid soil. The season of the bilious fever—the deadly *vomito*, as it is called—which scourges these coasts, continues from the spring to the autumnal equinox, when it is checked by the cold winds that descend from Hudson's Bay. These winds in the winter season frequently freshen into tempests, and, sweeping down the Atlantic coast and the winding Gulf of Mexico, burst with the fury of a hurricane on its unprotected shores and on the neighbouring West India Islands. Such are the mighty spells with which nature has surrounded this land of enchantment, as if to guard the golden treasures locked up within its bosom. The genius and enterprise of man have proved more potent than her spells. After passing some twenty leagues across this burning region the traveller finds himself rising into a purer atmosphere; his limbs recover their elasticity, he breathes more freely, for his senses are not now oppressed by the sultry heats and intoxicating perfumes of the valley. The aspect of nature, too, has changed, and his eye no longer revels among the gay variety of colours with which the landscape was painted there. The vanilla, the indigo, the flowering cacao groves disappear as he advances; the sugar-cane and the glossy-leaved banana still accompany him, and when he has ascended about four thousand feet he sees in the unchanging verdure and the rich foliage of the liquidambar-tree that he has reached the heights where clouds and mists settle in their passage from the Mexican Gulf. This is the region of perpetual humidity, but he welcomes it with pleasure, as announcing his escape from the influence of the deadly *vomito*. He has entered the *terra templada*, or temperate region, whose character resembles that of the temperate zone of the globe. The features of the scenery become grand, and even terrible. His road sweeps along the base of mighty mountains, once gleaming with volcanic fires and still resplendent in their mantles of snow, which serve as beacons to the mariner for many a league at sea. All around he beholds traces of their ancient combustion, as his road passes along vast tracts of lava bristling in the innumerable fantastic forms into which the fiery torrent has been thrown by the obstacles in its career. Perhaps, at the same moment, as he casts his eye down some steep slope

or almost unfathomable ravine on the margin of the road, he sees their depths gleaming with the rich bloom and unrivalled vegetation of the tropics. Such are the singular contrasts presented at the same time to the senses in this picturesque region. Still pressing onward, the traveller mounts into other climates favourable to other kinds of vegetation. The yellow maize has continued to follow him up from the lowest level, but he now first sees fields of wheat and the other European grains brought into the country by the conquerors. Mingled with them he views the plantations of the aloe, or Maguey—the *Agave Americana*—applied to such various and important uses by the Aztecs. The oaks now assume a sturdier growth, and the dark forests of pine announce that he has entered the *terra fria*, or cold region, the third and last of the three great natural terraces into which he has climbed. Though termed cold, these regions enjoy a climate the mean temperature of which is not lower than that of the central parts of Italy.

Another equally admirable passage from the pen of Alfred Russel Wallace will convey the general features of the equatorial climate with an authority and knowledge which perfect familiarity with a subject can alone give :

Various causes are sufficient to enable us to understand how the great characteristic features of the climate of the equatorial zone are brought about ; how it is that so high a temperature is maintained during the absence of the sun at night, and why so little effect is produced by the sun's varying altitude during its passage from the northern to the southern tropic. In this favoured zone the heat is never oppressive, as it so often becomes on the borders of the tropics ; and the large absolute amount of moisture always present in the air is almost as congenial to the health of man as it is favourable to the growth and development of vegetation. Again, the lowering of the temperature at night is so regular, and yet so strictly limited in amount, that, although never cold enough to be unpleasant, the nights are never so oppressively hot as to prevent sleep. During the wettest months of the year it is rare to have many days in succession without some hours of sunshine, while even in the driest months there are occasional showers to cool and refresh the overheated earth. As a result of this condition of the earth and atmosphere, there is no check to vegetation, and little, if any, demarcation of the seasons. Plants are all evergreen ; flowers and fruits, although more abundant at certain seasons, are never altogether absent, while many annual food-plants, as well as some fruit-trees, produce two crops a year. In other cases, more than one complete year is required to mature the large and massive fruits, so that it is not uncommon for fruits to be ripe at the same time that the tree is covered with flowers in preparation for the succeeding crop. This is the case with the Brazil nut-tree in the forests of the Amazon, and with many other tropical, as with a few temperate fruits. The description of the climatal phenomena of the equatorial zone here given has been in great part drawn from long personal experience of South America and the Malay Archipelago. Over a large portion of these countries the same general features prevail, only modified by varying local conditions. Whether we are at Singapore or Batavia, in the Moluccas or New Guinea, at Para, at the sources of the Rio Negro, or on the Upper Amazon, the equatorial climate is essentially the same, and we have no reason to believe that it materially differs in Guinea or the Congo.

What are the great charms of an equinoctial climate? I suppose the equable warmth and the unclouded sky are the chief. The

thermometer never reaches the high figures sufficiently common in latitude 30° to 35° , when, from the greater length of the day, the sun has more time to heat the ground intensely, and so gives rise to a much greater annual and diurnal range of temperature. Indeed, the hot season, 1,500 miles north of Costa Rica, is not only distinguished by a daily maximum perhaps 20° higher, but is itself 10° F. or 15° F. hotter. The character of the weather at a moderate elevation above sea-level in latitude 10° is, therefore, that of a very hot moist day in England, with a brilliancy of sunlight and a transparency of atmosphere never known here. Vegetation is peculiarly benefited by such conditions, and the heavy rainfall keeps everything moist. In parts of tropical India, where the highest readings are not in excess of those of Rome, though the mean annual temperature is 20° higher, seeds planted on a Tuesday have been well up by the following Friday, and in a week the ground is covered with a crop several inches high, and it is said that growth is so rapid that it can actually be measured day by day. Probably Texas and the Southern States of the American Union are in the seven months' summer of that region far more trying to the English constitution than any part of Costa Rica except the sea coast. The agricultural returns are far greater in the latter, and the variety of the productions enormously larger. With our constantly increasing population, and the rapid growth of wealth and luxury at home, and in Europe generally, there is no limit to the consumption of those intertropical fruits and vegetables, which the Central American republics could produce in quantities almost exceeding the powers of arithmetic to express.

Costa Rica is peculiarly rich in forest trees of great magnificence, and the climate would seem to favour their growth and variety. What tropical forests are, Charles Kingsley, in a passage of more than ordinary brilliancy, has shown in terms which might almost seem highly coloured. The teeming vegetable wealth of a small West India island filled him with amazement. We, in a cold temperate climate, in which the degree of heat is always moderate, and vegetation is dormant for six months, cannot even picture to ourselves the splendour and rapidity of tropical growth. Mr. Alfred Wallace has very happily described the main features of those forests whose luxuriant solitudes are tempting the hand of man.

It is not easy to fix upon the most distinctive features of these virgin forests, which, nevertheless, impress themselves upon the beholder as something quite unlike those of temperate lands, and as possessing a grandeur and sublimity altogether their own. Amid the countless modifications in detail which these forests present, we shall endeavour to point out the chief peculiarities, as well as the more interesting phenomena which generally characterise them. The observer,

new to the scene, would perhaps be first struck by the varied yet symmetrical trunks, which rise up with perfect straightness to a great height without a branch, and which being placed at a considerable average distance apart, give an impression similar to that produced by the columns of some enormous building. Overhead, at a height perhaps of a hundred feet, is an almost unbroken canopy of foliage formed by the meeting together of these great trees and their interlacing branches; and this canopy is usually so dense that only an indistinct glimmer of the sky is to be seen, and even the intense tropical sunlight only penetrates to the ground subdued and broken up into scattered fragments. There is a weird gloom and a solemn silence which combine to produce a sense of the vast, the primeval, almost of the infinite. It is a world in which man seems an intruder, and where he seems overwhelmed by the contemplation of the ever-acting forces, which from the simplest elements of the atmosphere build up the great mass of vegetation which overshadows and almost seems to oppress the earth.

Central America originally comprised a single great State, known, while in the possession of the Spanish Crown, as the Kingdom of Guatemala, but now divided into five independent republics—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua—which, since the treaty of January 28, 1860, includes the Mosquito territory, and Costa Rica. This vast region, so insignificant on the map, has an area of at least 175,000 square miles, with a population of 3,000,000, of whom a quarter are Europeans, or Creoles of European parentage, while the remainder are Indians and Mestizoes. Central America was conquered, or seized more correctly, in 1525, by Don Pedro de Alvarado, one of the trustiest and most determined of the fierce and cruel followers of the Conqueror of Mexico. His adventures read like legends of romance. From his day to 1821 it was subject to Spain, then it obtained its independence, and a federal government was formed; but this, after some years of civil war, was, in 1839, overthrown, when the five confederated States proclaimed themselves absolutely independent of one another. The mineral wealth of the region is enormous, and its importance has not yet been fully recognised—gold, silver, copper, zinc, marble, and stone abound; but perhaps in that luxuriant region the chief wealth is, after all, agricultural—wood, cotton, coffee, sugar, cochineal, indigo, cocoa, sarsaparilla, tobacco, fibre, and the banana. A large trade is done with the United Kingdom, the imports and exports in 1887 approaching £3,000,000.

Though Costa Rica looks strangely small, it extends from 8° N. latitude to 11°, and from 8° 30' to 85° 45' W. longitude, with, according to one account, an area of 20,000, while another gives it 26,000 square miles—so little trouble do we take to get at the real facts relating to a country nearly as large as Ireland, and with agricultural capabilities immensely greater than those of the whole United King-

dom. The country is mountainous in an American, not an English sense, more particularly in the north-east, with many volcanoes and a reasonable share of earthquakes. The chief places of note are San José the capital, Puntarenas on the Gulf of Nicoya, Cartago, Alajuela, Eredia, Estrella, and Esparza. The notorious filibuster William Walker gave Costa Rica much trouble some years ago, and it has had abundance of internal difficulties, though of late it has been creditably free from political and civil complications. Among the chief exports are coffee and hides; of the former the amount is enormous, and represents an immense sum. One of the most remarkable mines of this wonderful region is the famous La Trinidad, which belongs to the Costa Rican Mining Company; it possesses a battery of forty stampers, each of 900 pounds. This mine is richer than most others in the country, but it is not the only one which yields enormous returns, and friends of mine, who know the capabilities of Costa Rica as I cannot pretend to do, have favoured me with lists of mines which are very remarkable, and which are likely to divide large profits, but I spare my readers the trouble of reading names which, after all, would only be names to most of them. A railway from Limon, on the Atlantic, to San José, the capital, 118 miles long, is in hand, and will, it is hoped, be completed in January 1890; there are also fifty-two miles of rail completed in other parts. But it is obvious that there is great scope for additional railways, and I gather from what I am told that important concessions have been obtained, and that very valuable extensions are in hand, which will immensely improve the means of communication and greatly increase the commerce of the country; the want of railways is the greatest hindrance to progress. The standing army is small but sufficient; it numbers 500 men, and the militia 15,000. The public income is three quarters of a million, and the expenditure much the same; while the debt is £1,120,000, and the imports and exports reach £1,900,000. San José has a population of 13,000; it is 5,687 miles from London, and direct transit takes twenty-three days, while *via* New York only twenty-one are needed.

The extreme loveliness of Central America is getting to be well known by this time and needs no description of mine, while the scenery of Costa Rica has delighted all who have seen the upland regions of that glorious country. From its geographical position, moreover, the climate of that vast district is one of the most charming under the sun, and the brilliant and equable climate of the elevated valley of Cartago, in Costa Rica, where report says the temperature ranges from 70° to 80° night and day, all the year round, is attracting attention

in Europe and the States. Of late large numbers of North Americans and Englishmen have been going out, and my youngest brother has been using his influence, which can hardly be small, to induce friends to accompany him. A letter written to me by my youngest sister, who, with her mother, travelled from Richmond, Virginia, *viâ* New Orleans, to Costa Rica, in October 1887, will interest the reader, as it conveys in very picturesque words the impression she formed ; it reached me in the midst of typical English winter weather, when it required a positive effort to think of sunshine and blue skies. After a short stay at New Orleans my relatives went by steamer to Limon, the principal port of Costa Rica on the Atlantic. But I must let my fair kinswoman speak for herself.

If you do not mind a little *mal de mer*, take passage by the *Foxhall*, and set your face towards the tropics. The steamer is small, but nicely fitted up ; it is English, and owned by Messrs. J. L. Phipps & Co. of London, and is used in the banana trade, which is one of the staple businesses of the country. The captain is a Cape Cod man, a genial Yankee, if such a thing be possible ; the chief engineer is an Englishman, and the waiters, who are all negroes, are very attentive and skilful. When we crossed there were only about a dozen passengers besides ourselves ; we gathered together on the bridge of the steamer, and soon became very friendly. I had a horrible dread of being sea-sick, but sitting upon the bridge, with the river as smooth as glass, and the sky clear and beautiful, I forgot everything but the enjoyment of the moment. At ten o'clock we went down to breakfast, a delicious meal with every imaginable delicacy ; but alas and alas ! the waiter offered me one dish after another with so insinuating a smile that I felt something lay behind. The captain observed that I ate very little, and advised me to make a good meal, as it might very possibly be the first and the last on the voyage. You can imagine how appetising I found the remark. After breakfast we returned to our old place on the bridge of the steamer, and began to talk about the land beyond the sea to which we were bound. A lady who lived at Colon said that in stormy weather she had seen the *Foxhall* come into port there "standing on her hind-legs and pawing the air with her fore-legs." Another lady, returning home to Port Limon, did her best to frighten us, by giving horrible accounts of the yellow fever on the coast ; I could not blame her, poor soul, after learning that she had lost two children within six hours of each other, only four months before. The dinner hour was four o'clock, and we were to pass the jetties at 4.30. At 4 o'clock we were really enjoying our dinner, when the vessel gave a lurch, nearly every one turned pale, and several rose precipitately to seek the seclusion of their state rooms. We were out of the river ; our pleasant time was over until we stood once more on dry land. Mamma and I felt perfectly well, so we went up with the captain on the bridge, and talked very cheerfully as though we had nothing to fear in the way of that detestable malady, sea-sickness. At dusk we descended to our state rooms ; alas for our pride ! I hung desperately to the captain's arm, and even then only succeeded in staggering down the cabin stairs. I managed to put on a wrapper and stretch myself at full length on the sofa ; mamma took to her bed with many a groan. It was Friday night when we turned our faces to the wall and refused to be comforted ; it was Sunday noon before we again looked upon the light of day. The captain

sent to inquire if I did not want to see Cuba—*la joya mas brillante en la corona de Espana*. Of course I said “Yes,” and greatly to my own astonishment I managed to reach the saloon, and from the doorway looked upon the low grey line which they told me was Cuba. I can assure you that our five days at sea were anything but pleasant. When on the Wednesday morning the captain informed us that the land in front of the ship was Limon, I could have shouted for joy. By noon we were in port, where Robert met us. We had quite a pleasant little stay at Limon. The Governor of the Port took us in his steam-launch to La Isla de Uvas, where a sanitary settlement is being made, and gave us glasses of fresh cocoa-nut champagne to drink. It was nice to be seated under a cocoa palm, to have nuts fresh from the trees around us, but I did not like the taste of the juice; it was so intensely sweet. Limon is the most important port of Costa Rica on the Atlantic, and is not remarkable for architectural beauty, but to me it seemed the loveliest place on earth; at least, after my experience at sea. By the way, the best hotel in the place is kept by two Englishwomen who had been living at Limon more than fifteen years. We left Limon on Friday morning for San José, and reached that city Sunday night. From Limon to Carrillo the journey is made by rail; and I saw enough banana plantations to satisfy me for the rest of my life. We reached Carrillo, the present terminus of the road, on the Friday evening in the midst of a typical tropical rainstorm. We spent the night there, leaving on Saturday morning for San José. Robert was on horseback, mamma and I in a coach with two Colombian ladies. Our chariot was drawn by oxen, and for some reason or other they soon became weary, thereby lengthening the journey by twenty-four hours. The scenery is something wonderful; I am engaged upon a series of letters for publication in which I hope to do it justice: when finished, I will send you copies; in the meantime I will ask you to picture to yourself a landscape made up of lofty mountains clothed with dense tropical verdure to their summits, sparkling cascades, turbulent rivers, a long winding road through narrow mountain gorges, a glorious sky, and a sun in keeping with the tropic scene. San José is like all Central American towns: the houses are none of them more than two storeys high, and even that is the exception. There is a magnificent cathedral, of which the people may well be proud. We were a week at San José, and then went on to Cartago; we are now at Agua Caliente, a suburb of the latter. We are living in the house of a friend, a wealthy coffee planter. As I sit writing on the wide balcony which serves as a room, I can see the men at work in the “patio,” drying coffee. There is an orange grove just beyond, and we are liberally supplied with that delicious fruit. The climate appears to be very fine; we are nearly at the end of the rainy season—the winter of the tropics—and, when the weather permits, we are going to make visits to the volcano of Irazu, the valley of thé Orosi, and numerous other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

A certain place, not mentionable to ears polite, is said to be paved with good intentions; my sister’s intentions are no doubt good, but sometimes they remain intentions only, and the long-promised and eagerly-expected letters have not come with the regularity I could wish. In a subsequent epistle, however, she did favour me with a long account of the banana and the cacao, and, as it throws light on two of the principal industries of Central America, I have ventured to give my readers a short passage.

The bananas of Costa Rica are asserted to be the finest imported into the United States. One of the chief merits of the bananas of Costa Rica is their superior hardness, the fruit always arriving in perfect preservation in spite of the time required for its transportation. Within the last year or two some of the finest fruit, on being re-shipped from New York to London, has brought 27*s.* a bunch. The banana industry is so perfectly organised that little trouble is experienced even in the shipment of the immense quantities sent from Limon. Although the steamers engaged in this trade are very large, they are always provided with sufficient freight at Limon, so enormously has the industry developed during the last few years. The fruit business at present supplies the railway with the greater portion of its freights; and, as the road is being rapidly extended, and new areas are brought into cultivation, the tonnage of the railway company is constantly on the increase. Five hundred or more bunches can be obtained from each manzana—about 200 bunches to the acre. The profits seem enormous, when one reflects that some plantations give a net gain of from 60 to 80 per cent. per annum on the original cost. Others do not pay so well, but when attended to at all it is one of the most profitable crops known. Around Matma the cacao tree has been cultivated many years, and the soil of Costa Rica is well adapted to the production of this valuable article.

Although at the risk of making my extracts unreasonably long, I cannot refrain quoting a few words from one of my earliest favourites, whose felicity of language makes many of his works as readable as novels, and far more instructive.

Among the most important articles of husbandry among the ancient Mexicans, says Prescott), we may notice the banana, whose facility of cultivation and exuberant returns are so fatal to habits of systematic and hardy industry. Another plant was the cacao, the fruit of which furnished the chocolate—from the Mexican *chocolatl*—now so common a beverage throughout Europe. The vanilla, confined to a small district of the sea-coast, was used for the same purpose of flavouring their food and drink as with us. Oviedo considers the *musa* an imported plant, and Hernandez, in his copious catalogue, makes no mention of it; but Humboldt, who gave much attention to it, concluded that if some species were brought into the country, others were indigenous. If we may credit Clavigero, the banana was the forbidden fruit that tempted poor mother Eve.

It has often been contended, and with some reason, perhaps, that the very prodigality of nature in tropical regions is fatal to habits of settled industry, and I hardly like to press the claims of Central America on the ground of the rich return it yields to human labour. When the soil is so bountiful that it only requires to be scratched to yield plenteously all that man needs, he is tempted to waste his existence in sensual indulgence, though even then he can be induced to exert himself to obtain, in return for the superabundance of his own favoured region, those products which colder lands offer him. Large though the trade of Costa Rica is getting to be, it might be enormously increased, and a fresh outlet would be found for British capital and enterprise; the natives need directing and organising, and in doing so, many of our countrymen would find a splendid field for their abilities and wealth.

A few words dealing rather more scientifically with the cacao and the banana will supplement the description I have ventured to

reproduce. Plants of the chocolate family abound in mucilage, and many of them yield cordage. The seeds of *Theobroma cacao*, or cacao beans, are the chief ingredients in chocolate, which also contains sugar, arnatto, vanilla, and cinnamon ; pressure makes them yield a fatty oil, cacao butter, which has little tendency to become rancid ; they contain a crystalline principle analogous to caffeine, and called theobromine. The *cocoa* of the shops generally consists of roasted beans, and sometimes of the roasted coverings of the beans, ground to powder.

As Central America is a tropical, or rather an equinoctial region, and as I am anxious to present it with all its peculiarities just as it is to my readers, I feel that, in view of the ignorance often displayed on the subject, I must once more quote from Mr. Wallace, who is now, I am proud to say, a near neighbour of mine. That gifted writer draws pointed attention to the comparative scarcity of flowers in equinoctial forests.

It is a very general opinion among the inhabitants of temperate climes that amid the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics there must be a grand display of floral beauty ; and this is supported by the number of large and showy flowers cultivated in our hothouses. The fact is, however, that in proportion as the general vegetation becomes more luxuriant, flowers form a less and less prominent feature ; and this rule applies not only to the tropics but to the temperate and frigid zones. It is amid the scanty vegetation of the higher mountains and towards the limits of perpetual snow, that Alpine flowers are most brilliant and conspicuous. Our own meadows and pastures and hill-sides produce more gay flowers than our woods and forests ; and, in the tropics, it is where vegetation is less dense and luxuriant that flowers most abound. In the damp and uniform climate of the equatorial zone the mass of vegetation is greater and more varied than in any other part of the globe, but in the great virgin forests themselves flowers are rarely seen. After describing the forests of the Lower Amazon, Mr. Bates asks, "But where were the flowers?" To our great disappointment we saw none, or only such as were insignificant in appearance. Orchids are rare in the dense forests of the lowlands, and I believe it is now tolerably well ascertained that the majority of the forest trees of equatorial Brazil have small and inconspicuous flowers. My friend Dr. Richard Spruce assured me that by far the greater part of the plants gathered by him in equatorial America had inconspicuous green or white flowers. My own observations in the Aru Islands for six months, and in Borneo for more than a year, while living almost wholly in the forests, are quite in accordance with this. Conspicuous masses of showy flowers are so rare, that weeks and months may pass without observing a single flowering plant worthy of special admiration. Occasionally some tree or shrub will be seen covered with magnificent yellow, or crimson, or purple flowers, but it is usually an oasis of colour in a desert of verdure, and, therefore, hardly affects the general aspects of the vegetation. The equatorial forest is too gloomy for flowers, or generally even for much foliage, except for ferns and other shade-loving plants ; and were it not that the forests are broken up by rivers and streams, by mountain ranges, by precipitous rocks and by deep ravines, there would be still fewer flowers. Some of the great forest-trees have showy blossoms, and when these are seen from an elevated point looking over an expanse of tree-tops, the effect is very grand ; but nothing is more erroneous than the statement sometimes made that tropical forest-trees *generally* have showy flowers, for it is doubtful whether the proportion is at all greater in tropical than in temperate zones. On such natural exposures as steep mountain sides, the banks of the rivers or ledges of precipices, and on the margins of such artificial

openings as roads and forest-clearings, whatever floral beauty is to be found in the more luxuriant parts of the tropics is exhibited. But even in such favourable situations it is not the abundance and beauty of the flowers, but the luxuriance of the foliage, and the grace and infinite variety of the forms of vegetation, that most attract the attention and extort the admiration of the traveller. Occasionally indeed you will come upon shrubs gay with blossoms or trees festooned with flowering creepers; but, on the other hand, you may travel a hundred miles and see nothing but the varied greens of the forest foliage and the deep gloom of its tangled recesses. In Mr. Bell's *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, he thus describes the great virgin forests of that country, which, being in a mountainous region, and on the margin of the equatorial zone, are among the most favourable examples. "On each side of the road great trees towered up, carrying their crowns out of sight amongst a canopy of foliage, and with lianas hanging from nearly every bough, and passing from tree to tree, entangling the giants in a great network of coiling cables. Sometimes a tree appears covered with beautiful flowers, which do not belong to it, but to one of the lianas that twine through its branches, and send down great rope-like stems to the ground. Climbing ferns and vanilla cling to the trunks, and a thousand epiphytes perch themselves on the branches. Amongst these are large arums that send down aerial roots, tough and strong, and universally used instead of cordage by the natives. Amongst the undergrowth several small species of palms, varying in height from two to fifteen feet, are common; and now and then magnificent tree-ferns sending off their feathery crowns, twenty feet from the ground, delight the sight by their graceful elegance. Great broad-leaved heliconias, leathery inelastomæ, and succulent-stemmed, lop-sided leaved, and flesh-coloured begonias, are abundant, and typical of tropical American forests; but not less so are the Cecropia trees, with their white stems, and large palmated leaves standing up like great candelabra. Sometimes the ground is carpeted with large flowers, yellow, pink, or white, that have fallen from some invisible tree-top above; or the air is filled with a delicious perfume, the source of which one seeks in vain, for the flowers which cause it are far overhead out of sight, lost in the great overshadowing crown of verdure."

But my subject is not exhausted, and I must hurry on and keep closely to Costa Rica and its concerns in the few pages remaining. I have said more than enough of the productions and climate to justify the claim I have made for it as one of the loveliest and most promising regions in the world; its mineral wealth seems inexhaustible, and copper and gold abound, while even coal is said to occur; should that bear investigation, and should the quality be good or usable, it will materially increase the prosperity of the country.

One of the worst scandals of modern times has been the disastrous collapse of the Panama Canal scheme. The history of that ruinous undertaking is too recent to need more than mention. Ferdinand de Lesseps, trading on the reputation gained by the successful opening of the Suez Canal—a success which engineers say he little deserved, and which was favoured by the configuration of the neck of land through which, with comparatively little trouble, the canal was cut—turned his eyes on a part of the world where the difficulties were immeasurably greater, the climate far worse, and the magnitude of the operations incomparably more stupendous. Never was a more magnificent triumph offered to mortal man—to cut a canal which would unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, and open a way for half

the commerce of the world to the eastern shores of Asia ; but before the canal could be finished, lofty mountains, compared with which our largest ranges are insignificant, had to be pierced, tropical swamps to be traversed, and enormous works to be undertaken to regulate the height of the water—the last no easy task, seeing that the water is said to differ so greatly in level on the opposite sides of the isthmus. The same difficulty was, however, made in connection with the Suez Canal, and some engineers were filled with gloomy forebodings. It was actually represented that the prevalent winds piled the waters up so that they formed a sort of bank, which, as soon as the canal was opened, would pour through and make navigation impracticable. A difference of level there may be, but it is insignificant, and navigation has not been impeded, and probably the inter-oceanic canal would, when completed, not be inconvenienced by it. Ferdinand de Lesseps did not, properly speaking, originate the scheme ; centuries ago the value of such a waterway had been seen, and year by year, with the development of commerce and the growth of wealth, its urgency had become more imperative. The Canal Company started with a modest demand—it only needed £12,000,000. That swelled before long to double ; soon to £26,320,000 ; on to £42,800,000 ; then again to £60,000,000 ; next to £68,000,000 ; swelling to £73,000,000 ; on again to £100,000,000 ; and now an able engineer, M. Félix Paparet, tells us that for a narrow sea level canal 133,000,000, and for a wide sea canal 219,000,000 cubic metres of earth would still have to be removed. These are minimum quantities, and leave important and indispensable works out of the calculation. The fame of Lesseps is a thing of the past ; the canal, as he designed it, is at a standstill, possibly never to be completed ; but, though no engineer, I can see the vital importance of such a waterway, and its advantage to the trade of the world. Some day a canal will certainly be cut, whether wide or narrow, level, or ascending by a long succession of locks, time will determine. As I write this article I hear that a canal has been taken in hand, passing through Nicaragua, and using some of the lakes or rivers of that country. Perhaps the works undertaken by Lesseps will be completed, though engineers are not wanting who say that can never be ; a waterway there will be, and the States of Central America will receive an enormous and incalculable impetus. Readers wishing to pursue the subject will find, in the *Scottish Review*, powerful articles on the subject in January 1888 and April 1889.

The Republics of Central America are advancing rapidly, and since the Panama Canal scheme was seen to be doomed, the immense energy with which Americans are pushing forward the Nica-

ragua Canal has had a fresh impetus. The commercial schemes in all the Central American Republics have been on a still larger scale, while concessions of all sorts—grants of lands and mining monopolies—are being rapidly obtained by English and Americans, who are determined to be first in the field. Large enterprises are already being talked of in Nicaragua, but Costa Rica has, in spite of all rivals, kept fairly to the front. Mr. Minor C. Keith, the contractor of the Costa Rican Railway, which is remarkable for its vast wealth of land and its banana and coffee plantations, has been the successful pioneer in this Republic, but his energies have been more directed to the Atlantic side of the country. Beyond the capital, San José, to the Pacific the climate alters somewhat, and on the Andes, which run down the Pacific side of the country, there is perpetual spring. The temperature immediately on the coast and at Puntarenas is higher, but the climate is said to be healthy. Beggars in Costa Rica are unknown, as the coffee and the banana enable all to live comfortably; in consequence of this good fortune the want of energy of the native Costa Ricans has been conspicuous; they have failed to develop new industries and to utilise the many resources of the country; but a brighter future is before the State. My brother has recognised the immense mineral wealth of the country, and, in connection with his partner and brother-in-law, Mr. Cyril Smith, Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, has lately visited this country, and as one result of his visit has formed an Association, with its head quarters in Tokenhouse Buildings, called the Anglo-American Exploration and Development Company, which, with a registered capital of £50,000, has already obtained many valuable properties, and is negotiating for others. My brother's friends in London have also secured the titles to ten copper mines on a promontory on the Gulf of Nicoya, and propose that the best mines should at once be developed; that undertaking—the Potrero Land and Mining Syndicate—has its head-quarters at 155 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The actual traffic returns from the Custom House reports for the first half of 1889, give 134,705 sacks of coffee shipped at Puntarenas, while the total imports by steamer reached 10,041 tons, and those by sailing vessels 5,009.

Cartago, the ancient capital of the country, with its suburbs, is said to have a population of 25,000 to 30,000. It is thirteen miles by rail from San José, and 4,750 feet above sea level, while San José is 3,755. The mean temperature of Cartago for 1885 is given as 64°·78 F.; the lowest temperature occurred at 4 A.M. January 11th, and was 59° F., and the highest was at 2 P.M. July 30th, and was

71°3 F., but I am very decidedly of opinion that this estimate is too low, as it would not accord with the ordinary temperature at that elevation in latitude 10° N., nor would it, as far as I can judge, account for the vegetation with which Cartago is credited. There are great difficulties in ascertaining the mean temperature of any place, and even when standard instruments are used, they must be properly shaded and correctly read, and these difficulties would sufficiently account for the above figures being lower than they ought to be. Taking the mean as 70° or 72° would probably be nearer the mark.

From the volcano of Irazu, when the atmosphere is sufficiently clear—and even in the tropics a transparent atmosphere does not seem to be the invariable rule—both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, though 160 miles apart, can be seen; it is said to be the only point on the globe where this can be done.

The Costa Ricans are seldom of pure descent, though none the worse for that: and the Duke of Argyll thinks badly of pure, unmixed races, if any such exist: the best races are mixed, and the people of Costa Rica, I mean those of the most untainted Spanish lineage, have frequently, as might be expected, some strain of Indian or Negro blood, thus fitting them all the better for the climate and its special dangers. There has been remarkable improvement in the condition of the country of late, and the descriptions of thirty years ago require complete reconstruction—wealth, population, the means of communication and the security of life and property, leave little to desire. The natives are thrifty, temperate, and industrious, of medium height, and rather spare build; they are active, long-suffering, and deserving, and show growing emulation in the race for riches. Given a settled government and moderate energy, with an absence of natural and political disasters, such as war or tremendous earthquakes, Costa Rica must advance rapidly.

The surest way to develop and open up Costa Rica and the other Central American Republics is to have good government and perfect security of life and property. As long as revolutions were to be dreaded, and repudiation of contracts was the order of the day, the mere mention of Spanish America as a field for British enterprise called forth a sneer, and many business men, still very far from their dotage, cannot avoid an uncomfortable dread that they may see the disorders and peculations of their youth repeated. Regarded from this standpoint the collapse of the Panama Canal scheme was to be deplored, apart from the awful suffering it caused so many thousands of the French peasantry, whose hard-earned savings were swallowed up. But the Panama scheme

was not an American speculation, after all ; it was mainly French, and, on the whole, it has been recognised pretty generally that the people of Central America had little to do with it, so that the credit of Spanish America has not suffered. The overthrow of the Government of Brazil, and the expulsion of the Emperor, are somewhat more ominous, and are not reassuring, for the Emperor was a wise and kind ruler, and had, as far as can be ascertained, done a great deal for his people. The revolution was effected so easily and unexpectedly that it has been a severe shock to this country, not because most English people cared one jot whether an Emperor or some unknown Spanish military adventurer held the reins of government, but because it served to show that the firmest government was liable to be overthrown without apparent difficulty. True, the revolution has been unattended with bloodshed, destruction of property, and social disquiet ; but revolutions can never be regarded without terror : a government which rests on the bayonets of a few disaffected soldiers may fall before another combination of conspirators supported by a few more rifles and cannon, and a deathblow may be struck at the prosperity and development of the country. It is scarcely possible that the government of the military men who now hold the reins of office will be acceptable to the majority of the people, and the temptation to some other ambitious upstart to try his hand is very great. No doubt residents in Central America will say, "What, after all, can the Brazils have to do with Mexico, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica ? You are showing your ignorance of the country by your forebodings. You must not judge of the land by English or even European distances." This is undoubtedly fully recognised by thousands of well-informed people—who are not ignorant of the geography of Spanish America ; at the same time the dominant race is Spanish, and the social and political conditions are in the main very similar in regions thousands of miles apart, and the history of those countries has been one of incessant change of rule and insecurity of property and life. Had not the past been so depressing, it is probable that hundreds of thousands of persons of British race would by this time have made Spanish America their home, and the dominant race might at the present hour be English. But even the leaders of revolutions are learning wisdom, and Spanish military adventurers, with long resounding names, are beginning to see that public opinion and public confidence must be respected, and so the Brazilian revolution may after all be regarded rather as a proof that a new order of things has been introduced, than as a ground for alarm.

THE DRUID STONE :
A PHANTASY.

THE winds had beaten on it for centuries, and the rain-drops worn deep channels down its rugged sides, and here and there a patch of gold or silver lichen or bit of delicate green moss appeared, for the old grey stone had stood where it now did when time was young, and history not yet born.

Perchance some Druid priestess there had waved her mystic torch, or watched while the stars rolled onward through the night, and read in their golden alphabet the destinies of men, and dreamt a wondrous dream of souls in endless "dance of plastic circumstance," passing up and down from man to beast and beast to man, yet knew not the interpretation of her own prophetic vision.

Fire and blood of sacrifice and war full oft had mingled at its foot, when wild-eyed men, maddened by fierce soul-thirst for draught divine, poured forth each other's blood to win God's grace, or Roman foemen slaughtered at their own rough altar priest and priestess of the ancient faith.

But the lurid past had rolled away like the thunder-cloud of yesternight, and peacefully the old stone stood where cornfields waved and green woods cast their shadows on the grassy meads.

It was Midsummer eve, and as it deepened into night the moon-beams flooded all the valley with their silvern radiance, and a strange sweet spell fell on wood and stream and meadow.

The witching hour of midnight came, and then from every flower by the wayside, and daisy mid the grass, a tiny ærial sprite came forth, and from the cottage gardens, where the woodbine and the roses perfumed all the air, radiant creatures floated mid the fragrance. Some blew faint sweet calls on fairy trumpets, and, answering from the moon-lit woodland glades, came the ringing of thousands upon thousands of tiny silver bells, as the small white spirits of the wind-flowers trooped out to join the throng.

On they came, that wondrous crowd of Fairy Folk, to where the old stone stood, and on the dewy sward they gathered, and while

their soft melodious music floated on the night, in mazy dance of mystic measure they circled at its foot.

Out of the forests, too, came the little green horsemen that dwell among the ferns, and make both themselves and their steeds invisible to mortal eyes by feeding on the enchanted seed, and from every graceful birch there stepped a white nymph with long and rippling hair of golden hue, while from the grim fir-woods came the dark northmen that dwell within their shade, and clasped the fair nymphs to their rugged breasts and joined the dance.

The tall beech trees sent, too, their green-frocked huntsmen, and white-armed naiads from the stream were not behind their sisters of the lilac, the laburnum, and the may.

Not a sound in all the moon-lit world of human life: spell-bound by Sleep's weird magic lay each throbbing heart, each weary brain of toilworn man and woman, and only amid the dreams of little children mingled the strains of the elfin music as the dance went on; but that music called a spirit forth from out the ancient stone.

A woman, grey and old and worn, but of lofty stature and majestic presence, stood now amid the throng, and fairy, naiad, nymph, and woodland elf bowed low before her, and, lo, in praise of her they sang a wondrous song, but only the night-moth heard it in its flight. Now dawn was breaking, and the elfin forms grew fainter; yet while they lingered strange shadowy figures in trailing, priest-like vesture moved amongst them, and these bowed likewise, and their eyes were solemn and their brows were pure, yet they too faded.

The morn, the morn! The golden gates had opened, and there passed a Presence through their glorious portals, and as He came long rays of purest light illumined earth and sky; and on He stepped to where the ancient woman stood alone in the light of sunrise. As He neared her, at His feet she fell and wailed in sorrow: "O Spirit of the Future, look not on me, for my skirts are dyed with blood, and cruelty and wrong have cast their dust upon my head. Oh, pass Thou on and think of me no more, no more, since I am foul and Thou art pure."

But He to whom she cried bent down and looked within her eyes, and His own radiant orbs were wet with tears, and He spread His hands above her in act of benediction: "Nay, nay, O Spirit of the Past, though sin and pain have been thy heritage, yet upward thou hast striven through dark night-hours, and Love shall lay his blessing on thy head ere dawn shall ripen into day."

As He spoke the shame-bowed woman raised her eyes in adoration, and saw His white and radiant vesture and the crown He wore, and, lo! it glowed and sparkled in the sunshine, but it was of thorn.

TABLE TALK.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FIGURES.

EXHAUSTIVE biographies of men such as Steele and Pope, to which I have lately drawn attention, scarcely detract from the value of the monographs on eighteenth-century worthies supplied by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Traill, and other living writers of eminence. For the general reader, it is probable that the lucid and condensed information supplied in the various series to which these and other gentlemen contribute will offer more attractions than the more elaborate lives. Two aspects of the age are illustrated in the growth side by side of these two classes of biography. For the man of general culture, a monograph on Steele represents the amount of attention which Steele, many-sided as he is, can claim. Men of general culture are, however, disappearing, and becoming merged in the general reader. For the specialist, meanwhile, no biography which supplies facts and illustrations, not even the famous "Life of Burleigh" of Dr. Nares, is too long. It is less due to the biographers of this century than to the perseverance and acerbity of the gossips and scandal-mongers of the last, and notoriously to Boswell, that the writers of the eighteenth century are, in some respects, more familiar to us than our immediate predecessors. It is easier to conjure up visions of Johnson, Goldsmith, or Steele in their known haunts, than of Campbell, Macaulay, or Hood. Fleet Street is now and will long be haunted by Johnson; Goldsmith, it may almost be said, presides over the Temple; and Steele, with his well-curled periwig, and perhaps with uncertain steps, is almost more closely connected with Chelsea than even Rossetti—I cannot say than Carlyle.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.

WHAT would we not give to realise the London of Shakespeare as we realise that of Johnson? Apart, however, from the deficiency of chroniclers, there confronts us always the ravage of the

Great Fire. The part of London destroyed was that in which the wits and gallants were wont to congregate. If the flames spared the Devil Tavern where Ben Jonson throned it and delivered his oracles in the "Apollo" chamber, the Mermaid, with its no less close associations with Jonson, and its added links with Shakespeare and Beaumont, and other spots of interest only less keen, yielded to their fury. It is possible to conjure up the scene of plucking the red and white roses which Shakespeare has put in the Temple Garden, and many a melancholy procession to the Tower, the stake, or the scaffold, may pass before the mind's eye. Intimate knowledge, however, of the life of our predecessors begins after the Fire. If Pepys even had lived half a century or so earlier, what vitality it might have given to our knowledge of Shakespearean London! Here is an entry in Pepys under 1 May, 1667: "To Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly (Gwynne) standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane in her smock-sleeves and bodice looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature." If only Shakespeare could have found a Boswell, or even a Pepys!

THE EARLY AMERICAN STAGE.

DURING its early development, the American stage was naturally a mere reflex of our own, and performances at Philadelphia, Annapolis, and New York in the middle of the last century had much less interest and importance than those at a similar date in Bristol or Norwich. When the Revolutionary crisis even was reached, the stage and the drama were apparently uninfluenced by it, except that representations were suspended, and the principal acting company went to Jamaica. Now, however, that Mr. George O. Seilhamer has issued, in Philadelphia, two handsome and privately printed volumes, the opening portion of what bids fair to be a complete history of the American stage, it is amusing to contemplate the difficulties which Puritan rule imposed on the establishment of theatres. In some of the eastern cities the representation of stage plays was entirely prohibited. In place of being petted, as in this country he has been, the actor was apparently outside the pale of respectable society. I hope to recur to this subject, but for the present must content myself by saying that in Providence the theatre was christened the school-house, and that performances were given gratis, though a charge was made to the accompanying concert.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1890.

SUB ROSA.

BY GEORGE HOLMES,
AUTHOR OF "FARMER JOHN."

CHAPTER V.

So, I shall see her in three days
And just one night, but nights are short,
Then two long hours, and that is morn.
See how I come, unchanged, unworn !
Feel, where my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine—
Only a touch and we combine !

BROWNING: *In Three Days.*

"Wir sind nie entfernter von unseren Wünschen, als wenn wir uns einbilden,
das Gewünschte zu besitzen."

"Säen ist nicht so beschwerlich als ernten."

GOETHE: *Wahlverwandschaften.*

IT was indeed true.
As securely as the law of the land and the rites of the Church
could bind their fates in one, Carey Maybanke and Blanche Gressell
were man and wife.

The event had been accomplished without much difficulty. Carey
having already taken out a special licence, had gone up to town soon
after Blanche left the Priory. On the Wednesday morning, before Lady
Packville's household had assembled for their late breakfast, Blanche
and he had met, by appointment, and driven to a distant City church
where the ceremony immediately took place. Blanche, hurrying
back in a hansom, was not even late for breakfast in Montagu

Gardens ; and her wedding day passed without any other incident to mark it.

Carey returned to Ladywood, and Thursday and Friday dragged their slow course along.

On Saturday afternoon Blanche was expected back, and he was rehearsing a hundred times a day the scene of their next meeting. Would he be able to restrain himself from rushing forward and clasping her to his heart, and so revealing the whole truth to his astonished parents? Or would he remember his part, and with an indifferent smile ask how she had enjoyed her visit—what she had done while she was in London?

He had prepared the very words of his greeting, which must be kind and brotherly, as in the old days, but without a spark of the emotion that made his face crimson whenever he now thought of Banny. Yet, carefully as he had schooled and trained himself, his heart leaped into his mouth, and he fancied that Platten must have heard its thumping, when the pony-carriage drove briskly up to the door, and his mother and Blanche alighted. How lovely she looked: her eyes bright and dancing, and a vivid colour in her cheeks as he sprang forward to meet her! To his inner dismay, his first mad impulse had been to cry, "My darling wife! My darling little Banny!"—and to cover with kisses the hand which she held out to him. But a certain dignity in Blanche's demeanour, and her quiet, unembarrassed air did much towards restoring his self-control. Murmuring some trivial commonplace about her journey, he suffered Mrs. Maybanke to take her upstairs, and turned back into the garden without another word.

Would the future struggle prove indeed beyond his strength, if the mere sight of Banny's face had almost sufficed to upset his carefully formed plan of conduct? How would he be able to bear the strain of keeping up this false indifference, when he would be seeing her all day, and every day, for weeks, perhaps months on end? Then he dismissed these torturing thoughts. At present it was surely enough for him that she was here, that they were no longer separated; it would be easy to snatch a few loving words when they two were alone together. As yet he tried not to ask himself how it would all end.

When he went up to the little boudoir for tea with his mother and Banny he was very pale; but he talked with the utmost gaiety on every sort of subject—stealing only at rare intervals a glance at Blanche when Mrs. Maybanke's eyes were bent on her work.

Just after dinner he contrived to linger with her on the staircase;

but scarcely had his arm drawn her near him, and his eyes begun to scan each feature of her face with all a lover's fond anxiety, when Mrs. Maybanke's voice called to Blanche from the drawing-room above, to come and sing one of the squire's favourite ballads. With a frightened whisper she hurriedly released herself and darted away; and during the evening he had not a chance of speaking alone with her again.

As the days went on his position became at times unbearable. Everyone, save himself (to whom she of right belonged), seemed to have the command of Blanche's society, Blanche's conversation. Mrs. Maybanke, as though to render the happier this last holiday-time, seldom took a drive or a walk without having Banny for her companion. Even the squire seemed to take a fresh delight in her reading and her singing;—or perhaps it was that the hours which she spent in the library seemed never-ending to Carey's restless impatience.

One Sunday, the Rev. Whymper Burroughs, who had been dining at the Priory, spent the whole evening hanging over Blanche's chair, to Carey's infinite disgust. The curate, as became a man of taste, was not without a decided preference for pretty young girls—the younger, the better. On this particular occasion Banny had really fascinated him; and his long, solitary walk home to Lampton was devoted to thoughts of her. Indeed, Mr. Burroughs experienced all the glow and excitement of a tender mood. And he was not naturally romantic. What a pity it was that “she had not a penny to bless herself with!” (The expression was of his own choosing.) Had that been otherwise, she would indeed have made a charming little wife; and although she came of no family in particular, she had had great advantages in being almost brought up by Mrs. Maybanke—a person of undoubtedly high breeding, of “unquestionable gentility”—and in mixing in “thoroughly high-class” society. A gentle and brotherly flirtation with her would certainly add a new charm to his visits to the Priory, and do no harm either. . . . What pretty, fine hair the little maid had, to be sure. Mr. Burroughs, rendered by his sweet musings almost poetic, mentally compared Banny's fair head with the shorn cornfields around him, lying pale and golden in the harvest moonlight!

And meanwhile Carey, who had been watching him from a distance the whole evening, was suffering all the senseless torment of a tumult of stifled jealousy. One minute he had longed to turn the curate ignominiously from the house; the next, he had vainly tried to counsel himself that it was no use fuming, that he had no

outward right to interfere.—“ But, when I once have her all to myself, we'll soon settle Master Parson ! ”—he muttered between his teeth.

Again, sometimes, poor Carey was the prey of a depression that was even more cruel than jealousy. Had not matters been on a pleasanter footing before that final step had been taken? he would repeat dejectedly. Not that he had begun to regret it ; no, no. He often thought, with a sparkle of triumph in his eyes as they rested on her, that not all the world could rob him of Banny now !

In her complete ignorance of all that this great change in her relations with Carey implied, Blanche suffered far less than he did, if, indeed, she suffered at all. Their daily intercourse required no constant effort of self-control on her part. She merely felt that Carey and she were engaged—solemnly engaged it might be—but the situation for her was the same as it had been before the ceremony in London. Sometimes, indeed, she wondered if it had not been all a dream—the long drive with Carey in the cool, morning air ; the damp dark church, and the solemn words which she had repeated. And, again, sometimes it came over her with a sensation of fear : What was this strange and dreadful thing that she had done? What had happened? Was she really a “ married lady,” like Mrs. Maybanke or Lady Packville? She did not wear a wedding-ring, for the very good reason that Carey kept hers in his waistcoat pocket. It did not strike Banny as being a very safe place for it, especially as he had a dangerous habit of drawing it from its hiding-place near his heart, and putting it to his lips, while they knelt, side by side, at prayers of an evening.

One afternoon, while Mrs. Maybanke and she were walking arm-in-arm together in the garden, the gentle exhilaration of sun, birds, flowers, and her kind friend's society had well-nigh scattered Banny's hitherto ably sustained caution. Carey's repeated injunctions and warnings were forgotten in the sudden mad and happy impulse to reveal everything ! Could any heart contain bitterness when hers was singing for joy? Pressing Mrs. Maybanke's arm with eagerness, and both hands, she began in a quick, excited tone, “ Oh, Mrs. Maybanke, what *do* you think? I——”

She stopped, just as the confession of her marriage with Carey was hovering on her lips.

“ Well, my dear?” Mrs. Maybanke said quietly. Banny's impulsive ways had never diminished the elder and more reserved woman's somewhat undemonstrative tenderness for the friendless girl ; and “ Don't be too excitable, my dear,” was her only gentle suggestion at such times.

“ Oh, it is nothing, nothing, *dear* Mrs. Maybanke,” Banny returned, in great confusion. She squeezed her friend’s arm again, and her heart beat quickly with terror, as though she had just escaped some frightful danger. If Carey had been there she would never, never have been so foolish ! Her fears for him, when he was present, rendered her doubly on her guard. What would he say when she confessed it all to him ?

Perhaps he would have felt a great relief that the secret they both found so hard to keep was at last known. So much, at any rate, he told himself when Banny’s fears had been calmed, her tears of contrition kissed away, and fresh caution and watchfulness enjoined upon her. Often and often, during the weeks that followed, would the very same confession spring to his lips when he found himself alone with his mother. How he loved the gentle lady for her sweet confidence in him, her unconsciousness of anything amiss between them ; how he hated himself for deceiving her ! And she was so good to Banny, so tender and motherly towards her. Would there arise a day when these two sweet women—his mother and his wife—would turn on him as the means of their mutual misery, of their separation ? It was this ever-haunting thought which cost Carey so many sleepless nights, when he lay tossing on his bed, and longing for the cool hand that, in years gone by, had always brought comfort, the low voice that was wont to murmur the wise and loving word.

Those were wretched weeks, the most wretched of his life ; and their unhappiness increased, rather than diminished, when he began clearly to realise the whole position.

He had taken his fate into his own hands with the intention of making himself (first), his father, and Blanche—in short, everyone—happy. And he had not had a peaceful hour since that day. Should he make a clean breast of it to his mother, and leave her to bring about a reconciliation with his father ? He dared not think of the old man’s disappointment—that was even harder to contemplate than his just anger. With what truth would he urge that Carey had been guilty of a heartless deception, involving in trouble and disquietude those whom he professed to love best in the world—those who had loved him and toiled for him, building faith and happiness upon him !

And Blanche—how would Mr. Maybanke receive her ? He could not but acknowledge that an utter stranger would have fared better at his hands, than one upon whose gratitude and obedience he could found a claim.

How differently everything had turned out from what he had anticipated ! He had not for one moment foreseen half the diffi-

culties in store for him. He was tortured with doubts as to how he ought to act.

There seemed nothing for it but to let things drift.

CHAPTER VI.

My heart is sick with longing, tho' I feed
On hope ; Time goes with such a heavy pace
That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,
As if he slept—forgetting his old speed :

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine.

1100D.

THE idea that some day he might be driven to a confession made Carey avoid his mother's society more and more ; and Mrs. Maybanke could not fail to notice the change. Their confidential talks in her boudoir were at an end ; he rarely came now to wish her good-night alone, and, if he did, the visit was a hurried one, and the topics which he chose were indifferent.

What was the matter with Carey?—Mrs. Maybanke now daily asked herself. Why was his manner so absent, so awkward, when he and she were alone together? What was the reason that a barrier—incomprehensible, but none the less real—seemed to have sprung up between them, and that the old, cherished intercourse of mother and son no longer existed? She looked for the cause in her own heart ; but *there* was no change, she knew. What could it be?

The poor boy looked ill, too ; indeed, at times, very pale and worn ; and he had a restless habit of walking up and down the garden with his eyes bent on the ground, which Mrs. Maybanke had never observed in Carey before. Instead of taking his usual long rides, he was always hanging about the house ; and he had almost entirely given up cricket, and had taken to playing lawn-tennis hour after hour with Banny :—a game of which, Mrs. Maybanke now recollected, he had often spoken slightly.

Her eyes sometimes rested, with an unspoken questioning, on his troubled face, and then he would avoid her glance. Once or twice he had abruptly left the room : perhaps in case she should speak.

One night, at dinner, it seemed as though a light was about to be thrown upon the subject of Mrs. Maybanke's increasing disquietude.

It was a cold day, late in September ; fires had been kindled all over the house, and the squire, wrapped in his fur coat, was discours-

ing on his favourite topic, his son's marriage. Mrs. Maybanke had not been paying particular attention to his remarks, when she was suddenly alarmed to see Carey start up from his chair and leave the room, his face flushed and angry. The squire looked a little put out ; but, soon recovering, he continued in the same strain. Mrs. Maybanke involuntarily glanced at Blanche, and, to her surprise, noticed that the young girl's eyes were brimming with tears.

A new and but ill-defined suspicion arose, for one moment, to startle and perplex the mind of Carey's mother. A sudden terror of coming evil drove the colour from her cheek, while brain and pulse throbbed painfully. Then, with an effort, she dismissed both fears and suspicions for the present, although their effect at once took shape in action. She watched Blanche narrowly all the evening.

It was greatly to her relief that she learned that Carey had gone off the next morning early, to spend a few days with a friend of his in the neighbourhood. If he were really in love with Blanche (as she now feared), he would not surely have gone away from home so suddenly. Perhaps, after all, she had been mistaken. Perhaps she had drawn too hasty a conclusion from what might have been only the natural irritation of a young man, who dislikes to find his prospects and his marriage the unfailing subject of both private and public conversation. That with such irritation Mrs. Maybanke had nothing but sympathy, will be readily believed.

Still, Mrs. Maybanke stopped her maid, rather sharply, when she began some suggestive remarks on " Mr. Carey's " changed looks and failing appetite ; and she even wondered, with an unpleasant sense of powerlessness, what suspicions might have crossed Platten's mind, while with stony countenance and noiseless footfall he waited on the little family at table. She could have even dispensed with the tact, which had so far ignored Carey's angry retreat from their midst at dinner, that the young man had been permitted to open and shut the door for himself, while the footman's attention had been diverted from him by a dexterous feint of fresh dishes to be carried to the opposite corner of the room. For it was not to be supposed that Platten held his tongue below stairs. And servants—it may be by long experience, it may be by sympathy with the more universal emotions of human nature—are wont to be a little too shrewd in their observations on affairs of the heart. The most self-controlled of lovers, the most retiring of fair, love-struck maidens, cannot escape the comments, the complete apprehension, and the unalloyed sympathy of these silent but Argus-eyed attendants. Here—to refer

to a very ancient discovery—the whole world is kin, and rejoices thereat.

The lull which Mrs. Maybanke had enjoyed during Carey's absence was, however, destined to be of the shortest duration.

Two evenings after his departure, Mrs. Maybanke happened to have dressed for dinner rather before her usual hour. It wanted ten minutes to the "first gong," which was sounded five minutes before the actual dinner-hour, and she hastened from her boudoir to the drawing-room to fetch a book, in which she had been absorbed all the afternoon. Her step was arrested on the dim threshold of the fire-lighted room by the sound of voices talking at the far end.

Who could they be? and what were they doing, at this hour, in the darkened conservatory beyond? She paused, instinctively, to listen. That voice—speaking low but so eagerly—was surely very like Carey's! But he was miles away. And that other, answering now, with bird-like whispers? Was it Blanche's? But Blanche would be in her own bedroom, preparing for dinner, at this time.

Mrs. Maybanke's face became pale and rigid. Her ill-defined fears took shape, and crowded oppressively around her. Leaning forward, she listened with a passionate intentness that seemed to pierce distance and darkness. What did it all mean? . . .

"Dear Carey," a well-known voice was saying; "what has come to you of late? You seem quite reckless; you make me tremble a hundred times a day! You have not dressed yet; they don't even know that you have returned. Do go! For *my* sake, Carey!"

Then she caught his rejoinder, spoken in tones of broken agony, such as Mrs. Maybanke had never yet heard from Carey: "Banny, Banny, dearest! I can't bear this much longer. I get wild sometimes. . . . I *had* to come back. . . . But *you* don't mind. . . . You don't understand, Banny, what it is. Cold-blooded little witch that you are! you madden me; and you don't care a bit for me; do you, Banny darling? Do you care for me?"

"Oh, Carey——" To Mrs. Maybanke's hearing, sharpened by her terror, the sound of a passionate embrace came distinctly, stifling Blanche's next words.

She could endure no more; but, hurrying to her boudoir, threw herself upon a sofa, and gave way to a storm of tears.

Blanche and Carey lovers!—Why had she thrown the young people so constantly together? why had she so blindly ignored the inevitable result? For a moment the whole blame seemed her own; but for her, they had never met, day by day. And what if it came to Mr. Maybanke's knowledge? Could Blanche be sent away

immediately—before breakfast the following morning? she asked herself; and plan after plan, conjecture and resolution dashed wildly through the poor lady's overwrought brain. Would it be best to demand at once an explanation from Carey? Or should she separate the two without assigning any reason for the action; thus refusing to acknowledge, or recognise, anything between them?

She could not, however, hide from herself the most definite misgivings. For either they were already engaged, or, still worse, Carey was behaving very badly. It must at once be put a stop to.

All her regret at parting with Blanche had vanished. It would be a relief when she had left the Priory for ever. How dared she, who knew so well all the family affairs, all the squire's opinions, have trampled upon and defied them! And Mrs. Maybanke, with a bursting heart, and a cruel sense of personal offence, remembered then how she had lavished a mother's tenderness and indulgence upon the orphan girl. No love had been given in return: she was of no account now to either of those heartless children. All the tales of ill-requited affection, of broken-hearted parents, which she had ever read, crowded upon her memory:—so unreal, though pathetic, they had once appeared to the happy mother, the unselfish friend. But now she knew that these sad stories had found an echo in her life; and, with streaming eyes, she called herself forsaken and alone. It had been commonplace almost, that ever-recurring description of beauty and innocence masking perfidy and ingratitude. But, there is Blanche Gressell, thought Mrs. Maybanke bitterly. Sweetness and purity were, for the nonce, unrealities to the disillusioned mother.

The dinner-gong sounded; and, only controlling her emotion by the most determined effort, Mrs. Maybanke took her place at the table.

She did not, at first, trust herself to look in Blanche's direction, and she received Carey's excuses for his sudden return with a forced smile of welcome. Secretly, however, she took note of every word that passed between him and Banny; and she wondered how she could have been blind to what now was clear as daylight. Every little circumstance pointed to a hidden understanding on their part; they seemed to converse without speaking. The air, thus suddenly charged with mystery and danger, was stifling to poor Mrs. Maybanke, who felt as though she could not breathe in their presence. She was obliged to comfort herself with the supporting assurance that *this was the last day that it would go on*. Carey would surely be reasonable; and Blanche was completely at her mercy.

The mother's heart could not, however, repress a sigh of sympathy as she watched her boy's face while Banny was singing a favourite Scotch ballad of the old squire's. For Mrs. Maybanke had a romantic side to her nature, which not all her husband's worldly counsels could destroy; and Carey's love-lorn looks, as he hung over the piano, touched a responding note within her. "Poor child!" she murmured softly to herself.

This was Banny's song—a ballad whose origin, although said to be of old, is known to us in modern form; and yet it is still well worthy a place among its more ancient peers.

BALLAD.

THE CROOKIT BAWBEE.¹

I.

"Oh, whar awa got ye that auld crookit penny?
For ane o' bricht gowd wad ye niffer wi' me?
Richt fou are baith ends o' my green silken wallet,
And braw will your hame be in bonnie Glenshee."

It's "Oh, gin I saw the dear laddie that had it,
Wha, when we were bairnies twa, gied it to me;
For a' the bricht gowd in your green silken wallet,
I never wad niffer my crookit bawbee."

II.

"Oh, whar awa got ye that auld worsted plaidie,
A mantle o' satin were fitter for thee;
I will cleed ye wi' satin and mak' ye a lady,
Gin ye will gang wi' me to bonnie Glenshee."

"Ye may cleed me wi' satin and mak' me a lady,
And tak' me aff wi' you to bonnie Glenshee,
But the heart that beats true 'neath this auld worsted plaidie
Was gi'en him langsyne for this crookit bawbee."

III.

"Ye ken na the laddie that gied ye the penny,
Ye ken na the laddie wha's true been to thee;
But I ken the lassie that wears the auld plaidie,
The lassie that's keepit my crookit bawbee."

"And ye are the laddie that gied me the penny,
The laddie I'll lo'e till the day that I dee;
Ye may cleed me wi' satin and mak' me a lady,
And I will gang wi' ye to bonnie Glenshee."

Late that evening Mrs. Maybanke sat still brooding over what the coming day was to unfold. Never had her future looked so

¹ *The Crookit Bawbee*: "An Old Ballad, with additional words by L. Anderson, and new music by M. T. A."

gloomy, so stormy. She felt as though this might be her last day of peace.

Hers was not the only sleepless pillow that night.

CHAPTER VII.

But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart !

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow.

HOOD.

NEXT morning, mother and son stood regarding each other for some moments in an embarrassed silence. The interview was taking place in Mrs. Maybanke's boudoir, where she had sent for Carey to join her soon after breakfast.

Now that the first torrent of accusation and reproach was exhausted, she paused and looked at him. And he did not shrink from her gaze. Indeed, to Carey it came with almost a promise of relief that, although his mother did not know the worst, she had found out so much that she would be in some measure prepared for the revelation to follow. He was beginning to feel weary of the struggle, and his self-reproach became at times an intolerable burden. If only she would not be hard on Banny ! He could bear anything but that.

Still, the task of revealing all that had actually taken place was by no means easy, and his face grew a shade paler as he began.

"Mother," he said slowly, his eyes resting imploringly on her agitated countenance, "you are quite right. I love Banny better . . . better . . . mother ——" his voice choked ; and, for the first time since his childhood, Mrs. Maybanke saw his eyes glisten with sudden tears.

"My darling boy !" she cried, greatly moved, and laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, "do not be so distressed. If your mother is not your friend, who will be ?"

But he withdrew gently from her embrace. "Wait till you hear," he said brokenly. "Oh, mother, don't be hard on her ; you will break my heart if you are . . ." The words, though scarcely faltered, reached her only too clearly : "Mother, I have made her my wife !"

"Carey! *Your wife!*" She had never for a moment suspected that. The shock was almost too much for her, and she sank on a chair without uttering a word.

The young man's conscience gave a bound of relief; but he had nothing to say which could offer any comfort to Mrs. Maybanke. Presently she looked up—lifting to his a blanched and tear-stained countenance, in whose expression sorrow and resentment appeared to be struggling. "Do you know what you have done, Carey?" she asked gravely.

"Mother, forgive me! I knew it was hopeless to ask for her. And I could never love anyone else. I could not part with her! . . . And I thought father need never know." But here he stopped, rebuked by her sad smile.

"Nor your mother either," she said. "Well, I suppose I ought to thank you for not having deceived me again just now——" She broke off bitterly. The disappointment was so keen!

"Mother!" he cried, taking her two hands, against her will, and pressing them with vehemence in his; "if you only knew all I have gone through! Indeed, I did it for all our sakes: I was not acting from pure selfishness. And then, how soon I saw what a mistake it was! And yet, I have not regretted it. And often, mother dearest, I so nearly told you! It made me wretched to deceive *you*. And oh, mother, I have been so very, very miserable . . ."

He knelt before her, and she could not but be greatly moved: he was her only child. She stroked his dark hair gently once or twice. "You could not have known what you were doing," she said compassionately. "You were carried away by feeling; you forgot that there are others besides Blanche and you. Carey, I very much fear that this will kill your father!"

There was a long-drawn silence; and then Mrs. Maybanke rose suddenly. "Where is Blanche?" she asked with suppressed excitement. "I must see her immediately!"

Carey sprang forward and caught her hand ere it had touched the bell-rope. "Mother," he said eagerly, "listen one moment; you must hear more. She's not to blame. She begged me not to make her go through the ceremony. She obeys me like a child. She thinks I can do no wrong! She's so innocent, so inexperienced—you understand? She thinks we're only engaged—but solemnly engaged, so that we can never unmake our choice. It hasn't been the same thing for her at all. It was all *my* doing!"

"She has been guilty of ingratitude as well as of deceit, and she knew your father's wishes perfectly," Mrs. Maybanke exclaimed with

severity. She felt that now she must be all the more angry with the other culprit, since Carey's suffering and contrition had so completely melted her heart. But Blanche, what claim had she to mercy? She could not see her own boy suffer without emotion, but in the case of an "outsider," she would steel herself to some purpose. "I must see her at once," she repeated in a determined tone; and she gave the order to Lacey to "fetch Miss Gressell," without a tremor in her voice; only the poor lady felt her colour rise as she pronounced the now discarded name.

"Very well: I shall stay, then," Carey said. Mrs. Maybanke did not reply, and he walked to the window, and looked absently out on the wilderness of leaves in garden and park, which the autumn wind swept remorselessly onwards; while Mrs. Maybanke sat down to think what she should do next.

It was evident that her part in this drama had only just begun; an important part, which she was called upon to act suddenly, without time for rehearsal. She heard Carey exclaim: "Here's Banny!" and soon after the door was softly opened, and Blanche entered the room.

A glance sufficed to show her what had happened.

She became pale and scarlet by turns, and she put out her hand involuntarily to Carey, with an appealing look in her frightened eyes. She felt as though her heart had ceased to beat, with that sensation of terror which she remembered to have possessed her whole being while watching beside her aunt's death-bed when, in the cold, grey hours of dawning day, the end had come. Blanche would never forget those two scenes of her girlhood.

Mrs. Maybanke rose slowly from her chair. She had meant to say something at once, but her voice failed her, and the words were not uttered which her brain had formed. Her face, nevertheless, spoke them.

Carey had taken Banny's hand in his with great gentleness. He wanted to whisper that all would be well—that she need only be brave and trust to him. But the sight of these two—his mother and his wife—meeting thus for the first time, so familiar with each other, yet so strangely apart—stirred emotions too overpowering for speech. His glance only wandered quickly from one to the other with a look of unspeakable tenderness. They were his dearest, his all—these two.

At last Mrs. Maybanke spoke.

"Blanche Gressell—I mean Banny—I hear that Carey and you are—are married——"

She could say no more ; but these lame, inadequate words had changed the whole situation. She was at their mercy now ; she broke down utterly. Blanche took her hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, you will forgive me !" she faltered. "It is all my fault—I ought to have asked you first. I ought to have told you. . . . Oh, I am so dreadfully sorry. But sorrow is no good ! Oh, Carey, I wish we weren't married ! . . . It didn't matter about my being a governess one bit. . . I shouldn't have minded *much* ; and she would still have loved me ! And I should always have loved Carey—no one else—whatever happened—always, always !"

Carey squeezed Banny's hand very tightly. "But we *are* married," he whispered. "And it will all come right. Mother shall hear everything."

Mrs. Maybanke's anger, her just and lawful anger, all her carefully prepared reproaches, had melted away. Something in Banny's little white face, something in her frightened look, had knocked so violently at her heart, that she had not been able to restrain her tears. She felt as though no cruel words could pass her lips while those large liquid eyes hung so anxiously on her face, as though appealing to the promise which had comforted her dying friend's last days. And when Blanche's soft mouth caressed her fingers, Mrs. Maybanke had completely given way.

They sat, one on each side of her, holding her hands, while they told her their story. Their childish confidence in her power to advise and to help them was most touching to the mother. It was like a scene from some fairy-tale of their young days—where the Prince and his lady-love, being in grievous plight, do seek counsel of the beneficent and wonder-working old fairy ; who, first moving heaven and earth to do her will, completely changes their fortunes, loads the lovely pair with gifts, riches and long life, and sends them on their way blessed and rejoicing.

But fairy days are over ; the "ivory gates and golden" are closed for evermore.

They will not open to the ordinary passion-tossed mortal :

"While the innocent child with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him,
Has only to touch the portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him."

.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Quel jour, ma fille, que celui qui ouvre l'absence ! comment vous a-t-il paru ? Pour moi, je l'ai senti avec toute l'amertume et toute la douleur que j'avais imaginées, et que j'avais appréhendées depuis si longtemps. Quel moment que celui où nous nous séparâmes ! quel adieu et quelle tristesse d'aller chacune de son côté, quand on se trouve si bien ensemble ! ”

Lettre de Madame de Sévigné.

A SILENCE fell on the little group as they sat thus hand in hand together, Carey and Blanche watching the mother's face till she should speak. She had said, “ Children, I must think, I must think. Wait a few moments.” And they waited.

Then she began slowly to unfold her plan.

“ Do not think me harsh, my dear children,” she said. “ If what I propose seems hard to you, it is also very hard—harder, I think—for me. Children, you have laid a sad burden on your mother. But I have promised to be your friend, and I will help you.” She stopped, and Carey became rather pale. There was a fixed look of resolution on Mrs. Maybanke's gentle face—a portent he dreaded to observe.

“ Yes,” she went on, “ it will be hard ; and hardest for me. Carey, your father must never know of this ! If he knew—well, Banny had better hear it—it would simply kill him ! I, for one, will never tell him. I know that he could not bear it. And, lately, you may have noticed how he has not been able to stand the least worry. He is very old, children ”—her voice quivered and her eyes filled—“ we should like to keep his last years peaceful, free from trouble ! I will keep your secret, and help you—help you both—for your interests now are one. But *only on one condition.*”

“ Any condition, if you forgive me ! ” whispered Banny. Carey said nothing. He guessed now what was coming ; and he feared that he should give way. He got up hurriedly, and stood at the window, with his back to them.

Mrs. Maybanke felt for him.

“ One condition only,” she repeated firmly. “ And directly that condition ceases to bind you both, I must withdraw my help and my countenance from this—this—— Well, Blanche darling ” (kissing her), “ I do love you very much. I won't say anything more about that. You are my dear little daughter, you know ; and you will help Carey—won't you ?—to do what is right, whatever it may cost him. It will cost us all something, he knows. Here is my plan.”

Mrs. Maybanke rose to speak ; and the figure in the window turned sharply to listen. His face, with the light behind it, was

hidden, but she could see his frame tremble ; and then he drew himself up, as though he prepared himself to meet a shock well-nigh beyond his power to bear.

“Blanche,” said Mrs. Maybanke, in a low but distinct tone, “you must go away at once—to-morrow—to Miss Slater’s. I shall take you myself to Brighton ; and Carey will say good-bye to you here, just before we start. He will not come with us. You will stay at school till the Christmas vacation ; and Carey and I will come together and see you once, or perhaps twice, during term. You will spend your holidays at the Priory as usual ; and Carey—I suppose it must rest with Carey whether he is here all the time. But I am of opinion that he had better not be. You will go back to school and stay there, I don’t yet know for how long. It is too far off to look forward to, yet. And oh, dear children”—she sank into her chair as she spoke, and folded Banny in her arms—“don’t think me hard ! Remember that you are both young ; that you have all your lives to live yet. While I—I must begin now, after years and years of happy wedded life, to deceive the kindest of men, the most devoted of husbands. My peace of mind is gone ; it may perhaps never come back ! Our trustful intercourse, so far as I, alas ! am concerned, is dead ; and the security of my husband’s love and faith may at any moment be disturbed. How would he greet me did he know what I am contriving to hide from him ? Would not his anger be righteous ? . . . But perhaps I shall go first, . . . and if so”—her voice was choked—“I will tell him all, children. For I could not say ‘Good-bye, to meet again,’ with such a secret on my mind. Oh, Carey—Carey !——”

But even now she uttered no reproach, only something in the agony of her tone seemed to stab him to the very soul. He rushed from the window and flung himself on his knees before her. He laid his head in her lap, as in the old boyish days when he had brought every trouble to her. “Oh, mother, mother, your words hurt me cruelly ! I am punished ; I am punished, mother. Mother, mother, it is very hard—you know that. But I promise : I promise !”

The day passed quickly to everyone save to Mrs. Maybanke. The squire was in unusually good spirits, and very much inclined to detain her in a discussion of family matters when prayers were over, and they went upstairs. He called her back when Platten had left him, and begged her to read to him for a few minutes, for he felt no inclination to sleep.

Mrs. Maybanke took up a favourite volume that lay on the little

table beside his bed, and selecting a passage began in a soft tone to read :

And weep not, though the Beautiful decay
 Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes ;
 Thy heart must have its Autumn, its pale skies,
 Leading mayhap to Winter's cold dismay.

.

Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
 The Summer time, when roses were alive
 Do thou thy work—be willing to be old :
 Thy sorrow is the husk that doth infold
 A gorgeous June, for which thou need'st not strive.¹

Her voice fell, and she glanced at the old man before she turned the page. He was asleep—his face so calm and peaceful, with the crown of white hair lying on the pillow. “Dear Marchmont !” whispered Mrs. Maybanke gently. He roused himself a little : “Eh, my dear, what did you say? . . . Yes, yes ; Carey needs a wife . . . it will be lonely for him here with only us two old folks . . . and Banny off to-morrow.” His eyes suddenly opened widely : “Don't you agree with me, my dear ?” he said. There was a mirror opposite Mrs. Maybanke, and she caught her own reflection in it, sitting pale and weary-eyed, as she answered : “Yes, Marchmont, yes !”

“Let's ask down some nice girls, my dear. Think it over to-morrow. Lady Packville would know the right sort, the sort I mean. No beggars . . . no beggars . . .”

He turned drowsily, and she kissed him and went sorrowfully away.

¹ George MacDonald : *Within and Without*.

(*To be continued.*)

*MR. RUSKIN, ARTIST
AND PUBLISHER.*

AMONG the interesting figures of the time, that attract by a marked originality in their work—of which the species is, as it were, the genus—must be reckoned Mr. Ruskin. Few men excite so curious an interest ; much of which is owing to a force of personality to a degree irresistible, awaking an interest even in those who are unfamiliar with what he may have written. This attraction it might be found difficult to analyse with exactness, but it exists ; and we find ourselves drawn towards this veteran, who for many years now has done nothing that has not been followed with absorbing attention. Finished work has ever an especial charm, and Mr. Ruskin's work in every department displays an exquisite finish and delicacy.

Not the least attraction of this remarkable man is the “many-sidedness,” as it may be called, of his gifts. He is an art-teacher, an artist, a writer of exquisite English, a descriptive painter of the rarest power, in what had hitherto seemed to defy the power of words ; a philosopher ; a political economist ; a religious teacher ; a controversialist ; a humourist ; an autobiographer ; a professor ; and also, shall we say it?—something of an eccentric. These things have been all dealt with abundantly, some rather fiercely debated. How interesting, too, his scheme of the Educating Museum formed of a few choice and rare materials ; an idea which, in an unpretending way, he has worked out most successfully. But there remains yet another department to which he has brought the same energy and gifts, and which, after years of labour, he has crowned with extraordinary success.

It might be expected that the taste of a gifted writer, if it be at all sensitive or delicate, would make itself felt in everything connected with his work. Peculiarities of dress are often found intimately associated with character ; and an accomplished manager like Mr. Irving exhibits his taste and feeling in other departments of his profession besides acting. This sort of “form and pressure” of character is really a legitimate exercise, and *should* be exhibited to make all harmonious. It is strange therefore that most writers should show

themselves indifferent to the dress of their books, as though such had no concern or connection with the matter of the volume. Yet it is evident on a moment's reflection that such is a portion of the writer's message to his reader, and that print, paper, binding, should be in a certain harmony with the subject. As the apparel "oft proclaims the man," so it does the book: and the author might very fairly claim to inspire or direct the *dress* of his compositions.

All Mr. Ruskin's earlier volumes, "The Seven Lamps," "The Stones of Venice," and the "Modern Painters," are literally *designed* artistically, in the matter of print, paper, binding, &c. They have an attractive stateliness and nobility, in their large dignified size, and amplitude of page and margin; fine clear type, and fine quality of paper and illustrations. They are octavos extra royal, or, rather, "imperial." As we see them repose on the table, or on their shelves, we recognise them from their individuality of treatment. The tone of their grass-green or damson-tinted clothes has mellowed with time. They do not look so well in their costly official bindings. Of singular beauty, for instance, are the deep purple cloth covers of "The Stones of Venice," the ground embossed, the backs a rich yet simple display of gold lettering, clearly from a design of the author's, and quite Venetian in character.

Apart from their harmonious suitability to the volumes, Mr. Ruskin's illustrations have extraordinary merit, and prove him to be an artist of the first rank. In every direction this artistic inspiration is felt, in the design, execution, and suitability of subject, as well as in the engraving. The versatility displayed, the different styles and subjects, are not their least merit, for we have here the most elaborately finished pictures, side by side with spirited and hasty sketches. We open the third volume of the "Modern Painters," and pause at the frontispiece, the well known "Land, Lake, and Cloud: near Como;" an exact description, which is full of grace and poetry, and of the richest suggestion. It might be taken for a drawing of his idol's—Turner. There are the clouds above, stored with a strange restless mystery and movement; the country between, stretching away with an extraordinary effect of distance, while below is the water, with reflected objects and shadows; the whole combination of "land, lake, and cloud" showing, as he intended to show, what exquisite effect and suggestion these three departments are capable of in their union. It is indeed a great picture in little, and the only fault is that it appears to be somewhat cramped in its area, and to require a yet ampler margin. The artist was particularly fortunate in his engravers, Armytage and Cuff, whom he justly compliments

in his work. This beautiful picture is by the former, and the workmanship is really marvellous for its delicacy. We might in vain seek nowadays for such a performance. Our author-artist excels, as is well known, in minute delineation of sprays, leaves, tendrils, &c., copied laboriously, and yet with an amazing grace and poetry. One print, displayed on a delicate pearl-grey background, has a singular poetry, and we gaze in wonder at the finish and detail; every knot and bend being shown with the general air of frailty, and yet of strength. In his preface to Vol. III. of "Modern Painters" he gives all credit to his engravers for "the zeal and care with which they have carried out the requirements in each case," and he instances this very example; that beautiful drawing of a cluster of flowers at page 126, "left unlettered in order not to injure the effect of its ground, in which Mr. Armytage has exactly facsimiled, in line engraving, a drawing of mine made upon a grey ground washed with white, and has given even the *loaded* look of the body colour." This is no exaggeration, and the result is almost a bit of *colour*, though really in black and white. No better illustration of his doctrine could be furnished. Not less successful is he in conveying the reserved and antique stiffness, if we may so call it, of the old masters; witness the charming Madonna of Raphael, with its "sweet expression of air and sunshine," as he happily describes it.

Turning to those handsome volumes "The Stones of Venice," we find ourselves in quite another field of illustration. Here are bold and effective architectural scenes, set off with colour and conceived in a true Venetian spirit. Here, too, we find a perfect embodiment of the theory which he has unfolded when expounding the charm of Prout. "Of these principles," he writes, "the most original were his familiarisation of the sentiment, while he elevated the subject of the picturesque. That character had been sought before his time either in solitude or rusticity; to seek it in a city would have been deemed an extravagance; to raise it to the height of a cathedral an heresy. Prout did both; he found and proved in the busy shadows and sculptured gables of the continental street sources of picturesque delight . . . and he contrasted with the familiar circumstances of urban life, the majesty and the aerial elevation of the most noble architecture, expressing its details in a splendid accumulation." Let us take the first plate of the first volume, the arches of a palace, set off by "ornaments" of precious marble—a delicious bit of colour, delightful to look on, the medallions of lake or blue having an opal-like iridescence. The breadth of the treatment is in wonderful contrast to the fanciful delicacy of his other efforts. In some other

plates, notably Plates VI. and XIII., the latter entitled "Wall-veil decoration," he works in sepia, imparting a glowing warmth that really suggests *colour*. Plate V., the "Duomo of Murano," is another bit of rich colouring. There is a plate too, poetically entitled "The Lily Capital of St. Mark's," in which atmospheric effect is made to bring out the architectural portion.

As the artist knows, one of the most difficult things is to convey a satisfactory idea of minute architectural details, carvings, &c., without impairing the effect of "breadth." This nice proportion is regulated by the experience of the spectator, who, standing at a proper distance from a cathedral, so as to take in the whole, is yet fully conscious of a rich abundance of details, though these are more or less indistinct. In one portion of his writings our author has explained the principle of this treatment, taking for an illustration a little vignette of Turner's, a couple of inches square, which decorates Rogers's "Italy." Here, he says, we seem to see all the carvings of the arches and the embossed detail of the wall represented; yet, if we look close, we shall find that there is no detail, nor any attempt at representing such detail. The artist has merely conveyed an *impression* of such. In fact, if he *had* attempted a little reproduction, there would have been no such effect. This might seem paradoxical, but it is the true foundation of art workmanship, and our author has carried out his own principle exactly. Let us turn for instance to Plate XII., "Linear and Surface Gothic;" we shall find in the left-hand corner a delicate little sketch of a cusped arch, in which this idea of rich carving is conveyed without effort or delicacy by simple *suggestiveness*. This sketch might be studied by all who wish to learn the mystery of architectural drawing. Along with this poetical sort of treatment we find a laborious, almost drudging study of dry forms, whole plates being given up to the various outlines of "mouldings," curves, &c.¹

These volumes being in every way, in subject, matter, illustration, garnishing, monuments of knowledge and taste, have naturally come to be estimated at their proper worth. The original editions may be

¹ So elaborate were what he calls "the multitudinous letterings and references," that it is not surprising to find some confusion in the arrangement. Thus, "several of the plates appear in the present position nearly unmeaning: 14 and 15 for instance in Vol. III. This announcement is made in Vol. IV., and the place of the plates is in Vol. V.!" He, however, makes his excuse: "I should have had the plates disproportionately crowded at last, as these two bear somewhat on various matters spoken of in the third." We find the plates in *Modern Painters* inserted by means of "guards," a rather cumbrous and inartistic fashion. Still, it preserves the plate for binding as something distinct from the book.

imitated or repeated ; nay, the old plates may be made to furnish new impressions, but it is a law of any effort of excellence that there can be no repetition of the first complete stroke. They are uniques : the moulds are, as it were, broken. Hence the extraordinary demand that has set in. The Ruskin bibliography has become indeed quite scientific ; there are graduated degrees in the excellence of the article ; and each renewed edition, known to be prepared under the inspiration of the author, though falling short of the first excellence, is accepted on its merits, as coming nearest, or as near as possible, to the original prototypes. To the author this recognition, which is not founded on the vulgar elements of scarcity, must be particularly gratifying. He himself has spoken complacently of this popularity, in particular reference to the edition of "The Seven Lamps" published in 1849. "The *quite* first edition, with the original plates, will always, I venture to say, bear a high price in the market : for its etchings were not only, every line of them, by my own hand, but bitten also by myself, with savage carelessness (I being then, as now, utterly scornful of all sorts of art dependent on blotches or burrs or any other 'process' than that of steady hand and true line) ; out of which disdain, nevertheless, some of the plates came into effects both right and good for their purpose." We like the quaint and satisfactory style of this, "the quite first edition," &c. Better still is what he said in 1878, which has a justifiable cynicism mingled with satisfaction :

"I have no time nor sight now for the revision of old plates, and besides I own to a very enjoyable pride in making the first editions of my books *valuable to their possessors, who found out before other people that these writings and drawings really were good for something.*"

When we find a well-bound copy of one of the first or second editions of "Modern Painters" or "The Stones of Venice" in a bookseller's list priced at £30 or £50, we can imagine that an author would be less than human if he did not look in some way to satisfying this demand to his own profit. It seems scarcely credible that there should be found owners of copies to claim that a sort of contract had been entered into with them, that the value of their property should not be impaired by issuing new editions ; and yet Mr. Hamilton Bruce, a buyer of the fine edition of "Modern Painters" issued in 1873, complained bitterly when the announcement of another edition in 1889 was made, that "faith had not been kept with purchasers." The Preface to the former edition, it was urged, contained an undertaking, signed by Mr. Ruskin, *that it was the last edition of the book in its complete form.* This, of course, was taking a purely commercial view, the complaint being that the value

of one edition was seriously affected by the publication of another. The work being thus treated as "wares," it seems to me that the answer made on behalf of Mr. Ruskin was quite satisfactory; as the real question at issue was whether the value of the property *had* been impaired. "Mr. Ruskin's promise," wrote Mr. Collingwood on his behalf to the "Scots Observer," "has been kept to the letter. Many of the most important original plates are represented in this edition by *copies* which, as any one will see who takes the trouble to compare them, are only as "moonlight unto sunlight," and though the printing of the old plates has been most carefully done, every bookseller and print-collector knows that the last states of a plate are worse than the first, at any rate do not fetch the same price; and the earlier editions remain unapproached. What is more, the new ten-guineas 1889 edition is already sold out, and fetching seventeen guineas, which means that the new copies are being so rapidly absorbed that early impressions will retain, or very soon regain, their premium. So that not only has Mr. Ruskin kept his promise, but the book-speculators will probably be able to keep up their profits."

While preparing what he so modestly describes as "An Essay on the Architecture of Venice," he had assisted his studies with a number of carefully-made, beautiful drawings of the various monuments or portions of monuments. These were of large size, many in water-colour, and highly finished. They had, moreover, this striking distinction, that they were *representative*; that is, the objects selected were types; for each picture, in addition to its own artistic claims, illustrated generally some prominent features of Venetian architecture. These he intended using to set off his "essay," but there were difficulties in the reduction of the size, and his own sumptuous tastes made him conceive the idea of issuing them in the original condition. Accordingly in 1851 he sent out a characteristic prospectus, written in that excellent, interesting style of his, which is often found effective in even trifles of ephemeral interest. At the end of the first volume of "The Stones of Venice" there appears this advertisement:

MR. RUSKIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE STONES OF VENICE.

Preparing for publication, in twelve parts, folio imperial size,

Price ONE GUINEA each,

Examples of the

ARCHITECTURE OF VENICE,

selected and drawn to measurement from the edifices,

By JOHN RUSKIN,¹

Author of "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Modern Painters."

¹ The author's knowledge of the resources of the language with many little

PROSPECTUS.

Mr. Ruskin has found it impossible to reduce to the size of an octavo volume all the sketches made to illustrate his intended Essay on Venetian Architecture; at least without loss of accuracy in detail; he has thought it better to separate some of the plates from the text, than either to throw the latter into a folio form, or diminish the fidelity of the drawings. The subjects which are absolutely necessary to the understanding of the essay will alone therefore be reduced, and published with the text; the rest will be engraved on the size of the drawings, and will form a separate work which, though referred to in the text, will not be essential to the reading of it. The essay will thus be made accessible in a form involving the least possible expense to the general reader, and those who may be more deeply interested in the subject may possess the book of illustrations executed on a scale large enough for the expression of all details.

A short explanatory text will be given with each number of the large plates, so as to save the trouble of reference to erratic notices in the essay.

In order to prevent future disappointment, Mr. Ruskin wishes it expressly to be observed that very few of the drawings will be of entire buildings. *Nearly all the subjects are portions of buildings, drawn with the single purpose of giving perfect examples of their architecture, but not pictorial arrangements.* Many, however, of the subjects will be found to possess much picturesque value, especially those mezzo-tinted, but others will be separate details, capitals, cornices, or other ornaments, which can possess interest only for those who desire to enter earnestly into the subject of Venetian Architecture. The chief value of the plates will be their almost servile accuracy, a merit which will be appreciated when the buildings themselves are no more, and they perish daily.

Each part will consist of Five Plates, engraved by the first artists, and as nearly as possible facsimiles of Mr. Ruskin's original drawings, but of mixed character; some will be finished mezzo-tints, some tinted lithographs, and some mere woodcuts or line engravings like Plates X. and XI. of the octavo volume. There will be at least one mezzo-tint in each number.

The first part will shortly appear, and the work will be completed as rapidly as possible; but the author cannot pledge himself to any stated time for the appearance of the parts.

Fifty India proofs only will be taken on Atlas folio, price Two Guineas each part, and only a limited number of plain impressions will be printed in the first instance, which will be appropriated to subscribers.

Subscribers' names will be received by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co., 65 Cornhill, and by Messrs. PAUL DOMINIC COLNAGHI & Co., Publishers to Her Majesty, Pall Mall East. Specimens of the work to be seen at both publishers'.

It is to be lamented that this project was not completed, for nothing can exceed the interest and fine colouring of these works. Valuable as they are as architectural records, drawn to scale, &c., they are also full of the author's poetry. They have a depth, and a breadth too, which is extraordinary, and scarcely ever found in "Chromo" work. Here, again, the author's inspiration and personal direction is conspicuous. They are, indeed, dreams of beauty, and, forcible "turns" and devices, is shown by the novel position of the word "by," for which a good deal could be said.

by a wonderful art, the view of a single pillar or capital filling the picture, seems to convey the whole significance of a building and of Venetian architecture itself. Here, indeed, comes in the note of the true artist. For the ordinary designer is attracted by the charm of a building, or some portions of a building, and proceeds to make an effective drawing of it. But how much more valuable and instructive is a drawing which has an object typical, as it were, of the rest, which is not a mere accident, but the essence—the abstract of many patterns.

The true “Ruskinian” will think, with a sort of anguish, that these stray copies could have been secured for five or six pounds; I have seen copies for three, which might once have been thought a high figure. These speedily disappeared, and no more “turned up” in that unlicensed way; the wary or “knowing ones” had quietly secured them. Now they are *introuvable*, and the prices asked are extraordinary.

In his preface to “The Stones of Venice,” he dwells at greater length on this project, which must have been a favourite one with him.

“It was of course inexpedient,” he says, “to reduce drawings of crowded details to the size of an octavo volume. I do not say impossible, but inexpedient: requiring infinite pains on the part of the engraver, with no result, except further pains to the beholder. And as, on the other hand, folio books are not easy reading, I determined to separate the text and the irreducible plates. I have given with the principal text all the illustrations absolutely necessary to the understanding of it; and, in the detached work, such additional text as had special reference to the larger illustrations.

“A considerable number of these larger plates were at first intended to be executed in tinted lithography; but, finding the result unsatisfactory, I have determined to prepare the principal subjects from mezzo-tinting, a change of method requiring two new drawings to be made of every subject; one, a carefully-penned outline for the etcher, and then a finished drawing upon the etching. This work does not proceed fast; while I am also occupied with the completion of the text; but the numbers of it will appear as fast as I can prepare them.” Then, speaking of his “Modern Painters”:

“In the illustrations of the body of the work itself, I have used any kind of engraving which seemed suited to the subjects: line and mezzo-tint in steel, with mixed lithograph and woodcuts, at considerable loss of uniformity in the appearance of the volume, but I hope with advantage in recording the character of the architecture it

describes. And both in the plates and the text I have aimed chiefly at clear intelligibility."

It is certainly to be lamented that the work was not carried on to the close, for it would have been an extraordinary testimony to his genius. But the labour of superintendence, the "inspiration" which he would have felt himself bound to supply at every step of its progress, would have entailed overwhelming strain.

It seemed a little hard that this hearty, growing appreciation should benefit every one all round—reader, dealer, traffickers of all kinds—save and except the author. He was a political economist to a certain extent; and, though some of his theories in this direction are a little extravagant, and excite a smile, much that he has written in his persuasive style on this dry subject commends its truth and good sense. It was in 1871 that he put into actual practice one of his favourite theories, a most remarkable and original departure, which was at first scoffed at by "the trade," but which has undoubtedly proved successful. It was natural, indeed, that one whose taste had so thoroughly impregnated the arrangement of his works, whose inspiration was found in the print, paper, shape, binding, and illustrations, should go a little further, and ask that the "pay" for these labours should not be intercepted, but handed directly to the workman. It was thus that he started as publisher of his own works. He found a useful auxiliary in Mr. George Allen, an engraver of no mean talent, who engraved all the large plates in the "*Proserpina*," with not a few in his other books. This artist, whom he pleasantly styled "my shopman," was established at Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent, which for a time became the "imprint" of the new firm. Later the place was changed to the better known "Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent," a pleasing name, probably devised by our author. "The Sunnyside Press" will be well known to future bibliophiles.¹

In this year (1871) Mr. Ruskin expounded his plans. "It has long been in my mind to make some small beginning of resistance to the system of irregular discount in the bookselling trade—not in hostility to booksellers, but, as I think they will find eventually, with a just regard to their interest, as well as that of authors. Every volume of this series of my collected works will be sold to the trade without any discount or allowance on quantity, at such a fixed price as will allow both author and publisher a moderate profit on each volume. It will be sold to the trade only, who can then fix such further profit on it as they deem fitting, for retail. Every volume

¹ The favourite Ruskinian printers have been the Spottiswoodes for the grander books, and Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney for the smaller ones.

will be clearly printed and thoroughly well bound; on such conditions the price to the public, allowing full profit to the retailer, may sometimes reach, but ought never to exceed, half a guinea; nor do I wish it to be less. I will fully state my reasons for this procedure in the June number of 'Fors Clavigera.' The price of this first volume to the trade is seven shillings."¹

A year later, in January 1872, he invited the reader's attention to a notice sent out with each volume of the revised series, announcing bluntly, "I mean to sell my own books at a price from which there shall be no abatement, namely, eighteen shillings the volume, and twenty-seven shillings and sixpence the illustrated ones; and that my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, will supply them at the price, without abatement, carriage paid, to any person in town or country, on remittance of the price. This absolute refusal of credit or abatement is only the carrying out of a part of my general method of political economy; and I adopt this system of sale because I think authors ought not to be too proud to sell their own books any more than painters to sell their own pictures. I intend the retail dealer to charge twenty shillings for the plain volumes, and thirty shillings for the others. If he declines offering them that percentage, it is for the public to judge how much he gets usually."

Again, in his "Fors Clavigera," addressing workmen, or working men, he tells them:

"I choose that you shall have them decently printed, on cream-coloured paper, and with a margin underneath on which you can write if you like. It costs me ten pounds to print a thousand copies, a thousand sixpences are twenty-five pounds; when you have bought a thousand 'Fors' of me I shall therefore have five pounds for my trouble, and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, five pounds for his; we won't work for less, either of us. And I mean to sell my large books, henceforth, in the same way—well printed, well bound, at a fixed price; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for their trouble in retailing the book. That is what I call legitimate business."

And during these five years, though the result was meagre, he considered that the experiment had been, on the whole, successful. Alas! he needed some encouragement for his efforts, artistic as well

¹ In subsequent notices some parts of this plan, especially as regards purchasers and prices, were altered; the trade not accepting the offer of sale to them only, and the trouble and difficulty of revising text and preparing plates proving much greater than Mr. Ruskin had expected.

as philanthropic; and the lavish generosity of his charities had diminished his fortune by more than half. There is something piteous in the pleading he makes on this occasion, as well as in the confession, forced from him, that he is "making more haste to be poor than is prudent." Of £70,000 in cash, half had vanished!

"As also during my battles with the booksellers, I have been hitherto losing considerably by my books (last year, for instance, paying three hundred and ninety-eight pounds to my assistant, Mr. Burgess, alone, for plates and wood-cuttings, and making a profit on the whole year's sale of fifty pounds) . . . and it is very clear that I am too enthusiastically carrying out my own principles, and making more haste to be poor than is prudent. . . . The battle with the booksellers, however, is now nearly won; and the publishing accounts will soon show better balances." "The battle with the booksellers was won," and that was some encouragement.

Some time later an article which appeared in Mr. Yates's paper, *The World*, entitled "Ruskin to the Rescue," acknowledged the service he had done to literary men, and drew from him the following characteristic defence of his system:

THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS.

Corpus Christi, Oxford, *June 6th, 1875.*

SIR,—I am very grateful for the attention and candour with which you have noticed my effort to introduce a new method of publishing. Will you allow me to explain one or two points in which I am generally misunderstood. 1. How many authors are strong enough to do without advertisements? None, while advertisement is the practice. But let it become the fashion to announce once for all in a monthly Circular ("Publishers'," for instance), the public will simply refer to that for all that they want to know. Such advertisement I use now and always would. 2. Why has he determined to be his own publisher? I wish entirely to resist the practice of writing for money early in life. I think an author's business requires as much training as a musician's, and that as soon as he can really write well, there would always, for a man of worth and sense, be found capital enough to enable him to be able to print, say, a hundred pages of his careful work, which if the public were pleased with they would soon enable him to print more. I do not think young men should rush into print, nor old ones modify their books to please publishers. 3. And it seems to me, considering that the existing excellent books in the world would, if they were heaped together in a great town, over-top the cathedral; but at any age a man should think long before he invites his neighbours to listen to his sayings on any subject whatever.

What I do, therefore, is only in the conviction, foolish, egotistic, whatever you like to call it, but firm, that I am writing what is needful and useful for my fellow-creatures; that if it is so they will in due time discover it, and that before due time I don't want it discovered. And it seems to me that no sound scholar or true well-wisher to the people about him would write in any temper. I mean to be paid for my work if it is worth payment, not otherwise, and it seems to me my mode of publication is the proper method of ascertaining that fact. I had much more to say but no more time, and am, Sir, very respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

All which is persuasively put. But, with deference to the ingenious author, this theory of "every writer his own publisher" will hardly answer in practice. It may answer with a Ruskin as it would with a Dickens or a Tennyson, after their fame is won. But the old rules of trade will hold, and selling and buying is an art to be learned, which absorbs all one's time and labour, and in which skill and knowledge alone will earn money. There is something unpractical in the idea that a public wanting books would send for the "Publishers' Circular" to consult! Nothing of the kind ever happens. The public takes no trouble, sends for nothing, rather requires everything to be sent to it. The "discount" practice too is a necessary element in all trading, advantageous to both parties, as the seller will always find it profitable to dispose of a larger quantity at a slight reduction. Again, as the transactions in Mr. Ruskin's wares have now grown into a large business, it would seem that our author has, after all, to avail himself of the services of the publisher. Mr. Dickens's publishers, and Lord Tennyson's, work as carefully for them as though the novelist and publisher had published for themselves. Again it may be asked, how can a man of less degree publish for himself? He must have learnt to publish; and if so, it will take up all his time, and he will be unable to write.

We turn now to his great Re-imprint, "The Seven Lamps," the whole of whose fourteen plates were etched, as well as drawn, by Mr. Ruskin's own hand; "the last of them in my wash-hand basin, at La Cloche, of Dijon," the author quaintly tells us. In comparing the different editions, the genuine first one will be identified by the inscription in the left-hand corner: "J. R. del. *et sc.*," whereas the succeeding editions have only "J. R. del.," with the name of the engraver, R. P. Cuff, in the right-hand corner. In his Preface Mr. Ruskin gives us these interesting particulars:

"Every apology is due to the reader for the hasty and imperfect execution of the plates. . . . So far, however, as their coarseness and rudeness admit, the plates are valuable, being either copies of memoranda made upon the spot, or (Plates IX. and XI.) enlarged and adapted from daguerreotypes, taken under my own superintendence. Unfortunately the great distance from the ground of the window, which is the subject of Plate IX., renders even the daguerreotype indistinct, and I cannot answer for the accuracy of any of the mosaic details, more especially of those surrounding the window, and which I rather imagine, in the original, to be sculptured in relief. The general proportions are, however, studiously preserved; *the spirals of the shafts are wanted*, and the effect of the whole is as near that of the thing

itself as is necessary for the purposes of illustration, for which the plate is given. For the accuracy of the rest I can answer, *even to the cracks in the stones*, and the number of them, and though the looseness of the drawing, and picturesque character which is necessarily given by an endeavour to draw old buildings as they actually appear, may perhaps diminish their credit for architectural veracity, they will do so unjustly." How interesting is this ; how nicely and picturesquely chosen the language ! As we look at the pictures again after reading the passage, they seem to have a new, vivid meaning.

For the new second edition the conscientious author literally cancelled all his plates, and had them re-etched, as we have seen, by a professional artist—Mr. Cuff—with the exception of No. IX. For this he prepared a new drawing, which was placed in the hands of Mr. Armytage, who furnished the exquisitely-finished plate which now serves as frontispiece. Again the author modestly depreciates his own work. "Mr. Cuff's plates," he said, introducing them, "retain as far as possible the appearance of the original sketches, but remedying the defects which resulted in the first edition from my careless etching." In the third edition, issued in "mottled-grey" paper boards with the title-page reproduced on the cover—the whole printed on "Whatman" paper, and the price raised from one guinea to two—there was no alteration. The plates he again praises as "as good for all practical purposes as his own, and much more admirable as pieces of *careful and singular engraver's* skill. For the original method of etching was not easily imitated by straightforward engraving. When I use the needle point directly on the steel I never allow any burr or mystery of texture (see the plates by my own hand in 'Modern Painters') ; but in these architectural notes of 'Shadow,' I wanted more spaces of gloom got easily, and so used a process shown me (I think by a German engraver, my memory fails me about it now) in which, the ground being laid very soft, a piece of tissue paper is spread over it, on which one draws with a hard pencil, seeing when the paper is lifted, approximately, what one has got of shadow. The pressure of the point removes the wax, which sticks to the tissue paper, and leaves the surface of the plate in the degree open to the acid. The effect thus obtained is a kind of mixture of mezzo-tint etching, and except by such skill as Mr. Cuff possessed in a peculiar degree, not to be imitated in any other manner. The vignette frontispiece is also an excellent piece of work by Mr. Armytage, to whose skill the best illustrations of 'Modern Painters' owe *not only their extreme delicacy, but their permanence*. Some of his plates, which I am about to re-issue with portions of the work

separately, arranged according to their subjects, show scarcely any loss of brightness for any use hitherto made of them."

Mr. Allen explains in a note that "steel was good in those days, and did not want anything more done to it." These steels have stood wonderfully well, and up to the present time (Sept. 1889) have not been retouched.

The conventional idea of a "plate" is as of something to be glanced at as we turn over the leaves of a volume ; it may detain us a minute or so. In the common illustration of commerce there is little more than can be exhausted in that space. But these Ruskinian plates are rich and suggestive in every way ; they are stored with the writer's thoughts—his work and inspiration ; the engravers have put on *their* suggestions. Each are precious, and may be studied like the text itself. The author, on this point of the "steel," then makes this shrewd, sagacious forecast, though now nine years ago :

"But, having now all my plates in my own possession, I will take care that none are used past the time they will properly last, and even the present editions of these old books (1880) *can never become cheap*, though they will be, I trust in time, all sufficiently accessible."

When we consider the thought, deliberation, art, cost, imported into these tomes, that every point is an artistic expression of some kind,¹ we cannot wonder that handsome prices are asked. The books are, in fact, treasures, much like those rare stones and "bits" of artistic work which are found in his museum. They are good *in omnibus*—paper, print, designs, binding—and will grow in value.

In "The Friendship's Offering" for 1843, at p. 72, will be found a plate representing the Château d'Amboise, in illustration of his poem, "The Broken Chain," engraved by Goodall. On this early effort its designer could afford to be merry nearly fifty years later. "The second thing of specific meaning that went on in Leamington was the highly-laboured drawing of the Château of Amboise, out of my head," representing the castle as about 700 feet above the river (it is perhaps eighty or ninety, with sunset light on it, in imitation of Turner), and some steps and balustrades (which are not there)

¹ Thus : "On the cover of this volume" (*The Seven Lamps*) "the reader will find some figure outlines of the same period and character, from the floor of San Miniato, at Florence. I have to thank its designer, Mr. W. Harry Rogers, for his intelligent arrangement of them, and graceful adaptation of the connecting arabesque." This tasteful cover, which the bibliophile will lament to have to sacrifice on officially binding his treasure, is "of embossed cloth boards, of a deep claret colour, with the top edge gilt, and lettered up the back 'The Seven Lamps, &c.'" Here the binding speaks.

going down to the river, in imitation of Turner, with the fretwork of St. Hubert's Chapel, done very carefully in my own way—I thought perhaps a little better than Turner. This drawing, and the poem which it was to illustrate, after being beautifully engraved by Goodall, turned out afterwards equally salutary exercises, proving to me that in those directions of imagination I was even a worse blockhead than Agassiz himself."

In 1880 Mr. Quaritch was offering first editions of the volumes of "Modern Painters," 1843—1846—1860, in the "original cloth," for £36. Copies of the more recent issue were selling for £17. 17s. ! "a remarkable copy," says the bibliophile, "admirably suited to a fastidious collector who desires first editions of Ruskin's works." Vol. I. was not only "the absolutely first edition," but also the first edition issued in the larger size, which was found necessary for Vol. II. For "The Stones of Venice," original edition, £5. 5s. was asked; for "The Seven Lamps," £9. 9s., the second edition, £8. 10s. (many, we are told, prefer the second edition).¹

¹ RUSKIN (J.) EXAMPLES OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF VENICE, Selected and Drawn to Measurement from the Edifices. Sixteen Plates, with Preface and Descriptive Letterpress. 1851. Imp. folio. THE THREE PARTS, being all that were ever published. The following is a List of the Plates :

PART I.

- Plate 1. The Ducal Palace.—Twentieth Capital.
 ,, 2. Arabian Windows in Campo Santa Maria Mater Domini.
 ,, 3. Byzantine Capitals, from Torcello and St. Mark's.
 ,, 4. Cornice Moulding, from a Tomb in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo.
 ,, 5. The Ducal Palace.—Compartments in the Central Balcony.
 ,, 5a. Ditto.—Sections of the Southern Balcony.

PART II.

- Plate 6. St. Mark's.—Southern Portico.
 ,, 7. Ditto.—Details of the Lily Capitals.
 ,, 8. Byzantine Ruin, in Rio di ca' Foscari.
 ,, 9. Ditto Ditto.
 ,, 10. Palace in Rio di ca' Foscari.—Conjectural Restoration.

PART III.

- Plate 11. Door Heads, from ca' Contarini Porta di Ferro; and in Campo S. Margarita.
 ,, 12. Ditto. In Ramo Dirimpetto Mocenigo.
 ,, 13. Door Heads. In Campiello della Chiesa, San Luca.
 ,, 14. Ca' Bernardo Mocenigo.—Capital of Window Shafts.
 ,, 15. The Ducal Palace.—Renaissance Capitals of the Loggia.

Fine copy in blue morocco extra, gilt tops, UN CUT, with all the original covers preserved, £36.

We must now introduce the last grand edition of the "Modern Painters," a large and serious operation, successfully planned and carried out. A fine copy of the work of 1855, with an inscription in the author's hand, "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with John Ruskin's affectionate regards, January 15, 1856," described as "Unique!" was sold for £45. The new edition was thus heralded :

Uniform with the New Edition of "The Stones of Venice," a new and complete edition of John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." In five volumes, with all the 87 illustrations, besides three hitherto unpublished ("The Lake of Zug," "Dawn after the Wreck," and "Château de Blois"), etched by Mr. Ruskin and mezzotinted by the late Thomas Lupton, previously intended for the fifth volume, cloth, £6. 6s. Three of the nine plates that were destroyed have been carefully reproduced from early proofs of those originally etched by the author's own hand, and the others re-engraved by the best engravers. Of the remainder, all are in good state, and the results obtained by careful printing are such as to justify the publisher's expectations as to the success of the work from an artistic point of view; the larger margins of this edition also making the plates more effective. The text will be that of the last (1873) edition, with all the author's subsequent notes. A limited number of special copies will be printed on hand-made paper, with the plates on India paper, price raised to twelve guineas. Some extra copies will be printed of Vol. V., in order to supply the wants of those whose sets are incomplete, there having been no second edition of that volume, as was the case with Vols. III. and IV., in 1867 and 1868. These copies will contain the additional plates as issued with the entire work. Price three guineas.—N.B.—This volume will not be reprinted separately after these extra copies are disposed of.

Also a companion Volume, containing a Complete Index and Collation of Different Editions. Price 14s.; hand-made paper copies, 21s. This work will be uniform in size with the above, and being also in active preparation, it will, it is hoped, be published simultaneously with it. It has been undertaken by the compiler of the recent index to "The Stones of Venice," and no labour will be spared to make it thorough. As in the case of the index to "The Stones of Venice," the references will be to chapter and section as well as to page, and the work will thus be of equal value to owners of old editions, or even of separate volumes of "Modern Painters." In view of this it will be sold separately. The volume will also contain a bibliographical account of the different editions of "Modern Painters" from 1843-1873, and a collation of all their variations, including passages omitted from the earlier by the later editions, &c., &c.

His admiration for Prout is well known, and certainly his "views" and sketches are charming, from his ease and facility, and the simple means with which effects are produced. The sketcher will be grateful to have this piece of advice before him :

"Prout's chalk and pencil drawings are unrivalled. . . . If you want the picturesque character of architecture, and to be able to sketch fast, you cannot do better than take Prout for your exclusive master. . . . Do not try to Proutise Nature, but draw what you see with Prout's simple method and firm lines."

The following are interesting :

- PROUT'S (S.) EASY LESSONS (COLOURED) IN LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS, Picturesque old houses, cottages, churches, porches, waterfalls, bridges, boats, coast scenery, 40 coloured and plain plates, consisting of 100 studies arranged progressively from the first principles in the manner of chalk, to the finished landscape colours. 1817
- PROUT'S (S.) NEW DRAWING BOOK IN THE MANNER OF CHALK, 12 views in the West of England of picturesque cottages at Exeter, Eastbourne, Tavistock, Lynmouth, Pennycross, &c. Ackermann, 1819
- PROUT'S (S.) VIEWS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, 12 plates of picturesque studies of old houses, castles, ruins, mills, &c., at York, Runwich, Ayton, Peak Cavern, &c. Ackermann, 1821
- PROUT'S (S.) PICTURESQUE STUDIES OF COTTAGES, old houses, castles, bridges, ruins, &c., in the manner of chalk, 18 views at Totnes, Bridestow, Craigmiller, Minehead, Winchelsea, St. Michael's Mount, Tamer-ton, Norham, &c. Ackermann, 1816
- PROUT'S (S.) STUDIES OF BOATS AND COAST SCENERY, 16 plates of boats and craft and picturesque views in the Isle of Wight, Deal, Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, the Thames, &c. Ackermann, 1816
- PROUT'S (S.) BITS FOR BEGINNERS, 21 plates, with 100 studies of rustic scenery, picturesque old houses, cottages, ruins, castles, churches, porches, archways, bridges, waterfalls, &c. Ackermann, 1817

In this last "Bits for Beginners," the dash and careless brilliancy are delightful. "Beginners," forsooth! As we turn over some of his delightful volumes, we are amazed at the versatility of the artist.

Long before Mr. Ruskin entered on his course as an official teacher in formal works, he was scattering his theories, in less pretentious shapes, contributing largely to what may be termed the artistic serials of the day. Diligent explorers have long been on this track, and have found many an agreeable and characteristic essay in "Friendship's Offering," and other publications of the kind. Verses and versicles were then a favourite pastime with him.¹

In Heath's "Book of Beauty" there is one original poem by our author.

¹ The AMARANTH Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse, containing two poems by Ruskin, "The Recreant" and "The Wreck." Sm. fol. cl. gt. ed. scarce, 18s. 6d. 1839

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, complete set, from 1831 to 1844, containing Saltz-
burg, Fragments from a Metrical Journal (two pieces not included in the collected
volume of poems), The Months, the Last Smile, Leoni, A Legend of Italy (this
has never been reprinted), The Scythian Grave, Remembrance, a Scythian Ban-
quet Song, Aristodemus at Platæa, The Scythian Guest, The Broken Chain, five
parts, to * * * (to Adele), The Tears of Psammenicus, The Two Paths, The Old
Waterwheel, Farewell, The Departed Light, Agonia, The Last Song of Arion,
The Hills of Carrara, the Battle of Montenotte, A Walk in Chamouni (these two
last have each an illustration by the author). 13 vols., 12mo. mor., and 1 vol.,
8vo. cl., all in the original binding; together 14 vols., very scarce, £4. 4s. 1831-44

More interesting is it to light on "London's Architectural Magazine," with its numerous papers on "The Poetry of Architecture," signed "Kataphusin" (J. Ruskin), during the years 1834-38. Nearly fifty years later he declared they contained "sentences nearly as well put together as any I have done since."

It has always seemed to me that there is a curious likeness between Mr. Ruskin's temperament and work and that of Richard Wagner. There are the same glowing enthusiasm that never flags; the same abundant powers of expression. Both were Reformers on a vast scale, and both, encountering opposition and scornful ridicule at starting, overcame all opponents, and succeeded in subduing their contemporaries into acceptance of their doctrines. Both were apostles of romance. Wagner was a poet and dramatist, a prose writer of power and glowing periods, as well as a composer; indeed, he might be considered the Turner of musicians. Mr. Ruskin, as we have seen, excels in many arts. Both were combative and scornful in controversy. Both were followed by bitter animosities. Wagner's music suggests Ruskin's prose. Both have the same affection for legends and legendary art, which they assume to be the basis of all that is intrinsically dramatic or ennobling. There is a curious similarity too, in the vehemence with which they assailed old-established demigods: Wagner attacking what he called "the pigtail school," the conventional forms used by Mozart, Haydn, &c.; while Ruskin, as we know, demolished and pulverised the long revered painters of the English school.

We should like to show some ordinary outsider the little collection of Turner's sepia studies—a rather ordinary-looking book—and then give him the following to read:

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.

492 A fine perfect set of the 71 plates, with large margins, bound over 50 years since, in two vols., oblong folio, 200 guineas.

A complete set of these beautiful plates in perfect condition and as issued by Turner himself is now extremely difficult to obtain. Single plates when sold by auction bring from £3 to £75 each, and the rarest of them, such as Ben Arthur, Æsacus and Hesperia, Solway Moss, &c., seldom occur for sale. At a recent sale at Christie's, a complete set, broken up and sold separately, realised over £900, although the plates were by no means all in the finest states. This copy as now offered must be considered a bargain, especially as it contains particularly good impressions of the rarest subjects, the Ben Arthur and Æsacus being together worth at least £50.

Two hundred guineas for a thin oblong folio! This price, however, is really owing to the incessant preaching of Mr. Ruskin. Indeed, even the detached small engravings from Turner's pictures, which he furnished for the Ports and various Towns of England, and which

are often seen in the windows of dealers' shops, are truly beautiful. Nothing can be more suggestive or stored with ideas. This appears to convey not merely the general conformation and outline of the place, but also the tone, the habitual skies, and what corresponds to expression in the human face. Not the least charm is the engraving, rich and delicate, the work of the artist before named, Lupton, who brought the same gifts to the interpretation of Mr. Ruskin's own drawings.

Some years ago a scheme was arranged for bringing out a series of Turner vignette water-colour drawings, which were to be reproduced as exactly as possible. Mr. Ruskin favoured this design and gave a warm testimonial to the success of the attempts that were made. It is difficult, however, to join in this approval. There seemed to be a stiffness and harshness in these mustard-and-lake tintings; the blending mellowness of the artist and his other graces were lacking, though the attempt was very nearly being successful.

Another artist whom Mr. Ruskin has done much for, is the late Samuel Prout. The artistic amateur owes him a debt of gratitude for this introduction to the most entertaining and interesting of artists.

Returning now to the "Modern Painters (Parts 1 and 2): Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, by a Graduate of Oxford; 8vo," within seven years there were no less than five editions of this portion of the work, viz., in 1844, 1846, 1848, and 1851. With the third edition there were two changes made. The words, "Superiority to all the ancient," &c., were omitted, no doubt as going beyond his meaning, which was that *some* modern painters excelled the ancients. The other change was the enlargement of the work to imperial octavo size, to match with the later volumes, which were to be furnished with fine illustrations. The second volume appeared in 1846, in *imperial octavo*, followed by a second edition in 1849, a third in 1851, and a fourth in 1856. Vol. III. came out in 1856, and a second edition in 1867, a long interval. One change in the third edition of 1846 he thus describes: "Some pieces of rabid and utterly false Protestantism are cut out from text and appendix alike," and he adds this pleasant touch "to the address" of the collectors, "and may serve still to give the old editions some value yet in the eyes of book collectors."

The third volume of "Modern Painters" is in very inartistic and, as regards its fellows, inharmonious form. It is a lean tome of only 215 pages. The author apologises for it in an advertisement prefixed:

"The illustrations preparing for the third volume of this work having rendered a large page necessary, the present volume and the

third edition of the first volume (in preparation) are arranged in a corresponding form.

“The following chapters will be found to confirm and elucidate the positions left doubtful in the preceding volume. They ought not to have appeared in a detached form, but the writer could not expect his argument to be either remembered with accuracy or reviewed with patience, if he allowed Olympiads to elapse between its sections.”

The fourth volume appeared also in 1856, and the fifth in 1860. How lavishly illustrated have been these five tomes will be found in the fact that Vols. I. to IV. contained 170 “illustrations on steel and wood,” while Vol. V. had thirty-six on steel and 100 on wood. “These splendid imperial octavo volumes,” as the recently deceased American W. Allibone calls them, were priced on this modest scale: Vol. I. (first edition), 12s.; the second, 18s. Vol. II., 10s. 6d.; Vol. III., 38s.; Vol. IV., 50s.; and Vol. V., the same. That is, five pounds eighteen and sixpence for the whole.

It should be noted how often the most generous artistic intentions are liable to be frustrated by the *force majeure* of circumstances. It will have struck many, when looking at some of the fine and spacious plates to the “Modern Painters,” notably the frontispieces, that they were cramped and confined within barren margins. The effect was curiously painful, as though the plate had been cropped by the binder. There was no help for it, as the author found, for the plate could not have been further reduced without loss of effect. In the new edition the space was enlarged and the plates were given every advantage of capacious margin.

In 1851 there appeared those truly romantic volumes, “The Stones of Venice,” a second edition following in 1858. Vol. II. came in July 1853; a second edition in 1867. The third volume in 1853. “Stones of Venice,” no frontispiece:

Vol. 1 has 70 woodcuts, and 21 plates.

Vol. 2 ,, 20 plates; 38 wood.

Vol. 3 ,, 12 plates; 4 woodcuts.

They were printed by the Spottiswoodes, with an imposing title-page, in which the now obsolete “German Text” figures. How thorough and conscientious is Mr. Ruskin’s work is seen by the Index, which fills over a hundred closely-printed pages. It comprises, (1) a personal index, (2) a local index, (3) a topical index, (4) a Venetian index. The whole is set off with short attractive notes. He was truly fortunate in three of his engravers—Le Keux, Lupton, and Armytage.

The Sunnyside Publishing Office has something of the romantic pleasing associations that are connected with the charming old Plantin printing offices, to be seen in Antwerp. In the first disgust at the inauguration of the new system, a bookseller's circular said contemptuously that our author "had transferred his publishing to the middle of a country field." It is a simple private house, in its own grounds, just twelve miles from London; almost isolated, and quite rural in aspect. From the windows there is a charming view across the fields, as far as the Knockholt Beeches. Some three years ago, a visitor, who came furnished with credentials from the literary publisher himself, was admitted to all the simple mysteries of the place, and was astonished at what an amount of business was transacted in the unassuming little retreat.

In proof of its great commercial success, Mr. Allen told his visitor some particulars as to the profits made. In March 1887, the new edition of "The Stones of Venice" had brought in £1,583 clear profit, "besides leaving 1,272 to be paid for." From his "Seven Lamps," and its various editions, £2,500 were realised. In the year 1886, some £4,000 was paid to Mr. Ruskin as his profit. His average of receipt on each large copy of his books might be put at 10s. On the little book "Sesame and Lilies," he had £345. In his dealings with Mr. Allen, Mr. Ruskin takes all the risks and all the profit on his own publications, paying to his publisher a commission. Originally, as stated in the "Fors," he proposed to share the net profits of that work with him. Mr. Allen furnished his visitor with the sales during 1886 of some of the more important Ruskinian works :

Sesame and Lilies (small edition)	2,122 volumes.
Fronde Agrestes	1,273 ,,
Stones of Venice (large edition)	939 ,,
Fors Clavigera (volumes of)	730 ,,
Seven Lamps of Architecture	668 ,,
Modern Painters, Vol. II. (small edition).....	652 ,,
Stones of Venice (small travellers' edition, in two vols.) ea.	675 ,,

An exciting time for Sunnyside was the issue of the great edition of "Modern Painters"—a vast enterprise in every way. An ordinary printer and publisher would smile at the idea of difficulty in such a task, and would think little of having the book "set," or machined, or "run through the press" within measurable time. But here we were to have fitting, reverent, and deliberate workmanship. The plates were to be revived and printed from with care and delicacy, each impression being a deliberate effort. This individuality in each copy

is an important element in value, and contrasts with the horrible rough-and-ready "machining," now so common.

As the day of publication drew near, the pressure on the little modest rural establishment may be conceived. A shed behind served as a sort of warehouse, in which lately £27,000 worth of stock was stored, and, as Mr. Allen informed his intelligent visitor,¹ there were no less than sixty-three forms or editions of the author's works. Nay, there are often near a dozen appearing at the same time, but at intervals; which requires much method and arrangement on the publisher's part to prevent confusion. Often in the day as many as five hundred parcels were despatched, and as the volumes were got up in rather sumptuous style they had to be tenderly treated and carefully packed. Mr. Allen's family divided among them all these enormous duties, sons and daughters all taking their share. No wonder Mr. Ruskin protests that year by year he has "more and more come to trust his good friends at Orpington."

It was calculated that the money-value of the new "Modern Painters" was nearly £20,000, and the weight over six tons! A portion of this was described as a special edition of 450 copies only, every one of which had been subscribed for, at ten guineas—and already the price had mounted to fourteen guineas. It was said that the author would receive for the whole edition some £6,000!

Unfortunately, about a dozen of the fine original plates had been destroyed, as Mr. Ruskin had formally announced that he would issue no more editions of the work. These had all to be re-engraved, but, as may be imagined, are not at all the same thing as the originals. They are mere copies. Three had to be "processed." Some of those that remained were retouched by Mr. Allen. But the attractions of the book are the three new plates after Mr. Ruskin's drawings, though they are engraved by modern engravers, who cannot compare with the Luptons and Armytages of another generation. In this summary we have not included all Mr. Ruskin's labours—such as "The Queen of the Air," being a study of the Greek myths of cloud and storm—a fruitfully significant title. A copy was recently announced for sale as bound in "half dark-blue calf," which, it was added, is "*Mr. Ruskin's special colour.*" A copy of "The Seven Lamps" is distinguishable, and to be prized accordingly, because it is "the *thick paper*, hand-made, edition, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, and now out of print." Such are the *délices* of elegant book-hunting and book-making.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

¹ A *Pall Mall* interviewer, from whose account I borrow these details.

ON SOME OLD BEE-MASTERS.

THE literature of bees from the time of Aristotle to the present day is a happy hunting-ground for those who take a delight in quaint conceits and absurdities. With Aristotle himself it is difficult to find fault. His chapters on bees are inaccurate, no doubt, when viewed from our standpoint, but they are far more complete and less exaggerated than the pretentious treatises of many who came after ; and for two thousand years, to his credit be it said, hardly anything of importance was added to them. With the later classical and mediæval writers who grappled with the subject the case is different. They generally follow Aristotle blindly. Where they venture to differ or to add original matter the effect is not such as to suggest that they took any pains to verify their statements. One may well pause in wonder after reading Virgil's singular warning to bee-keepers against roasting crabs at a fire near a bee-hive ! Should anyone in this prying age be curious enough to test its accuracy by experiment he must not be disappointed if he finds that the bees pay very scant attention to his operations. Aelian, describing the discipline of the bee-hive, says that the first time the drones are caught stealing honey they are thrashed moderately (*πεφεισμένως*) by the workers and expelled in disgrace ; but if, watching their opportunity, they return again to the feast, they are then stung and slaughtered in earnest. Pliny, whose appetite for unverified facts was particularly keen, remarks that belated bees bivouac upon their backs in order to protect their wings from the dews. "To prevent stings," says a writer in the *Geoponica*, "take juice of wild mallows, oil, meal of parched fenugreek ; rub your face and the naked parts of your body strenuously, and, having swallowed some of it, breathe into the hive three or four times"—a recipe to which one might aptly apply the remark attributed by Thorley to old Moses Rusden, that it is better to believe the report than try the experiment.

The earliest work on bees extant in English is, I believe, the "Pleasant Instruction of the perfite ordering of Bees," by Thomas Hyll, of London, published in 1568 in black letter, a charming

volume, which I once fondly imagined to be original; but I now know that it was translated verbatim (without acknowledgment) from the "Methodus de Apibus" of Georgius Pictorius published some six years earlier. This work follows, in the main, the lines laid down by the classical authors with a few daring additions. For instance: "If any happen to boyle or seeth River Crevisses (or Sea Crabs) near to the Hives, and that the bees feele the savour thereof, *they die forth-with.*" More original but less entertaining is the little black-letter quarto by Edmund Southerne published in 1593. This author is severe on Mr. Hyll for having said that you could get rid of drones by catching one, pulling off his legs and one of his wings, and then putting him back in the hive; and he warmly criticises the theory that "as soone as the Bees perceive it, presently they will fall upon the rest, and so kill them all." But Southerne himself is far from accurate; and he unfortunately takes great pains to warn his readers against the newfangled ideas of "driving" and "feeding" the bees, which afterwards proved so important.

The earliest English bee-book worthy of serious attention is undoubtedly the "Feminine Monarchie" of Dr. C. Butler (1609). Perhaps the most interesting edition of it is the third, which is printed phonetically. Butler is courageous enough to throw overboard most of the time-honoured extravagancies of the ancients. He speaks of the bee, by the way, as

The little smith of Notingham,
Which doo'th the work that no man can,

quoting from a poem of the period; but why "of Notingham" it is difficult even to guess. For his facts he relies upon observation and experience, and whenever he indulges in conjecture he is careful to say so. The practical instructions as to the hiving of swarms are excellent, and the whole book is written in an easy, attractive style, interspersed here and there with humorous anecdotes. One of these, quoted from "Paulus Jovius" on the authority of Demetrius, a Muscovite ambassador sent to Rome (it is well to give your authorities minutely in such cases), is worth quoting because it appears to be the genuine version of a familiar story to which an American origin has often been falsely ascribed:

A neighbour of mine (saith hee), searching in the woods for Honny, slipt down into a great hollow tree, and there sunk into a Lake of Honny up to the brest; where, when he had stuck fast two days, calling and crying out in vain for help (because no body in the mean while came nigh that solitary place), at length, when he was out of all hope of life, he was strangely delivered by the means of a great Bear; which, coming thither about the same business that hee did, and smelling the Honny (sturred with his striving), clambered up to the top of the

tree, and thence began to let himself down backward into it. The man bethinking himself, and knowing that the worst was but death (which in that place he was sure of) beclipt the Bear fast with both his hands about the loins, and withall made an outcrie as loud as he could. The Bear, being thus suddainly affrighted (what with the handling and what with the noise), made up again with all speed possible; the man held, and the Bear pulled, until with main force he had drawn *Dun out of the mire*: and then, being let go, away he trots, *more afraid than hurt*, leaving the smeared swain in a joyful fear.

In the century which followed the publication of the "Feminine Monarchie" many books on bees were written, including Swan's "Speculum Mundi" (1655), Purchas' "Theatre of Politicall Flying Insects" (1657), and Worlidge's "Apiarium" (1678); but they add nothing to the natural history of bees and little to the art and practice of bee-keeping. The only material advance was the discovery of the method of tiering hives one above the other, so that the honey in the upper hives (which we now call "supers") could be taken without killing the bees; or, as the patent granted to J. Gedde in 1675 quaintly phrases it, "a way to free the bees from the inconveniences of being destroyed." It was first mentioned in a letter published by S. Hartlib in 1655, and afterwards amplified by Moses Rusden (1679), White (1706), and Dr. Warder of Croydon (1716). The custom of driving and feeding the stocks in autumn grew into favour during the same period.

The meaning of the word "driving" as applied to bees is easily explained. Let us imagine that a common straw hive, full of bees and honeycomb, is turned upside down, and an empty straw hive placed on the top of it. The two together, being placed mouth to mouth, roughly resemble a huge egg. Now let us slightly tilt up the topmost hive (the empty one) so as to give ventilation, and then begin drumming steadily with a small wooden mallet upon the sides of the lower hive. What happens? Why, the bees desert their combs and walk up steadily in their thousands into the upper hive, until not a single one is left below. The old hive can then be taken away and the honeycomb cut out. Feed the bees liberally in their new hive, and they will soon fill it with fresh combs. Such is "driving"; before its discovery all the bees in a hive had to be killed with sulphur whenever the honey was taken.

In 1712, when the manuscript of Swammerdam's ampler work, written fifty years previously, was lying forgotten in the pigeonholes of a library, Maraldi, the French astronomer and academician, published in the "Recueil de l'Académie" an illustrated essay on bees, only thirty pages in length, but full of new discoveries. Hardly anything escaped his notice that could be seen through a glass panel let into

the wall of a hive. He saw for the first time that the eggs were laid by the queen, and day after day he watched the combs until the larvæ were sealed over and finally the perfect workers or drones emerged. Among other things he saw the celebrated snail which was unlucky enough to creep and intrude and climb into a hive, and which (as everybody knows) was glued to the wall with "propolis," or bee-glue, and so perished. But what especially attracted his attention was the cell-shape. He was the first to demonstrate that the blind end or base of each cell is not a flat wall but a blunt point, consisting of three rhombs, the acute and obtuse angles of which are about 70° and 110° respectively—an arrangement which secures the greatest possible economy of wax in the construction of the comb.

The "Bible of Nature" by Jan Swammerdam (who died in 1680) was unearthed by Boerhaave in 1737, and published in Dutch and Latin. It was not in observing the habits of bees that Swammerdam excelled; what he did do, and with astonishing success, was to dissect them. The dissection of insects was his passion. With the imperfect microscopes of those days he could not have attained any measure of success but for his indomitable perseverance and his unusual manipulative dexterity. When quite a young man he invented the method, now universal, of injecting melted wax into the arteries of dead bodies, and he was the first to show the feasibility of dissecting so minute an object as an insect's leg. How well he did such work may be seen by a glance at his diagrams. "He used to begin working at sunrise," says Boerhaave in Ffloyd's translation, "sitting hatless in the open air, and his head in a manner dissolving into sweat under the ardors of that powerful luminary." He had before him a little brass table furnished with two movable arms, one to hold his lenses and the other his objects. At noon he usually desisted, not from weariness, but because, he said, his sight could not hold out all day for such tiny objects, "though as discernible in the post-meridian as they had been in the ante-meridian hours." He often expressed a wish for a year of continuous daylight in which to perfect his investigations, followed by a polar night in which to make his drawings. His work was done, moreover, "amidst a thousand torments and agonies of heart and mind. On the one hand," says Boerhaave, "his genius urged him to examine the miracles of the Great Creator in His natural productions, whilst, on the other, the love of that same all-powerful Being, deeply rooted in his heart, struggled hard to persuade him that God alone and not His creatures was worthy of attention." In other words, he had grave suspicions that the use of the microscope was wicked.

To pry too curiously into the secrets which it revealed was to endeavour to defeat the scheme of creation under which they had been so carefully hidden away. In his perplexity he consulted the famous scapegrace Antoinette de Bourignon, and on that lady's advice decided to abandon his beloved studies.

After Maraldi came the Periclean age of bee-literature ; brilliant discoveries followed one another rapidly, paving the way for the immortal masterpiece of François Huber. The elegant memoirs of Réaumur, the Tyndall of apiarians, appeared in 1740. Three years later Maclaurin investigated the mathematics of the cell-shape. In 1760 Schirach, the amiable pastor of Klein Bautzen, observed the astounding fact that an egg which in the ordinary course would produce a worker-bee may by special treatment be made to produce so different a creature as a queen-bee, and expounded as a corollary the method (now in common use) of forming artificial swarms. Few believed him ; the famous John Hunter, who in 1792 discovered the bees' wax-pockets, makes very merry at Schirach's expense. About 1765 Riem found in the existence of fertile workers the cause of the phenomenon noticed by Aristotle of the production of drones in a queenless hive.

But the year to be marked with red letters in the chronicles of bee-keeping is 1796, in which blind Huber's "New Observations" first saw the light. Huber invented a hive in narrow segments hinged together, each segment containing a single honeycomb, and the whole so arranged as to open out like the leaves of a book. With this apparatus the clear-seeing blind man verified the discoveries of his predecessors and added many new ones of his own. He investigated the circumstances of the queen bee's bridal ; the combats of rival queens ; the destruction by the queens of rival cells ; the conduct of the workers towards belligerent queens ; the stationing of guards at the entrance of the hive ; the fact that the reigning queen heads the first swarm ; the effect of the size of the cells on the size of their occupants ; the manner of building the comb ; the ravages of the Death's Head moth ; how bees breathe ; and how they circulate currents of fresh air in the hive by fanning it with their wings from one to another. And the whole is written in such a style as to make the work a literary treasure as well as a scientific curiosity.

Extensive and wonderful as Huber's discoveries were, the work of his successors in the present century shows how large a field still remained to be explored. Since his time advances have been made which have simply revolutionised the whole art and practice of apiculture. First of these was the invention of the bar-framed hive.

The germ of the idea is doubtless to be found in the leaf-hive of Huber, but after his death the principle of separable combs seems to have lapsed into oblivion for 50 years, to be rediscovered simultaneously by Langstroth in America and Dzierzon in Germany. Langstroth began by using as a hive a wooden box without a lid. In place of a lid he arranged a number of movable wooden bars, the ends of which rested on the sides of the box. Over the bars he laid a piece of stout cloth to prevent the bees from escaping. His idea was that the bees should suspend a comb from each bar, so that each comb could be lifted out of the box by the bar. The bees did attach the combs to these bars, but he found that they also attached them to the sides of the box, so that before a comb could be lifted out it had to be severed from the sides of the box with a knife. To remedy this inconvenience he conceived the idea of a "frame," *i.e.* a parallelogram of wood, suspended in the hive so as to touch neither the bottom nor the sides, and the idea proved completely successful.

Hard on the heels of this innovation came the introduction of artificial wax-foundation. It was known that in making a pound of wax the bees use up perhaps ten pounds of honey; and, in order to save this honey, and at the same time spare the bees the exhausting effort of forming the wax, several people unsuccessfully tried the experiment of fixing thin sheets of wax in the hives. A bee's cell, as everybody knows, is a hexagonal tube half an inch long. A piece of honeycomb consists of two layers of cells placed back to back, and opening in opposite directions. Between the two layers there is a thin partition of wax. This, as Maraldi showed, is not flat, but embossed in small three-sided pyramids. In 1843 Kretchmer, a German (as Mr. Cheshire tells us) conceived the idea of suspending in each "frame" an imitation of this wax partition; he "dipped tracing-paper in molten wax," and embossed it by passing it through specially prepared rollers. The experiment, though not successful, no doubt suggested to Mehring the idea of making "wooden moulds in which the wax, without any linen basis, received the desired shape; and these soon gave way to type-metal plates, the foundation machine of Weiss, the Van Deuzen mill, and other machines, which now turn out tons of 'foundation' of delightful finish and great tenacity."

Next came the ingenious discovery of a means by which honey can be extracted from the honeycomb without involving the destruction of the comb. The old plan was to mash up the comb and strain off the honey through a sieve—a wasteful method, seeing that the bees use so many pounds of honey in making one pound of wax.

It is obvious that if the combs could be emptied without damage, and replaced in the hive so that the bees could fill them again, the saving of time, wax, and honey must be immense. The Count von Hruschka, having observed a naughty boy swinging round his head a lump of honeycomb tied to a piece of string and sprinkling the bystanders with the fine streams of honey thereby projected from the cells, conceived the notion of making the combs revolve round a movable axis in a kind of pail or cylinder of tin. He found that as the combs revolved the honey flew out against the sides of the vessel until every cell was empty. The saving in labour to the bee-keeper, as well as to the bees, can only be realised by anyone who has tried the two processes.

During the last thirty years innumerable minor inventions have sprung to light, such as sections, smokers, zigzag porches, combination hives, invertible frames, movable floor-boards, feeders, foundation fixers, queen-excluders, and so forth. These discoveries belong, of course, to the province of art rather than science. But the scientific side of the question has not been neglected. Darwin, in 1859, gave us a very ingenious theory of the probable origin of the cell-making instinct. At the present time the point upon which inquirers seem to be concentrating their attention is the nervous system of bees. We have learnt from Sir J. Lubbock that they can smell, and are able to distinguish colours. It is almost certain that, although deaf to ordinary noises, they can hear notes of a pitch too high for human ears; the microscopic organs of smell and hearing have been traced in the antennæ; and, in short, the whole anatomy has been investigated with a patient minuteness which can best be appreciated by those who have before them the works of Siebold and Cheshire. Every year brings something new to light, and, complete as our knowledge of the subject now appears to be, it cannot be doubted that much still remains to reward the labours of patient enthusiasts in the future.

R. C. DAY.

SOME
JOHNSON CHARACTERISTICS.

I PROPOSE to say a word about Johnson's characteristics and writings rather than about his personality, and about the sidelights they throw on the social and political tendencies of his age and of the time that was to come after him. "The past," says Carlyle, "is all holy to us," but Johnson makes the past not only holy, but, what is more to my purpose, actual. Through a wonderfully transparent medium there passes before us a human drama of singularly varied interest, the characters sharply defined, the plot well developed, the scenery picturesque, the *dénouement* tragically striking, and with a chief actor who holds us with his spell as firmly as the Ancient Mariner held his wedding guest. Much of this we owe to Boswell, but not all. Johnson impressed everybody, even those who hated him, and he left a good broad mark on the history of his time. Being full of ideas, he became a sound, though limited, thinker, a good scholar, a great critic, and almost a great poet. Let us try and watch some of these ideas in their development, and see where they led Johnson, as well as what relations they had to contemporary thought.

Johnson began to be a notable figure in English literature about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was a poorish time to live in. English influence abroad was at its lowest. English morals were not high. English religion, soon to be clarified by the Evangelical revival, was getting very thick and dreggy. The social side is described in Fielding; its religious texture was supplied by writers like Pope, and was little more than Deism, with an easy, shallow, utilitarian basis. "Whatever was, was good"—including Anglican parsons who finished their sixth bottle under the dinner table. English literature, however, was not to be despised. Pope and Addison, Swift and Defoe, were no more; the great work of the three latter in laying the foundation of modern English prose was complete. But in their stead had arisen Richardson and Fielding, and were soon to arise Fanny Burney, and, later still, Jane Austen. We had the

English comedy of manners, the English essay : we were to have the English novel. Greater work than this, however, was on foot. Bishop Berkeley had opened up a new world of mental vision and new avenues for philosophy. The work of Locke in clearing out old metaphysical lumber, and basing knowledge on experience, was to be continued by a greater than he. Butler, when Johnson was a young man, had confounded the Deists by showing that Nature was as cruel as the orthodox scheme which they condemned ; the great Hume was soon to use Butler's argument, as he used Locke's philosophy, to buttress a still more advanced sceptical position, and Paley was to deliver the broadside of the orthodox party. But it was France, not England, that was the true seat of the great intellectual warfare of the eighteenth century, to which Carlyle has been so strangely indifferent. Voltaire was great when Johnson was comparatively unknown. Rousseau did his best work almost simultaneously with that of the English writer. Everywhere there were changes and the omens of change. What contribution did Johnson make to them ? In order the better to answer this question, it is necessary to say a word of Johnson's personality.

You know it well. Carlyle was troubled with nerves and a stomach, and he let the world know it. Johnson's huge body was an accumulation of physical diseases equalled, I should say, by few, and surpassed by none. He was half-deaf and more than half-blind ; he was at times morbid to insanity ; he had tendencies to palsy, gout asthma, dropsy ; his face was seamed with scrofula ; he rarely passed a day without pain. His early life was unhappy and obscure. The ills of the scholar's life, which he enumerates in the immortal line :

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol,

he had known with one exception. He never had a patron. It was the era of free trade in literature, following on a period of thoroughly unhealthy protection. "A man," he said to Boswell, "goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can ; we have done with patronage ;" and the letter to Lord Chesterfield—the Magna Charta, as it was, of literary independence—simply stated the bare, hard facts of his career. The last thirty years of Johnson's life were secure from want, but the iron had entered into his soul. His character, built up as it was on severe and massive lines, took a permanently gloomy tinge. "The majority of mankind are wicked," was the old Greek text to which he preached many an impressive sermon. The man who had tramped about London with Savage, who had known what it was to go without food for two days, who had sat, a tame author, in Cave's closet, was not a man to join in

the optimist's glib praise of the system of things. There is a piece of work of Johnson's which, in addition to being one of the finest pieces of satire and concentrated argument in the English language, fully explains his moral outlook. Soame Jenyns, outvying Pope, had written a jaunty tract on the origin of evil, which treated poverty and all the ills of life as proper and not unpleasing accidents in the general scheme, especially designed to bring out the goodness of the Creator and the virtues of His creatures. Partial evil was universal good, and so on. Johnson would have none of this. Poverty and crime were not things to be laid with rose-water. "Life," he said, "must be seen before it can be known." This author and Pope perhaps never saw the miseries which they imagine thus easy to be borne. "Pain," he said, scornfully, "is useful to alarm us that we may shun greater evils, but those evils must be presupposed to exist that the fitness of pain may appear." But perhaps the wildest and silliest of Soame Jenyns's fancies was that all the sufferings of man were designed for the amusement and instruction of a superior order of creatures, who watched our contortions much as the angler views the writhings of the fish on his hook. Johnson ridiculed the idea that a set of beings unseen and unheard are "trying experiments on our sensibility, putting us in agonies to see our limbs quiver, torturing us to madness that they may laugh at our vagaries, sometimes obstructing the bile that they may see how a man looks when he is yellow, sometimes breaking a traveller's bone to see how he will get home, and sometimes killing him for the greater elegance of his hide." Least of all could Johnson imagine how men could talk and think lightly of death. He said with Claudio, "Death is a fearful thing." The horror of it shook him all his life through. As human existence was to him a state in which much was to be endured and little to be enjoyed, so the end of it was to be continually dreaded. He closed the series of "Idlers," a charming, and, on the whole, a cheerful series of essays, with the remark, "The secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking man, whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful." "Is not the fear of death natural to man?" asked Boswell. "So much so," replied Johnson, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." There was a morbid touch in this, and it throws into relief Johnson's love of company, his pathetic desire to have bright and kind faces around him to ward off the grim spectre he feared. But I dwell on it specially because it gives the key to Johnson's religious fervour. He believed and trembled. Much was mysterious; nearly all was dark; faith was essential. God, he thought, with Addison's Cato, willed the happiness of His creatures, and as that

happiness was imperfectly fulfilled in this world, there was another where all would be well. But for scepticism he would have none of it. He abhorred sceptics even more than Whigs, and we all know that the first Whig was the Devil. Hume, whom he probably did not read, must be a liar and a scoundrel, and one of the worst quarrels he ever had was with Adam Smith, for hinting that Hume was a good man. "You lie, sir," said Johnson, with laconic insolence; and Adam Smith's retort was rather worse than its provocation. If a man got sceptical he should look to his liver, or drink himself out of it. But he himself was too real a creature altogether to banish the obstinate questionings which belonged to his age, and indeed none of his contemporaries seemed to realise them with so deep a sense of personal unhappiness. "I will have no more on't," he cried, in terrible agitation, as his friends discussed his and mankind's chances of salvation. "Treat life as a show, which man should cheerfully enjoy," it was suggested. "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again; or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room." Indeed, if we are to take Carlyle's estimate of greatness, we must admit that Johnson, who was much troubled with the immensities, and the mysteries, and the "verities," was a great man.

Johnson, therefore, was religious in spite of himself. He would have said with Newman: "The whole world seems to give the lie to the great truth of the being of a God, and of that truth my whole being is full." But, as I have shown, he would have nothing to do with philosophic doubt. Nor would he turn Papist. "I have fear enough," he said, honestly, "but an obstinate rationality prevents me," and he would not treat a man, *à la* Pope, as a mere machine. But he did not care for transcendental guesses at the great secret. He took the traditional religion and ritual; he was neither mystic nor methody, and he sniffed scornfully at the idealist theory. "I refute it thus," he said—"it" being the non-existence of "matter"—striking his foot against a stone. He probably knew that he had not refuted "it" at all, but that was Johnson's short way with men and theories for which he had no taste. So with the free-will controversy. All theory might be against the freedom of the will. Johnson, with his way of testing all things by rough and ready experience, knew better. "We know our will is free, and there's an end on't," and for Mr. Boswell, of course—and a good many other people too—there *was* an end on't. Johnson's attitude towards politics was much of the same character. He has been called the last of the Tories; but he really was a Gallio,

caring for none of these things, and saying generally that he would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government more than another. Johnson was a confirmed individualist. Patriotism he delicately denominated as the last refuge of a scoundrel, and politics were to him a mere game of the ins and outs, in which no sensible man, with books and good talk, and friends at his club, would dream of taking a hand. The Whigs he hated, for he thought they were opposed to all order, and theories of equality and natural rights were his *bêtes noires*. "Madam," he said to a fine lady democrat, a kind of she Horace Walpole, "I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." He held there was a natural law against oppression. If kings got too tyrannical the people would cut off their heads. As for political squabbles: "Pooh! Leave me alone," he cried to a mob, roaring for Wilkes and liberty; "I, at least, am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other." And he said profoundly of the whole controversy that to his mind a far worse thing than keeping Wilkes out of his parliamentary rights was that so many people wanted to have such a man in Parliament at all. We think of Tennyson:

He that roars for liberty,
Faster binds the tyrant's power,

and confess that here, too, as in many other things, Johnson's sturdy sense was right, more especially as, having the root of the matter in him, he saw that the end of government was not, as the cant of the Whigs went, the establishment of any fanciful system of political balance, but the social well-being of the whole people. What a wise saying is this, for instance: "A decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilisation. Gentlemen of education," he observed, "were pretty much the same in all countries; the condition of the lower orders, the poor especially, was the true mark of national discrimination." For Ireland he had ever a good word. "When," said Boswell, "the corn laws were in agitation in Ireland, by which that country has been enabled not only to feed itself, but to export corn to a large amount, Sir Thomas Robinson observed that those laws might be prejudicial to the corn trade of England. 'Sir Thomas,' said he, 'you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do it?'"

Talking women, indeed, he hated, and, as he was a bit of a Turk in his way, I am afraid the shrieking sisterhood would have had short shrift from him. "Here," he said in his poem, "London,"

Falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Generally, one may say of Johnson that most of his vehement hatreds were inspired by his dislike of shams of all kinds, and especially of shams masquerading as truth—truths beyond the common. Horace Walpole, who did not love the Doctor, said that Johnson had neither taste nor judgment, but only his old woman's prejudices. Perhaps Johnson was thinking of Walpole when he remarked of the men of feeling, "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They pay you by feeling." He certainly told a good average truth about human nature when he insisted in his depressing, but not cynical, way that the misfortunes of a friend—from hanging downwards—did not affect a man's appetite for dinner. "Sir," he said, "I should do what I could to bail him and give him any other assistance, but if he were once fairly hanged I should not suffer." Boswell: "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" Johnson: "Yes, sir; and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretto, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up for him on every side; yet, if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

Humanitarian as he was, he would not over-state his case. Marriages made in heaven? Nonsense! the Lord Chancellor might make them all, and no one would be a penny the worse. The luxury of the rich an evil? By no means. It did good and employed labour. Better for a man to spend £10,000 a year than to give away £8,000 and spend £2,000. "Clear your mind of cant;" "Don't pretend that the moral average is higher than it is;" "Trust God, and keep clear of liquor," was Johnson's recipe for superfine criticisms of life.

One would have thought that this touchstone of common sense applied to literature would have produced splendid results. So in a sense it did. Johnson has contributed many imperishable sayings to the English language. Unfortunately, in literary matters he had a divided life. Macaulay has exaggerated the contrast between Johnson talking at his ease in the club or at Mrs. Thrale's tea-table, and Johnson penning "Ramblers" in the study. Still, there was a difference.

Talk was to the Doctor the wine of life ; it stirred his pulses, quickened his powerful but rather sluggish intellect, brought out his humour, drove off his besetting melancholy. Alone in Bolt Court, with blue devils, his pen lagged, and he produced, with some profoundly interesting work, a good deal of lumber. Though he raised the tone of the essay, he disimproved its form, as the masterly hand of Addison left it. The "Ramblers" and "Idlers," for instance, are, on the whole, failures, for want of the salt of personality which make the club talks successes. "Rasselas" is almost charming, but it resembles a theatrical performance by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummies and Company. One was all Crummies ; the other is all Johnson. Pakuah, Imlac, Rasselas, and the rest, all wear knee-breeches and buckles ; their speech bewrayeth them. Here and there, especially in the "Idlers," there is a lively personal touch worthy of the "Spectator" ; and weighty satire and vigorous criticisms of life are never wanting. As an example of the former, take the complaint of the husband whose wife was mad on what ladies vaguely call "work." "We have twice as many fire-screens as chimneys, and three quilts for every bed. She has boxes filled with knit garters and braided shoes. Kitty knows not at sixteen the difference between a Protestant and a Papist, because she has been employed three years in filling a side of a closet with a hanging that is to represent Cranmer in the flames. And Dolly, my eldest girl, is now unable to read a chapter in the Bible, having spent all the time which other children passed at school in working the interview between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." For serious stuff, read the solemn talks at the end of "Rasselas," read "London," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes ;" and read them, too, in the light of Johnson's terrible trials, his ill-health, his morbid temper, his darkened hours, and the noble fortitude of his later years.

As a critic Johnson is excellent—intelligent, shrewd, knowing—and his worth may be well gauged by comparing him with his contemporaries, and even with the critical school of the earlier years of the nineteenth century. He has been abused for his mistakes. What critic is without them? What about the Edinburgh Reviewers? How many of Francis Jeffrey's literary verdicts remain? I was reading an article the other day to show that not one was worth the paper it was written on. What will Carlyle's historical criticisms be worth fifty years hence? What are Mr. Froude's worth now? Of Johnson, it may be said that as he produced the best dictionary in an age when philology was in its infancy, so he was the best literary critic of an age when there was very little criticism to speak of. Look at the stuff which passes for literary judgments with Horace Walpole, who

was always sneering at Johnson's "tasteless pedantry!" Johnson was, in fact, a good deal better than his age and his prejudices. His training led him to admire the formal rhymes, the mechanical metres, the monotonous balance of Pope and his school. Much of the poetry of the day was like the style of gardening, in which the designer, if he placed a statue in a summer-house in one corner, preserved what he called "symmetry" by another summer-house and another statue in the other. Johnson's common sense broke through this and similar traditions, and so his "Lives of the Poets" are full of sound sentiment; and even when they are wrong, are often well, and always amusingly, wrong. He certainly said that some poorish lines in Congreve were better than the best things Shakespeare ever wrote, but then he pointed to the true source of Shakespeare's greatness, as the poet of truth and nature. "His story requires Romans and kings, but he thinks only on men." How modern this is, and much else in Johnson! Critics have built a reputation on a tithe of the sound things scattered up and down "The Lives of the Poets." Cowley's, Dryden's, and Milton's, in spite of the terrible "howler" about "Lycidas," are excellent, and as lively as a dinner-bell. Read them, and then say whether Johnson's fame as a critic was undeserved, or whether you would put him down from his literary throne. One confesses, of course, that he had shocking prejudices. His taste in kings was terrible. He thought Charles II. and Louis XIV. very fine gentlemen. I wonder what he would have thought of George IV., whom, when he was a little boy, he examined in Scripture history, expressing himself much pleased with the intelligence of the future king.

Johnson was no "mummer worshipper." "Why should a man clap a hump on his back and a lump on his leg, and call himself Richard III.?" He sincerely envied Garrick his guineas, just as Goldsmith envied Johnson his fame and literary pre-eminence. But, alas, he was not disinterested! He had asked the fops to be silent, and the wits to be dumb, when his abysmal drama, "Irene," was being performed, and the fops and the wits had responded with what Johnson calls "partial catcalls." Outside his own language and literature his curiosity was small. He went to Paris, where Hume and Gibbon had drunk in the spirit of the age at great gulps, and saw nothing but a parcel of nuns and old women of both sexes. What this stout old friend of "law and order" would have said of the great upheaval which swallowed up Burke's "Whig" sympathies one shudders even to think. Bozzy's life would have been unbearable, for that poor gentleman was tainted with the accursed thing, Whiggery. I am not sure that Johnson—who called the revolted Americans a race of convicts—would not have brained him on the spot.

And so we are led once more from literature to character, and having done qualifying and expounding, we can see for a moment Johnson as he was, reflecting how in an age of superficial sentiment, but of a good deal of real hardness, this man overflowed with tenderness, with love of all defenceless things, of children and animals, with innocent gaiety, with true charity. What a capital companion he made for young men ! I hope the old story of his midnight "frisk" with Beauclerk and Langton is fit for ears polite.

"One night, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and, with great good humour, agreed to their proposal. 'What, is it you, you dogs ! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country."

Youth and gaiety were always sacred to Johnson. "Let women dress prettily," he said to Mrs. Thrale, "not in evil-looking gowns. You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes ; they are unsuitable in every way. What, have not all insects gay colours?"

His charities were unceasing ; they were bounded only by his means, and sometimes not even by them ; and then, *à la* Leigh Hunt, he would borrow of the handiest friend, without the formality of an I O U. Remember that he kept his sick and aged mother when he could barely keep himself.

"I am extremely sorry," he wrote to a creditor, "that we have encroached so much upon your forbearance with respect to the interest, which a great perplexity of affairs hindered me from thinking of with that attention that I ought, and which I am not immediately able to remit to you, but will pay it (I think £12) in two months. I look upon this, and on the future interest of that mortgage, as my own debt ; and beg that you will be pleased to give me directions how to pay it, and not to mention it to my dear mother. If it be necessary to pay this in less time, I believe I can do it ; but I take two months for certainty, and beg an answer whether you can allow me so much time."

Persons with lighter claim on his consideration were not forgotten.

“Dear sir,” he wrote to a friend; “I have an old amanuensis in great distress. I have given what I think I can give, and begged till I cannot tell where to beg again. I put into his hands this morning four guineas. If you could collect three guineas more it would clear him from his present difficulty,—I am, sir, your most humble servant,
“SAM JOHNSON.”

There is nothing more delightful in the whole of “Boswell” than the story of Johnson’s refusal to accept an invitation to a good dinner because of a prior engagement to dine with Mrs. Williams, his half-blind, crusty old pensioner, and his persistence in the refusal till “Bozzy” went to Bolt Court and begged him off. His own account of his interview with a dying companion of his mother’s has often been told, but I will repeat it here :

“Sunday, October 18, 1767.—Yesterday, October 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now 58 years old.

“I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her.

“I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted. I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more.”

An occasion inspiring the deep personal sorrow that the severing of old ties always awoke in him, was the leave-taking of the house at Streatham, which, after Mrs. Thrale’s second marriage, was no longer a home for him, and of the church where he had worshipped for so many years. “*Templum valedixi cum osculo,*” he said pathetically, “I bade good-bye to the church with a kiss.” He did not bear the misfortunes and sicknesses of his last years with uniform patience, but he had reserves of Christian stoicism, characteristic of his age and of his temper, on which to draw, and they did not fail him at the last. His morbid terror of death was then faced and laid in the spirit of his own prayer, written many years earlier. Christian stoicism was, indeed, the characteristic note of Johnson’s literary work and character. Beyond that he had no message to the world, no leading idea, no carefully elaborated or artfully developed theory of life.

MORE ABOUT MODELS.

THE public has heard a good deal about artists' models of late. Mr. Frith, for instance, in his entertaining "Reminiscences," drew the veil aside and gave us an amusing peep behind the scenes in studio life, and since his book appeared various writers have done their best to introduce us to the humours of a class which has long been caviare to the general. Nevertheless, it is only one kind of model which has been receiving so much attention ; there is another kind which has been treated with undeserved neglect. What were artists without their lay models? And in the term "lay model" are to be included not only the stiff and lifeless figures which serve as pegs whereon to hang costumes, figures which have been known to have attractions for the short-sighted as well as to strike terror in the breast of the unwitting visitor to some dim studio, but also the properties with which the artist seeks to give a sense of realism to the surroundings of his subject, and, above all, the scenes, picturesque or historic, which he delights to paint in as his backgrounds. These fairy glens, these old mills, these mouldering castles and baronial halls, these tumble-down cottages, these Chippendale chairs, oak-chests, pots, pans, and suits of armour ; how patient they are, how mute and uncomplaining, whatever the treatment they receive or the use to which they are put ! The old Terrace and the Courtyard of Haddon Hall present the same calm aspect, with just a shade, perhaps, of weariness, whether it be a veteran dauber who plants his time-battered easel in their precincts, or a sweet romantic school-girl, well within her teens, who nestles coyly down on the weather-beaten steps with her sketching-block upon her knee. And the fine old Renaissance chimneypieces in the Musée de Cluny at Paris smoke neither more nor less whether they witness the hatching of some foul conspiracy among fiercely-moustachioed bravos, or form the background for the musings of a sentimental lover in seventeenth-century costume. As for old fishing-boats drawn high and dry upon the beach, they begin quite a new lease of life once they quit the sea. Like the Chelsea pensioners they resign

themselves, not without dignity, to their new function of model, and no doubt end by taking a certain pride in it.

Here, in England, we have quite enough of artists, as the hanging committee of the Academy are never tired of assuring the public in inspired communications to the press, and we have our artistic haunts, our Cornish and Yorkshire villages, our Haddon Halls and Surrey farm-houses, where our industrious brethren of the brush flock in the summer months to gather sufficient pollen to work up in their London hives during the winter into those honied scenes, rural, domestic, and historic, which are our national pride. But things are done here in an amateur sort of way. The artist, wherever he is, is a man of mark, the object of admiring interest to other visitors on any day in the week, and of indignation on Sundays if he is observed sauntering out with his colour-box and easel. "I worship Nature, and my easel is my altar," remarked an artist to a stern reproving Elder, in a picturesque Scotch village. "Aweel, it's no mickle respect for Nature ye show wi' such daubs of paint ye bring hame," retorted the Elder, to our artist's discomfiture. The artist in our country is invariably regarded as amusing himself, never as practising a trade. We have, indeed, nothing like the crowd of artists who swamp whole villages in France, Italy, and the more presentable parts of Germany.

In France it is wonderful this "booming" of places, to use an American expression. Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, is of course the *locus classicus* in this respect. But the days of Barbizon are over. The immortal band, with Millet at their head, who made the place glorious, have in that very gift of glory dealt the place its death-blow. The rush which followed in their wake has destroyed the rusticity of Fontainebleau. The artist can now have his *déjeuner* served quite in the Parisian style in a restaurant that might be on the boulevards, and read the morning's 'Figaro' as he sips his coffee. So, too, with the village of Marlotte. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood is about as attractive to the genuine artist as Burnham Beeches is likely to become, if the fostering care of the London Corporation be not jealously watched and provided against.

Brittany again is a favourite district which has been for some time in the process of being over-done. What a charming country it is, to be sure! The very ideal of the walking tourist, with its winding roads, bordered by soft cool strips of turf, and flanked with mounded dykes crowned with dwarf oak hedges, with its infinite variety of moor-land, meadow-land, and coast, and everywhere its hospitable farm-houses and quaintly attired inhabitants. Perhaps the most picturesque spot in all Brittany is Pont-Aveu in the south,

built about the river from which it takes its name, and only a few miles inland from a great centre of the sardine fishery, Concarreau. Pont-Aveu is accordingly the centre of the artist colony. The two hotels are all the summer and autumn chock full of them, and the panels of their dining-rooms and passages bear witness to the vigour of their imagination and execution. In Wales we have inns whose boast is that their sign-board was painted by such or such an artist ; in Pont-Aveu we have inns with their whole walls thus richly decorated. But, alas ! the thing has become too theatrical. An ingenious speculator has run up at the corner of the delightful village place a monstrous building, studio piled on studio, resembling nothing so much as the celebrated Tower-house of Tite Street. The peasant-girls, too, wear their wondrous white caps and skirts of nicely-toned blue or red with an air of affectation which is irritating to the traveller who descends to Pont-Aveu from the less sophisticated interior, where the pride of dress, though it exists, is but the proper feminine instinct and deserves the gratitude of mankind. The Bretons themselves, it must be admitted, are as bad as their wives and sweethearts in the more frequented places. Enter Plougastel, for instance, to see the celebrated Calvaire ; on your arrival you will probably find nothing startling in the way of costume ; but in a few minutes the village worthies have had time to make a hasty toilette ; up they saunter in hats with gay cock-tail feathers or ribbons, wearing waistcoat over waistcoat, each with its edge of bright embroidery, and vie with one another in posing in every variety of seductive attitude.

The truth is that, charming as Brittany must always be artistically, it is for the present played out. It destroys a man's appetite for rustic work to enter some fine old court of a manor-house now converted into a farmyard, and to find artists already installed there thicker than the poultry. Consequently a move has been made of late years for newer pastures, and Picardie and Dauphiné are being industriously exploited.

As for Italy, almost every one knows what she is like as an artist's model. Italy is at once the most conventional and the most unconventional of painting-grounds. Venice, for instance, is a Pont-Aveu on the colossal scale. But there is this difference. In Pont-Aveu the artist dominates, and the natives simply exist as his models ; it is doubtful whether even the rushing river turns any practicable mills ; the river has water-power enough to grind the grist for a town, and the mills are there, but they are primarily artistic properties. In Venice, on the other hand, the artist is sufficiently prominent, and there are models galore, but still the place has an interest far wider than

that of art in the restricted sense in which the term is now used. The crowd of tourists who do not paint far outnumber those who do ; and there are plenty of honest gondoliers who do not merely pose but actually ply for hire. And so it is all over Italy ; in Florence, in Rome, in Naples, the artist and his models form a far larger proportion of the population of the great cities than they do elsewhere, but they are none the less in a proper subjection. Plain Smith and Brown swamp our old friends of the catalogues, Ochre Smith and Vandyke Brown.

Germany is like Italy in one respect. The favourite German models are towns ; some of them, such as Nuremberg, large manufacturing towns, but there the artist is well nigh as insignificant an atom as he would be in Birmingham or Leeds. There is no such crowd of them in Nuremberg as in Venice. Nevertheless to Englishmen there is something far more attractive in Nuremberg than in Venice, and the glorious old towns of Germany, Hildersheim, Luneburg, Augsburg, and others have for us northern peoples an especial value. Pictures with Italian backgrounds are charming enough in a London drawing-room, but their charm is that of an exotic, whereas those quaint dim German streets have something which comes home to us, appealing to a past we feel to be like our own. Nothing of the orchid about them ! They are like a garden of good old English hollyhocks. There is all the difference in the world between Staple Inn and one of the marble palaces that look on the Grand Canal at Venice, but a difference in degree only between Staple Inn and the gorgeous house of the butchers' guild at Hildersheim.

Something more than the mere yearning for the picturesque prompts artists to seek out these remnants of antiquity. The reconstruction of the past was at first an amusement, and has become a serious pursuit. In these modern days, now that steam and electricity have combined to annihilate distance and darkness, we derive the keenest enjoyment from picturing to ourselves the old days of horse-power and candle-light. To this sentiment the artist ministers, and there are no models to help him like those late mediæval remains in which Germany is so rich. Every one knows the name of Nuremberg, with the walls and towers, the houses and churches, which form the background to so many of Dürer's masterpieces, still standing there for anyone to look at who has time to pause. But the old Nuremberg is now but the core of a new and greater Nuremberg. Outside the walls lies a vast manufacturing town, where chimneys, tall and short, take the place of the turrets, towers, and spires within. True, the ancient city is large enough, and well enough preserved, to send a

glow through the nineteenth-century artist as he dashes in on his canvas the marvellous scheme of dull red sandstone, bright red tiles, green foliage and blue sky, but it is not Nuremberg which should be taken as the model *par excellence*. Not far off lies another town yet more perfect, less known indeed to English travellers, but the very ideal of all that a model should be.

Rothenburg, for such is its name, owes its unique preservation to three causes. It is not in itself a suitable centre for manufacturing industry, it does not lie in the direct line between any two such centres, and it is the Mecca of the Munich artists. On the main line between Frankfort and Munich, almost half-way between the two places, stands Steinach, the junction for Rothenburg. The special line to that place is only seven miles long, but to get over that distance the ramshackle engine and its two coaches takes forty minutes—the advertised time. Out of such a train the artist steps with that pleasant feeling which is popularly supposed to have been enjoyed by our forefathers when they travelled by stage-coach or wagon.

As he emerges from the station he sees the town in front of him. The view is not the most striking one to be had, but it is full of the peculiar quaintness of the place. Across the green meadows rises a long grey line of walls and towers, their base half hidden by the belt of apple-trees which now fills the ancient fosse. There are no modern houses outside the walls to mar the general effect, and the scene to-day is as it was three centuries ago or more. The wise man, if he be not hungry, will, before entering through one of the great double gates, walk round the walls to the side of the town which overhangs the deep ravine of the River Tauber. Then let him seek some coign of vantage, and he will have such a spectacle as is seldom presented in these modern days—a hill-side crowned with walls and towers, above which rises a mass of red roofs all huddling together round the great Jacobskirche, a scene which might form the veritable background to one of Dürer's engravings.

Once inside the walls our artist will find himself in a rough uneven street, paved with large cobbles; to right and left the houses present their curious stepped gable ends; and overhead swings from a wire stretched across from house to house a simple oil-lamp, which throws at night-time a flickering light upon the road-way. Everything within the walls is thoroughly in keeping with the sentiment inspired by a sight of the walls themselves, and what a series of subjects for his pencil! The market-place with the Rathhaus, the courtyards of the nobles' houses, the clock tower, the lofty Jacobskirche, the quaint interior of the Franciscans' chapel, and above all the Klingen

gate and the Church of St. Wolfgang, which form part and parcel of the same structure. Or if one has a taste for detail, there is the rich iron-work used in place of shutters to protect many of the ground-floor windows, there are tombs both of rude and finished workmanship, there are carved wooden altars remarkable even in Germany, the very store-house of such treasures.

But a mere inventory of the contents of Rothenburg is likely to prove tedious, and indeed the unique charm of the place does not lie so much in the crowd of its interesting and picturesque possessions, as in the perfection of the whole group of them viewed in their general relation one to another. There is not a jarring note to offend against the artistic sense, unless it be the comparatively, only comparatively, modern style of dress affected by the inhabitants.

However little known to travellers from our own country (Baedeker merely mentions it in an "aside"), Rothenburg is not without honour in its own. Paul Heyse has made it the background of one of his most sentimental novels, "Das Glück von Rothenburg"; and the Munich artists, as has been hinted, keep it as a favourite preserve. They haunt it not only for its own sake, but also for the wealth of the old-world villages that cluster round it; and their affection for the place, coupled with the jealous pride of its townsfolk, who cherish old customs as they do old walls, will fortunately preserve it for many years to delight the traveller, who has the enterprise to seek it.

R. GRAHAM.

FLODDEN'S FATAL FIELD.

FEW even in summer-time are the pilgrims who make their way to the scene of overthrow of James IV.; and as the days shorten towards the end of autumn the paths to the spot are trodden by fewer still. Yet there, next only to Abbotsford itself, culminates the interest of the storied and lonely Borderland, thick-strewn as the region is with old-world memories. The disaster of no other spot has made so deep a dint in the shield of Scottish history; and the name of no other field in the north, perhaps, has been so often enshrined in sad and heroic song. Who is there that has not been thrilled by the stirring tale of Marmion? And who has not been touched to something of the tenderness of long-past sorrow by the lament for the Flowers of the Forest? In late autumn, too, the foliage which clothes the fateful hill assumes its richest glory of russet and red, and the air has an ambient clearness and pensive softness unknown at other seasons of the year. The pedestrian travelling eastwards towards Flodden, however, in the latter end of October will probably pass no other pilgrim on the road.

Fire and foray in ancient times have more than once scorched most of the Borderside, and the road descending from among the Cheviots along the left bank of the Bowmont Water passes through a district laid waste in 1570 by Queen Elizabeth's general, the Earl of Sussex. The more peaceful it seems now by contrast—a finely pastoral country, resonant only with the plaintive bleating of sheep. Excepting this sound, indeed, the region is strangely silent, impressing one with its loneliness. Only at long intervals do farms appear nestling in the hollows, and hardly even a solitary stone-breaker can be found by the way to point out the spot where the road crosses the Border into Northumberland. Far in front the highway is to be seen untrodden by a wayfarer, as it rises and falls between crimson-hawed hedges over hill and dale. Even the ubiquitous tramp is to be met with here but seldom, limping along either singly or with a mate.

True Bohemians these tramps are, having cut themselves free

from the crabbed vexations of civilized life. By day they gallantly levy blackmail from lonely women in wayside cottages, or joyously lie in wait for the likely pedestrian under grassy hedgerows in the sun ; and at nightfall is there not a soft bed to be found in the cosy depths of some sweet-scented hay-shed ; or if funds be plentiful, are there not the revels of kindred souls to be enjoyed in the jovial hedge-alehouse of some Sleepy Hollow ? Assuredly black care haunts not the hearts of these Jolly Beggars.

It is shortly after passing a graveyard, tangle-grown and man-forsaken, forgotten like the dead who lie in it, that the road for Flodden turns off up the sloping country to the right. Brankston is the hamlet nearest to the battle-field, and the road thither ascends for two miles through pleasant high-hedged parish lanes. Here the English accent can be distinctly recognised, and the place wears quite an English aspect, though it is little more than within the border of Northumberland. Asleep it seems to-day among its autumn flowers, yellow roses and yellower marigolds ; but rough and sudden was the fray the spot once saw. For here, during the boyhood of James V., in 1524, a body of five hundred Scots setting out on a private filibustering raid across the Border were met and driven back by the English warden.

At last, from a little cluster of labourers' cottages, a path strikes to the right across a rushy meadow, and beyond, above the scar of a red stone quarry, hang silent and motionless the woods of the fatal hill. Somewhere to the right of the rushy meadow raged the fiercest of the battle on the dire and eventful day, and the tiny streamlet meandering through the hollow ran purple then with the blood of fallen men. From this streamlet it was that Clare, as Sir Walter Scott tells, shrank when she came to dip the helmet of Marmion. And just within the shady edge of the wood above, dark and cool under the drooping creepers of the overhanging bank, flows the limpid well at which she fulfilled her task. The clear water drops musical there over the mossy edge of its stone basin, into the pool below ; and behind, carved in the wall of the well's recess, may be read a garbled version of the lines quoted by Scott :

Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well !

The cross has disappeared, and the present inscription has been traced by the chisel of one who did not believe in praying for souls. An ancient stone bench remains there, however, and the weary pilgrim could hardly find a more historic resting-place.

An isolated headland pointing south, Flodden projects up the valley of the Till. The northern fir and yew, mingled with the English oak, now cover the hill; but these are probably of modern growth, and at the time of the battle it is most likely that the summit of the spur was covered only with native heath and fern. A matchless site the spot was for a camp, commanding the valley as it did for miles on every side, and its choice bespoke the instinct of military genius. Yet here, strange contradiction, during the three fateful days before the conflict in 1513, the Scottish host was left to melt and dwindle, while the King, like Israel's love-sick Samson of old, remained dallying with the fair but artful lady of Ford close by. No suspicion seems to have dawned upon the mind of James, though he must have remembered that William Heron, the lady's husband, lay his prisoner at Fast. And during those three days of inaction the ominous thunder-cloud of war was darkening round Flodden.

Centuries before, the blood of more than one other great battle had been received by that "deep and dark and sullen" river below. Ten miles away to the south, where the stream first takes the name of Till, is the spot thought to have been that Brunanburgh where on a long past day Athelstane defeated the Danish king of Northumberland and his Scottish allies. And a little nearer, to the north of Wooler, where the Till receives the waters of the Glen, rises Homildon, the scene, according to tradition, of King Arthur's first great battle, and the spot where one of the Douglasses, in Parthian fashion, was defeated by the archers of Hotspur, never getting near enough to strike a blow.

And on the hill's brow here, where the russet bracken grows breast high now, and an absolute silence reigns in the sunshine save when a grey dove rustles off among the trees, one can imagine James IV. standing among his nobles on that far-off September morning, watching Surrey's army come glancing down the valley from Barmore Wood on the other side of the Till. The King's position was impregnable, with Scotland behind, and the deep river on his left below; but—whether owing to recklessness, or Quixotic chivalry, or some knightly vaunt to the witching lady of Ford, no one now can tell—he allowed Surrey to outflank him.

While executing this manœuvre the English general was fully exposed to the fire of the Scottish artillery, had the King chosen to give the word; for the river runs close beneath Flodden side, and the valley grows narrow at the spot. But the word was not given, and the southern host marched on, a gallant sight, with flashing mail and glittering lines of spears, squadron by squadron and brigade after

brigade down the river bank. The Till was too deep to ford, and the only passage over it was by a narrow bridge at Twizel Castle, near the Tweed, six miles to the Scottish rear. This bridge could have been destroyed in ten minutes by the cannon of the King, but the order to do so was not sent. Slowly the English host defiled across, company by company; and the bridge is standing yet. Well might Marmion's squire Fitz-Eustace, coming presently upon the scene, exclaim in amazement :

“ My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till ! ”

Then at last, all too late, did James awaken, and the Scottish host, setting fire to its tents, marched back amid the rolling smoke down the hill-slope northwards to battle. Surrey now, in battle array, was descending into the same hollow from the opposite hillside; and the two armies rapidly drew near each other. Then for a little space there was silence; only, amid the shadows could be heard the tread of the approaching hosts. Here, however, presently, a spear point glittered out into the sunshine; there loomed the dark mass of a moving column. Slowly the smoke drifted up, and the armies saw each other. Broad lines and deep were these. Many a famous pennon, the chivalry of the north, fluttered round the ruddy Lion of the King; while opposite heaved upon the gentle wind the great banner of Henry the Eighth.

A moment of pause—only a moment, and then with terrific onset the clans were upon the English wing—the clans of the Scottish left, under Huntley and Home—cutting it to pieces. Furious work it was, and a direful struggle; and Sir Edmund Howard's division broke before them and disappeared. Then! then!—had the clansmen turned and renewed their rush against the next brigade, the day had been over and the issue different. For the High Admiral's flank lay open beside them, and nothing could have withstood the onset of these claymores of the North. But alas! close by lay the baggage of the English host, and the Highlanders were already deep among gay doublets and silken hose. Then Lord Dacre's horse rode up from the rear, and the chance was past.

With speed, to turn the fortune of the day, Admiral Howard had charged; and the next Scottish division under Crawford and Montrose gave way before his onset. At the same time, far along the sloping hillside, the half-armed Islesmen on the Scottish right had wildly rushed, like a billow of their own Atlantic, had broken, and lost themselves upon the steady billmen of Sir Edward Stanley, and under the deadly arrowflights from the bows of Lancashire.

There remained then only the King's array in the centre, containing the flower of the army and of Scotland. Here James himself fought on foot under the royal standard, while about him gathered the noblest and the gentlest of the North. And now, exasperated by the ceaseless arrowflights of the English bowmen, and burning to retrieve the honour of the field, this compact body, levelling their spears, rushed fiercely against the opposing division, where Surrey himself commanded.

Wild and terrible in the setting sun must have been that onslaught. Many a gallant crest went down in the *mêlée*, and for a time the English standard was in danger ; for Bothwell had advanced with his reserve, and the Scots nobles fought with all the fire of their high blood. But the far-spreading wings of the English host closed around them like waves of the sea, and, attacked on every side, their utmost valour could but be in vain. Smaller and smaller grew the circle of dauntless spears that rallied round the King ; fewer and fewer the devoted hearts that had sworn to stand by him to the last. And when night fell, and Surrey, uncertain yet of the event, withdrew his men, there were few of note left to carry the dark tidings to Scotland. The King himself had fallen, hewn down while fighting gallantly in his place ; and around him lay twelve of his earls, with warlike bishops and mitred abbots, grey barons and trusty gentlemen. Somewhere on the hillside here lay scattered the Seventy of Selkirk—"the Flowers o' the Forest" ; with ten thousand of the brave and gentle of the North. And the shattered bands of weary and wounded men that, all through the darkness of that awful night, went splashing northwards across the Tweed, were bearing with them a message that would wake the moan of anguish over the length and breadth of Scotland. Not a house, indeed, was there of note but had lost father or brother or son ; and for more than a decade after the battle the Scottish lands were tilled, and the castles of the Scottish nobles held, by the feeble hands of women and of boys. The sorrow of that time echoes mournfully yet in song, and must ever touch a tender place in thoughtful hearts.

War's waesome blast 's gane by
And left a land forlorn ;
In daith's dool hairst they lie,
The shearers and the shorn.
O Flodden Field!

A strange and terrible episode it all is to have taken place in so peaceful a spot. As one stands to-day upon the fatal hill the far-off pageant passes before the eye of imagination like the wild and tragic

magnificence of a dream. This, too, passes away, and nothing is left but the memory and pity of the past. But as the sun sets over the Cheviots in the west, through the golden haze of peace that floods valley and strath and hill, the foremost firs and larches standing out upon Flodden's side might be taken for the men and banners of some strange and silent host.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

*ROBERT BROWNING
AS A TEACHER.*

In Memoriam.

NOT only are individuals influenced by the outcome of great minds presented in poetry, but, through the aggregate of such individual cases, a palpable effect comes to be produced on humanity at large. It becomes, therefore, a grave point to consider what is the absolute direction in which the inspired teacher means to lead our thoughts, our imaginations, and our wills; whither, indeed, he will lead us, with or without definite volition on his part. In the case of Robert Browning, no doubt exists as to what his leadings are: those strong leadings which have done so much, and will do so much, to raise, to purify, and to invigorate human souls. It is not possible as yet, it never will be easy, to speak of this great writer in the past tense; so much remains to us which was, which *is*, the living essence of his genius and his personality, so much that cannot die, that can only spring to stronger life, as the world grows wiser. For we have lived through the age when Byron, Shelley, and Keats were all-sufficing. The rare blossomings of these ill-fated children of genius still give us exquisite delight; but they cannot be said to form a vital element in our life of to-day. The generation for whom they sang—sleeps, as they themselves sleep, listening no more to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

The wildly emotional and fantastic elements which predominate in so much of the poetry given us by these three great writers harmonise imperfectly with the more advanced and critical spirit of the age, and minister insufficiently to its needs. Even the calm and wise leadings of Wordsworth stop short, at times, of what our souls are asking for. This true poet of nature takes nature for his field of inspiration, and gives us meditative rather than emotional poetry. He gathers together with gentle hand all the strains of wood-notes, the hues of field-flowers, and the tints of cloud and landscape, and

subtly interweaves a spiritual thread which binds the whole together. And thus he produces his fine and calm masterpieces, on which our minds rest with so much enjoyment and satisfaction. The appeal made, is, in many cases, a very simple one—simple, even if profound—but it is not comprehensive. It is high, but not the highest. It is as a melody perfectly played on a single string, as compared with that which crashes forth with full harmonies and accords, dissonances even, which heighten the final effect. The lighter moods and lesser strains come in very gracefully on the outskirts, as it were, of the great human theme, with its master passions, its piercing cadences, and “dying fall.” But to produce this kind of poetry, the writer must take the human soul as his theme, as the scene of his drama—he must take its agonising conflicts, its depths of noble despair, its heights of vain aspiration, its longings, its struggling passion, its grim loneliness of sorrow, its divine power of love; he must lay his foundations on these, and build on the very heart of humanity, and then light up his work with bright undying rays of genius. When he shall have done this he has given us poetry of the highest order, and this is what Robert Browning has done for us, and for all the ages. Herein he takes that place accorded to the noblest poet and the noblest man—the place now in one sense left empty, but in another sense filled for ever by a personality which cannot die, and which has nothing in common with the order of things which passes away. When Browning gives us some little touch of natural description, some brief hint of flower, or leaf, or cloud, it is dramatically in harmony with the deep *inner* situation he is describing, and subtly develops and heightens the human *motif* of the poem; but is, after all, only the background indicative of general conditions—never usurping the first place. Thus, in the opening of the poem “Porphyria’s Lover,” the telling description of the rain-sodden landscape, and the sullen wind that tore the elm-tops and vexed the waters, is but the frame, which encloses the darker mental picture of the wretched human heart in its madness and passion. Again, in “James Lee’s Wife,” when she, forlorn and utterly cast down, stands in the doorway, marking the withered autumnal aspect of the outer world, it is but to sound a deeper note of disaster within:

Our fig-tree, that leaned for the saltness, has furled
 Her five fingers,
 Each leaf like a hand opened wide to the world
 Where there lingers
 No glint of the gold, Summer sent for her sake :
 How the vines writhe in rows, each impaled on its stake !
 My heart shrivels up, and my spirit shrinks curled !

It is the desolation of the spirit that speaks here, and Nature is only called in to lend her local colouring. And so it is in numberless instances in Browning's marvellous poems. We are made to feel, that were the spirits of the personages who speak in these poems otherwise attuned, Nature would tell them other interpretations of her varying manifestations. A joy would be felt in those natural appearances, a never-ending harmony echoed in the voices of wind and wave! And the teaching is, surely, that we should study to keep the soul in well-tuned accord with the noblest and purest motives and influences. Thus may we hear the deep voices of Nature chime in with ever just and responsive sweetness, to the banishment of those ghastly images evoked by the ill-balanced elements of our own hearts. We ought not to see in the vines bending under the autumn wind, writhing forms, each impaled or crucified before our eyes! And Browning himself never would have seen such. His sound, wholesome-mindedness is refreshing, vitalising, and sustaining, his views of life, so manly, so sufficing and noble, that it is little wonder so many thoughtful minds turn to him in the stress of sudden sorrow, in the suspense of difficult crises in life, in that dark hour when the spirit seems to ask the question, "Shall I go on or not?" If we were asked what lesson is most intensely present in Robert Browning's works, we should answer, the lesson of laying down self, with all its miserably small, and constantly recurring claims and degradations, and the entering on clear and sound relations with the world, with man, and with God! Browning teaches so plainly that the whole matter lies between God and the soul, in that dread communion where we must cast away what is unworthy, all that savours of meanness and selfishness, and rise into the purer atmosphere, so hard for us to breathe whilst self holds us down. Not always have modern poets taught us this divine gospel of *doing away with self*. In one of the late Matthew Arnold's brilliant lyrics, called "Self-dependence," the converse is distinctly taught, and powerfully taught. It is a poem which has influenced many minds—its moral undoubtedly being, that we must neither give nor demand sympathy, but perform our tasks alone, as

The stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll,
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul!

The lines are fine and musical, but for us calmly to determine to be "bounded by *ourselves*, and unobservant in what state God's *other* works may be," is a serious responsibility, no less than a very grave moral mistake; and the result of such a course, instead of "mighty

life," would, in most cases, be a crippled and deadened spiritual state, hardly deserving the name of life at all. The last two lines of the poem sum up the whole lesson :

Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

This isolated poem is not quoted as expressing the general influence and tendency of Matthew Arnold's verses—far from it ! No man was less able to carry out such a programme, or to assume such a moral attitude. But in this poem of "Self-dependence" we have the absolute reverse of all that Browning teaches on this subject, for he, Browning, would have us rend the last iron chords of Self in twain, whatever the agony of the process, "nor leave up nor down, one spot for the creature to stand in." And, instead of finding *self* as a treasure-trove, he would have us strip off all that belongs to it, and go forth "naked and not ashamed," to "clothe our weak intent with life," in what we can do for others—bear *for* them and *with* them—leaving behind, and utterly divorcing that dark companion which dogs our footsteps, as does our shadow when we walk towards the sun—nay, more, changing it, by-and-by, to a radiant spirit of light. Browning never sounds a false note ; he never gives a mere emotion in place of a stern and living principle of moral right. He recognises clearly that what the world needs is not *more truth*, not a further revelation of what is right, but some vital active spirit to enable man to live out some fraction of what he has learned from his youth up. And this vital help Browning is constantly giving. This simple direct teaching meets us in every page of his writings. "Live your life," he says ; "help others to live, that you may live yourself ! learn to love ! hold fast to the highest that you know ! do not be content with the lower ideal, if by agonised struggle you can hold to the higher."

Such teachings as these are ennobling and practical, eminently needful in this age.

In "Rabbi Ben Ezra" are the lines—

Rejoice, we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !

And here we are plainly taught something of the altruistic life. We must be content to prepare the feast for the famished, and not meanly desire to share it, or otherwise be benefited, than by the blessed sense that we have fed the hungry ; and in such mental attitude Self has no place.

In Browning's estimate of *work*, we find the same noble teach-

ing, in the same poem. He rejects the world's estimate of work altogether—

The vulgar mass
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

We all know that kind of work, successful, encouraging, and very necessary to be done, but not reckoned as the highest, not to compare with "instincts immature" and "purposes unsure"—

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.

Hear the estimate of work which follows—

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God

Here, truly, we have a noble expression of man's ultimate aim and value—a plan of life in which self is not made the be-all and the end-all of human success or human happiness. There must, of course, be failure in these lives of ours—failure born of our inherent deficiency or our absolute wrong doing. Browning's optimism is no blind and ignorant conclusion; he has fearlessly explored and laid bare the wretched baser aspects of human character and motive. But yet he has no shadow of mistrust as to the ultimate assured realisation of the glorious possibilities lying around and within us. A few lines in his poem, "Old Pictures in Florence," illustrate this—

Yet I hardly know, when a soul has seen
By the means of evil, that good is best;
And through earth and its noise, what is Heaven's serene,
When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why! the child grown man—you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surc. done.
There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

There is a tenderness in Browning's treatment of the soul and its failures—tenderness so instinct with strength of grasp, as to foster no morbid compassion for the sins of irresolution and feebleness. The falling from ideals is recognised by Browning as the saddest failure of all; though, when others fail us, we can sometimes hide the pain from them, and even from ourselves, by flinging over it the mantle

of our love. But what shall help us when it is *we* who have failed of our allegiance to what is high and noble? Browning's answer is ready:

'Tis not what man *does* that exalts him,
But what man *would* do.

So for us can be no despair!

Passing a step higher, to the distinctly religious teaching in Browning's writings, we find in him a sound and active faith, an unquestioning belief in a Divine Power and Personality. And this living consciousness gives to religious poetry its whole beauty and grandeur. We do not want any more wild speculations, still less the hopeless doubts of noble minds, set before us in our life of To-day. We pity those pure and high natures who can find no resting-place in any existing creed; we can honour their conscientious struggles, and deplore the conclusions to which they are inevitably driven. But practically we derive no absolute pleasure, or benefit, from the glimpses into the torture-chamber which they give us at times, when they have the beautiful gift of poetic expression to "unlock their hearts."

While morbidly dwelling on their sorrows, it may be that we are neglecting some vitally necessary part in our own life's work. And since we cannot relieve them, we must pass on—not as the Pharisee, "on the other side," but along the same road, only in a different spirit. These spiritual conflicts, of the soul alone with itself, *narrow in* the earthly purpose, and hide the far-reaching horizon of the true life of the spirit, stretched out before the soul even in this world, rich in those diviner things which can alone suffice to still the craving of human souls. With minds awake to this, we can do our work in the world, and feel that it is good, whilst a transfiguring light reveals to us the large possibilities that even now surround us. Such is the serious and lofty region in which Browning dwells, though he never attempts to

Make square to a finite eye
The circle of Infinity.

This great thinker had no religious intolerance. He

Saw the error—but above
The scope of error, saw the Love—

and that is enough for many of us.

In that wonderful poem, "Christmas Eve," we have Browning's own spiritual attitude presented—so, at least, we have always felt—in the intensity and beauty of the language and thoughts here given to us. Having gone in distaste from the crudities of Zion Chapel to the

elaborate sensuous fervour of ceremonial in the Basilica in Rome, and then to a lecture-hall in a German University, he is forced to the admission that in each form of worship and belief there is some sense of the Divinity, some redeeming touch of Love; and that conviction brought repose, for the speaker says :

I did not long to leave the door
And find a new church, as before,
But rather was quiet, and inclined
To prolong and enjoy the gentle resting
From further tracking, and trying and testing !

Such calmness, such relief from the wrestling with blinding storms of doubt, or the deep-seated, gnawing dissatisfaction which has eaten into some of the finest minds of the age, were indeed a boon to the storm-tossed spirit ! Such peace as this was unattainable to Arthur Hugh Clough, of whom we lately heard a great living writer say : " Poor Clough ! he couldn't have lived any longer. He was worn out with doubt, yet his doubt was more respectable than many an easy and indifferent belief ! " Still, we must repeat, these noble doubting minds *do not* help the world, or assist the individual to grip hold of a vital and active faith. Their own bark being unmoored and drifting, they cannot tow smaller crafts into harbour. From Browning we learn the need of a strong conviction of a spiritual life and its obligations—a conviction standing aloof from absolute formulations, but none the less vitally religious. We learn a toleration which must, however, be in no way confounded with indifference, or allied with that mood which quietly abandons any search or care for the inestimable treasure of Truth. This easy and comfortable arrangement of the inner life must by no means be suffered to pose as toleration. The difference between the two is very marked, and Browning points it out unmistakably. All that he gives us is so real and so strong. He has substituted his grand vigorous Optimism for the repining and dyspeptic Pessimism, still cropping up here and there in these modern days, and still, of course, attracting the adherents of that drooping and dissatisfied school who are always telling us how youth passes away and beauty fades, and the birds are silent in the frost, and life is barren, and their hearts laden with mysterious woe. There is certainly sorrow in the world, but Browning's central idea has ever been that

God is in His Heaven—
All is right with the world.

Thus it has been with him whom we mourn : his own life bore a

sweet and healthful music to the end. As the years pass we shall understand him better ; perhaps we cannot love him more ; those at least amongst us who have been helped to live, by the strength and the humanity of his teaching, who owe to him light and courage in darkest hours. He has taught us much ; we have not always fully understood him. The want has been in ourselves. Meaningless are the movements of the dancers' feet to him whose ear is deaf to the rising and falling of the sweet strains which govern them.

The Epilogue to Robert Browning's latest volume, "Asolando," which reached us just as his own living voice was silent for ever, sums up his deep convictions and living teachings :

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake!

We cannot associate the thought of Death with that personality so quick with vital warmth. To none were the beautiful lines more applicable :

Nor can the snows which Time hath shed
 Upon thy reverend head
 Quench or allay the noble fires within,
 For all that thou hast been, and all
 That youth can be—thou'rt yet —
 So fully still dost thou retain
 The manhood and the bloom of wit.
 To things immortal Time can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to die,
 For ever must be young !

It is an old saying, "Whom the gods love die young ;" but surely there is even more love shown when a noble and good man, dowered with immortal genius, lives out the kindly term of nature's years in a beautiful and dignified maturity to breathe his latest breath in painless calm, unclouded, undimmed, with unwasted powers, and with the faces he loved beside him—with great nations grieving over their loss and vying with each other in showing honour, to witness to their love of the man and the poet ! We had not dreamed that Robert Browning was to leave us so suddenly, so untimely as it seemed. We had not realised his term of years. So much of summer-time and sunshine and abounding life there seemed in him that we looked to a long season of even yet maturing ripeness ; but we turned, and, "lo ! the fields were already white unto harvest."

CROTCHET AND QUAVER WIT.

WIT, humour, and repartee are not usually associated with the musical mind. Among the many popular fallacies which have surrounded the domain of crotchets and quavers is the one that, following music as a profession or as an accomplishment, must necessarily imply effeminacy and general incapacity, bordering on to mild idiocy. Nobody, for instance, would dream of attributing a pun to the patient *virtuoso* who sits at the piano and aids mankind so wondrously during those distressing periods in life when “a little music” is about to be perpetrated. An association with music in any earnest way is commonly reputed to deaden the intellect, and to dull that quickness of thought and readiness of perception which is so welcome in every nature where the gift is marked. The popular voice is wrong as to this—since the ranks of the music-makers abound in instances of ready wit and humour which, if not always reflecting the greatest brilliancy of thought, yet provokes the risible faculties not less surely than the smart sayings of lawyers and *littérateurs*.

To go back a long way—into the dangerous realms of myth and fancy—we encounter Philoxenus, who may be commended for his wit if he cannot be praised for his good manners. Philoxenus, who taught Antigenides the flute, was so great an epicure that he longed for the throat of a crane, and more palate, in order to prolong the relish of the delicious morsels he swallowed. One day he was at the table of Dionysius of Syracuse, and was served with a small fish ; but he observed an enormous turbot placed before the tyrant. Whereupon Philoxenus put the head of the little fish close to his mouth, and pretended to whisper to it ; then he placed it near to his ear as if to receive the answer more distinctly. Upon being asked by Dionysius for an explanation of this mummery, he replied : “ Sir, I am writing a poem upon Galatea, one of the Nereids, and as I want information concerning several particulars relative to her father Nereus, and the watery element that are quite out of my ken, I was in hopes of obtaining some satisfaction from this fish ; but, he tells me, he is too young and ignorant to be able to satisfy my curiosity, and refers me

to that grown gentleman before your majesty who is much better acquainted with aquatic affairs." Dionysius understood the hint, and had the complaisance to send him the turbot. It is to be feared that modern dinner tables can rarely boast of a *virtuoso* comparable with Philoxenus for his wit, even if his rapacity could be matched. Something of a parallel hint was once given by Dr. Tudway, Cambridge Professor of Music, during Queen Anne's reign. The Duke of Somerset was Chancellor, and discontent was rife at his poor patronage. Tudway cried—"The Chancellor rides us all *without a bit in our mouths.*" Nor could he give up ready wit on his sick bed. Having been dangerously ill of a quinsy, and unable for some time to swallow food or medicine, the physician who attended him, after long debates and difficulties, exclaimed to Mrs. Tudway, "Courage, madam! the doctor will climb May Hill yet;" but the musician's remark was, "Don't mind him, my dear; one *swallow* makes no summer." Such a rejoinder could not have come upon the physician with less surprise than did an expression which the prettiest and wittiest of French women, Sophie Arnould, once made. This attractive songstress, whom Marmontel, Favart, Bernard, and others remembered in their verses, was out walking one morning when she met an old friend, a doctor, with a gun under his arm. She soon gathered from him that he was on his way to see a patient. "Ah!" she quickly rejoined. "So you're afraid of your ordinary treatment failing."

It is interesting to anticipate that at no very distant future a new attitude is likely to be adopted towards the *virtuoso*, and that in some new Utopia the musician will be welcomed for his wit as well as his manners. At present he is not highly regarded. It is true he is patronised, since it is considered quite the thing to smile upon some one musical light: not to feed, clothe, and lodge him exactly (though this is often done), but to have him on the threshold ready to be called in like a lawyer, doctor, or parson, whenever his assistance is needed. The moment of emergency will probably be an attendance upon Miss Quavertips in the drawing-room, because she is unable to reach the octave passages in her newest piece. Or, inflated Midas may be about to change his "grand": so he invites the *virtuoso* to dinner, and before a roomful of assembled guests, gives a full-blown order for a new *pianofort*—"pianoforte" being a word which he disdains to use! On all such occasions the presence of the musician—large or small—is invaluable.

Nobody has thought, however, of encouraging the musician for his social charm and conversation, and to attribute to him the power to add zest and relish to dinner-table tattle would be voted as un-

likely as that he possessed the art and charm of a Cecilia to "bring angels down." Nevertheless, quite an array of good things have been said and done by musicians, although this fact seems to have been lost sight of by compilers of books of wit and humour.

Perhaps the story told of Cooke the composer will as readily illustrate a ready perception and smartness of intellect as any to be met with in more garnered fields. At a trial in the Court of King's Bench as to an alleged piracy of the "Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir"—said Sir James Scarlett in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical but different. What am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same but with a different accent—the one being in common while the other is in triple time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the court.

"I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel; "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is musical accent." Sir James waxed wroth. "Can you see it?" he continued.

"No," was the answer.

"Can you feel it?"

"Well"—Cooke drawled out, "a musician can." After an appeal to the judge the examining counsel again put the question. "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury—who are supposed to know nothing about music—the meaning of what you call accent?"

"Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. I will give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say 'you are a *donkey*' the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said '*you* are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James; and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this." The story is more personal than polite—nevertheless it is well worth telling as an instance of forcible illustration. It is useful, too, since it may serve to impress upon the minds of that very large circle of people who plume themselves on being musical, some faint notion of what accent in music really is. It is the outcome of that wonderful invention—the division of music into bars, but for which music might still be only the magical accomplishment of a few.

The great masters of music uttered some crisp things during the odd moments when they were not composing strains for all time. Handel, on first hearing the serpent, took a great dislike to its sounds, and inquired, "Vat de devil be dat?" On being told that it was the new musical instrument, he replied, "Oh! de serbent, ay; but it be not de serbent dat setuced Eve!" The tale of Rossini, calling to mind Bishop's name, by whistling one of the latter's airs to a friend, is familiar to most people; but even this ingenious method of turning musical art to account is surpassed in the doings of a young Scotchman, who was not a great master of music, much given to making puns. He was visiting London with his father, who much objected to the habit, and strictly enjoined his son to refrain from it during their stay in London. Junior tried. It happened, however, that one day they passed Newgate, and saw a man confined in the stocks, with his legs firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood, his body being on one side and his feet on the other. A joke rose to the young man's lips, but remembering his father's injunction he checked his words, and contented himself with suggestively whistling, "Through the wood, laddie." Lully, who invented the overture, was a man of no little humour. On his deathbed he desired absolution, but his confessor would not absolve him save he committed his latest opera to the flames. After ample excuses Lully submitted, and, pointing to a drawer where was the rough score of *Achille et Polixène*, it was burnt. The absolution was granted, and the priest went home satisfied. Lully grew better. Then one of the young princes visited him, saying, "What, Baptiste, you have burnt your new opera; you were a fool for giving such credit to a gloomy confessor." "Hush! hush!" whispered Lully, "I knew well what I was doing—I have a copy of it." All would have been well had matters stopped here; but, unhappily, the joke was followed by a relapse. The prospect of certain death caused the musician dreadful remorse for his deceit to the priest, so much so that he confessed all and submitted to be placed on a heap of ashes with a cord round his neck, which was the penance recommended him. He was subsequently put to bed, where he expired, singing, "Il faut mourir, pécheur, il faut mourir," to one of his own airs.

Frank and outspoken criticism, flavoured not a little with the salt of wit, was characteristic of several of the great lights of music. There is much sparkle and originality in Handel's reply to Maurice Greene, who had beseeched the colossal harmonist to examine a new anthem. The doctor's music, whether for church or chamber, was rarely remarkable, and the solo anthem upon which Handel's

opinion was sought was no exception. It was arranged that the two should take coffee the next morning. The Doctor was punctual and coffee was served, many topics were discussed, but not a word about the anthem. Greene, eager and impatient, at last said, "About my anthem—what do you think of it, Mr. Handel?" "Oh! das—your anthem. Ah! I did tink dat it wanted air." "Air," expostulated Greene. "Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow"—a *modus operandi*, by-the-by, which, if true, must have considerably stupefied the Doctor! A companion story, and one not more complimentary, is told of a boaster. Haye—a leading violinist at the Handel Commemoration Festival—was one day bragging of his having been to Italy, and had instruction from Tartini. "Thanks, Mr. Haye," said Battishill, "we should never have imagined that from your performance." This rebuke nettled Haye, whereupon he appealed to the company as to whether he had really brought nothing of the great Tartini from Italy. To which entreaty Battishill responded, "Oh yes; so much of his music that you have not yet exhausted it in your own compositions." Not more generous, but as blunt, was Porpora's comment when the monks of a German convent begged a compliment upon the organist's playing. "I soon perceived," said the Italian singing-master, "that his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth"—with which sour remark the old man passed on. Cherubini was not himself if not outspoken and with point. When Beethoven's "Fidelio" was first performed at Vienna, the great light of the pure Italian school was present. At the conclusion of the performance he was asked how he liked the overture—the "Leonora in C." "Well," said Cherubini, "to be honest, I must confess to being unable to find a key for it from beginning to end." Possibly, Cherubini, like Porpora, did not like German music, and instead of gushing applause at what he disapproved of was content to be straightforward about it. The composer of "Les Deux Journées" was just and frank when one day a friend presented himself before the master with a score said to be Mehul's. Upon looking over it Cherubini remarked, "It is not Mehul's; it is too bad to be his." "Will you believe me, M. Cherubini, if I tell you it is mine," asked the visitor. "No! It is too good to be yours," was the prompt reply.

Seldom does the shaft of spite or venom force itself into the stories which make up musical wit and humour. This, perhaps, is only to be expected of an art devoted to harmony and the solving of discords. Rousseau, however, is credited with one rather cutting remark. In a fierce pen-and-ink war Rousseau espoused the cause of Italian music. It is to be feared, too, that he credited the

Italians with being better interpreters of his music than were his own countrymen. Such an apostasy stung Frenchmen to the quick, and a paper warfare—which Frenchmen only can indulge in—speedily followed over the assertion that France had never had music and never could. Rousseau this while had, practically, to hide himself, and he only appeared again with a recantation in the shape of the “*Devin du Village*”—an opera with French words and French music. The national pride was hurt, however, and was not soon to be appeased. When, at length, the opera gained a hearing, the public hooted it off the stage; while the band showed their appreciation of Rousseau and his music by hanging him in effigy outside the theatre. Rousseau added oil. “Well,” said he, “I don’t wonder that they should hang me at last, after having so long tortured me.”

Stories such as these honour the propounders of discords and cadences, and will serve a purpose if they arouse more respect for the average musical intellect. Hitherto, the name, professional musician, has been synonymous with dullard; but, after all, it would seem as if society would have little to complain of if it held out its hand to music-makers for their intellectual worth. An individual who, emulating Dr. Samuel Arnold, can invent such a respectable epigram as—

The Church shut up! the organ mute!
 Who shall explain this riddle?
 Now minor canons play the flute,
 Now boys play the *Scotch fiddle*—

ought not to be out in the cold. The incident which prompted this mirthful outburst was an occasion when the musical service at St. Paul’s Cathedral was suspended on account of a peculiarly uncomfortable indisposition which attacked all the choristers. The *Whitehall Evening Post* appeared with the graceful allusion quoted, and it was pretty generally attributed to the talented organist, who was by no means insensible to humour. Nor, if modern times could produce a compeer with Hook—the musician and father of the witty Theodore—should he lack invitations to the dinner-table. Born full of drollery—and club-footed—he devoted his life to music instead of spending it in making jests. He learned to treat his misfortune as a joke, and once contrived to make it profitable. Being at a party the conversation turned upon feet, and it was agreed that each should put one forward. “When it came to my turn,” relates Hook, “of course I put my *best* foot forth, which creating a general laugh, I said to the gentlemen present—‘notwithstanding your mirth, I’ll bet any one of you five pounds that there’s a *worse* foot in company than this’; and the

bet being instantly accepted, I produced my other foot, and won the wager." "Jack" Bannister affords the last instance that shall be quoted of wit blossoming under the musical cloak. Some villains had broken into his friend Fozard's stables, and cut off the tails of several horses. "Well," said Bannister to the bewildered Tattersall, "I should advise you to sell them wholesale, for you'll never be able to *retail* them."

Most people prefer satin to sackcloth, and that must be a sad heart that will not sing for choice. This being so, the out-look for the musician is good, and society may yet have cause to smile upon and not snub him. If all our Apollos become wits and humourists, the world will have something more than harmony for which to be grateful. And the enemy to false relations and consecutive fifths will be within measurable distance of demonstrating that he has brains.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

HOW I FOUND THE BUNYAN WARRANT.

WHY is "The Antiquary" the most popular of Scott's novels? It is purely a sketch of social life—no historical personages figure in it—an ordinary thunder-storm and an equally (in those days) common duel are the pivots on which the story turns. So that the attraction cannot be here. Nor can it be the curious blunder which makes the sun, seen from Auchmithie Bay (on the Scotch eastern coast) set in the east! Readers do not pick up such small inconsistencies, any more than does any one in the full swing and go of the "Battle of the Lake Regillus," pause at Macaulay's famous slip in verse 14 :

And louder still and louder
 Rose from the darkened field
 The braying of the war horns,
 The clang of sword and shield,
 The rush of squadrons sweeping
 Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
 The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

The charm probably lies in two studies from life—the characters of Edie Ochiltree and Mr. Oldbuck—especially the last. Who is there that has not enjoyed the "Ower-true Tale" of Snuffy Davy, who bought a Caxton for 2*d.* and sold it for £20?

Not that history does not even in these instances repeat itself. In the Caxton Exhibition was shown a "Recuyel of Troye," in absolutely faultless condition, which a Salisbury bookseller had parted with for 12*s.* 6*d.*, thinking it a manuscript, which it had indeed originally been intended to resemble. The deal was £400 in the buyer's pocket, and the seller was ever afterwards "difficult" when a customer dropped in and asked him for manuscripts, as some who knew the story would mischievously do.

Mistakes, and knock-outs as well, occur in book auctions. Not so long ago a first folio Shakespeare was cleverly purchased for

£25, and the parties concerned amicably divided the difference between that modest "pony" and the £400 given by one of their number at the subsequent private auction among themselves. Mischances, too, come about, when the right man has stopped away and the wrong man turned up. Like the recent Ayrshire election, where, by the break-down of a waggonette, half-a-dozen Unionists missed their train to Paris, and had absolutely nothing else to do but to go to the poll and turn the Gladstonian's majority of one into a minority of five.

All these instances, however (bar the knock-out), come under that form of perfectly natural sequence, which, failing to grasp its law, we term CHANCE, and to this form of development must be attributed that inexplicable, and, in its way stupendous, piece of luck, which, by the desire of some who know it, I am about to relate, and which may not be improperly preceded by a short account of the treasure itself, how it has been preserved for two centuries, and how it came to be overlooked and passed over by the keenest experts of the day, in the most open and best attended market for such things in the world.

Well then, it is familiar knowledge that "The Pilgrim's Progress" was written in prison, but the question has always been, "When?" very unsatisfactorily answered by, "The long imprisonment of twelve years ending in 1672." The tone of the book is hardly that of the pathetic passage in "Grace Abounding," a work of that period, which even now gathers tears to the eyes and thrills the reader with emotion when he comes sharp round a corner, let us say, in "Green's Short History," upon the father's piteous wail for "his poor blinde child, who lay nearer to his heart than all beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships thou must undergoe, though I cannot now endure the winde should blowe on thee!" Nor does the publication date of 1678 fit in with that quick and impetuous genius which gave its thoughts to the world almost as soon as they sprang from the brain. Moreover there were local traditions which pointed to a third and later imprisonment in a particular place, of some six months' duration, ended, oddly enough, by a release obtained through the bishop of the diocese—almost the very last person who could be expected to interfere for such a man, in such a case, at such a time too!

Upon these grounds Bunyan's latest biographer and successor at Bedford, the Rev. Dr. Brown, started the theory that the imprisonment of the "Progress" was in 1675, and ably developed it in his "Life of Bunyan," but no evidence supported it, and none seemed

likely to be obtained (in fact Canon Venables, no mean authority, passed the theory by as "hazy"), until my discovery of the warrant itself in July, 1887, cleared up all doubt as to the correctness of Dr. Brown's clever guess. Before proceeding further, it may be as well to describe the conditions under which the document came into existence.

It is familiar knowledge that for reasons of his own, Charles II., in the year 1672, issued a Declaration of Indulgence which set free many thousands of sufferers from the gaols in which so many of their fellows had died. But political exigencies, and the consideration of a subsidy, had brought the King to cancel that Declaration within a year from its issue. The Test Act was passed in 1673, and a Proclamation in February 1674-5 specially ordered that Conventicles should be suppressed.

The Tory squires, who had worked the Act of 35 Elizabeth with merciless severity up to the year 1671, had the handling of it once more, and without a day's delay put it in force at Bristol—where lived Dr. Chauncy, the "Schismatics' Attorney-General," as he was called—and soon after at Bedford, the home of the dauntless Bunyan. One Dr. Foster, Chancellor of Lincoln and Commissary of the Bedford Archidiaconal Court, the author of "Bunyan's first twelve years' imprisonment," at once prepared a warrant whose text runs as follows :—

"To the Constables of Bedford and to every of them
Whereas informaçon and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Maj^{ties} late Act of most gracious gen'all and free pardon to all his Subjects for past misdemeano^s that by his said clemencie and indulgent grace and favo^r they might bee mooved and induced for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highenes laws and Statutes and to continue in their loyall and due obedience to his Maj^{ties}) yett one John Bunnyon of yo^r said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one Month last past in contempt of his Maj^{ties} good Lawes preached or taught at a Conventicle meeteinge or assembly under colo^r or p^rtence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Maj^{ties} name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion bee fore us or any of us or other his Maj^{ties} Justice of peace within the said County to answer the premisses and further to doe and receive as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this fflowerth day of March in the seaven and twentieth yeare of the Raigne of our most gracious Sovereaigne Lord King Charles the Second A^oq3 Dⁿⁱ juxta &c. 1674.

Will Spencer

Will Gery St Jo : Chernocke W^m Daniel
T Browne W: ffoster

Gaius Squier"

It will be seen that this document is signed by no less than thirteen magistrates, as though safety was thought to consist in numerical strength, and another suggestion of courage oozing out is evidenced by the fact that eight out of the thirteen had "left their seals at home," and hence had to avail themselves of those of their fellows, or of Cobb's (the Clerk of the Peace). One, in fact, used that of a stranger, and three did not seal at all; the names of these three have been squeezed in as if they had succumbed at the last moment to strong pressure.

The document itself is well written on a half-sheet of foolscap, by an expert scribe, such as would be found in a clerk of the peace's office. The wax seals, ten in number, are not at all chipped nor frayed, but so absolutely perfect that a high official in the British Museum traced all save one to their owners in less than five minutes. It is in beautiful condition, with but one small tear, and has evidently long lain folded in four with so heavy a weight of paper upon it that the seals have bored through and left their mark. It can never, therefore, have been in a constable's horny palm. Bunyan would probably on this, as on his first arrest, have gone to the constable's house and surrendered himself.

This hitherto unknown treasure has been preserved to our date by its having been sent to Dr. Ichabod Chauncy, the before-named Nonconformist's "Attorney-General," at Bristol, to see if habeas corpus would lie upon it, as it had done in the case of "Saints Rest" Baxter, whom Lord Hale had released on the ground of a flaw in the warrant. Chauncy was at that very time (May 1675) prosecuting a similar appeal on behalf of two Bristol ministers. But when this failed in their case, and the prospect opened of release by tickling the itching palm of Barlow, the slack twisted bishop of the diocese, whose bitter complaints of impecuniosity are still to be seen in the Record Office, the now useless warrant would return to the good physician's pigeon-hole, where it slumbered peacefully in company with another document which he had inherited from his father, Dr. Charles Chauncy, the second president of Harvard, from whom he had received his own pathetic name, born as he was in that agony of privation, poverty, and exile, to which the once Regius Cambridge Professor of Greek and Hebrew had been reduced by the relentless malice of Laud.

From some cause or other Dr. Chauncy's MSS. were not sent to the hammer in 1791 with his pictures, coins, and books. The catalogue of these last, and the prices they sold for, can only be read with a kind of vain regret that one wasn't one's own grandfather.

Dr. Chauncy's collection of MSS. was a somewhat peculiar one. His family, who had kept it back for a century, had an abiding conviction that they had in it a treasure worth £1,000, and they were right in their faith, though mistaken in its object. For the seven MSS. of Pope—the Essay on Man, the Dunciad, the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, and others—which Dr. Chauncy had obtained from the novelist Richardson, the friend of Pope, were not, as they thought, the treasure in question, though they produced some hundreds of pounds, but a simple half-sheet of foolscap paper, which it had been fated should escape the notice of the keenest experts, both trade and amateurs, any quantity of whom had examined it, until after the hammer fell. Still, it was in very good company; there were autographs of Sir Francis Drake, describing one of his Armada captures, letters of Charles I., Charles II., and his Queen, while some letters from Bruges of that disreputable person, Mrs. Lucy Walters, and directions as to the education of her son, the Duke of Monmouth, under his original name of James Crofts, with Sir W. Dugdale's private report to Charles II., respecting his bastard children, pointed to their having been collected by some person standing high in the King's confidence and family secrets. Chauncy's collecting, however, was in evidence by a perfectly clean order of the Lord Protector appointing John Pointer to the rectory of Houghton Conquest on September 29, 1654, which would argue that, on deprivation in 1662, the ejected minister had forwarded his Privy Council appointment to his fellow sufferer, to see if any remedy were obtainable.

From whatever cause the sale of the Chauncy MSS. was deferred, the family at last sent them to the hammer in July 1887. The document we have in view was duly catalogued thus:—"Bunyan—Letter to the Constables of Bedford relative to the imprisonment of John Bunyan for preaching. Autograph signatures and seals, March 4, 1674;" and remained on view, as is usual, for two days previous to the sale.

It seems to have attracted no notice from the many who either for pleasure or profit look in at Wellington Street almost daily during the sale season. The entry, however, caught the writer's eye, and on examining the document two things were clear. First, that it was a warrant, though with a tremendous waste of judicial power. Second, that it might be worth looking up Bunyan's life to see what it all meant. A stroll down to the library of an old and famous club put him in touch with one of those patient and accomplished gentlemen, who pride themselves not only in knowing a good deal of the contents of the many thousands of books under their charge, but also in being able to give

quick references to them. Thus, "Please, Mr. Vincent, I want to know all about Bunyan's imprisonments" produced in two minutes Brown's Bunyan, Canon Venables' admirable "Life" in the National Biography, and others, from which, in five minutes more, the nature of the treasure stood out clear. But with it came also the uneasy reflection: "Plenty of others have seen this and looked it up, so as to know its value. It is not an ordinary common sale, the Pope MSS. will bring down the great guns, trade as well as amateur. Did not the great Mr. Piccadilly once pick out a princeps of Walton's 'Angler,' out of some cookery books? One can only hope to see it sold; to bid is useless, the thought of having it for one's very own is vain."

However, a second visit on the next day showed no diminution of the apathy. Some antiquaries looked at it as if puzzled, it is true, but all these signs were quite consistent with a very rapid rise in biddings once they were opened.

The day at last arrived, the scene of action was the old upper room where, for more than a century, book buyers have fought out their contests, where the largest sum ever given for a book, say £4,000, has been given out at the fall of the hammer. On the narrow benches, round the hollow square of tables, within which walks the "shewer," sit the giants of the old book trade, men in touch with all the libraries from China to Peru, and whose names and catalogues are known in almost every large city in the world. First comes the monarch of his craft, raised to eminence by talents which first blossomed in a little shop in St. Martin's Lane, but which have raised him, as we have said, to fortune, fame, and the highest distinctions open to him. Conspicuous as well by his keen eye, his snow-white hair, and a felt hat, whose unutterably-shocking-badness vies with those of Lord Tennyson and Sir Richard Owen, and even emulates in its way poor Sir Bartle Frere's unapproachable chimney pot—there sits the veteran, prepared for conflict. Keen buyer, Mr. Piccadilly, perhaps a trifle too keen in disparaging, as soon as put up, the lot he means to have at any price—somewhat too keen, perhaps again, in running up a lot to a price which, even in his hands, and with his connection, can't leave him much profit. But he is a nasty adversary, and has just spread-eagled two or three minor planets, who thought he was not in it, and found that cheap lots would always draw the veteran, when the Bunyan lot is reached.

It is shown round the tables. Mr. Piccadilly opens the sheet which contains the precious document, sniffs, screws up his eyes, purses his mouth, and actually throws it aside, to be taken up by Mr. Bond-Street, young, well and stylishly dressed, as becomes the place from

which he hails. But the big man's indifference has been catching ; the junior, who has often been an exceedingly good second to his neighbour's bidding, lays it down too. A third, let us say Mr. Tother'un, follows suit ; beyond these, it does not seem to go ; and the biddings are in shillings and take long to reach a pound. Indeed it is knocked down by mistake for less than two sovereigns, but put up again. Meantime, the purchaser that is to be, astonished at finding that the prize is not known, feels dawning on his mind the idea that it may possibly be his after all ; he may be happy yet. With head bent over a Piranesi's Rome, intently measuring the Milvian Bridge, outwardly calm and apparently unconcerned, he puts his hand behind his back to telegraph "Go on." The only competitor slackens, the interval between the bids gets longer, down falls the hammer, and the prize is won. Then only can the flush of triumph be no longer restrained, and it is permissible to say to the courteous, silver-haired President just then descended from the rostrum :

"I suppose you know what this is?"

"No ; what is it?"

"It is the warrant on which Bunyan was apprehended when he wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Ah ! did you know that?"

"Certainly ; I can read Court hand, and know a little English history."

"If I had known that, you would never have got it for the price you have."

Chorus (in the person of a big amateur) : "No, and if I had known it, you would not have got it for the price you have."

The rest of the story reels off quick. The first thing was to protect it by a frame, then to repeat the historical references ; next the vendor had to be approached for information as to what he knew of its pedigree, promptly and courteously accorded by the family solicitor, to the effect previously stated. It is true he said, "I want my £500 for that Bunyan Warrant." Then a short letter to *The Times* announced the find, copied with wonderful quickness by newspapers all over the world, from Frisco to the Bay of Islands. It then remained to pass it through the fire of criticism, to account for its very existence having been forgotten, its reappearance after a couple of centuries in condition as clean and as perfect as the day of issue. But the game was worth the candle ; anything that could throw light on the birth of a book, which Green calls the most popular and best known in all English literature, which humanity took to its bosom directly it appeared, and whose touching points of

sympathy with human hopes and fears only become more and more appreciated as the years roll on, was worth an effort to thoroughly establish. It was, moreover, due to the priceless stores of learning open to all at the British Museum, and to the accomplished and able men who strive to make those treasures and their own skilled elucidations of them, available to the very humblest student, to place the finds before them. The dialogue with one of the chiefs there is worth reproducing ; in fact there have been many of the elements of a joke about this whole business :

“You have no business to have this ; it ought never to be in private hands. Why was I not told of this? Why did not Mr. Piccadilly tell me?”

“Because, sir, Mr. Piccadilly did not know it himself.”

Great also was the joy of Dr. Brown when the evidence which finally proved his clever guess was shown to him. A reproduction now hangs in the Bunyan Museum at Bedford.

In due time, on the opening of their Session, the document was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, with an explanatory paper, which is published in their proceedings, and for which their thanks were accorded. The reproduction also met with favour from them. How another has since been made, by Vander Weyde, which resembles the original in the minutest detail, even to colour of paper and seals in red wax, so that the world can see the document which ushered into existence the most popular and successful book ever seen, need not be dwelt on here. But a country which joys in the graceful virtues and simple goodness which find almost their highest exemplar in the private life of its Sovereign, will hear with a throb of pleasure how the Queen was, in Sir H. Ponsonby's words, *glad* to receive one of these reproductions, and to place it in the same library at Windsor Castle where lies enshrined the Bible of the martyr Gordon. In this, as well as other things, the nation can recognise that the heart of its ruler beats true in tone with that of her subjects, and of the great race beyond the sea sprung from the shores over which she rules, for Bunyan is greater in America than in the land of his birth, save perhaps at Bedford, and the New York Tract Society alone issues yearly 12,000 “Progresses,” while the American pilgrim visits the home of Bunyan as religiously as he does the nidus of the Washingtons.

The moral of the whole thing is that discoveries are still possible even in these latter days by those who can

Grasp the skirts of happy Chance,

and that, too, in the most unlikely places, such as the collection of

an expert, known to contain treasures, looked through and even prepared for sale. We may venture to hope, therefore, that the patient scrutiny of the charter rooms of the great landed families, now in progress by the Record Office, may bring forward other historical documents of similar first rank. Granted that all political documents would be unsafe to preserve for fear of personal consequences, still others would be kept. What may there not be in Wilton House library, where would come together in 1630 the papers of the two scholarly Herberts—the “two most noble and incomparable brothers”—Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, whom, when dedicating to them the first folio of Shakespeare, the editors could remind of their having treated (the editors' word is “persecuted”) the living author with so much favour. Lord Hopetoun's library contained a Mazarine Bible, put away in a cupboard. When so large a volume was overlooked in a moderate collection, may there not exist at Wilton a few sheets of paper in about the crabbedest kind of Elizabethan Court hand, which may nevertheless be “copy” for the “true originall copies” from which Hemmings and Condell compiled the first folio, and which, to carry the vision to its furthest, might even turn out to be written—O joy of joys—in one of those five priceless autographs which, in their way, reflect Shakespeare's many-sidedness; for they are alike only in their illegibility.

W. G. THORPE.

THE CASE AGAINST COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

THE exceeding courtesy of the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has permitted me to state, at some length, the "Case Against Compulsory Vaccination" as it presents itself to me, and, I have little doubt, to many other persons, medical and lay, who have taken the trouble to think the matter over thoroughly. And it is only right to add that the insertion of this article does not in any way compromise the magazine, but is only a proof of the fair play with which the Editor wishes to treat all popular public topics ; while from the character of the *Gentleman's*, it has been necessary to avoid anything like a medical treatment of the question. I have, therefore, avoided technical phrases, and have written for the general reading public.

The opposition to compulsory vaccination is getting stronger and extending further every day, and of this the appointment of a Royal Commission is proof positive—that no one can deny ; while no busy medical practitioner can help seeing that the public do not regard vaccination with as much faith as they reposed in it a dozen years ago. Many people, moreover, dread the after-consequences of the introduction of the vaccine lymph into the system. Whatever might have been the case with the educated, there never was a time, however, when the masses had much faith in vaccination, and they would never have resorted to it except under compulsion ; in other words, many people have always regarded it with suspicion, some have totally disbelieved in it, while not a few of the remainder have only half accepted it. Had the general confidence been greater and deeper, there would have been no need for compulsory laws ; and the matter would have been left with the public. I am not prepared to argue that the opinion of the ignorant vulgar is usually of value in settling disputed and complicated scientific questions. Who would not prefer the deliberately-formed judgment of six profound thinkers to that of as many millions of the working

classes : the latter, from imperfect education, unfavourable surroundings, and unpruned fancy, being seldom competent to form an opinion on matters demanding close attention and accurate knowledge it is, therefore, with great hesitation and some qualms of conscience that I mention the increasing dislike of the humbler classes ; for I confess that this argument rather endangers the position I am about to occupy. The extension of the franchise has given a value to the opinions—that is, to the votes—of the working classes, which they did not possess a few years ago ; and now that a thousand labouring men count at the poll for as much as the same number of Wranglers, Engineer Officers, and Fellows of the Royal Society, majorities—that is, mere numbers—rule the destinies of the land, but they may be of small value for all that.

Nor am I prepared to admit that I regard the worthlessness of vaccination as finally proved. Naturally slow in forming an opinion, and sceptical, it may be, to a degree, I find it as difficult to espouse warmly most causes as I do to oppose them. Things have such a wonderful knack of shaking themselves right, while nothing turns out as well as was expected, and nothing goes so outrageously wrong ; the world pulls along fairly well in spite of agitations, reforms, and changes ; and though human progress is certain, and rapid on the whole, it cannot be greatly accelerated, nor can it be apparently much retarded. In perfect justice I am bound to admit that the deliberately expressed opinions of many of the profoundest thinkers and most careful investigators of the day in defence of vaccination are entitled to attention, and there is undoubtedly a certain *primâ facie* case in support of vaccination. Surely it seems incredible that a large body of men, who have no interest whatever in vaccination, directly or indirectly, who never will earn a penny by it, and have nothing to gain from it, should support it, unless convinced of its supreme value. So far, therefore, the support of many able men is worth a hundred times as much in the scale as the disapproval of myriads of persons incompetent to weigh evidence, and who only receive their opinions at second hand.

At the same time I must confess that the advantages of vaccination ought to be so obvious and above question that the masses should not for a moment be in doubt ; their own experience ought to teach them that vaccination is an effectual safeguard, that in an epidemic those persons are particularly liable to suffer who have not been vaccinated, while the vaccinated should generally escape.

The public deny this, and refuse to believe that vaccination affords the protection asserted ; but then they complicate the

question by allegations that vaccination is a dangerous remedy, and in many cases this is the charge made most of. People often argue that, though it may answer the end desired, vaccination does so by introducing into the system other and worse diseases, or, at any rate, that the risk of the latter is serious enough to demand attention. I believe that the latter risk is greatly over-estimated, and that were the value of vaccination as clearly established as some authorities assert it to be, were small-pox the imminent peril often contended, and did it really destroy 3,000 persons in every unprotected million, besides blinding, disfiguring, and permanently injuring as many more, we might regard with equanimity the loss of, at the outside, a few hundred lives from vaccination every year, and some amount of acute suffering to a few thousands more, and set that loss against the 120,000 lives which, it is contended, small-pox would destroy, and those whom it would injure for life. Medical men no longer deny that vaccination kills a few children, and that in a certain number of cases disease worse than small-pox has been introduced; even the strongest supporters of the measure have had to admit that, and the innocuousness of vaccination will not again be maintained; and were it necessary I could, in support of this statement, give passages from the writings of some of the foremost medical writers of the age. Unfortunately for the opponents of compulsory vaccination, however, they have incurred, and, as it seems to me, most unnecessarily, a vast amount of enmity by imprudent and irritating charges against medical practitioners; and the result has been that though an increasing number of doctors undoubtedly regard vaccination with suspicion as a possible danger, and have little confidence in its value, they dare not take part in any agitation to modify the existing laws, for they would find themselves on the same platform with people all whose arguments they could not endorse, and whose hostility to their profession is undisguised. A medical friend of mine at Leicester, for instance, refuses to have his own baby vaccinated, but does not admit any sympathy with the Anti-Vaccination party.

Was small-pox dying out when Jenner began his experiments? Who can tell? I must confess that so embittered is the controversy, so conflicting the evidence, and so contradictory and irreconcilable the figures that I cannot even hazard an opinion, although I have read many wearisome reports on the subject. On the one hand we are assured that small-pox was declining in virulence, and that its ravages, except in epidemics, had been enormously exaggerated; on the other hand we are informed that on the average it killed 3,000 people in every million, and disfigured and blinded as many more;

again, we are told that inoculation against small-pox had spread the latter far and wide, placed foci of this loathsome disease all over the land, and perpetuated a terrible scourge, and that inoculated small-pox was not of a milder type than the disease contracted in the usual way. The modern penal laws against inoculation have clearly shown what the most competent authorities thought of the matter. Vaccination, as all the world knows, is asserted to give rise to a mild attack of small-pox, the disease being modified, robbed, that is, of its virulence by its passage through the system of the cow ; in other words, vaccination is only a mild form of small-pox, which it is advisable to inflict on children in order to protect them from the almost certain peril of passing through the disease in its most aggravated form. The points at issue are the efficacy of vaccination, and the probability, if not vaccinated, of having small-pox of great severity sooner or later. If vaccination is not an effectual remedy its *raison d'être* is gone ; and if small-pox is a rare complaint, dying out rapidly, it is not necessary to subject children to vaccination. Now, the opponents of vaccination contend that vaccine lymph introduces a disease with which small-pox has no connection, and that, therefore, it is totally valueless as a safeguard.

What is it that, more than anything else, has shaken the public confidence in vaccination ? The immunity of Leicester, Dewsbury, Keighley, and a few other places, where vaccination is systematically evaded. Eighteen years ago the revolt against vaccination became general at Leicester, and since then has yearly gained strength. An epidemic of small-pox that would slay its tens of thousands has been confidently foretold ; although year by year the epidemic has not come, for small-pox, though repeatedly introduced into the town, has not spread, but died out, while in town after town, such as Sheffield, Bradford, and Birmingham, where vaccination has been systematically and generally enforced and where the medical authorities have professed themselves fully satisfied with the thoroughness of the precautions taken, small-pox has spread and killed hecatombs of victims. The unprotected places have escaped almost scot free, while the protected have suffered severely. I do not myself endorse the assertion, but it does at first sight look as though there was some ground for the contention of the Anti-Vaccination party that vaccination actually spreads small-pox, and predisposes to it, though in that case the connection between vaccination and small-pox would seem proved. Nor do I like to use strong language against my own profession, but I was humiliated and indignant when I read in one of the medical journals a statement which has been much quoted

and reproduced, to the effect that Leicester has been protected by efficient vaccination, and that the disease has been stamped out there by the effectual and repeated re-vaccination of nurses, doctors, attendants on the sick, and others, as if I had not myself long lived at Leicester, and been a member of a town committee, and known perfectly well what was taking place, and that, too, at a time when I thoroughly believed in vaccination, and confidently expected that some day an epidemic would devastate the town, which would vindicate to the world the value of vaccination. When such arguments as these can be used and published ; when men, who ought to know better, and do know better, can stoop to deception—I say, when this can be done, it destroys one's confidence in the rectitude of one's colleagues, and makes one confess that little reliance can be placed on the arguments of disputants, even when hailing from a scientific camp. Those articles turned me completely, and shook my confidence in vaccination statistics, and I am not sure that some medical men of my acquaintance who read them did not undergo the same revulsion of feeling.

Leicester is *the place* which has shaken to its foundation the national faith in vaccination, if, that is, the nation ever had deep faith in it. In Leicester, a great railway centre and a rapidly increasing and crowded town, the vaccinations fell from 3,730 in 1873 to 1,732 in 1883, and 598 in 1886 ; nor is this decline confined to the lowest classes ; it is far more general among the wealthier citizens. In 1876 there were 1,462 private vaccinations ; in 1886 only 39. Again, there were 34,778 births and 31,311 vaccinations and 363 small-pox deaths in the ten years following 1866 ; in the ten following 1876 there were 40,234 births, with 23,879 vaccinations and 17 small-pox deaths : in other words, the deaths from variola have declined from 363 per million deaths to 12, and in nine years there have been twenty-four importations of the disease, which have not spread, in spite of tens of thousands of unprotected people.

So strongly and naturally predisposed are most medical men to look upon vaccination as an invaluable safeguard, that I must regard with strong suspicion any statistics coming from medical quarters. Whenever a person has small-pox, even men of the highest integrity and veracity assert that he could not have been vaccinated, or that vaccination must have been imperfectly done, and when the cicatrices *show* distinctly and unmistakably, there is still a great tendency to throw suspicion upon the efficiency of the vaccination and the quality of the lymph. Tens of thousands of small-pox cases have been entered as occurring among the unvaccinated, although any impartial

person would soon have been convinced that vaccination had been thoroughly and properly performed ; and in a still larger proportion the efficiency of vaccination has been questioned, not because of the cicatrices not showing distinctly, but because the person was suffering from small-pox. In this matter many medical men argue that, as vaccination is almost an infallible protection, the advent of small-pox is a certain proof that the sufferer could not have been vaccinated, or that the operator was shamefully careless. The large percentage of small-pox deaths attributed to the unvaccinated will not, I am convinced, bear one moment's scrutiny ; and sometimes the returns are wilfully falsified, and persons who have been vaccinated and re-vaccinated are given as unvaccinated, while small-pox is said, without any foundation, to be much less severe among the "protected." A critical inquiry would, as far as my own observation goes, reveal a shameless amount of misrepresentation ; but what other proof is needed than the falsehoods circulated respecting the Leicester epidemics, when the town was said to owe its immunity to efficient vaccination ?

Have medical men implicit faith in vaccination? Yes, I think that, as a body, they have much the same theoretical belief in it which many teetotallers display in total abstinence, when they argue that signing the pledge prevents disease, loss of work, and immorality. Every day teaches the total abstainer that the pledge, though a valuable safeguard, is not a perfect and infallible one, and that many abstainers, except in not being drunkards, have little superiority over their fellows ; and still temperance advocates profess, in spite of every disappointment, to look for great things from the spread of total abstinence. I speak with some knowledge, for I am a life-long abstainer myself, and have worked in behalf of the cause as ungrudgingly and unselfishly as anyone. So, in spite of repeated disappointments, medical men think Leicester doomed to a plague of small-pox that will proclaim to the world the penalty of not submitting to vaccination. Let me give the result of my own experience ; it is rigidly true from first to last, and confirms the opinion I have formed.

I was born at La Valette, in Malta, where my father was engaged in clerical work, and in due course I was vaccinated. Who performed the operation I cannot tell, but it was no doubt done by a competent practitioner *secundum artem*, and all proper precautions were adopted. The cicatrix remains to this day large and well-defined. My father before long returned to England, and brought me over with him ; I went to school in due course, and finally chose the army as my pro-

fession. My father's religious objections, after a time, induced me to take to another calling, and medicine was selected, not because it in any way took my fancy, but because my parents and trustees thought it more lucrative than the Church or the Bar. If they judged correctly, all I can say is, that from the bottom of my heart I pity the unfortunates who take to the Church and the Bar with an expectation of getting an income from them, and filling an honourable position in society. The doctor is popularly credited with earning ten times as much as he does ; and, while often worse off pecuniarily than the curate—and the emoluments of the latter are small enough—is supposed to be rolling in riches, and, to aggravate matters, he has few of the social advantages of clergymen, barristers, and officers. My health had always been perfect, and the possibility of contracting infectious maladies was one that I faced with equanimity, ready to take my chance. Small-pox was not often mentioned ; but, when it was, medical friends would say to me, "Of course you have been vaccinated?" to which I replied that I had been thoroughly. "Ah, well," they rejoined, "then you are all right, you need not fear anything."

I began my medical studies at a provincial school of great repute, and there I soon made many friends. Some of the professors, when the subject of small-pox came up, spoke of vaccination as an infallible safeguard, and one might infer from their language that a vaccinated person was as little likely to have small-pox—that is, if vaccination had "taken"—as a powerful swimmer would be to drown in a shallow pool on a summer day.

Six months after I commenced my medical studies an epidemic of small-pox burst upon the town, and before long special preparations had to be made for the reception of cases ; and, unless my memory fails me, one or two detached wards connected with the hospital at which I was studying were set apart for patients. Up to that time I had never seen small-pox, and knew little, except from reading and description, of the complaint. I could not help being struck by noticing that the spread of the epidemic was attributed by my teachers, though it never occurred to them that it reflected great blame on their profession, to the *careless way* in which vaccination was often performed, and to its systematic evasion by many ignorant and prejudiced people. Often did I hear that a generation earlier an epidemic of small-pox sweeping through the town would have killed its thousands, and struck down its tens of thousands of victims, and that vaccination would perfectly protect the whole community were it only often enough practised, and were none to escape submitting themselves to it. At that time we heard little—less, at any

rate, than in these days—of the necessity of re-vaccination, and nothing of the need of frequent vaccination ; still less of the supreme importance of four and five punctures, although something was beginning to be heard both of the necessity of re-vaccination and of the importance of more than one puncture, and I was taught always to make five punctures. It has been reserved for our day to have vaccination repeated again and again, until a medical acquaintance of mine boasts that he has been vaccinated seven times, each time with brilliant success—a proof, he contends, of his constitutional predisposition to small-pox, and of the risk he would have run of contracting it.

One day I went with a fellow student into a ward in which there were some small-pox cases ; but I merely walked round, and did not examine the sufferers. I was confidently assured that I was in no danger, in part because of cleanly habits, but still more on account of being vaccinated. Some weeks later, when the epidemic was still raging, there came to the out-patient department one morning a genial, amiable old Frenchman, bringing a pretty little granddaughter, who had burned her leg slightly. It fell to my lot to attend to her, and the old man was most grateful and courteous for the little attention I was able to give his grandchild. He was told to bring her again in two or three days : this he did, and probably she continued to attend for a couple of weeks. One morning he remarked that his little charge had not been quite well, and, as some spots were coming out, he wondered if she had erysipelas. It is a curious thing that French people, according to my experience, are as apt to call every little eruption *erysipelas* as we English to describe it as inflammation. My medical knowledge, though imperfect enough at the time, was sufficiently extensive for me to pronounce the eruption *not* erysipelas. “ But, then,” said the old Frenchman, “ if it is not erysipelas what can it be ? ” That was the difficulty, and I could not help him. I dressed the child and dismissed her, and saw her and her kind old protector no more. What happened to them I know not, and I never could trace them or learn anything about them.

A few days later I suddenly found myself unwell—giddy, languid, and feverish, and every hour I got rapidly worse. The pain in my head became agonising, while, as for my back, acute pain came on that made me feel anxious to be left entirely alone. I managed to crawl about, but every moment intensified my sufferings, and at last violent sickness came on ten times worse than sea-sickness ; indeed, the plunging of a steamer in a fierce storm of seven days and nights affects me far less. I was living, I should mention, in the house of a most estimable man, long since dead, in one of the best suburbs of the

great town in which the medical school was situated, and this gentleman and his wife were greatly concerned to see me so seriously ill. I had a frightful night, but contrived to get downstairs the next day into a sitting-room, where I lay on a sofa. By the middle of the day I was as ill as possible, and an eruption was coming out very closely resembling that which I had seen on the little girl. A note was despatched to the medical tutor of the college, and he walked up to see me. He was a man of exceptional ability—a graduate in high honours, in arts and medicine, of one of our ancient universities, a good Hebrew and classical scholar, and a very pious man. Nevertheless, he did not find that a noble presence and superior attainments enabled him to get a living from medicine. His largest earnings, I believe, never exceeded £80 or £100 a year, and not long after that time he entered the Church, and at once obtained an important curacy in Town. He is now a respected and influential country rector, and should he see this article will recognise the writer's hand. He carefully examined me, and then took his leave hurriedly; and an hour or two later sent a friend of his, a most excellent practitioner, to see me. This gentleman was on the staff of the general hospital of the town, and has only recently died at that age—fifty to fifty-five—which takes off so many of the rising, but overworked and sorely-worried, members of the profession. The second doctor pronounced the complaint small-pox of a severe type, and continued to attend me with unremitting kindness till my recovery. The members of the family in whose house I was living were a good deal horrified at learning the character of the illness, but were speedily comforted by remembering that they had been carefully and thoroughly vaccinated, and two of the daughters found their fears vanish when they recollected that, in the previous summer, they had been efficiently revaccinated. I was isolated, only the wife of the father of the two girls coming near me, and every day the doctor came and paid his friendly call.

My trustees did not trouble me. One was a doctor of divinity, no longer young. In early life he had been a medical man, or at least a student of the University of Edinburgh, and knew something about small-pox. Perhaps it was as well that he kept away. So did the medical tutor, and the members of the hospital staff, one and all, except the hospital surgeon who had charge of me. My father, then living at Cheltenham, did not deem it prudent to come to see me; and perhaps he was wise in not venturing near. He was, however, consoled by reflecting that I had been well vaccinated, so that I could not be in any real danger.

I must confess that my experience of small-pox was not such as to make me wonder that people did not care to run the risk of having it ; and I cannot blame anyone for wishing to avoid it. As soon as I was able to do so, I went to Coventry, and stayed there for a short time, and then returned to my rooms and to my work. On getting out at the station, in the town in which I lived, I thought I would call on a particular friend of mine, a very eminent hospital surgeon, and a man of European reputation. I found him at home ; but, strange to say, though he was effectually protected by vaccination, it startled him to see me, and it was a very evident relief when I took my leave. The medical tutor, the hospital staff, the medical school professors, and my fellow-students, kept away from me for a considerable time, and seemed to feel less confidence in the value of vaccination than one would have expected. One of the physicians to the hospital explained that he had had small-pox twice, if not three times, and that, too, in spite of revaccination. But, then, I was informed that vaccination did not, after all, infallibly and invariably ward off the disease, but it modified the later stages ; and I am not sure that I was not regarded as a signal instance of the supreme value of vaccination, which had saved my life. "Indeed," said a friend, now a rising physician of national reputation, "vaccination shows its great value in the second or third stage of small-pox. Unvaccinated people go from bad to worse ; the vaccinated invariably recover." There was much comfort in this.

How I got small-pox was never ascertained. The friend who accompanied me to the small-pox ward, and who is now a famous physician, thought that I contracted it that day, but that the protecting influence of vaccination, insufficient to avert the disease altogether, delayed the appearance of the eruption for many weeks. This explanation has the merit of great ingenuity and some novelty. Others thought that the little French girl must have given it me, and that vaccination kept me from dying. At any rate, for a long time I did not lead a comfortable life, and many friends did not receive me with the warmth I looked for from vaccinated and protected people. One lady, seventy-four years old, the sister of two distinguished surgeons, and the aunt of a late director-general of the geological survey, candidly wrote desiring me not to call upon her for six months—not because she was afraid, but her friends were—and for about that time I did not go to my father's.

Some years later, when being systematically taught vaccination at a large dispensary, the instructor made a great deal of several punctures and frequent revaccinations, and the value of vaccination

was dwelt upon in terms that rather surprised me. I was assured that well-vaccinated persons had *nothing* to fear from small-pox, that with absolute impunity they might even sleep in the same bed with sufferers from that disease, and much more in the same strain; and yet, when I had small-pox, I had it sufficiently severely to make the recollection decidedly unpleasant, and my clerical, medical, and family friends did not seem to rely upon the protection afforded them by vaccination.

Common impressions I do not think much of; but to prove that the supporters of vaccination have stuck closely to their text for many a long year, I venture to give a few extracts, which, while not of great value as far as settling the matter under controversy goes, cannot fail to interest the reader. The infrequency with which pitted or pock-marked faces are now seen in the streets is often instanced as strong evidence of the value of vaccination. Supposing we accept the fact as established—that pock-marked faces were once common—what shall we say to the following passage from the annual report of the National Vaccine Establishment for 1822, printed by order of the House of Commons: “As a proof of the protecting influence of vaccination, we appeal confidently to all who frequent theatres and crowded assemblies, to admit that they do not discover in the rising generation any longer that disfigurement of the human face which was obvious everywhere some years since.” Again in the annual report of the National Vaccine Establishment for 1825 we read: “What argument more powerful can be urged in favour of vaccination than the daily remark, which the least observant must make, that in our churches, our theatres, and in every large assembly of the people, to see a young person bearing the marks of small-pox is now of extremely rare occurrence.” That was more than sixty years ago, and beyond the recollection of most persons still living, and yet several middle-aged friends tell me that thirty years ago pock-marked faces were common, though now so rarely seen.

On the other hand, if authorities are to have any value, nearly twenty years after vaccination was made compulsory the *Lancet* of June 29, 1872, lamented “The growing frequency with which we meet persons in the streets disfigured for life with the pitting of small-pox. Young men, and, still worse, young women, are to be seen daily whose comeliness is quite compromised by this dreadful disease.” When anyone under seventy repeats the familiar legend, “There is no use speaking against vaccination, for when I was young every third or fourth person was pock-marked,” the effect is droll. It shows how prone we are to fancy we have seen that which we

think we ought to have seen. Droller still is it when young men of five-and-twenty or thirty profess the same experience: "When I was a lad small-pox was frightfully common; everyone was having it. Now, you know, it is the rarest thing in the world. You hardly ever hear of a case," and so forth. There is matter for reflection, as well as laughter, in the hallucination. Dr. Johnson recognised this curious tendency, when he said, "I would undertake to write an epic on the story of Robin Hood, and half England, to whom the names and places I should mention are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years." Nevertheless, if pock-marked faces are not so common as they must have been a century ago, when small-pox was the prevalent type of zymotic disease, they are not rare; and, if vaccination prevented small-pox, the pock-marked ought to be the unvaccinated. But are they? Those who take pains to inquire, almost invariably find that they have been vaccinated, and some of them repeatedly. Small-pox, it is asserted, was rapidly declining before vaccination was heard of, and it is just possible that, but for vaccination keeping the variolous taint strong in our midst, we should have done with the pest altogether before this.

My case is not finished yet. Since vaccination is asserted to protect the person subjected to it almost infallibly, the question arises why, so far as the vaccinated go, should they fear being surrounded, not merely by unvaccinated persons, but by small-pox cases? The law does not forbid me from playing billiards for money, from using stimulants, indulging in horse-racing, and much more that exposes me to great temptation, and often does incalculable injury. The liberty of the subject is not in such cases interfered with, in spite of the appeals of relatives. I do not play billiards for money, attend horse-races, and drink alcohol; but the law will not interfere to protect me from the misery which some of my relatives have brought upon themselves by their vices, and from which I have had to suffer; indeed the whole course of my life has been altered by the indiscretion of a near relative. If I have no faith in vaccination, why should I be compelled to submit to it; other people who have faith can be vaccinated, like my medical friend, seven times over; they, at least, will be safe, and if vaccination is worth anything my negligence will not harm them; they will not contract small-pox from me, and if I am laid by in consequence of my own indiscretion—well, my colleagues will have the comfort of knowing that they will get my clients, and so will reap an abundant harvest from my misfortune. The knell of compulsory vaccination seems to have sounded, and if the

penal laws enforcing it are repealed, vaccination itself will be doomed, for unless its value is proved more conclusively than seems likely, judging from Leicester and Dewsbury, few people will resort to vaccination, and not even medical practitioners will practise it on themselves and in their families.

Many of my readers will probably wonder why I have treated this difficult subject in the pages of a general magazine : the reason is obvious—it is the educated general public whom I want to read, and not merely the small scientific body specially interested in vaccination ; moreover, articles buried in the transactions of learned societies have very few readers. As compulsory vaccination affects and reaches all classes, it is only right that the country should have the matter put before it in a clear and popular fashion. But why not sign my name, as a proof of my *bona fides* ? This, too, admits of easy explanation. I am a very busy man, overweighted with cares and worries, and hardly able to grapple with a correspondence that is growing like a snowball. My name would have enabled many people to learn my address from the *Medical Directory*, and then, what with letters that would have poured in upon me, and disingenuous onslaughts in the medical and scientific papers, many of them needing reply, I should have had little to do except answer my critics and enemies for the next few months—I speak with some familiarity of public matters. Now, whether I am a Court physician, or University professor, or a private practitioner, is left in the dark, and I am at peace, my paper with all its incompleteness and imperfection goes forth on its own merits and derives no adventitious aid from the appearance of my name.

But let no one suppose that I stand alone in the position I occupy in the ranks of the medical profession. On the contrary, though I have confined myself to the discussion of a simple matter—the case against compulsory vaccination—I might have boldly denied that vaccination is of any value, and I could have defended my position by quotations from the writings of men high in authority in the profession. Dr. Charles Creighton, late Demonstrator of Anatomy at Cambridge, and examiner for the medical degrees of that great University, has not hesitated to credit vaccination, not only with being useless as a preventative of small-pox, but with actually causing much serious disease, and it was he who wrote the hotly-debated article on vaccination in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in support of his contention. And now one of the professors at King's College, London—a man whose researches are placing him in the foremost ranks of the scientific and literary world, and who will be a Fellow of

the Royal Society before long—has gone just as far, and has held up vaccination to public abhorrence: my article is mild compared with his vigorous charges. In his work on the History and Pathology of Vaccination, Dr. Edgar March Crookshank holds that cow-pox is absolutely distinct from small-pox, and that both the bovine and equine affections have more analogies with syphilis than with variola. He contends, therefore, that vaccination is futile, seeing there is nothing in common between variola and vaccinia, and that there is no parallelism between vaccination and the Pasteurian method of protective inoculation by attenuated virus. Nor has small-pox been exterminated. And he uses words so burning, so bitter, that I should hesitate to pen anything so strong myself, though, in proof of my assertion, I give a single paragraph, which sums up much of my own article, and which fittingly closes the subject as far as I am concerned. “The Jennerian method,” he says, “has for nearly a century struggled for existence with the support of the cow small-pox theory and the numerous and ingenious explanations of failures, embodied in the assertions of spurious cow-pox, inefficiently-performed vaccination, inferior quality of lymph, deficiency in the number and quality of marks, and the misinterpretation of statistics;” and his readers are left in no doubt that, in Professor Edgar Crookshank’s opinion, the days of vaccination—compulsory and optional—are numbered.

A PHYSICIAN.

TABLE TALK.

OCTOGENARIAN VERSES.

MORE than one striking lesson is to be learned from the new volume of poems of the Laureate.¹ The first is, that the spring of poetry does not necessarily dry up with increasing years, and that an octogenarian may preserve the imagination, the grace, and, to a considerable extent, the power of his youth. On the fact that many poems in this latest volume may rank with the poet's highest accomplishment full stress has been laid, and a world apt to resent its enforced admiration after cavilling and sneering at recent efforts once more bows the head in adoration and homage. Not even the marvellous stanzas of "In Memoriam," beginning, "One writes 'that other friends remain,'" with their direct and urgent appeal to universal sympathies, have caused a gush of tears warmer than attends the perusal of the opening poem to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the sorrow in which is what Macduff calls—

A fee grief,
Due to some single breast.

The opening lines of "Demeter and Persephone" have meanwhile the magic of the best blank verse of Tennyson—a magic other than that of Shakespeare and Milton, but scarcely less potent. I may not quote, not even the lines conveying the lovely opening image. I will only say that the entire poem is one perfect, divine, immortal utterance, worthy of the man who, more perhaps than any other of his race, has raised the England of to-day to stand proudly, in poetic wealth, by the England of past centuries.

A CHAUCER BIBLIOGRAPHY.

MOST bibliographical labour, in this country at least, has to be its own reward. In France, even, the land that has produced the Brunets, Barbiers, Quérards, and Peignots, with other more

¹ *Demeter, and other Poems*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson. Macmillan & Co.

recent writers who may claim to be the giants of bibliography, prosperity and affluence have not, so far as I have heard, been their reward. In England such labour is almost entirely unremunerated. Let some diligent student then give us in a limited edition a bibliography of early editions of Chaucer. The information we possess is almost *nil*. Concerning texts, Professor Skeat has much that is valuable to say. In reprinting, moreover, in parallel texts, the most authoritative manuscripts, the Chaucer Society is doing yeoman's service. Concerning the books, however, we know nothing. Neither Lowndes nor Carew Hazlitt mentions all the early editions, while the particulars that help in collation are all withheld. The British Museum Catalogue notes that distinctions in the same edition are traceable, but does not say what they are. A service of no common order would be rendered by the man who would carefully collate the various editions, making note of the differences.

BLACK-LETTER CHAUCERS.

TO possess an early edition of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, is as legitimate a longing on the part of the bibliophile as to possess a folio Shakespeare. For every pound, meanwhile, that has to be paid for a Chaucer, ten times the amount is demanded for a Shakespeare. Yet the Chaucers are in fact much the rarer works. To find an edition earlier than 1598 or 1602 which is perfect is excessively difficult. It may give some idea of the obstacles in the way of the collector if I mention my own case. I have before me now two copies of the 1542 Chaucer, whereof one is perfect; and four of the 1561, whereof one is perfect, and a second wanting only a leaf. The title-pages of the two editions of 1561 and the prefatory matter are different; and one edition has woodcuts, while the other has not. So puzzled have been previous possessors that one of the 1561 editions is lettered outside "1542," and one of the 1542 editions "1560" (*sic*). The Museum Catalogue, meanwhile, supplies conjectural dates. The "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica," invaluable for some purposes, does not help us. It has but few editions, and the collation it gives is painfully inadequate. At the present moment nothing is practically known. One result of a bibliography such as I seek would be to raise very greatly the price of early Chaucers, which, perfect and in good condition, are unmistakable rarities.

its possessions, and notably of the rector's study, whose great blazing fire, book-lined walls, portfolios and curios were, for the nonce, at his disposal solely.

It may be noticed that the curate's visit had evidently been carefully timed so as to secure an undisturbed enjoyment of his present surroundings. Not long before, when lounging through the main street of the little country-town, Mr. Burroughs had met the rector mounted on his blue roan "Daisy," the horse's head turned towards a distant and poor hamlet where illness now prevailed, and to whose need Mr. Hopperton was only too ready to minister. It was then that the curate, who had previously been endeavouring to make up his mind to a "good afternoon's visiting," had turned his steps, undeniably quickened, in the direction of the Rectory. For two hours, at the lowest computation, he could promise himself to be the undisturbed monarch of all he surveyed.

Yes; this was preferable to going in and out of hot, comfortless, ugly little houses; with complaining mothers to make you feel you had no right to the coat you wore, or the dinner you had eaten (a remarkably substantial meal in Mr. Burroughs's case); while, without, the sharp December blast welcomed you with a nip and a grip that nose as well as fingers could have dispensed with! To finish up with six-o'clock tea (*high tea*) at Miss Wispin's little villa was the contemplated reward of such unusual activity; and to hear the pious maiden lady's discourse on his sermons always warmed both heart and brain.—But this was better!

And now, luxuriously leaning back in the rector's most comfortable chair, his feet on the mantel, and a large pipe in his mouth, Whymper Burroughs alone—perfectly at his ease, enjoying his own society infinitely more than any other—half closed his languid eyes, twirled the imaginary moustache, and indulged in self-communion. His language was forcible, if not elegant, while every now and then he sighed profoundly: this being the outward manifestation of his keen appreciation of the warmth and beauty of the room—just as the pampered lap-dog sighs simply because he is so happy, snugly curled round in his warm basket by the fire!

"Whymper," he slowly murmured, "she is only thirty-seven. The sole instance of your being out, where a lady's age was concerned. Four years older than myself—and looks ten—anyone would say that!" He rubbed his hands thoughtfully together. "She's not 'a thing of beauty,' and I devoutly hope she won't be 'a joy—for ever!' Hee, hee, ha! Not bad that! Tell her, some day. . . . Well, she's neither fair nor young. . . . but we must learn to sacrifice ourselves

on the altar of duty—set an example in these selfish days. . . . But the plaguey thing is, I've taken such a fancy to Miss Blanche, who's as poor as a rat—or myself. . . . Hard on a man! And I dare say she likes me. Pretty, kittenish little thing! Dear little thing! . . . And Miss Florence Portman, who sent me those lovely slippers (forget-me-nots and roses!) last Christmas, with a card, and her initials. . . . so delicate and retiring! Ah, well,"—he sighed, and smiled sadly. "It's got its drawbacks, being a ladies' man," he breathed softly.

Lifting the ponderous volume which lay on the ground near his chair, Mr. Burroughs found a page, and sought an entry. The entry, which was in the palest ink, and penned in precise, old-fashioned handwriting, certified that *Clementina Wispin, daughter of Charles Frederick, and Isabella his wife*, had been duly baptized on the tenth day of March, in the year 18—, at the parish church of Ladyhampton, in the county of Kent, by Joseph Walton, rector of the parish.

"She is thirty-seven," the curate dreamily repeated; "and, according to the will of Mr. William Wispin, which I saw with my own eyes at Doctors' Commons, she was to inherit at his death a fortune of five hundred pounds a year, to be invested in Government securities. Now, Mr. William Wispin is her uncle, I know, and he makes her a tidy allowance during his lifetime, I've heard. She's often shown me his picture. (Deuced ugly old beggar, too.) But for all that, dear me, he must have made a good thing of it out in New Zealand, from what she has told me. Well, I wish he were in heaven now, the dear old man!"

Mr. Burroughs again enjoyed to the full his own wit. Profane as he was vulgar, such jokes and allusions were his stolen delights. The row of grave Church dignitaries in robes of office, whose portraits adorned Mr. Hopperton's walls, seemed to glare with silent and holy horror in protest against this godless representative of their faiths and their tradition. Why was he there to molest the pious stillness of the good rector's *sanctum*? their mute appeal demanded. Away with the fellow!—and the crosiers and college caps they held in their hands seemed to wave threateningly above his head. But Mr. Burroughs's imagination did not take them into consideration; "a parcel of old noodles," as he would undoubtedly have designated them. Rising, he replaced the register in the great iron safe from which he had taken it, and the heavy lid fell forward with a loud bang. Mr. Burroughs had taken its key from a cupboard in the recess above, where he had often seen the rector place it.

He stood for a moment musing, the while an expression of the

most perfect self-satisfaction stole over his features. And thus he communed with himself: "Well done, good and faithful Uncle Wispin! You are ugly, but you are blessed—twice blessed;—blessing her who will give—to me—and me who shall take—from thee! But this means farewell—a long farewell—to Blanche the fair. I fear me much it does. I leave her to poverty and to neglect, unless some knight arises to woo and win her! What knight? Master Carey? Nay, nay; the old cock will see to that. And, indeed, I had rather see her in her grave, the lily-white lass, than married to that ——" Mr. Burroughs paused for an appropriate epithet of disgust, but, finding none, sighed profoundly. Deep down in his heart was a rooted hatred and jealousy of young Maybanke, whose very existence, as brave, good-looking, and a beloved only son, was a cause of dislike to the curate. Mr. Burroughs, forgetting that he himself enjoyed far more than he deserved, was for ever grudging to other people their good things; and Carey's indifferent politeness served only to aggravate his unreasoning sense of injury.

The meditation, but for this one pause, went on uninterruptedly: "Five hundred pounds a year is one of those modest, but sufficing incomes which have always taken my fancy. You may drink beer, gin, or whisky, and smoke *cigars* (no more vulgar pipes) on five hundred pounds a year. And, occasionally, leaving your blushing bride to sport the willow, you may seek variety and pleasure on the *continong*. None of my old haunts, however; no Elberfeld or Hamburg for me! . . . Then I shall buy a town chapel, and come out as a great extempore preacher. I am buried here. No promotion in the country. Good-bye, Hopperton, *good-bye*! Hop, hop, hop, ride and never stop! I'm sure I wish he may for ever! Hee, hee! I really am *too* absurd."

Completely overcome with merriment, Mr. Whymper sank into a chair, and blew his nose violently. Presently he began again: "I, Whymper Patrick, take thee, Clementina. Hee, hee; so I will; and the sooner the better. . . . Yes, Clem, my dear, I thought that neat parlour of yours meant expectations—something neat in the 'Three per Cents. (two and three-quarters now, worse luck; but we'll soon re-invest it); and I was right. I shall go to tea with her. . . . No! better finish my letter, and send that first. '*Awaiting my fate at your fair hands,*' &c. &c."

He moved towards the large bow-window as he spoke, in front of which, facing the best view of the old parish church, stood Mr. Hopperton's writing-table. Here several letters lay, stamped and ready, in case the rector should not return before post-time. One of

Mr. Burroughs's characteristics was, that he could not resist examining any written matter whatsoever which came within reach of his eye or his hand. And he was, moreover, quite prepared to justify himself for so doing. If letters were left about, they were meant to be read, quoth he.

He glanced now at the three or four envelopes, and turned them slowly over. What a misfortune that they were not only closed, but sealed!—Mr. Hopperton being of old-fashioned habits. "And this one," mused Burroughs, regretfully fingering a long and bulky mis-sive, upon which the other letters had been piled; "this one," he repeated, scrutinising it with cautious care. "By Jingo!" he burst out suddenly, "I shouldn't wonder if it's his will! It's addressed to *Parley Brothers*, the great Lampton firm; and they're his solicitors, I know for a fact. He's worth . . . what I shall never be! That's certain. Mean old thing—only allows me one hundred and fifty."

His eye roved over the table, and mechanically he lifted the corner of a large sheet of blotting-paper, which had evidently been recently thrown in haste over a pile of manuscript, only partially covering it. "What has the old fellow been about, I wonder?" queried the curate with rising curiosity. "Too long for sermons; besides, *we* know he's got a stock will take him over the millennium! I do believe he's writing a book. . . . Covering a dozen sheets and more with writing. Why, here's manuscript enough to stock . . . hem . . . hem . . ."

Mr. Whymper Burroughs's face as he bent over the pile became suddenly very eager, and then very grave. He drew out the rector's writing-chair, sat down at the table, and his fingers, trembling with suppressed excitement, could scarcely hold the loose manuscript sheets. His eyes, sparkling with some indescribable emotion, began to devour the first page; but he proceeded no further.

The sheet he held was inscribed with Mr. Hopperton's most careful handwriting; it was a model of neatness, clear and even as print, and without blot or erasure. The heading, underlined with red ink, ran thus: "*A Short Outline of my Life, with some Explanations.*"

The curate read on and on, and as he read the hue of his cheek changed rapidly.

"*The will of a dead man will generally be found to mar or to make his reputation in the minds of those whom he leaves behind. And who can say that the voices of these his earthly judges after death may not have power to make themselves felt even in the unknown beyond?*"

May mine be to listen to no worldly regrets or vain complaining from these I love so truly, when the gates of Paradise shall have closed upon me, and the education and soul-training of earth are being continued with the departed in that home beyond the grave.

In bequeathing £50,000, the whole of my personal property, to ——”

The Rev. Whymper Burroughs sprang to his feet with an exclamation that was almost a yell! Some extraordinary emotion—whether of astonishment, of rage, or delight—had flooded his sallow complexion with a tide of crimson; while it may truly be added that his somewhat lank hair literally stood on end. His congregation would not have known their beloved curate. His eyes, starting eagerly from his head, still glared at the manuscript which shook and rattled in his clutch. What could there be of such engrossing importance in that record of the good clergyman's uneventful life? And why was it that the curate had found it in the very first page? For, beyond a cursory glance over the closely written sheets when he had lifted the pile from its hiding-place, Mr. Burroughs had not turned another leaf.

Could it be true? he was asking himself over and over again. And could it be true that he had discovered it? Was it a vision of his own imagining? Could he, in truth, have ever imagined anything half so unexpected? Was this Mr. Hopperton's handwriting, his own work? Hastily he compared the manuscript with the letters lying on the table; hastily he drew from his pocket a note which he had received only that morning from the rector. The inscriptions were identical; there remained no doubt whatever upon the matter. It required no expert to prove Mr. Hopperton's unvarying characters.

Well, the rector was mad, of course; but he, Whymper, would now be the very last to breathe such a suggestion. His thoughts were his own, it is true; but to the outward world he would set up his rector beside the wisest in the kingdom! A burst of fresh loyalty and devotion to the good old man seemed to warm his heart. How he would praise him all round Lampton, to be sure! Never a word more would he breathe on such delicate subjects as “a screw loose somewhere;” “not what he used to be;” “breaking up fast;” from which criticisms, at Mr. Hopperton's expense, the curate had not, perhaps, in the past, altogether refrained when some idea of a party in the parish (attached to himself), a petition to the Bishop, and visions of a “district church” had gathered in his active brain. But from henceforth—nothing but loyalty and devotion to the best, the *wisest* of men.

It was at this supreme moment that a distant crunching on the gravel drive outside fairly started the curate from his dream.

Quickly throwing the blotting-paper over the manuscript, he crept to a door which opened straight from the study into the garden at the back of the house, and was soon in a lane leading to one of the side-streets of the town.

Five minutes later the rector entered the room by the other door.

CHAPTER X.

The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him : nay, perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man.

CARLYLE : *Sartor Resartus*.

MR. BURROUGHS walked rapidly to his lodgings. His face wore a serious expression, although he did not feel gloomy. There was resolution in his step, and while outwardly preserving a more than professional gravity, his heart within him leaped and danced. Was he not the pet of fortune ; and, in spite of a few trifling misdemeanours, had he not invariably, in life's tumbles, fallen upon his feet ? He had the firmest faith in his own luck ; everything had worked, and would work, together for his good. There was nothing phenomenal in the case, he argued ; it was just that the fates meant kindly by him, as they often did by many another less worthy than he. He was going to succeed without any exertion on his part—at least, any exertion beyond his normal powers ; and simply because—thanks to some inherent virtue, some charm at birth, mayhap—he was a “lucky fellow.” Arguing from an experience founded upon his career hitherto, Mr. Burroughs drew conclusions indisputably in favour of his own success. A little cleverness, of course, was always requisite in arranging such affairs as that which he now contemplated undertaking. But this measure of cleverness he had ; and, in addition, experience, which proverbially does wonders for all.

Arrived at his humble abode, the curate flew upstairs to his rooms. They were small, stuffy, dingy ; unworthy their tenant, he had always felt. But never had he realised their ugliness, their dinginess, as he did to-day. Standing with his hands in his pockets, he looked scornfully around ; and impulsively he longed to throw boots, books, anything, at its contents—at the cheap oleographs, the glass ornaments, the hideously hard horse-hair sofa, the gilded mirror, which distorted so cruelly his manly form and features. Yes ; he owed every

object in the room some grudge or other ! And in that moment of unreasoning rage, when the sense of his wrongs, and the vision of what might some day be in place of all these surroundings, had well-nigh turned the curate's brain, he could have been guilty of a wholesale destruction of the furniture of that room ! He would even have gloried in covering with ink-blots the very tablecloth which his landlady had lately added, as the choicest of its possessions—a gaudy cloth of æsthetic green, fringed with primrose-yellow.

But other thoughts mercifully intervened. There was something of his own to be destroyed first.

Approaching the gaudy cloth which covered a small table, on which lay his desk, Mr. Burroughs sat down at it, and was soon lost in thought. Beside him a torn novel, a half-smoked clay, and a pile of manuscript paper lying in the volume of sermons out of which he had been copying his next Sunday discourses, revealed his daily habits. The curate unlocked the desk and took out a partially written letter. The note-paper was tinted with salmon-pink, and Mr. Burroughs had been somewhat fastidious in its choice.

He leaned on the table, and read a word or two. He began to smile. The smile broadened and broadened into a grin. He burst suddenly into loud laughter.

The letter began : “ *Best-beloved Miss Wispin.*”

It ended—in the fire.

Mr. Burroughs devoted the rest of the evening to a revision of his property ; and before he retired for the night he had packed a small valise with his dress clothes, and a new hat, purchased for the late summer garden-parties. Summoning his landlady, he ordered breakfast at an unusually early hour (Burroughs loved his bed, and was a very late riser), and informed her that it was possible he might not return home for a day or two. The appearance of the room, indeed, bore witness to the fact that important business was on hand. The waste-paper basket was stuffed with torn letters, the grate being also piled with their blackened remnants ; a bundle of old clothes, put aside on a chair, spoke of future generosity to the needy ; while, at an hour when all within the house were slumbering, the curate abandoned the work of destruction, and, attiring himself in what his landlady termed his “ full *canonials*,” he strutted up and down the room, Prayer-book in hand, biretta on head. It was in this garb that Mr. Burroughs, perhaps with justice, most “ fancied ” himself. And there was no doubt that it was becoming. The ample folds of cassock and surplice, stole and hood (alas, that its colour was not the

conventional crimson or white !), gave height and dignity to a figure that was not without a certain grace of carriage. Why was it, he asked himself, that to the clergy was denied the right of appearing at all times in the uniform of their profession? Why was it to be kept for the precincts of the sacred edifice alone? Why might soldier and sailor impress the passing throng with the glories of their services, as they went by in glittering array?—while the hard-worked parson, in suit of funereal black, and trying hat, illustrated uninteresting respectability, and was ignored in consequence! And yet, was not the parson always “on duty” too?

If only the Reverend Whymper Burroughs, in those becoming garments, could have been permitted by custom to scale the ramparts and attack the fortress to which he was about to lay siege! In that case, how easy the victory would have appeared to him! how complete the success! Who, indeed, could have resisted him? Not the weak feminine heart, always so susceptible to the charms of the sacred office, so dazzled by its array. But there was no use wasting time in vain regrets. He must trust to his own unadorned attractions to carry the day. And with a sigh he removed the clerical garments, and folding them placed them carefully in their drawer.

Then, mixing for himself a glass both hot and strong, he wrapped his dressing-gown around him, refilled the clay, and with his slippared feet upon the mantel, prepared for half an hour’s idle meditation ere he sought his couch.

“Go in and win!” said the voices that whispered Hope; “you have a clear field before you. Lose no time, and you are sure of your prize.”

These voices were reassuring; but there were others. “What if you are not first?” whispered black Doubt. The candles burnt low, and still the curate sat and thought, and still those voices whispered contradictory evidence in his ears. At last he rose, pronouncing judgment between them as he went. “If I have no rival I am safe,” he muttered between his teeth; “*if I have no rival.*”

That, indeed, was the question which he knew would be answered on the morrow: Had he a rival?

CHAPTER XI.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable.

ADDISON: *Spectator*.

WHEN a gentleman, conscious of matrimonial intentions, finds himself alone in the cold, unused parlour of a young-ladies' school, to which he has just been admitted by a smirking maid-servant, what is his first act? He is naturally anxious to be at his best; and he knows the value of first impressions. A doubt assails him as to the expression of his countenance. He is nervous about the fold of his necktie. And, taking advantage of the solitude, he approaches the mantel mirror.

It was through this artistically draped but somewhat disfiguring medium that their eyes met: Blanche in her schoolroom frock of plain dark-blue flannel, softly closing the door opposite, and the Reverend Whympur Burroughs arranging his first smile of welcome.

He felt that it was an unlucky beginning; and he could not but notice a twinkle in the grey eyes now raised to his face. "A black got in my eye," he murmured with great presence of mind, as he took her hand; "always sit face to the engine for fear of headache. And how do you do, this cold day, Miss Blanche?" When Mr. Burroughs desired to be particularly fascinating to young, unmarried girls, he had an ingenious method of introducing the Christian name of the lady to whom he spoke—a habit which Blanche had always resented.

"I am very well, Mr. Burroughs," she said demurely. "I hope that you bring me good news of all at Ladywood, and Lampton too?"

"All is well," the curate absently replied. His thoughts, indeed, were fully occupied with Blanche herself. How pretty she was! prettier than he had ever before found her; what wonderfully fine, fair hair she had! what large, expressive eyes! what a winsome figure! The ardent curate allowed himself to take rather a bold survey of his little companion, from the crown of her bright curls to the little buckled shoe that showed under her short skirt. She

was pleasing in the extreme to him. Ah, what a lucky fellow he was !

But to Blanche, although she looked so calm and emotionless, his scrutiny was anything but pleasing. Why had Mr. Burroughs come to Brighton at all? Why did he look her up and down, and answer her question so absently? Was he the messenger of bad news? Was Mr. Hopperton, her kind friend, really well? Had anything happened to the squire—or to Carey? This was, however, the last day before the Christmas vacation, so she comforted herself that, whatever had happened, she would be with them again at the Priory on the morrow. She had, indeed, been summoned from her packing to see Mr. Burroughs, who, the confiding schoolmistress firmly believed, had come to visit her on a matter of the “utmost importance.” And so it was—to Mr. Burroughs.

Blanche had not yet attempted to sit down, which was not friendly, the curate thought. He wished to be *very* friendly; to drop into an amiable conversation, after the manner of old days. But, somehow, this was difficult; and Blanche’s inquiring gaze, still fastened on his face, was, to say the least, embarrassing.

“Let’s sit down, Miss Blanche,” he began, encouraging himself by adopting rather a loud tone.

She sat down, and he drew another chair close to her. He was opposite to the mirror, and, stealing a glance thither, he noted that he was certainly looking well; indeed, he flattered himself that at all times he was not unpleasing even to the critical eye of early girlhood. (“When they get older they’re not so particular,” was a maxim of his.) He remembered, too, that when he was “in business” his fine manners had been deemed of some value by his employers. Was he now to be alarmed at the sight of a plainly-dressed little schoolgirl like Blanche? Apparently he was; for, whatever the reason, he could not utter a word. He felt a lump in his throat: he feared that he was blushing; then, that he should choke! His hands grew moist: his knees knocked together.

He had begun to say something—he was not clear what; for the calm, unembarrassed, and perfectly natural air with which Blanche looked him straight in the eyes, had the effect of completely scattering all his thoughts, all his carefully prepared speeches. He felt that he was making a fool of himself; and, with a violent effort, he pulled himself together.

“Miss Blanche,” he began, drawing a little nearer to her, and clearing his throat loudly and painfully, “you are no doubt aware how very bright are my prospects . . . ahem . . . my prospects in the

Church, of which I am an honoured—I mean, that is, a proud member! My sermons, I may say—I do not wish, of course, to throw the slightest aspersion on the powers of my excellent and revered rector—but really, as a matter of history . . . hee, hee . . . when he's away, and I am in sole charge, the wonderfully large increase in the congregations, at *all* the services, is quite remarkable—astonishing, in fact. Don't think me puffed up! I say it with all humility . . . Then, you know, the Bishop: I've heard he's been quite the reverse to others! But to *me*, what cordiality, what fatherly kindness! He was pleased specially to notice my ordination papers; indeed, I was the mark of his peculiar favour. I was *Gospel Deacon*, Miss Blanche, out of fifty-six candidates!”

Banny's large eyes opened widely: she had never heard of the office before.

“Yes, *Gospel Deacon*,” reiterated Whympur Burroughs, “out of fifty-six candidates.” He felt himself, so to speak, more at home in the saddle while he was on the well-trodden track of autobiography. But would the plunge into the unexplored country beyond it unseat him?

“And we stayed at the Castle,” he went on, after a moment's pause. “And the young ladies—the Bishop's daughters—there were nine of them—three of them uncommonly handsome, I can assure you—they were—well, I must say”—here Mr. Burroughs blushed, hesitated, and looked down bashfully—“well, I must say, they made themselves particularly pleasant to me! Quite waited upon me. Yes, indeed!”

Blanche with difficulty restrained herself from giggling. It was a habit which she had unfortunately acquired at Miss Slater's, whose young ladies, although enjoying every educational and moral advantage at her establishment, were wont in the seclusion of their bedrooms to indulge in fits of prolonged and unseasonable laughter. It is to be regretted that Blanche was generally the ringleader at such times; and, being an inimitable mimic, she was, so to speak, voted to the chair, with acclamations of delight, on every festive occasion. But it would never do to have a “giggling fit” now; so, composing her features, she gravely bent forward to listen.

Mr. Burroughs, who was far too deeply absorbed in the difficulties of his own case to have eyes for any other's, continued his personal narration. “So much for the Castle, Miss Blanche; and now for the country . . . ahem . . . I came to Lampton—a poor county parish, you know, although calling itself a county-town. A miserable country place; no society to speak of—very few companions

with whom one could be intimate. But Mr. Hopperton (our good friend) was so very pressing, so very anxious to secure me! He would take no denial; and I had not the heart to refuse so kind, so Christian a man anything! Thus I came. And soon after I came I found that there was something quite near which sent all my scruples, all my regrets, to the winds of heaven! I found, in short, my fate! And then, I can assure you, I became deeply attached to Lampton—and its surroundings. Can you guess *who* that fate was? Can you, Miss Blanche? Miss *Banny*, I may say!”

“No! you may not say ‘Miss Banny,’” cried Blanche, scarlet with indignation; “I won’t stand it! Do you hear? I don’t like it!” She had not liked his tone either; although she was far from guessing the truth.

But Mr. Burroughs was not to be rebuffed. “Well, ‘Blanche’ is prettier, I’ll allow,” he said graciously, “and suits you better. ‘Banny’ ’s rather like ‘Fanny.’ I hate the name of *Fanny*. Would you like to know why, Miss Blanche?”

Not waiting for her reply, he continued: “Because there was a girl of that name who wanted to marry me—years ago, you know; years ago! before you were born, I should think! hee, hee! . . . But I couldn’t do it; really, I couldn’t. I shall tell you all my little *piccadillies* some day, Miss Blanche!” he added with an air of generosity, and a comprehensive wave of the hand.

What could he mean? And when was this drivelling to be over? Blanche began to long, as she had never longed before, for the sound of Miss Slater’s warning cough outside the door. She looked at the clock; but, like the generality of parlour clocks, it was purely ornamental. When was this interview, which, the visitor being a clergyman, Miss Slater had rashly believed to be of vital importance, to have an end?

“But perhaps I ought to say . . . to explain. . . . In short, you’ll want to know why I’ve come!” Mr. Burroughs spoke in a low, gasping tone. There had been a short pause; and the unmistakable signs of impatience on the little face opposite him warned him that he had better have the matter out, and be done with it. “I’ll tell you,” he added softly.

“Yes; if you don’t mind,” said Blanche.

To her surprise, not to say horror, the curate’s face turned suddenly a vivid red; he drew out a handkerchief and applied it to his brow; then he sighed very loudly and profoundly; and finally his hand was stretched out as though to seize hers. “Miss Blanche!” he exclaimed, his voice quivering with emotion, his face drawn down

with its most solemn expression : " I may be a bishop some day ; will you be my bride ? "

When the meaning of this extraordinary proposal became all at once clear to her, Blanche suddenly lost self-command.

Throwing back her head, she burst into peal after peal of laughter ; she laughed till she ached, till the tears rolled down her cheeks ; she laughed till the room rang, and the glass drops on Miss Slater's favourite chandelier jingled in sympathy. She had never laughed so much in her life. If only Carey could have seen the curate's face and hers, how he would have laughed also !

She could not stop : it was so very, very comic ! And the curate, who certainly did not share her view of the proceeding, looked on with lowering brows, his rage but imperfectly suppressed, trying in vain to maintain his composure and his dignity. It was evident that he was quite unprepared for such a reception of his suit as this. His vanity had been deeply wounded, and he became livid with rage and mortification.

At last, and merely because physically she was worn out Blanche's merriment died away in gradually shortening gasps. Heaving a deep sigh of exhaustion, she wiped her streaming eyes and said, still rather unsteadily :

" Pray forgive me. You took me so completely by surprise. I am really sorry that I laughed, but I—I could not help it. The *idea* was so funny. Now, tell me, did you really think I could marry you ? "

The question, so naïvely put, only served to add fresh fuel to the already blazing fire of Mr. Burroughs's wrath. " Yes, indeed, I did, and do," he said haughtily ; " you'll never get a better chance. I offer you my hand, my heart, my prospects——" He made a violent effort to control himself. It was to be a desperate game then, he told himself. But he meant to win : he must win. " I offer you all," he repeated tragically ; " surely you cannot be so cruel as to spurn me. I am not offended," he said, trying to control his expression, which, to tell the truth, was anything but amiable at that moment ; " I am not offended ; believe me, I'm not. I took you by surprise, as you say," he added, with a forgiving smile.

" Well, I can't do it," said Banny, with the utmost coolness. She did not even pretend to look sorry. Perhaps the sincerity of his affection seemed doubtful to her ; perhaps the recollection of her recent mirth made the usual becoming expressions of grief and regret impossible to her then.

" You reject me without deigning to offer a reason for such un-

paralleled conduct?" Whympers Burroughs cried, springing to his feet. "I demand a reason; I will have a reason!" he persisted, standing over her, grim, resolute, and furious. He had heard much of the power of overmastering man to coerce obedient and easily terrified woman to do his bidding. Blanche might have to be frightened into accepting him; but accept him she should. Unless—— But here he was arrested by a look on the sweet face, at which he was glaring in his ungovernable fury—a look that made his soul sink, a look that gave voice again to those old, forgotten fears.

Had he a rival, then? Had he a rival? Was he not first in the field? Despair now whispered once more. But Blanche still sat with that far-away look in her grey eyes, apparently unconscious of his presence, buried in thoughts and memories too sweet for words. The curate bent down and relentlessly searched her face. Blanche began to feel nervous, and involuntarily put out her hand as though to ward off the approach of some evil thing.

"I *will* know why you reject me," hissed Burroughs in her ear. "I demand why!" he thundered, quick to perceive that a change had come over her, and that he was gaining an advantage. "Do you love someone else?" He bent over her to whisper, and his hand grasped her shoulder.

A crimson blush dyed all the fair whiteness of the little face beneath him, a blush which spread over brow and neck; while a sparkle half of delight, half of terror, danced in the clear grey eyes. All unthinking, unheeding—the whole scene seemed so unreal to her—never fearing what might follow the confession, she gently answered, "Yes."

It was enough for Burroughs. Stung to madness by the sense that all was probably lost, he burst into a loud torrent of abuse, to which Blanche listened, at first with dismay, but speedily with rising anger. "Ah, I see how it is," cried the curate, striding to and fro before her chair; "you think you'll do better, do you? You've been setting your cap at young Maybanke, have you? Ah, I have you there, have I? Thought as much! Ah, I dare say you would like to be the mistress of the Priory, and lord it over us all. I've no doubt you would. So you love someone else, do you? Mr. Carey, handsome jackass Carey. Ha, ha! Why, you're actually blushing! positively blushing! In love with Master Carey! Ha, ha, ha!"

This was his moment of triumph, and Mr. Burroughs gave the reins to his malice and his insolence; wounded vanity, wounded self-esteem, and the despair of failure uniting to goad him on. That his

rival should be Carey!—that was the bitterest part of all this bitter affair; Carey, whom he had always hated; Carey, who had never taken the trouble to hate him in return.

“I dare say you mean to marry him,” continued Burroughs in a bantering tone. “Do you? Well, just you listen to me. A word in season will do you good. You sorely need it, my dear. Mr. Carey’s a flirt, an arrant coxcomb; and always will be. I know all about him; and much more than a little thing like you ever will know. You mark my words. I dare say, now, he’ll amuse himself with you, when no one else is by, just to keep his hand in, as the saying is. But once you’re out of the way . . . My word! ha, ha, ha! You should see him. Never saw a fellow enjoy himself more! I saw him only yesterday in Lampton, flirting away—no, talking; talking *very confidentially* with——”

“It’s a lie!” shrieked Banny, beside herself; and, springing to her feet, she confronted the startled Burroughs with gleaming eyes. “It’s a real, downright story! How dare you say so of my—my own darling Carey! Carey talk with other people, and *confidentially*, too—you vulgar, horrid man! My Carey . . . I don’t believe it; I won’t believe it. Leave the room, will you! Leave me at once. I won’t listen to a word more.”

“‘*My Carey*,’ is it?” repeated Mr. Burroughs mockingly, as he edged a little nearer to the door. “Those are queer terms for a young lady to be on with a young man, I must say. But I dare say ‘*My Carey*’ likes it; doesn’t he? ’Pon my word, I think some people would open their eyes if they could hear you.” Something in her suddenly startled face inspired him to add: “But perhaps you fancy yourself engaged to be married to him, do you? What fun! Ha, ha, ha! Do you think he’ll ever marry you? Ha, ha, ha! What a capital joke! Dear, confiding little puss!”

She was driven beyond all endurance, all thought, all caution by the bitterness of the sneer.

“Yes; marry me!” cried Banny, with eyes that flashed triumph. “Why, we—are—married. . . .”

. . . The words were spoken, never to be recalled. Oh, wisdom of the long dead Caliph: “The spoken word comes not back” any more than “the sped arrow, or the lost opportunity”!

What had she done? Blanche’s heart stood still. The room went round: she sank upon a chair, trembling in every limb. She felt as though she had parted with Carey, with love, and with hope for evermore. To have betrayed their secret, the mother’s secret too, to this fellow, in a moment of mad anger, to justify herself, to

maintain her poor little pride and dignity ! Oh, the bitterness, the cruelty of the thought !

There was a prolonged silence.

Then Blanche got up hurriedly. She held out her hands imploringly to Whymper Burroughs. "You won't repeat a word of this!" she besought him. "You won't tell! You would not be so cruel! I had no right to tell you. You will respect my confidence, will you not, and not betray it? I entreat you, I beg of you . . . It would kill his father. Oh, what have I done! what have I done!"

Her words had roused the curate from his reverie : a reverie in which the strangest facts and fancies jostled each other. He had just made an extraordinary discovery, thanks to his native cleverness ; and it only remained for him, wounded, but still carrying his colours, to retire gracefully from the field. He could not call himself victorious, it was true ; but who could say that the fight had not cost the enemy as dear ? He was still somewhat stunned by his defeat ; somewhat overwhelmed by the news that had followed it. For both these things he had, indeed, been utterly unprepared. He was trying to piece memories and observations together : to recall past scenes at the Priory, in which he had noticed something suspicious in the conduct of these two culprits. But his weary brain could make nothing of the whole affair, and he could recollect nothing which could have thrown the smallest light on the matter. It was a fact still enveloped in mystery to him : a fact which even now, with Blanche's words still ringing in his ears, he found almost incomprehensible. How was it that Blanche was there, at school, if she was really Carey's wife ? How was it that no one seemed to be aware of the fact ? It was certainly most extraordinary. But something might be made of it ; something should be. All was lost for him, unless—— Mr. Burroughs's eyes glistened. He must away at once. All was lost, but revenge remained ; and Carey should suffer for that merriment of his lady-love at Whymper's expense ! He remembered now, as though by a lightning flash, certain looks on Carey's face at different times, when anything concerning Blanche had been in question. Indeed, now he came to think of it, he had himself suffered on her account, for Carey had snubbed him once or twice rather severely, when, in the seclusion of the smoking-room, the curate had been bold enough to bring into discussion their "dear young friend, Miss Blanche." It was his turn now. Let Carey see to it.

Roused from these sweet and consoling thoughts by Blanche's

trembling tones, the curate turned at the door and looked at her. It was a look never to be forgotten—hard, malicious, triumphant, purposeful.

Long after he had left her she was haunted by the memory of it. It was his only answer to her desperate appeal, and it said, "You gave no mercy: expect none."

To-morrow afternoon she would be with them at the Priory again, but the thought brought only terror now. Meanwhile, in the intervening hours, what might not have taken place!

Sitting on her trunks, packed only that morning with such anticipations of joy, poor little Banny put her hot face in her two trembling hands, and cried bitterly.

(To be conclude.d.)

*THE "CHARACTERS" OF
LA BRUYÈRE.*

FEW of the great writers who honoured the reign of Louis XIV., and have added glory to the literature of their country, have, we think, been less studied in England than La Bruyère. Judging from the number of editions printed, he is as widely read in France as most of his contemporaries; but he is not much known on our side of the Channel. His name has not become familiar with us, and allusions to anything that he has written are rare. One reason why his "Characters"—the book by which he is almost altogether known—is so little read in England is that he wrote in a manner that has never been popular with us. He was a moralist who spoke in aphorisms; and he drew sententiously-worded pictures of people and manners, alluding to men and women under feigned names, so that it is difficult for us now to guess to whom the personage was meant to apply. We shall have another word to say presently about these pseudonyms and their partial explanation. But La Bruyère was not merely a moralist; perhaps he was something better. He was a chronicler of his times, who passed in review men and women of the world, nobles, courtiers, financiers, the clergy, men of letters, princes and statesmen—saying of each what he thought of them, what manner of men they were, and what was the tenor of their lives. If we could read La Bruyère's "Characters" with the assistance of contemporary social history we should learn more from him than if we regard him as a writer of aphorisms. He tells us how people in certain conditions of life thought and acted, how they felt and what they did; and no historian in these days who professes to show the life and movement of the French people could avoid reference to his pages. In the short space at our disposition it will hardly be possible for us to offer much detailed explanation about individuals; but as our author is considered by French *littérateurs* to be a classic—that is, a writer of the first-class—it may be worth while to recall his name for a moment, and to learn something about him and about his book.

Jean de la Bruyère was born in Paris, of respectable bourgeois parents, in the year 1645; he was called to the Bar when he was twenty years old, but he disliked the occupation, and is said to have had no practice. In 1673 he was made Treasurer-General of France in the district of Caen—a sinecure office, which did not even require his presence in Normandy, but which gave him a salary; on Bossuet's recommendation he was appointed professor to the Duc de Bourbon (the great Condé's grandson) in 1684, and two years later he was made a gentleman of his chamber; he published his "Caractères" in 1688; was elected a member of the French Academy in 1693; and died at Versailles in 1696.

Such are the principal incidents in La Bruyère's life, and of these not much more than the outlines are really known.¹ He was not a man of action, but seems to have spent most of his time communing with himself, his chief struggle being to give the best expression to his thoughts. In his second chapter, after saying how hard it is for one without office or place to remain at home and spend his time profitably, he adds: "The idleness of a wise man should be called by a better name; thinking, talking, reading, and being quiet should be accounted to him as work." The world will very readily account to a man as work hours that he has spent in quiet meditation, if by the result of his thought he shall have taught them anything, or have added to their happiness.

The most important event in our author's life was his being engaged by Condé, on Bossuet's recommendation, as tutor to his grandson, the young Duc de Bourbon. The boy did not like his work, and gave no signs of a bright intelligence. But there were other lessons besides those from books that were important. Lessons in good conduct were as much needed as written exercises and verbal repetitions. La Bruyère had a difficult part to play, as the boy was surrounded by Jesuits, who wished to claim him as their own. For three generations they had educated the eldest son of the House of Condé, and they were jealous of any diminution of their authority. The young duke was married when he was only sixteen, and the tutor was asked to admit the duchess, who was not yet twelve, to the lessons which he gave to her husband. He showed considerable tact in his relations with his colleagues; and, unlike them, he never volunteered an opinion as to the progress of his pupils until he was asked for it. As this appointment was the most important step in

¹ The best edition of La Bruyère is that by M. G. Servois, published in the Collection des Grands Écrivains de la France. We wish to express our acknowledgments for the use we have made of that work.

his life, and may have afforded him the means of writing a large portion of his book, we shall say a few words as to his probable position in the royal household. At the same time it is right to observe that this portion of his life, taken alone, would give a very imperfect clue to his character.

As guardian to the heir of the House of Condé, La Bruyère's presence was often necessary at Chantilly or at Versailles when he would have wished to be absent. No part of his life ran upon the same lines as did those of the grands seigneurs, though, doubtless, they saw him and he saw them; and because he was a dependent, in a situation receiving a yearly wage, they treated him with disdain and contempt. We think we should be right in saying that it did not distress him that he was ignored at Court, for by birth he was a bourgeois, and had no right to complain that he was not admitted into terms of friendship with the great, but that he was annoyed by the overbearing manners of his master's companions. Unless he had been exempt from human passions, he must now and then have said to himself as a placeman or a financier passed him, "There goes a rogue"; and they in turn did not like to see among them one who was not corrupt. His honesty offended them, and was disagreeable to them. Fortunately for him his pride was greater than theirs, and it was planted more deeply in his heart. He was not excluded altogether from society, for he had made a few friends, who felt a regard for him, and who respected the uprightness of his character. After he became famous people were glad to make his acquaintance; but this recognition came more from his being chosen a member of the French Academy than from his reputation as a writer. The claims of talent had not then made themselves felt so strongly as to impose notoriety upon an author. An author was one who wrote and asked for payment, and was regarded as a workman. The fact that La Bruyère would take no payment at all for his book may have conciliated some in his favour; but it was his entrance into the French Academy that made him welcome in houses that would otherwise never have been open to the tutor of Condé's grandson. He bore the seal of the French Academy, and the prestige of their stamp gave him a passport among those who were willing to bow before authority, but who would not recognise one sprung from middle life unless he had been ennobled by office, or had become self-important by the accession of wealth. But it is difficult to guess how far he was admitted into the *salons*, and allowed the companionship of gentlemen about the Court. We do not imagine that he was a good talker, or that his manners betrayed the good breeding which

a man of family inherits from his ancestors. His face showed a careworn and haggard look, as though he was not easy in his mind. A contemporary, who was a man of the world, and who after the author's death piqued himself upon being one of his best friends, said of him: "La Bruyère used to think soundly and amusingly, two faculties which are not often found together. . . . He was a good fellow at bottom, but the fear of appearing like a school-master made him ridiculous in the other extreme, so that all the time he was in the house of M. le Duc, where he died, men always laughed at him." In the author's own words there may be seen occasionally a touch of purism—a thing apart from the severity of the moralist—indicating that he was not quite familiar with the social customs of people of higher rank than his own, and that he was not altogether at his ease in writing about them. This feeling of constraint is very slight; and it is remarkable that the bourgeois by birth should have said so much about people in high places, often satirising very strongly, and have shown no vulgarity of mind or littleness of disposition. In this he reminds one of Molière, the son of an upholsterer, who was completely free from vulgarity, and who when he ridiculed lords and ladies did it with so much good humour that he always had the laughter on his side. La Bruyère knew the courtiers individually better than Molière, for he saw them closer and oftener. He was more severe upon them, and said harder things of them; but there can hardly be found in his pages a single sentence showing evidence of envy, of spite, or of revenge. He bids men beware of abusing the Court for evils which do not exist; the worst it will do, he declares, to a man of ability, is to leave him alone. La Bruyère was not of the Court, but he knew by name many who belonged to it. He watched their manners, observed how they spoke, and determined that he should not one day have to say to himself,

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.

La Bruyère took a long time to prepare his "Characters." If we may believe him, he hesitated whether he should make his book public. One of his earliest recorded thoughts is, "There are certain things in which mediocrity is insupportable: Poetry, music, painting, and public speaking." To these, in his own mind, he added moralising. What he meant was, that if a man prepares for the public a piece of work intended to show a refined taste, or an elevated mind, and he fails in establishing its claim, he had better have left it alone. We

say nothing as to the justness of his opinion, but we may remark that the world in our day is less fastidious. He had scholarly habits of mind, and the judgments he has passed upon French authors who lived before him, and upon his contemporaries, show that he was not easily satisfied with literary work. At the same time he recognised the undeniable truth that the pleasure of criticising often destroys the enjoyment of being delighted with things that are really good. He consulted his friends, and one to whom he showed his manuscript said, "This will bring you many readers and many enemies." The first part of the prophecy, at least, was correct. The book was published in March 1688, and was at once bought eagerly. Three editions appeared in the course of that year. The ninth, and last edition during the author's lifetime, was issued in 1696. These were all published in Paris; but there were four other editions—one came out in Brussels and three in Lyons—in all, a total of thirteen in a little more than eight years. For the time the sale was very large. When the volume first appeared there were 418 "characters"; in the ninth edition there were 1,120. Besides additions, the book had been a good deal altered.

If we except the dramatists, who got their payments chiefly from the theatre, it may be said at once that Boileau and La Bruyère were the two most successful men of letters of their day. Boileau was the only author who could have lived upon what he received from the booksellers as the fruits of his labour. He was reprinted very much oftener than any other writer. During his lifetime—1636 to 1711—one hundred and thirty-three editions of his works were published. But there were very few other cases of great popularity, coming from a large and rapid sale. If an author was patted on the back by rich people, he might hope for some temporary good fortune. Without this interest, the profits from the sale of his book would not have kept his body and soul together for a week. Translations from Greek and Latin were usually more welcome to the booksellers than original matter, because they were more likely to sell. The ancient author was known, and his name might command respect; but the modern had to content himself with the praises of his friends, and to think himself honoured if he was permitted to read his verses aloud in Mlle. de Scudéry's drawing-room. It appears singular to us now that neither Boileau nor La Bruyère should have allowed himself to be enriched by his good fortune. Of the latter, perhaps, it may be said that he thought his position as tutor to a royal duke should debar him from asking for a money payment in return for the fruits of his leisure hours. It is related of him that "he used to go nearly

every day and sit down in the shop of a bookseller named Michallet. He looked at the new books, and was fond of playing with a little girl, the bookseller's daughter. One day he pulled a manuscript out of his pocket, and said to Michallet, 'Will you print this? I don't know if it will repay you, but in case of good luck the profit may be given to my little friend as her dowry.'" We are told that the book realised 100,000 francs; but when we recollect that such a sum would be equivalent to £12,000 now, we may safely say that the amount of Mlle. Michallet's dowry has been exaggerated. Such stories are the plums in the great pudding of literary biography. They appeal to the imagination, and are really often less untrue than conclusions drawn from evidence collected with a view to impress upon the mind of the reader the writer's own one-sided ideas. The story also shows that La Bruyère was not hardly pressed for money, and that he was spared the sorrows and gnawing anxieties which have attended the efforts of so many who have endeavoured to gain a living by their pen.

One of the reasons for the great sale of Boileau's works was that his satire was personal. He boasted that he must call men by their names. He would write,

J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon,

and he told all the world what he thought of the verses of Chapelain and of the sermons of Cotin. La Bruyère, too, was personal, but he hid his satire under the veil of allusion. He is not impudent, and does not disgust, because he has not written with vulgarity of intention or with the desire to please vulgar minds. Sometimes he draws an ideal picture, and perhaps his most pleasing passages are when he has allowed his fancy to lead him, but the tendency of his mind was strongly realistic. He loves to imagine a man of a certain type, with determined traits, which he sketches, and amplifies often to redundancy, and often purposely exaggerates to prevent too close a likeness to the original. Very frequently in one portrait, or character, he mentions facts or natural features which apply to different persons. The following little sketch is a good example of his style :

"*Théocrine* knows things that are useless enough; he is always singular in his ideas, is not so deep as he is methodical, he exercises only his memory, is always absent-minded, scornful, and appears to be continually laughing at people who he thinks are not his equal. It happens that I read my book to him. When I have done, he talks to me about his own. 'But of yours?' you ask me. 'I have already told you; he talks to me of his own book.'"

In choosing his pseudonyms La Bruyère borrowed his names from mythology, from history, from comedy, nearly always from a Greek or Roman writer, and he used artifice of various kinds to coin a name that might convey an idea of the character he wished to portray. At the same time, the names chosen do not always show the author's intention. We will mention some where it is most clearly marked. Very nearly all the names beginning with *Théo* are intended to apply to a churchman; *Timon* is a misanthrope; *Cræsus* is a very rich man; *Pamphile*, he who is full of himself and finds everything to his own satisfaction; *Champagne*, one who has dined well; *Gnathon*, a glutton; *Narcisse*, a fop; *Cydias*, a wit; *Sosie*, one originally a lacquey, but who has risen to high place (instances of this were not very uncommon); by the letters *P.T.S.* the author designated a class of men known as "Partisans" (those who farmed the revenues of the country), who were especially feared and hated by the people because of their cruel injustice and their extortions; *Zélie* was a woman of false religious zeal; *Arfure*, the wife of a financier, so called because "fur" in Latin means a thief; but there are many other names which do not apparently denote a particular type. Or, without giving any pseudonym, La Bruyère describes the qualities of some man of note, and occasionally so undisguisedly that readers of the day at once saw who was in the author's mind. Nobody doubted that he meant La Fontaine when he wrote of one who "appears to be coarse, heavy, stupid, who does not know how to talk, but with a pen in his hand is a model story-teller, giving voice to animals, trees, stones, everything that cannot speak." The following picture may have lost for us some of its original severity, but at the time everybody recognised François de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris: "It costs less to certain men to enrich themselves with a thousand virtues than to cure themselves of a single fault. And they are so unfortunate that their vice is often the one least suitable to their position in life. . . . It tarnishes the brightness of their great qualities, prevents them from being perfect men, and from having an unspotted reputation. We do not demand that they shall be more enlightened . . . we wish only that they should not be amorous." This same archbishop had refused to Molière a Christian burial, and had lived a life of open irregularity. Our author has spoken of him elsewhere under the name of *Théognis*.

For those who wish to study any of La Bruyère's portraits we may add the following: *Clitiphon*, *Antisthène*, *Théophile*, *Onuphre*, *Straton*, *Périandre*, *Ménalque*, *Ruffin*, *Hermagoras*, *Théodote*, *Zénobie*, *Giton* and *Phédon*, *Arsène*, *Glycère*, *Théodecte*, *Hermippe*.

It is not difficult to believe, when an author of reputation spoke of his contemporaries in a way that might be understood, when he covered his allusions under a veil so transparent that people might guess for whom they were intended, and especially when fresh portraits were added in each succeeding edition, that his book should be closely scanned both by admirers and by detractors. Attempts were made at "clefs," or keys, purporting to show who were the originals of the various characters. La Bruyère protested very strongly against the imputations made by these keys. But we cannot fully accept his disclaimer. For when it is known—especially when he wrote of the nobles—how often La Bruyère has been corroborated by Saint-Simon, how often Saint-Simon, calling men by their names, has said the same things as La Bruyère did under a pseudonym, we cannot believe too literally the writer's protest that he did not wish to indicate the virtues or the failings of particular persons. Nevertheless, too much importance should not be attached to the keys, because there is a very great deal in the volume that was written without any thought of individual portraiture. And the wish to turn to a key at every moment would give a false and insufficient idea of the book. Instead of studying the remarks of an acute observer, marking what he says, and endeavouring to become familiar with his thoughts, we should mistake his real aim if we are on the watch for personal allusions. Doubtless, the quidnuncs of the day did feel delight or uneasiness if they saw themselves or their friends publicly painted in disguise. But now two hundred years have gone by, and we can no longer feel this curiosity. The interest of La Bruyère's portraits for us must lie in the pictures of life and manners, and in the address with which he has drawn the most salient features of his contemporaries. The greater part of the book has no distinct reference to any one in particular. The observations may apply to all men, though there is a tendency shown to depict the life and customs with which the writer was familiar.

During the lifetime of the author the portion of his book which attracted most attention was certainly the delineation of his portraits. This kind of literature was not new in France, though La Bruyère showed it in a more piquant form than any of his predecessors. Making portraits became a favourite pastime among the *beau monde* in Paris after the appearance of Mlle. de Scudéry's novel, *Le Grand Cyrus*, published at intervals from 1649 to 1653. That book, which has been ridiculed mercilessly by writers who have not cared to understand what were the pleasures of the people it describes, contains written portraits of most of the distinguished men and women

then in Paris. Friends of the authoress, especially ladies, begged to be included, for they felt that such an introduction would make them talked about, and would do them honour. The practice of portrait-painting became common, for it may be seen in all the romances and memoirs of the time. Making portraits became the fashion ; it was introduced into private life as an amusement among all those who had sufficient abilities for the game. La Bruyère, therefore, did not create a new kind of literature, but he gave a new and sharper form of expression to what he wrote. Aphorisms, too, were *à la mode*. To this taste we owe the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld, first published in 1665.

We must now say a few words about our author's style and his work as a moralist. The two are so closely connected that it would be difficult to separate them; and it must not be forgotten that, whatever interest his pictures of life in Paris in his day may afford, he must always be regarded as a teacher by those who wish to appreciate him rightly. La Bruyère's manner of writing resembles the art of a gardener, who tries to gain the best effects with his flowers by a skilful arrangement of their colours. He chooses his words artfully, and so places them that any alteration in the phrase would destroy his point or weaken his meaning. In order to relieve the monotony inseparable from a volume containing short aphoristical sayings, he tried to give to many of his sentences a quaint turn of expression. "After the spirit of discernment the rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls." Sometimes he employs an antithesis, or he puts the weight of his sentence into the last words. He adopted a peculiar mosaic style of writing in order to bring his satire into strong relief. "There have been girls who were virtuous, who had strong health, zeal, and a good vocation, but who were not rich enough to make a vow of poverty in a rich abbey." His book is a collection of detached thoughts which do not strictly follow each other, and they present no consecutive line of reasoning. He never dwells long on one subject, but varies his tone constantly. He is earnest, playful, impassioned, severe, never cynical, and always determinedly realistic. By realism we mean that he sought for truth, for light, and in every page may be seen a steadfast honesty of purpose in trying to look at men and things in the face to see of what stuff they are made. We would apply to him the noble words that Matthew Arnold wrote of Joubert : "The delight of his life will be found in truth, and in the satisfaction which the enjoying of truth gives to the spirit, and he thought the truth was never really and worthily said so long as the least cloud, clumsiness, and repulsiveness hung about the

expression of it." La Bruyère tells us indirectly, but plainly enough, that he tried to put himself in the place of his readers, criticising his own work as though he had no hand in it, to judge what effect his sentences would have upon others; surely a most valuable lesson, and, though perhaps difficult to learn, yet one which must be learned by everyone who wishes to write well. The nature of his work demanded a terse and pithy form of expression, and he gave his whole attention to make what he wrote as perfect as he was able to make it.

If his shorter sentences are put beside the maxims of La Rochefoucauld we think he will be held to have the second place, for he has mannerisms which the older writer would have avoided. Any comparison between the two authors would show how unlike they were. La Rochefoucauld is more general; his observations take a wider scope than those of La Bruyère; there is less restricted meaning in his words. For ourselves, we do not like him as a moralist; he is cynical, ill-natured, touches rarely upon the bright and noble side of men's natures, but delights in pointing out how all our desires spring from self-love; but he has expressed himself with very wonderful grace and facility of style, and of its kind his book is a model of literary elegance. Our moralist is particular, and marks with separate touches distinct and personal features. This might seem to indicate that he was caustic or satirical in writing about people. There is often strong satire in his remarks, but it is never malevolent. He does not sneer so that outsiders may smile. He can be hot with anger against cruelty or injustice, but his heart is too big for cynicism; he is too strongly touched with the inequalities in the conditions of men to think that he is better than they, or to have any taint of superciliousness. Though an upright man himself, and determined, in spite of the vitiated mental atmosphere in which he lived, that he would remain so, he did not demand from others an exalted standard of virtue. If he saw people honest, God-fearing, charitable, and just-minded towards each other, observing truly simple laws of morality—which he placed higher than dogmas or even than creeds—in his eyes they would have been living well. He was no ascetic, his mind was not transcendental. He did not believe that men are sought after because they are virtuous, but because they are remarkable, or likely to excite curiosity. The man who is liked best is he who gives most pleasure to his friends. His nature was sympathetic, and though he observed closely, strictly, and, therefore, necessarily often severely, his disposition was to judge leniently, because he knew how faulty is human conduct. But there were

faults he would not easily pardon: in men, the greed of the financiers, who robbed others in order that they might become rich; in women, the sham devotion of women of fashion. He writes of vice as though he hated it and was hurt by it; if he can make his readers feel the pain he did not toil in vain. One of his last recorded thoughts was: "When any reading elevates your mind, and fills you with noble and hearty sentiments, do not look for any other rule by which to judge of the work; it is good, and done in a workmanlike manner."

La Bruyère had learned from Molière that if he wanted his teaching to be effective he must make men laugh at their own follies—though he could not always laugh himself as he chastised them. As a moralist he could not lay aside his gown altogether, and as a satirist he could not always conceal his rod. But he would put on no stiff coldness, he would not wear a starched face. There was nothing of the Puritan nor of the Pharisee in his nature. He would give himself free action, and though accepting the trammels of office he would make his work as teacher as agreeable as he could to his readers. He has never urged hard-and-fast lines of virtue, nor did he attempt to set people right by rule. He could not help speaking of certain existing evils, but he did not do so with the spirit of the enthusiast who tells his hearers that they must suddenly change the habits of their lives. He felt that it was not his place to urge this reformation; he would be forgetting the office he had chosen, and encroaching upon functions which were not properly his. As a man of the world, as a lay teacher, joined in no way to the Church, except in the precepts of common morality which should govern all mankind, he would have greater influence in writing after his own manner than if he confounded his own work with that of the divine. Among the evils he has mentioned or described are the greed of placemen, the rapacity and cruelty of the financiers, the intrigues of the courtiers and their sham devotion, the idleness and the self-indulgence of the clergy, the craft of the directors, the total want of religious feeling among women who became *dévotés* from fashion. La Bruyère very often used the words "dévot," "dévotion" as meaning a sham devout man, or false devotion, and he took the trouble to indicate this in a footnote. In his chapter, "Des Femmes," he says: "It is too long odds against a husband to be a coquette and a dévoté; a woman ought to choose." Elsewhere he exclaims with a righteous indignation: "I wish I were allowed to cry with all my strength to those holy men who have been formerly hurt by women, 'Fly from women and direct them not, leave the care of their salvation to others.'" One of the

boldest sentences written by La Bruyère was : "A dévot is one who if he lived under a king who was an atheist would be an atheist himself."

Among the nobles were men of very different grades. There were those who came of old families, and there were those who had earned titles to nobility, or who had acquired the distinction temporarily. The secretaries of the king and other officers of the royal household were considered "noble" during their tenure of office, and if they remained in office for twenty years they became "noble" *ipso facto*, and could transmit their title to their children. After twenty years of service they were called "veterans." Those whose services fell short of twenty years lost their privilege as soon as their term of office expired. But the nobles who had thus honourably acquired their titles were looked down upon by others of higher descent. And there were again others, chiefly financiers, who had risen to riches and power through cunning, fraud, and cruelty, who bought their titles of nobility. The majority of these men came from the lower classes, and many of them were of quite humble origin. Lesage has given us a graphic picture of the financier in his comedy, *Turcaret*. Our moralist did not like these men any better than Lesage. He says : "*Sosie*, originally a lacquey, got a petty receiving office ; he became a small financier, and, through extortion, injustice, and abuse of his powers, he has at last, by ruining several families, risen to a position of some importance. His office has made him noble."

Our slight sketch of La Bruyère is very incomplete, but we must close it. He had the satisfaction of seeing his work recognised and appreciated during his lifetime, and he was rewarded with the highest literary distinction that his country could give him—a seat in the French Academy. He never married ; but there is a short sentence somewhere which seems to show that he had a longing for the love of a woman whom he might love in return and call his own. He died suddenly at Versailles from a fit of apoplexy when he was only fifty-one years of age. In his rooms at the Hôtel de Condé, which were more than modestly furnished, the only sign of ornament was picture of Bossuet, who twelve years before had procured for him the appointment of tutor to the Duc de Bourbon. Saint-Simon wrote of La Bruyère : "He was a cultivated man, of good company, simple-minded, with nothing of the pedant, and was perfectly honest. I knew him well enough to regret him, and also the work which might have been expected from one of his health and of his age."

EXAMINING A SCOTCH SCHOOL.

THE description which follows is, whatever its other merits or demerits, true in all its outlines, and, like most uncoloured narratives, is quite free from any unpleasant innuendo or personal malice. At the same time I will not take the reader so far into my confidence as to state the precise geographical latitude of the north country parish, which I here call by the name of Carglen, and whose public school is the main theme of my paper. The school itself was the most conspicuous object in the entire parish. It was a substantial building of stone and lime, presenting its unsymmetrical front at the top of cornfields smiling in summer but bare in winter, and protected from the rear by a little plantation of fir and ash, known in our boyish phraseology as the "new wuid." Still further to the rear, but with the parish church intervening, a dense forest, generally described as the "auld wuid," covered the lower slopes of a precipitous mountain, and afforded abundant opportunity of playing the truant to the lazy scholar. There have I tarried with a kindred youthful soul for five long days at a stretch, destined, however, to be snatched from its recesses by the hand of a wily senior pupil. Ah, what an hour was that! But yet, the cosy nook under the sheltering rock, how cool it was, how deliciously screened from the noonday sun!

Beneath the birch with silver bark
 And boughs so pendulous and fair
 The brook falls scattered from the rock,
 And all is mossy there.

I have said that the country church stood between the "auld wuid" and the new. It was a large edifice, stately, bare, uninviting, and preternaturally solemn. At the gable there dangled a long rope attached to a cracked and antiquated bell—resembling in shape an inverted cooking pot—suspended in the exposed and uncouth belfry. This rope was sacred as a shred of the Ark of Covenant, and inspired a corresponding amount of awe in the mind of the youngsters. The temptations to meddle with it were great, and, to add to their strength,

they were daily present ; but yet I cannot recollect that on any occasion, save one, the weather-beaten cord was tampered with by the scholars of Carglen school. Then, indeed, an ominous sound vibrated through a considerable portion of the countryside. It was currently reported that Saunders MacVicar, the roadside stonebreaker (it was he who declared that, when the wild young doctor from the town of K—— went down the highway on the first velocipede that had been seen in those parts, the “auld deevil himsel whurlt by on a muckle wheel like a flash o’ fire”), had straitened his sadly bent back and cried, “Eh ! sirs, is it the Joodgment Day come sae sune ?” There was a stern court-martial in the school that afternoon, and certain tender portions of the human body smarted keenly in consequence. The event was a serious one, matched only in its unwonted character by the intelligence which was one day whispered along the benches, that the septuagenarian parish minister, then on his deathbed, had been hurriedly married to Miss Nelly Dash by the local justice of the peace. Therein was excitement on a colossal scale, but the big yearly festival and day of remembrance was that on which there took place the annual school examination, or, to speak according to the rigid vernacular, “zeminashin-day.”

Those were times prior to Lord Young’s Act and the School Board *régime*. In Carglen school both sexes were represented, the boys being placed at one end and the girls at the other. All classes and grades of society sent their members, from the laird’s son down to the parish pauper. Democracy was triumphant, for within the dimensions of the schoolroom, as well as on the grass-clad playground, the son of Jack in tatters was quite as good as the well-clad favourite child of Jack’s master.

We were a democracy, it is true, but a democracy held in check by a sovereign despot. Our tyrant was the Rev. Patrick Spens, Master of Arts of the University of Aberdeen, and a duly licensed preacher of the Word in the Scottish Established Church. Mr. Spens was one member of a family numbering a good round dozen, most of whom were struggling farmers in our parish of Carglen, but of all the dozen the dominie was *facile princeps*, alike in gifts and parochial distinction. His dwelling, near the school, was the cosiest cot in the whole parish, excelling in snugness the very manse itself. It was surrounded by a spacious fruit garden, the admired of all admirers, and the envied of all enviers. This impartial history shall be silent as to whether or not some of the luscious apples and mellow pears at times found their way into certain capacious pockets, snatched, like another famous apple, as the result of direct disobedience to a

superior will. Higher flights invoke the muse ; even the surpassing glories of examination-day ! And yet a single incident of an allied character must be mentioned, especially as it transpired on the morning of one of these annual examinations. It was then the year in which a formidable instrument known as a "skiter" (anglicè pea-shooter) flourished in all its vogue. Much havoc was wrought in many a tender spot of the human face and head, and the rowan-trees in the neighbouring wood were sadly stripped of their ruddy fruit for the purposes of ammunition. On the morning of the great day spirits naturally ran high, and sufficient courage was assumed to attack one of the large trees in the schoolmaster's garden. Crack went the branches ; down fell the rowans, just as the rubicund countenance of the Rev. Patrick Spens solemnly presented itself at the garden gate. Caught in the very midst of the nefarious act, the youngsters became, indeed, a terror-stricken and discomfited band. They took to their heels, and vanished from the scene, reuniting again—a sadly scared flock—at the further end of the schoolhouse. They durst not enter for the morning prayer. Peeping through a broken pane in the window the master's eyes were seen to flash fire, and they rolled under his brows with ominous fury as he gravely addressed the Deity. The brief moments seemed lengthened to an age ; but when the last syllables of the well-known voice died away, the pupils marched within in Indian file, a certain person, who shall be nameless, bringing up the rear. Erect in front of the fireplace stood the infuriated pedagogue, with outstretched arm, ready to clutch some one of the offenders ; but all were allowed to pass until the hindmost in the guilty army appeared. This culprit, dressed in his country best for the great examination, rejoicing especially in the lustre of a spacious collar of approved pattern, was forthwith seized upon by the outraged teacher. Snap went the polished collar in the course of the tugging and shaking and swinging that ensued ; fierce upon the immaculately dressed hair fell the repeated blows, till, at length, the sufferer, fairly vanquished, lay panting on the floor. *Væ victis !* no doubt said the dominie as he stood triumphant ; *væ victis !* thought the criminal as he reclined at the tyrant's feet. He was the youngest of the party, but yet there were presumably reasons cogent to a superior mind for his being singled out alike for personal and vicarious punishment. Ah ! what a shorn and discredited thing was he who received his quota of prizes from the hand of the chief examiner in the late afternoon of that day ! The infliction of vicarious punishment was forgiven, if not forgotten, but the rude onslaught upon the spotless collar and immaculate temples was regarded as a truly un-

pardonable sin. But peace be with the punisher! No more does he wield the all-terrifying ferule, no more do the rising democracy rob his rowan-trees; he rests where wicked youth no longer vex the spirit, in the grass-green Highland "kirkyaird" under the shadow of the calm Ben Ulen.

The schoolmaster was hardly the central figure on examination-day, but he was at least one of those amongst whom the senior examiner was *primus inter pares*. His garb was to some extent indicative of the occasion. The good man's erstwhile pupils, looking back upon early days, can only think of their patient mentor as figuring in one or other of three separate changes of apparel. Three and only three—unchanged amid the changing years. Novelties arose; scholars came and went, but the well-known habiliments seemed to go on for ever. In suit number one he occasionally filled the pulpit; in number two he played the festive guest at country gatherings, or vanished upon a brief holiday, or donned it for a leading occasion like the yearly school examination; in number three, threadbare and venerable, he did his duty, day by day, as one may say, in summer's heat and winter's snow. Suit number two it was, then, which signalled the eventful day of school inspection.

Our examiners usually consisted of three persons, viz. the parish ministers of our own and two adjacent parishes, each of them, be it said, as became his profession, a man of education, probity, and Christian character. *Primus inter pares* (a poor Latinist may be allowed to air the expression once more) was the Reverend Archibald Longbeard, Doctor of Divinity, Minister of Aberkeith, and a great light in his presbytery, a clergyman who had served, ere the period under review, one of the very highest positions in the General Assembly of the National Scottish Church. Dr. Longbeard was a gentleman of patriarchal appearance and presence, and therefore succeeded in inspiring a proper degree of awe in the minds of his youthful audience. My own *rencontres* with the estimable and popular minister were confined to two separate and distinct functions. I do not recollect that he ever spoke a word to me personally in the course of his duties as chief school inspector; but several coveted prizes found their way into my possession through his hands. That is the first episode. The second is somewhat diverse, though, let us hope, equally respectable. The Reverend Saunders Macdonald, Minister of Carglen, had been gathered to his fathers. To the funeral there appeared most of his brother-clergymen in the presbytery, and, amongst them, the minister of Aberkeith. He drove along in the sad procession, seated in his brightly-polished dog-cart, until,

dismounting near the entry to the country churchyard, he called to the nearest bystander, who chanced to be myself, "Here, my laddie, tak' a haud o' the reins," and, like an arrow, I shot into the minister's seat. My reward on his return was a benignant smile, and the impressive words, "Weel, and what may *your* name be?" The second of our examiners was the Reverend Mungo Drab, of whom, good, kindly man, as he is long dead and gone, I may freely say that his body was small, his eye capacious, his auburn hair shaggy, and, further, that he always (was it always?) wore a pair of unsullied black kid gloves. If you met him on the country road, these gloves encased his hands; in the pulpit on Sunday they were conspicuous; in the schoolroom, when he was present, they were not discarded; and there was a legend in the parish that even in the sanctity and privacy of his own quiet study they still covered his fingers. This much-esteemed minister had formerly been schoolmaster of Carglen. Mr. Drab had been appointed to the office in the days when such positions were acquired through oral competitive examination. A poor scholar, he had trudged barefooted for fifteen miles to meet the patrons, and, it was told, had succeeded in winning the coveted prize, more by reason of the impression created through his apparently forlorn and wretched condition, than from any positive literary superiority which he had displayed to the other candidates. His annual visit to his old haunts in Carglen was unquestionably the palmy event of his old age.

The third of the inspectors was the Reverend Alexos Grant, who was familiarly known as "oor ain minister." This young preacher had been the successor of him who astonished the worthy parishioners by contracting a marriage with a handsome but penniless young lady on his deathbed. Never shall the first visit of Mr. Grant to the old school of Carglen be forgotten. His modern airs, and the authoritative manner in which he corrected the local pronunciation of the letter *j* ("JAY, not JI," said he was like a radical thunderclap to our conservative ears. The unlucky interposition evoked our bitter enmity. This parson, we saw, was a mere beardless youth, and how could he know these mysteries better than honest Patrick Spens, tyrant as we all in duty bound felt him to be? The mere idea was preposterous, and, *credat Judæus*, our judgment was highly approved by not a few of our seniors—the horny-handed farmers and peasants of Carglen. I have heard too that the new incumbent's religious doctrine was impeached—"mere cauld kail frae Aberdeen," some taking upon themselves to declare—but the intricacies of ecclesiastical and religious shibboleth were be-

yond our comprehension. Another thing, however, we did not like. Why, thought we, in the height of our wisdom, should this little man dare to wind up his prayer in church on the Sabbath with the unfamiliar phrase "world without end. Amen," when our ears had aye been on the alert for the welcome closing words "for ever and ever. Amen," in the petitions of Mr. Saunders Macdonald? Such serious innovations gave rise to no little heart-burnings in our conservative bosoms.

These three gentlemen, then, were the main suns around whom we, the scholars, may be said to have revolved as satellites on examination-day; and, as there were three examiners available for the inspection of the parochial education, so there were three schools in the parish. Ours was the first parochial school. At the northern end of Carglen, and about four miles distant from the main seminary, there was a well-taught female school for advanced pupils, while at the opposite extremity of the parish there was a much smaller establishment, consisting of very young male and female scholars, kept by an ancient dame whom I shall here describe by the euphonious name of Eppie Macgillivray. This was the house of learning which the three inspectors first manfully attacked in the course of their annual examination, taking it invariably, as a sort of breakfast, on the morning of the day on which they appeared at the chief parochial school. Before the hour of noon, however, they gravely marched up, in order due, the long passage which bisected our schoolroom, and took their stand in close proximity to the master's desk. The procession, limited in number as it always was, was yet an affecting spectacle. The scholars of Carglen school received them standing on tiptoe and gazing on their awe-inspiring countenances with distant veneration and respect. We were a plebeian rabble, and these were the true conscript fathers!

The ensuing proceedings began with an extempore prayer by the senior examiner—an unburdening of soul which usually lasted for about a quarter of an hour. This was a space long enough in the literal reckoning of its component seconds, but to some of us who had a previous acquaintance with Dr. Longbeard it appeared as if the religious exercise were drawn out to a period nearly as long as the space intervening between the previous examination and that in immediate prospect. It was a happy relief when "for ever and ever. Amen" was reached, and the inspectors entered upon their more immediate duties. Dr. Longbeard examined the senior pupils, whose numbers only extended to six or seven. The subjects of examination were Latin, Greek, mathematics, history, com-

position, &c. Now Dr. Longbeard was the prince of examiners—that is, from the point of view of the lazy pupil. Little trouble did the easy-going divine give to the class which encircled his knees. Learned phrases, elegant tropes and figures, proceeded from his mouth ; but in very truth it was a huge pantomime. With eyes fixed resolutely upon the grimy ceiling of the schoolroom, he discoursed to us as if we had been a handful of university students, and he in his rightful professorial chair. Perhaps at those moments he felt that he had been unjustly defrauded of such a high position. Our part of the performance was mainly to mark, meditate, and admire. The bearings of a classical passage were all duly discussed, no doubt, though the absolute certainty of this assertion cannot now be vouched, for which of us had wings to follow the doctor in his higher flights? Setting aside, however, Cæsar and Virgil and Homer, there was one story which he told, I think, every year, and its repetition was always fresh. It had reference to an examination for the degree of Master of Arts, a public display of names, and other exciting incidents ; but the burning moral was so purely didactic and theological that with regret I must refrain from rehearsing its details.

Mr. Mungo Drab had a more numerous auditory. To him fell the task of examining the middle forms. Mr. Drab was a great authority on geography. He was the parish minister of Radlin, and for that reason, I suppose, his first question upon examination-day, in handling the geography class, was couched in these terms, “ Now, boys, I am sure you all can point out the town of Radlin ; will *you*, sir, do so ? ” The pupil who was thus directly addressed would very readily touch with the pointer that portion of the map of Scotland where the little burgh of Radlin was indicated. Following close upon the first was the additional question, “ And where may the fishing-town of Bankton be ? ” The cane was forthwith brought to bear upon that much-frequented seaport. We were not aware at the time of the predetermining cause which led to Mr. Drab’s putting this question, but some of his pupils have since learned, from a brief memoir of the deceased gentleman, which was compiled by a sympathetic friend, that Mr. Drab first saw the light amongst the humble fisher-folk of Bankton on the Moray Frith. The next question was delivered in the most insinuating tones : “ Now, where is Culloden Moor ? ” The answer (given, of course, correctly) immediately led to a wordy sketch of the desolate battlefield, and to a further examination of the class as to the events which led up to and culminated in that complete disaster to the Stuart cause. “ This is history, and not geography,” manfully said we to ourselves, as he plied us with puzzling conundrums. The

Moor was far, very far away, according to the local idea of distances, but we all knew something of it, and of the great fight of the past century ; but as to what the struggle had all been about our ideas were of the haziest (the teaching of history was not Mr. Patrick Spens's chief forte). The proverb or saying, "There was mair lost at Cul-loden," was often on our lips, but what cared we for Hanover or Stuart, Whig or Tory?

"It was the English," said we all,
 "Who put the Scotch to rout ;"
 But what they fought each other for
 We could not well make out.
 "But everybody said," cried we,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

This was woeful ignorance, of a truth ; but who was to blame ? "Eh, man, thae were awfu' times," said the honest peasants—that was about all they knew ; how much more were we taught ? We were drilled a great deal in Latin substantives, verbs, and idioms, but how little did we learn of the stirring history of our own romantic land ! But this is a digression ; and yet Mr. Drab's remarks were so extended that I feel sure time was left for no more than three or four additional questions as a test of our geographical knowledge. Nor is it necessary to describe minutely Mr. Drab's dealings with all the remaining classes whose proficiency he was supposed to test. Mr. Patrick Spens was an accomplished elocutionist—at least he prided himself upon his powers—and the higher reading classes were somewhat diligently looked after. Mr. Drab had most likely a hint that great things might be expected in this direction, and when a particular passage in "MacCulloch's Reading Lessons" had been selected (it was almost always the same portion at every annual examination) the best-trained pupils were called upon by Mr. Spens himself. The reverend examiner listened attentively, expressing his delight in such ejaculations as "Eh, well," "Vera good," "Well read," and such like. Then he would tackle us as to the meaning of what we had been reading. The passage usually chosen by Mr. Spens had a stirring paragraph as to sounds which grate on the human nerves, and when this had been reached Mr. Drab was accustomed to say, "Now, sir, can you name any examples of such sounds ?" "Sharping o' a saw or the braying o' an ass" was the stereotyped reply on such occasions, and was delivered with great readiness by the questioned pupil. One further eccentricity of the examiner shall alone be mentioned. In checking the results of certain sums which had been worked out by the arithmetic class, the inspector—if two boys, in consecutive order, chanced

to be correct in their figures—was accustomed to intimate to the first that the result was “right,” to the second that it was “quite right.” This the old clergyman repeated with unvarying iteration, till one day the schoolmaster launched at his head this terrible poser: “Mr. Drab, what *is* the difference between ‘right’ and ‘quite right?’”

I shall assume that the examination of the junior forms by the radical Mr. Alexos Grant was more thorough. Our minds were of course occupied with higher things.

When the work of inspection was fairly over, the chief examiner delivered the prize-books to the successful pupils. They were awarded as the result of a record which Mr. Spens had kept, or was supposed to have kept, during the three previous months. The boys received them with huge delight inwardly, but outwardly with a mere contemptuous shake of the head, the girls with a low but awkward curtsy. Then the entire body of pupils stood up in their places to listen to a brief exhortation from the mellifluous lips of the Rev. Mungo Drab. This speech touched upon a variety of topics, which I will not trust my memory to reproduce; but two items are graven for ever on the tablets of my brain. There may they remain till the right hand forgets its cunning. “Boys and girls,” said the venerable mentor, “I urge you never to be ashamed to say ‘sir’ to your superiors, such as the minister, the schoolmaster, or the laird. It is the will of God, dear children, and Him ye must obey. Besides, take *my* word for it, *it is right.*” This was the first point, and the second was as follows: “Boys, let none of ye, on any account, permit the minister, the schoolmaster, or the laird, to pass ye on the road without respectfully lifting your cap, or, if your head should happen to be bare, without shaking with your hand the hair over your brow, thus” (here the speaker indicated the manner in which the action was to be performed). “Take an example from the lads of Radlin. They never meet me, their minister, in the street without raising their bonnets, or pulling their forelocks.” Shade of the departed, a humble member of the little community thou didst thus address in the days of thy flesh in words of such serene wisdom would, at this moment, with due reverence, lift his hat to thy memory, did he chance to have at the moment such a covering to his head; but, as he has not, he lifts the right hand to snatch the vicarious forelock, only, alas! to remember that it has vanished, a premature baldness having ingloriously removed it! But the will must be accepted in lieu of the deed.

Mr. Drab concluded his harangue with a time-honoured request to the schoolmaster for a couple of days’ holiday for the pupils. Then, amidst a prolonged “Hooray! hooray! hooray!” the

examiners vanished from the scene, and we set out for our various homes—some to the valley, some to the strath, and some to the mountain-side.

Examination-day, as we knew it, is a thing of the past. Time's unsparing touch has brought many changes, and Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools has now taken the place of the much-loved and highly-honoured clergymen who paid their annual visit to Carglen school. The schoolhouse itself still stands with undiminished glory at the top of the sloping cornfields ; but within it is shorn of half its beauty and interest, inasmuch as the pupils of the tender sex have been removed to a separate building at least half-a-mile distant. Oh, cruel hand of time and change ! I believe that the general educational proficiency is now higher than it was in the olden days ; and yet it must be told in honour of the former schoolmaster of Carglen and the old-fashioned examiners that, whereas several men educated under their auspices have risen to eminence in the Church and the Civil service, and while, in the literary world, one (of whom many stories used to be told to those of us who followed him at Carglen school) is now a man of European reputation, I have failed to hear of any worthy rivals to the older generation in these later days of sterner discipline and more rigid methods of teaching and examination.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

PASTEUR AT HOME.

M. PASTEUR'S persistency in claiming to have discovered an almost infallible remedy for the prevention of hydrophobia induced the Rev. R. A. Chudleigh and some friends of his to urge me to visit Paris and interview the famous French chemist, and as Mr. Chudleigh generously provided the means, off I set. My visit took place at the time when Pasteur's treatment against hydrophobia was attracting most attention. My object was not to take a patient in danger or supposed danger of hydrophobia, nor to collect statistics, still less to strengthen any theory : it was simply to see what was actually taking place—to observe the man and his assistants, and to report upon and to converse with the people whom I found in his rooms ; in short, I was only to be a spectator, nothing more, though my long experience of hospitals and private medical practice gave me some claim to rank as a trained observer, less likely than some other inquirers to be led astray by prejudice and falsehood.

The character of hydrophobia invests it with an interest not often extended to diseases which destroy a thousand times as many lives. There is something so dreadful in the thought that the bite of a pet dog or the inoculation of a scratch with the saliva of a favourite cat *may* be the first stage in a disease hopeless in its character and peculiarly distressing to witness, that new remedies are examined with a patience and hopefulness not often shown in other and really far more important cases. The great uncertainty as to whether a particular bite will end in hydrophobia, and the chance that even when the dog or cat is undeniably rabid, the sufferer may escape all evil consequences, make investigations as to the value of any new treatment peculiarly perplexing and difficult.

Some preliminary statements about hydrophobia, a subject on which the public are often ill-informed, cannot be but in place here. It is, then, a disease of great rarity, and not always of very clear origin. Many medical men pass a long and busy life and never see a case ; others see one or two. On this point the experience of the late Dr. Austin Flint, one of the ablest and most eminent physicians America

has ever produced, is of special value : he had only seen two cases, and the reader must remember that Dr. Austin Flint, from his eminence and metropolitan position, was of all American medical men one of the most likely to have opportunities of seeing cases.

“Dr. Carter of Shipley,” says an able writer, “was one of the many men escorting patients to the Rue d’Ulm with whom I conversed on what goes on there. He has had *unusual experience* in hydrophobia, having treated eight cases, one of which was caused by the scratch of a cat. He knew a death from rabies—or at least a death with every rabid symptom—from the bite of a dog never ill, and yet alive.”

We may fairly assume that hydrophobia *may* occur once in many millions of cases of other diseases. Some practitioners doubt its very existence, though the majority believe it to be a real disease. It is generally supposed to result from the bite or scratch of a rabid animal ; in other words, the saliva of a cat, dog, badger, wolf, or fox is introduced through the skin by a bite or scratch, and passing into the general current of the circulation, leads to singular changes and nearly certain death. The rapidity with which the virus enters the circulation is such that local applications are probably useless, and the faith in caustics seems only another time-honoured superstition. Some authorities hold that the virus may remain latent in the cicatrix of the wound for days, months, even years, before being taken up by the system ; others treat such theories, and probably with reason, as old wives’ tales. Dr. Austin Flint argued that rabies did not occur very *soon* after the bite, nor very *long after* ; in other words, in cases of illness commencing directly after the bite, or very long after, there was no reason to believe the complaint to be hydrophobia ; from ten days to a year fairly covered the extreme limits of incubation, and in all probability, when the disease appeared some years after a severe bite, which the patient had not forgotten, he had been subsequently inoculated by an infected animal. Again, granting the existence of the disease—and the evidence is sufficiently strong—and admitting that it is caused by the virus of an infected animal, much remains ; and to this the reader’s close attention must be directed. Not one dog in a thousand—not one, perhaps, in ten thousand—biting human beings is rabid ; and as many people, bitten by a rabid animal, are proof against the poison, and, as in a large proportion, the fangs are wiped clean by the clothes or skin in their passage into the subcutaneous tissues, the percentage of people bitten by rabid animals, ultimately becoming rabid, is very small. Still more to complicate matters, many nervous diseases simulate hydrophobia, or are liable to be mistaken for it. Many animals

suffering from epilepsy and other nervous complaints are hastily assumed to have rabies. Hot weather has nothing to do with the frequency or virulence of the disease, either in man or beast ; though hot weather is vulgarly supposed to have much to do with bringing it on. As the possibility of developing hydrophobia is present in the minds of nearly all people bitten by animals, deaths from terror are not unknown, and cases occur of what are called pseudo-hydrophobia. When the dead body of a dog is carefully examined by competent investigators, there are no certain signs by which hydrophobia can be recognised. The appearance of the corpse, and the presence in the stomach of straw, bits of wood, and other such matters is not conclusive. In many instances, too, the sufferer promptly sucks the wound, and may thus remove the virus, and in a still larger proportion a medical man, a chemist, or some neighbour applies acid, vinegar, carbolic acid, a hot iron, nitrate of silver, or some other potent agent, and so may destroy the virus. The severity of the wound, though adding danger of another kind, cannot have much to do with increasing the risk of hydrophobia, as the most minute particle of the poison introduced into the system acts as a ferment, and in some inexplicable fashion sets up destructive processes terminating in death. Nor has the locality of the bite anything to do with increasing or diminishing the risk ; the introduction of the virus is the one important matter, not the amount injected, nor the region wounded.

Around Pasteur a fierce vivisection contest has raged. In many circles he is regarded as the incarnation of cruelty and inhumanity, and it has seemed to many of his opponents that his discomfiture, or rather that of his anti-hydrophobic treatment, would be the death-knell of experiments on animals ; on the other hand, many scientific men have rallied around him, apparently expecting that his triumph would for ever set at rest the anti-vivisection agitation. The difficulty, therefore, of being impartial, that is, judicial in the tone of my article and in the investigations which led to it, is obvious. Had I been asked to write a paper on the architectural beauties of Paris, its superb churches and ancient cathedrals, its picture galleries, its beautiful avenues and its transparent summer atmosphere, how quickly would my pen run on, how rapid would be the flow of words ! but the cold-blooded habits of the scientific investigator awaken no response in my breast, and to deal with scientific details, to balance facts—that was a task I was ill fitted for.

Unfortunately in all respects, unfortunately for his reputation in many circles, still more unhappily for the hecatombs of innocent

victims whom he has slaughtered—sacrificed to what he supposed to be cruel necessity—Pasteur's connection with vivisection has surrounded any investigation of the man and his labours with complications of such a character that it is almost impossible to dismiss those terrible experiments from the mind, although very many Englishmen are not opposed to vivisection.

Many of our most enlightened countrymen would endorse the following passage on vivisection from a reply once made by Charles Darwin to Professor Lankester: "You ask about my opinion on vivisection: I quite agree that it is justifiable for real investigations on physiology, but not for mere damnable and detestable curiosity. It is a subject which makes me sick with horror, so I will not say another word about it, else I shall not sleep to-night." On the same subject Sir J. Fayer says of Darwin: "He was a man eminently fond of animals, and tender to them; he would not knowingly have inflicted pain on a living creature; but he entertained the strongest opinion that to prohibit experiments on living animals would be to put a stop to the knowledge of and the remedies for pain and disease." Charles Darwin's views are much those of most medical practitioners; they regard vivisection as a dreadful necessity; but expect much from it, and look too hopefully on its supposed past triumphs. Few English medical men practise it; still fewer feel any satisfaction in it. Whether justifiable or not is not now the question, but I am sure of this, that the victory or discomfiture of Pasteur will not dispose of the matter: the conquerors and the conquered in that field will be ready for other conflicts as embittered and perennial.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for a brief digression here. A great number of people object to vivisection, but think that it has led to memorable results; they are prepared to attend anti-vivisection meetings, to sign petitions, and to give a qualified assent to prohibitory measures; they object to unnecessary experiments, ask for regulation, and, in short, waver from year's end to year's end: these persons form the vast majority of the educated classes. We have also a handful, who detest orthodox medical practitioners and abominate vivisection, but it is hard to discriminate between their hatred of doctors, their disbelief in science, and their horror of vivisection. Again, we have a group, who do not believe in vivisection at all, nor in anything else, but love to be in opposition, and so oppose Pasteur, physiology, phisic—legitimate and illegitimate—and science. Still, again, we have a few thoughtful, generous, upright people, among whom I should place my accomplished friend Mr. Chudleigh,

who honour science and self-denying medical practitioners, and yet shudder at vivisection, questioning its utility, emphatically denying its morality, and arguing with much show of reason that, even granting that vivisection occasionally leads to discoveries, those discoveries might have been as surely obtained by observations on man, and that the violent methods of the vivisectionist are not of value, for they have nothing in common with the more gradual operations of nature. Most people, however, take a somewhat cold-blooded view of the subject ; they do not wish to be present at experiments on living animals, and rather dislike anyone who performs them ; at the same time they would gladly profit by any discoveries made by such means, however morally indefensible. Pasteur's treatment they do not approve, nor do they condemn it, for they know too little of the matter to form an opinion of any value : they drift hither and thither, and the last expression of opinion in favour of it or against it is the one that, for the moment, influences them. Candidly speaking, I am myself still unable to form a positive opinion as to the value of Pasteur's treatment : my prejudices, as some would call them, are decidedly against its value, but in view of the irreconcilable conflict of opinion among the keenest observers I am still compelled to suspend judgment. It must be perfectly obvious to any mathematical mind that if Pasteur's treatment is, in some cases, useful, he is on the high road to still more important discoveries, but that if his inoculations have, as some high authorities assert, no more to do with hydrophobia than with the lost books of Livy, those inoculations are totally useless. Strange to say, I sometimes meet with highly educated people, often university men of standing too, who admit that they do not believe that Pasteur has cured or prevented a single case of the disease, the evidence of failure is too overwhelming, but they go on to say that perhaps some day his labours will lead to useful results. Such a position I cannot comprehend. To oppose is logical, and the opposition may be on physiological or on moral grounds, or he may be credited with having made great discoveries, but to deny that he has done anything in the matter, and yet to look for great results hereafter, is a confusion of ideas that makes me despair.

The rarity of hydrophobia is far greater than most persons would believe, and, at the risk of wearisome repetition, I must dwell upon it, for on it depends the chief difficulty in accepting Pasteur's alleged triumphs. Perhaps a dozen deaths from hydrophobia are on the average registered in the United Kingdom every year, and other countries hardly show a longer death-roll. Professor E. Ray

Lankester says as follows: "In England as many as thirty-six persons died from the disease in 1866; in France 288 persons were its victims in 1858; and in Prussia and Austria it is more frequent than in England." Bearing on this matter—the small percentage of rabid dogs among all the animals biting human beings—the official letter addressed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to the Secretary of the Dogs' Home is important. It is dated July 1, 1886. In it occur these significant words: "No less than 180 police officers have been bitten by dogs since last November. Two were sent to M. Pasteur to Paris, to be treated some weeks since; and one police constable, bitten by a dog certified to be mad, is on his way to Paris to-night." These dogs were the neglected, forlorn creatures infesting the streets, and they are oftener the victims of hydrophobia than other animals, and yet not one of the 180 constables whom they bit seems to have developed hydrophobia, or to have died from the bite, while only three were sent away to undergo Pasteur's treatment. I need hardly add that not one of these three might ever have developed hydrophobia, nor is it certain that the dogs that bit them were in a dangerous condition.

Having at one time known Sir William Jenner well, and having in my student days at University College formed a very exalted opinion of his great ability and singular capacity, I wrote asking him, as one of the Royal Commissioners for the investigation of Pasteur's treatment, his frank opinion. Sir William at once replied:—

I am sorry that I am unable to afford you any assistance in the matter that you bring before me: I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the facts, nor do I think the facts are yet numerous or definite enough for anyone to form a conclusion. I think the question should still be regarded as *sub judice*. I am not in any way prejudiced—my mind is quite open upon the subject. I assisted in sending over two cases to Paris, and they have both done very well, but I am not at all sure that the dogs that bit them were mad: they were said to be.

This letter is dated August 4, 1886, but I am not aware that the ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians has changed his mind since.

Dr. Jacob, of Leeds, a rising physician, has suggested that Pasteur's experiments should be repeated by an independent authority, for at present there are great difficulties in accepting his cure as proved. If among 600 or more patients treated at Paris 100 had been bitten by mad dogs, he would expect about six to become affected with hydrophobia, and if no cases of hydrophobia occurred among them, that would be a strong presumption in Pasteur's favour

but not an absolute proof. One might fancy that Pasteur's experiments had been on a scale sufficiently extensive to satisfy the most exacting requirements.

I cannot get the most recent figures, but two years ago I was positively assured that at least 126 deaths had followed the preventive treatment, and an eminent writer turned the tables completely round on Pasteur, and asserted that the injection would in many cases cause active disease and spread hydrophobia far and wide, much as inoculation for small-pox carried that terrible disease into all parts of Europe and so largely augmented the death-rate from small-pox that it had to be declared illegal. Mr. Chudleigh has, however, come to my assistance, and has given me the most recent information on which he can lay his hands.

From this it appears that up to the end of October 1889, M. Pasteur claimed to have treated upwards of 9,000 persons, and the deaths following his treatment had then reached 183, although it is not impossible that many others had occurred of which no particulars had reached the public. True, this necrology rests in the main on the authority of the Anti-Vivisection Society, and it might be open to suspicion as coming from a hostile quarter; but, as a set-off to this objection, Professor Thomas Lauder Brunton, whose eminence in the scientific and medical world is only surpassed by his distinction as an apostle of vivisection, frankly admitted before the Lords' Committee on Rabies in Dogs that this table *was accurate, and that it seemed to him to have been drawn up with extreme care.* So far good. Now 9,000 cases of bites from rabid dogs in four years, in France mainly, seems a long list of casualties, and the more thoroughly we examine the figures the greater our difficulties. If nearly all these cases were genuine bites from rabid dogs—and if we accept Professor Ray Lankester's estimate, that 16 per cent. of the sufferers would die of hydrophobia—Pasteur saved at least 1,300 lives, making allowance, that is, for the 183 recorded deaths; but it is appalling to be told that but for his interposition the annual death-rate from hydrophobia would have stood from 200 to 300 higher in France alone than it actually did. Is there any evidence for believing anything so improbable? On the other hand, assuming that a majority of the sufferers had not been bitten by rabid animals, and putting the death-rate at 5 per cent. in those who had—an estimate finding favour with many authorities of repute—then 183 deaths among, say, 4,000 cases, would seem to show that the anti-rabic treatment was only a gigantic imposture.

“It is rather a curious comment,” says the *British Medical*

Journal of July 10, 1886, on the letter of Sir Charles Warren with regard to the multiplicity of rabid dogs, "that the Hydrophobia Commission is at present retarded in its investigations by the difficulty of obtaining a rabid dog with which to test the efficacy of the protection afforded by inoculation."

Though I have seen hundreds of dog-bites, I have never seen a case of hydrophobia, and I have not known more than two or three medical men who had seen cases. This, again, proves the extreme rarity of the disease and the improbability that thousands of persons should be bitten in the course of three or four years by rabid animals in Europe alone, though it is conceivable that in a few weeks hundreds might fancy that the animals which had bitten or scratched them were rabid. Yet of these hundreds of sufferers not one might, even without any treatment, become rabid. It is sufficiently common for people to fancy that any dog chancing to bite them is mad, when the wonder is that more people are not bitten by the poor, wretched little creatures that are every day worried, beaten, and frightened, and in their terror snap at the nearest tormentor.

No treatment for hydrophobia is in medical circles regarded with favour, although the most potent remedies have been repeatedly resorted to; not one has stood the test of scientific inquiries, nor received the support of medical practitioners, except of the particular group who had introduced it, and yet it is instructive how doubly industrious the inventors of infallible methods of treatment for the cure of hydrophobia have been of late. Without a particle of evidence, we are bewildered by entreaties to resort to a cure called Buisson's, which consists in being parboiled; this, with the addition of injections of pilocarpine, is said to cure all sufferers who do not die.

So much has been published about M. Pasteur, and his methods of treatment are so widely known, that all I could attempt in my visits to his rooms was to observe curiously anything I saw, and describe it as accurately as possible. Hurried impressions from brief interviews with busy men are particularly liable to lead to false impressions, and may be ridiculed as valueless or actually misleading, so that I only claim to have endeavoured to give a plain and unvarnished narrative of what I saw and of the conversations I heard. Surely many readers will exclaim, "No easier task was ever given an investigator." Is this really so? Is it not rather true that the rarest qualifications are needed? To observe demands the keenest vision, the most retentive memory, the soundest judgment. Why, the very appearance of a distinguished man, and surely that is a simple matter, is not given as the same by any three different highly trained

observers. A charming and powerful writer in the *National Review* of August 1886, describes Pasteur's eyes as "dark blue," but in the *Fortnightly* of July 1886, G. M. Crawford twice says his eyes are "topaz-yellow." Colour-blindness somewhere! Contrast with this uncertainty as to the colour of the eyes, the complexion; in one case said to be "bronzed," in another "pale"! As for his stature there is the same uncertainty, and one person saw only a short, stout, elderly man, where another beheld the "figure of a soldier or a majestic bearing. Fortunately, no one represents Pasteur as a giant, that would have been too great a flight of the imagination.

During the summer of 1886, at least three articles of great merit appeared on "Pasteur and Hydrophobia": one in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Professor E. Ray Lankester, was couched in terms so laudatory that they must have brought a deep blush to the cheek of the French *savant*, who surely had never before been credited with a more brilliant list of discoveries and triumphs; a second, in the *Fortnightly*, was much less complimentary, and perhaps erred in ascribing to Pasteur and his assistants the rôle of charlatans if not of knaves, while the author hinted that the disease itself might only exist in the mind of nervous sufferers; the third article, in the *National Review*, approached the subject differently; the author was positively awe-struck by the genius of Pasteur, and fully accepted his discoveries as proved. She made no claim to be regarded as competent to judge of the merits of the case. There is something positively charming in the frankness with which this talented authoress says:

As I left M. Pasteur I ventured to say to him that I had greatly known and greatly beloved the man who had conquered pain by chloroform, and that I should always be grateful to have met the *savant* who was about to rid the world of one of its most cruel scourges. As he lifted his eyes to my face, and replied, "Madam, you are really very good to speak thus to me," I noticed their peculiar expression. They seemed to look and yet not to see, and I asked myself—Was this only the effect of the day's fatigue, or of that incessant use of the microscope which had brought on his illness? His figure remains graven on the memory. In the middle of Paris, of the Paris which stews for ever in the juice of her own democratic passions, and of her own godless and clandestine joys, he seemed to stand out a high priest of Nature. Nor is he a mere scientist searching for knowledge under the daylight of his intelligence. Science in her gravest mood tends ever to utility, and Pasteur seeks for the truth that is alone worth knowing—how to be accurately and practically useful to mankind.

What a eulogium!—"the man about to rid the world of one of its most cruel scourges." Professor Lankester's opinion of Pasteur is also worth reading.

M. Pasteur is no ordinary man : he is one of the rare individuals who must be described by the term *genius*. Having commenced his scientific career, and attained great distinction as a chemist, M. Pasteur was led by his study of the chemical process of fermentation to give his attention to the phenomena of disease in living bodies resembling fermentation. Owing to a singular and fortunate mental characteristic, he has been able not merely to pursue a rigid path of investigation dictated by the logical or natural connection of the phenomena investigated, but deliberately to select for inquiry matter of the most profound importance to the community, and to bring his inquiries to a successful practical issue in a large number of instances. Thus he has saved the silkworm industry of France and Italy from destruction, he has taught the French wine makers to quickly mature their wine ; he has effected an enormous improvement and economy in the manufacture of beer, he has rescued the sheep and cattle of Europe from the fatal disease Anthrax, and it is probable—he would not himself assert that it is at present more than probable—that he has rendered hydrophobia a thing of the past. The discoveries made by this remarkable man would have rendered him, had he patented their application and disposed of them according to commercial principles, the richest man in the world. They represent a gain of some millions sterling annually to the community. It is right for those who desire that increased support to scientific investigation should be afforded by the governments of civilised states, to point with emphasis to the definite ability and pecuniary value of M. Pasteur's work, because it is only in rare instances that the discovery of new knowledge and the application of that knowledge go hand in hand. So little was hydrophobia understood, and to so small an extent had it been studied previously to M. Pasteur's investigations, that it was regarded by a certain number of highly competent physicians and physiologists, although this was not the general view, as a condition of the nervous system brought about by the infliction of a punctured inflammatory wound, in which the action of a specific virus or poison took no part : it was in fact by some physicians regarded as a variety of lock-jaw, or tetanus. Death results from spasm of the respiratory muscles, the patient dies asphyxiated. The desire to bite is rare. The disease invariably, as in the dog and other animals, terminates fatally, and usually between the second and fifth day after the symptoms have been first observed, though it sometimes runs on to the ninth day.

To form a right judgment as to Pasteur is not easy. He must be a man of commanding ability, for his name is associated with a long list of brilliant discoveries ; but I have not sufficiently studied his life and works to feel justified in hinting that his merits have been over-estimated, for fame is not easy to get, and such fame as his must have something more solid to rest upon than the extinction of hydrophobia, which, in the face of nearly 200 deaths after his treatment, seems somewhat problematical.

Arrived in Paris, having already introduced myself to Pasteur by some correspondence, I made my way to 14 Rue Vauquelin ; and having passed through a plain wooden door into a narrow paved yard, I found two other doors to my left, and on inquiry was told that they opened into the waiting-room. The sight that met me was

very similar to that in any out-patient room in a large general hospital in England, with this difference, that whereas in an English waiting-room many of the sufferers look very ill and are dirty, depressed and ragged, those in Pasteur's entrance-hall were mostly clean, well dressed and cheerful, and among them were many persons, whether spectators or patients I could not always ascertain, evidently of good social position. Much animated conversation was going on, and people were laughing merrily. At the end of the room, to the left, was a wooden railing separating a smaller room or recess from the larger, and as a large crowd was collected there I made my way to it, and found a young man calling over a list of numbers and names ; with some difficulty I reached the barrier and attracted his attention. I told him who I was, and asked to be taken to M. Pasteur ; the clerk simply pointed to a very short man at his side, wearing a smoking-cap and said : "There is M. Pasteur ; pray speak to him." Accordingly I passed through the gate, and advancing to M. Pasteur handed him my card ; he glanced at it and remarked : "Would you wait till the doctors come ? Pray take a seat in the large room yonder." I passed out again, and waited three-quarters of an hour. All this time names were being called over, and more people were pouring in. I had a singularly favourable opportunity of observing Pasteur in the meantime. He is short, stout, and elderly, with nothing striking in manner or appearance ; he seemed worried, preoccupied, and busy ; he is slightly lame, and his sight is bad, while, like most Frenchmen, according to my experience of them, he is extremely reserved. After a time, on the arrival of the physicians, I passed through the barrier and the small room into a large inner one, where I found many people,—a quiet, orderly, animated, well-dressed throng, a few patients, but the majority visitors or inquirers like myself. One or two assistants marshalled the patients and conducted them to a medical man sitting in a chair ; to the doctor's left was a table, on which were placed a dozen small vessels like custard glasses, containing the virus, a lamp, with a vessel of boiling water over the latter, and a few fine hypodermic syringes. The assistant received the syringe from the doctor, rapidly washed the needle in boiling water, filled the reservoir with virus, and handed it to the doctor, who very expertly injected the contents under the skin of the patient's side. Why M. Pasteur has selected the side of the patient as the right place for the injection is incomprehensible to me ; any part of the body would apparently do equally well ; true, M. Pasteur argues that *the nearer the centre of the circulation the better*, but physiologically, I can see no advantage in this. The operator having

returned the empty syringe to the assistant, the patient passed out through a door behind the surgeon. It is hardly necessary to say that few of the patients felt the prick of the needle, the operation is only a minor one, though children were of course alarmed, and some cried and resisted. This might easily deceive a layman, although a medical man would know how little was meant. The process was rapid, and scores of people came in quickly, were operated on, and passed out. I was struck by the admirable order which prevailed, the calmness and good behaviour of the patients, and the noiselessness and rapidity with which, when the injections were over, they filed out. An English out-patient surgery exhibits more noise and confusion, and less work is done in the same time. As this part of my report will conflict with many of the statements published, I consider it important to remind the reader that there is a vast difference between noise and confusion. To an outsider a review ground, a printing office, a hospital, a large kitchen, and a factory will seem noisy and disorderly, though an expert may be struck by the perfect order and amazing industry prevailing. A little practical knowledge would teach the visitor in Pasteur's rooms that underlying the bustle of activity real work was being done, methodically, promptly, and perfectly.

Two or three of the very few dirty, shoeless people I saw during my stay in France were in the rooms of M. Pasteur, and they were not French.

All this time M. Pasteur was moving about, briefly speaking to his assistants, or addressing a couple of words to strangers. An inner room led out of the large operating one, and there I found a surgeon busily engaged dressing wounds, some of them of great severity. He dexterously removed the dressings, put a little powdered iodoform on the wounds, then a pad of carbolised cotton wool, and a little fine gutta-percha tissue, and finally a gauze bandage over all. This man was large of person, cheerful of countenance, and remarkably rapid in his manipulations. As the patients came up in larger numbers he became more and more busy, and at last he turned to me and said in a quick, decisive way, "Be good enough to dress some of these people"; so I set to work and attended to a few; but how he guessed I was a medical practitioner I cannot tell.

There could be no doubt that a large proportion of the patients had been bitten, and some seriously; a Russian lad had had his right leg so severely lacerated, that a certain proportion of deaths might be expected in 500 such cases of injury. One of the accounts

I have read throws doubt on the *bona fides* of many of the patients, and actually accuses the majority of being arrant impostors; for such an accusation there is no possible foundation or excuse, though possibly it may be true of a small percentage.

There did not seem any great air of seriousness among the patients and spectators; indeed I suspect that many looked on the whole thing as a joke; a small one, it may be, still a joke.

As M. Pasteur invites inquiry and criticism, I suppose that matters could not be altered; still there was an appearance of something like a *show* in the proceedings and place that would wear away should the laboratory remain open for years. Many of the aristocratic gentlemen and graceful ladies who passed through the rooms were evidently come to look round, just as they might, later in the day, go to a flower show, or a picture gallery.

M. Pasteur was too silent and reserved to get anything out of him. Under such circumstances—the centre of such a throng of inquirers—an English discoverer would have rattled away twenty to the dozen, explaining and enlarging upon everything, and offering all the information he had to give; not so Pasteur.

The *Fortnightly* of July 1886 says of him :

He is obliging to all in the manner of a kindly, hard-worked man, who has no time to lose in idle talk and empty compliments. His conversation with a newcomer, however important or well introduced, is limited to "How do you do? What can I do for you?" this not drily or gruffly; and on being told that the visitor wants to be inoculated, he says: "Good, go and wait your turn with the others." He asks very few questions, indeed sometimes none, as to how applicants for treatment came to be bitten, and does not like to hear that the dog which inflicted the bite has not been killed. "Dogs suffer so dreadfully when rabid that it is a humane duty to kill them at once." Yet he must know that no diagnosis of rabies is complete unless the dog first dies of that disease. The first thing one notices is that he has the bronzed complexion of a military veteran, and a good deal in the expression of the face of a grave old soldier. The former must have been inherited, as his life has been sedentary, and the latter may possibly be the result in infancy and boyhood of conscious and unconscious imitations of his father—*un brave de la grande armée* until 1816 or thereabouts, when he set up a little tanyard near Dôle, in la Franche-Comté. It is well for those who want to scan the *savant* reading the blue despatches that he sometimes takes off mechanically his black velvet smoking-cap which he ever wears at home and in his laboratory. The "dome of thought, the palace of the soul," shown by its removal, is solidly constructed, spacious, and high, without being arched. A man with such a head could not help making his mark in life. The mind is at ease in a dwelling so spacious. All the lineaments bespeak self-will, and the habit of hard, patient, persevering work. A nose that would be lumpy if shorter, is wrinkled in all directions at the bridge. It is the sort of low nose with a thick, advancing, downward end, semi-*retroussé* and semi-dipping, which one sees in the effigies of antique French warriors, and which Mercié has given to his equestrian

statue in the salon of the Constable de Montmorency. A short scant beard does not hide the massive, fleshy, and yet not heavy outline of the under part of the face. An air of thoughtful gravity pervades the countenance. But there is something of the African feline in the topaz-yellow eyes, which, when the smoking-cap is taken off and the head thrown back, stare right before them at vacancy as if to rest the optic nerves. I have never seen a human being with eyes like Pasteur's; they are sometimes lighted up by flashes of scientific inspiration.

Much of this admirable description agrees fairly well with my own observations.

After a time I got hold of Dr. Grancher, a tall, slight, bald man of forty, extremely able and gentlemanly, and proceeded to cross-examine him, but not successfully, for there must be two parties to a cross-examination—the questioner and the questioned. I tried the rôle of the former, but Dr. Grancher was little less unapproachable than his chief. The main point I wanted to clear up was—what proof was there that the people coming to be treated had been bitten by rabid animals. He very quietly answered, “We have none; we cannot investigate all the cases that come here; we assume that the people who come have good reasons for their journey. Some bring a certificate from their doctors; others bring nothing. We prefer certificates from veterinary surgeons, as to the condition of the dog. When,” continued Dr. Grancher, “a dog without obvious cause has bitten three or four people, and subsequently becomes rabid, we have no doubt as to his condition.” So far true, but it would be interesting to find out how often the offending dog is *proved* to become rabid; and, unless I am greatly in error, we should not in England accept the ferocity of a dog as any proof that it was rabid.

Doctor Grancher, through whose medium Pasteur operates, enters and sits down in an arm-chair in the recess of the northern window facing the door. A side light from a western window falls on his face. On his left is a table with ten glasses, containing a substance which looks like starch, but is peptonised gelatine, having in it nine different degrees of tamed virus, and the rapid poison in its pristine strength. No. 1 is the weakest, No. 10 the most potent. The doctor is middle-aged, slender, bald, sandy-haired, self-possessed, pale, has a Mephistophelian profile, and never by any chance says a word to anybody. His air is one of utter indifference. He is merely Pasteur's authorised medical instrument. But under his indifferent manner keen watchfulness peeps out. His hands are in black kid gloves, which on sitting down he carefully examines to see there are no holes. The doctor operates on all—the scrofulous, consumptive, scabby, the healthy, the young, the old, the maiden, the child, the gallant soldier, &c. &c., with the same hypodermic syringe. He does not wash it between the inoculations, or the categories of inoculations. Each patient, on coming up to him, bares his or her abdomen. The ladies have ingenious contrivances to avoid indelicate exhibitions. Nevertheless, some of them redden like peonies, and others all but cry. Grancher pays no heed to their blushing, nor to their welling-over eyes, and operates as if they were anatomy-room subjects. He takes a bit of

the abdominal flesh between a finger and thumb, drives slantingly down under the skin the needle, and injects. This syringe is an elegant little instrument like a case pencil. There are times when his eye, it seems to those who watch him, expresses scoffing scepticism. It seems to say *Tas d'imbéciles*. He is not in Pasteur's secret. This contemptuous glance may perhaps be explained by the fact that the crowd emits a worse odour than a collection of old and freshly worn shoes. French and Belgian peasants are clean and neat, but lower order Spanish, Portuguese, and Russians are dirty to a loathsome degree. The Kabyles have a passion for clean linen and cold water, and never fail to wash their feet under the tap of the *École Normale*.

This lively *Fortnightly Review* writer contends, it will be noticed, that "Dr. Grancher is not in M. Pasteur's secret." I do not in the least understand what this means. Dr. Grancher seems to me an excellent representative of a large class of medical practitioners; he is employed—whether gratuitously or not I do not know—to do something, in this particular case to carry out subcutaneous injections of virus, and that something he does to the best of his ability; that seems his *rôle*.

At the time of my visit at least 4,000 people had gone to Paris from all parts of Europe and America; but the people are chiefly French; foreigners bear but a small ratio to the whole.

I found many people engaged like myself in making inquiries; with some of these I entered into conversation, and their opinions conflicted very much one with another. For instance, I noticed a very large, gentlemanly man, about sixty—evidently a person of ability and mark. With some hesitation I addressed him, and found him most courteous. He was a Russian physician from Moscow. He had once only seen a case of hydrophobia, and when I commented on the incredible number of rabid dogs that seemed without rhyme or reason to be infesting Europe like one of the plagues of Egypt, he smiled. He appeared to accept the sincerity and good faith of Pasteur as above question, and spoke warmly of his ability as a chemist and of his discoveries in crystallisation; but, as for physiology, he again smiled. On asking the Russian his opinion as to whether there was any value in Pasteur's theories and treatment, he replied oracularly: "Time will show; time has destroyed many great reputations and exposed many pretensions. As for truth, where can we find perfect truth, but with One above, the Source and Fountain of all truth?" This was very true, though it gave me little assistance.

Too much has undoubtedly been made of Pasteur's not being a medical man, and not having studied physiology. I cannot see why highly educated men are necessarily incompetent to judge, and often

correctly and impartially, of the merits of men and things outside their daily work. The question is not—Is Pasteur a doctor and a physiologist? But—Has he the intellectual qualifications for mastering the subject he has taken in hand? Can he sift and weigh evidence? Is he unprejudiced? Is his first and last aim the love of truth and the good of mankind? These questions I leave others to answer, though there will hardly be two opinions as to his ability. Most medical men are not original investigators, and few, however well qualified as regards professional education and the possession of diplomas, are competent to discover or report upon new truths, and Pasteur might easily be more competent in this respect than most successful and skilful practitioners.

Pasteur's keenness of observation and retentiveness of memory did not impress me as remarkable. The last time I saw him before leaving Paris, when, wishing him good-bye, he looked at me absently and said: "You, you have not then been bitten?" "Many times," I replied, "but not of late, nor by a mad dog." Still even of this I will not make much. Pasteur must be a man of remarkable acumen and power, although he may not favourably impress all strangers. At the same time I have known many eminent men, whose writings and achievements showed them to be geniuses, who did not convey even to intimate friends the impression of conspicuous ability.

On my second morning in the rooms matters went on much the same. I noticed a dark man of fifty, whom I cross-examined. He was a physician from Cairo, sent to Paris to investigate the matter. He was very reticent as to Pasteurism, though he accounted for the large number of patients from their being drawn from a vast area, which did not agree with my own observations and inquiries. The Egyptian physician was clever, lively, and intelligent. Among the patients were two foreign women—one tall, the other short, both singularly handsome. "What are those people?" I inquired. "One," he replied, "is an Arab; the other I don't know." The short woman whom he had called an Arab heard him, and politely begged his pardon, disclaiming any Arab blood. She and her tall companion were Spaniards—from Arragon, I think. "Yes, but of Arab type," the physician retorted. "Don't you know that the Arabs ruled Spain for 700 years?" The woman laughed, but doubted her Arab ancestry, or the Arab rule of Spain, I don't know which.

Among the visitors there was another tall man, with gold-rimmed spectacles. I put him through a long cross-examination; he was a Brazilian physician, investigating the subject preparatory to opening a similar institute at Rio. It was quite refreshing at last to meet

with a believer in Pasteur ; he was convinced that the treatment was infallible, and the deaths he got over very comfortably. Some were from the severity of the wounds, other people did not come soon enough, and some deaths were from other complaints ; that was his explanation.

One morning I heard M. Pasteur speak to a man, evidently a stranger, perhaps a foreigner. He had not brought a medical certificate, and had been previously ordered to get one from his doctor, who lived at some distance. "Telegraph at once," said Pasteur peremptorily ; "we *must* have certificates and proofs whenever we can get them."

There is little to add. Of Pasteur's kindness of heart, or rather of his affection for children, there is no doubt. "He is in ready sympathy with children. The moment a little one sobs or whimpers in go his fingers into his waistcoat fob and out comes a silver coin, which is slipped, with the accompaniment of pats on the back and head, into the young thing's hand. This is done spontaneously, and from pure good nature."

M. Pasteur's own evident faith in what was going on—I mean in the value of the treatment—I could not possibly doubt ; nor could I question in one sense his humanity ; he seemed passionately fond of children, and any little child always attracted his attention. One of the doctors, the large jovial man, was injecting the virus into a little boy and the latter resisted and screamed. The slight disturbance attracted M. Pasteur's notice ; he hurried up : "What are you doing?" he exclaimed sharply. "Nothing," replied the doctor ; "the little boy saw the instrument and was frightened, that is all." Again, a second child cried, when M. Pasteur once more came up and said, "Ah, my child, it is all over." Once more, a little girl was rather noisy, when he hurried to the spot and said in a tone of real concern, "Souviens-toi, ma petite, que si on t'a fait du mal c'est pour ton bien, mon enfant." Another child he soothed and comforted, giving it a piece of money. I saw one of the medical men kissing a little child he was going to attend to. I apologise for mentioning these trivial matters, but I am bound to be candid in my statements, and some persons have represented Pasteur and his assistants as monsters of cruelty. But I must remind the reader that professions and practice have not always much in common. The most indefatigable in their attendance at church, and in their observance of religious forms, are unfortunately sometimes those who show least of the true spirit of the Master ; the roughest in appearance are sometimes the kindest and gentlest ; and the smoothest spoken have occasionally the hardest

hearts. A friend of mine, who would not be considered strictly orthodox, is of all the men whom I know the one who seems best to enter into and to understand the spirit of the Master ; another friend, a most enthusiastic sportsman, who thinks little of human life, is the one whose tender love of animals and birds has most impressed me. So while M. Pasteur and his assistants may be dead to all feeling for animals—at least towards those they are going to vivisect—they may feel deep love for young children, and be ready to help and soothe them. Having always regarded vivisection with undisguised aversion, I felt greater curiosity than common to see a man whose fame as a vivisector is world-wide, but during my conversations with him I heard nothing of those terrible and repeated experiments that have aroused so much horror in many hearts. “Pasteur is happy in his married life, happy in the marriage of his daughter to the M. Valery-Radot who has written such a charming “*Life of a Savant* by an Ignoramus,” and happy in the company of a grandchild whom Barnet has painted standing beside him, the *savant's* hand half-hidden among the girl's clustering curls. Because of his experiments on animals he was once reproached with cruelty. “Never,” he replied, “*never* in my life have I taken the life of an animal for sport, but when it is a question of my experiments, I claim the right to make them ; I am deterred by no scruples !”

The public interest in the subject declined for a time, when the death of Lord Doneraile of hydrophobia following the bite of a tame fox reopened, as from the rank of the sufferer it could hardly fail to do, the whole question of Pasteurism, and as the case was typical of a large class I will relate it. Lord Doneraile was an elderly nobleman, of rather quiet country habits, and very fond of dogs. He was bitten by a tame fox, and soon after the latter became rabid. Of course Lord Doneraile was a good deal alarmed, and without delay went to Paris, where he and his coachman, who had also been bitten at the same time, underwent that curious treatment with which the name of the illustrious Frenchman will henceforth be inseparably connected. The patients returned home apparently well. Unfortunately, after a time the master became ill and developed hydrophobia, and in a few days passed away, adding another to the long list of failures that have thrown such increasing discredit on Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia. The man, much younger than his master, keeps well, though, by the way, age has little to do with the development and course of the disease. Lord Doneraile's was the ninety-eighth death after treatment at the hands of Pasteur.

As for the value of the treatment, that seems more doubtful than

ever. The injection does not appear to me to produce any local or constitutional disturbance, and so cannot, as far as I can understand, neutralise or destroy any virus in the system. "In hydrophobia," said Sir James Paget, in a recent Morton Lecture at the College of Surgeons, "there is a specific virus, inoculable, probably a microbe; it is everywhere diffused, in the person or animal in whom it has been inserted; it is in the saliva, and thus matters may continue during good health, but, at last, it produces definite disease at the appropriate nervous centre." The virus injected in Pasteur's treatment is intended to permeate the system and destroy the hydrophobic germs; whether it does so others must decide, certainly the terrible necrology of M. Pasteur seems to show that something is wrong somewhere.

Wishing to get the most recent scientific opinion on the subject, I wrote to Dr. Thomas Michael Dolan, the very distinguished editor of the *Provincial Medical Journal*. His words are strong, and are dated February 11, 1890. "I am satisfied," he writes, "that M. Pasteur has not only not diminished the average death-rate from hydrophobia in any part of the world, but that by his intensive process he has increased it—by introducing a new disease in man—paralytic hydrophobia."

When I noticed that, though the patients were drawn from a large area, most were French, and not a few from Paris or the district, I felt that one might doubt whether the majority of the dogs that had inflicted the bites were rabid. It must not, however, be forgotten that, though hydrophobia is often a nervous complaint—in other words, many of its victims die of terror—it is possible that some of the more nervous people treated by Pasteur have been saved from death. This confidence in the value of the treatment must vanish as numerous cases are published of well-marked hydrophobia following on the treatment, and deaths from dread of hydrophobia will again be as common as ever. "I also heard Pasteur speak of the inestimable good a thorough belief in a cure for rabies was certain to effect. The nerves of many persons were so shattered by fear that, although the bites were inflicted on them by non-rabid dogs, they died as painful deaths as though a virus in the canine saliva had got into their blood."

Time, as the Russian physician oracularly remarked, that great clearer away of mysteries, will show. Pasteur's world-wide reputation, and the way in which hydrophobia appeals to the imagination, in part account for the crowds attracted to his rooms, more particularly as the treatment is free, and no applicant is turned away, or has any fee or charge to meet.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE NEW FOREST AS A NATIONAL SCHOOL.

THE schoolmaster is abroad in the person of the President of the London Chamber of Commerce ; and by those who know the energy of Sir John Lubbock, and the powerful influence of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, the establishment of a National School of Forestry in the United Kingdom is regarded as certain.

It is obviously impossible to compress a tithe of what can be said on this important subject within the limits of a short magazine article ; and all that the writer can attempt to do is to draw attention to current opinion in the commercial and scientific world on the proposed school ; and also (but from another point of view) to indicate some of the drawbacks and risks which may be involved in a scheme of this kind. In dealing with the first branch of the subject it is necessary to go back to the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce held in London in the year 1889, when Mr. G. T. Harper, a shipowner and merchant, and a delegate from the Southampton Chamber, moved a resolution to the effect that a School of Forestry should be established in the United Kingdom. This was seconded by Sir John Lubbock, and unanimously adopted. Here, then, we find influential representatives of commerce and science agreed on the desirability of promoting the study of forestry as a practical science. Having reached this level, the scheme could not fail to be rapidly developed ; and delegates returning from the Metropolis to the provinces educated so strong an opinion on the point that, when it again found public expression at the meeting of the Associated Chambers at Hull, last autumn, theory had given place to practical details, and the only subject reserved for discussion was, not whether a School of Forestry was desirable, but where it could best be located. Previously to this, some very useful facts and statistics bearing on the subject had been collected in a paper read before the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. T. W. Shore, F.G.S., of the Hartley Institution in that town. He dealt

with the subject from its scientific aspect, and after pointing out that by a National School of Forestry he understood an establishment where the highest form of instruction could be obtained, and the most reliable information supplied on all matters connected with the growth and cultivation of timber such as existed in all European countries except our own, he proceeded to show that "such a national institution must necessarily have within easy reach of it sufficiently large areas of woodland where the practical questions connected with forestry could be studied, and where those scientific principles which would form the basis of such forestry instruction could be put to the test."

Dealing with the Board of Trade returns relating to the importation of foreign timber—the annual value of which reached in 1883 the enormous total of £15,314,295—Mr. Shore drew attention to the significant fact that the supplies from Norway and Sweden were by no means inexhaustible, and that even in 1883 Sweden was annually cutting 400,000 loads of sawn wood more than the reproductive power of her forests warranted. The question then naturally arises whether "all possible encouragement should not be given to the growth of timber in the British Islands, and the most modern scientific knowledge applicable to arboriculture diffused as widely as possible." This question was answered by the meeting at Hull already referred to, when it was unanimously resolved "that it is desirable the Crown forest lands of the United Kingdom be utilised for a National Institution in Forestry." By far the most important of the Crown forests is the New Forest in Hampshire, with an area of 65,000 acres, of which, under existing Acts of Parliament, 16,000 acres may be enclosed for planting at one time. Hampshire is in fact the "forest county of England," and contains within its borders more Crown forest land than is found in all the rest of England. Its climatic conditions and varieties of soil render it moreover peculiarly adapted for experiments in forestry.

In the opinion of those who possess practical knowledge on the subject, the New Forest (which includes large tracts of land where no trees are growing and where the pasture is poor) might supply much more timber of various kinds than at present.

Mr. Shore, in the paper alluded to, strongly advises an attempt to acclimatise the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum tree. It produces, he says, "a most valuable timber, unsurpassed for building purposes, telegraph poles, and railway sleepers. Its nature is such that, owing to the extremely rapid absorbing power of its roots, and the equally remarkable evaporating power of its leaves, this tree rapidly improves

damp soils and ameliorates a damp climate. It might, therefore, greatly improve the New Forest pasture in many places." That the *Eucalyptus can* be successfully grown is proved by the fact that a tree of this species, thirty feet high, is now to be seen in the garden of a villa at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where the situation is not more sheltered than many parts of the New Forest. The tree in question flowers annually, and is apparently quite acclimatised. There are, moreover, many trees indigenous to Great Britain, and the products of which, apart from the ordinary uses of timber, have an economic value, which would claim attention in a School of Forestry.

The Associated Chambers are evidently determined to press the whole question on the notice of the Minister of Agriculture, and, as the following extract from their recognised organ in the Press clearly indicates, have taken up a very decided attitude on the subject of the proposed School of Forestry in this country :—

"The commercial interests in the forestry question will only be adequately recognised by the establishment of a National Forestry School, in which it shall be considered at least as important to ascertain, by well-directed and long-continued efforts, what can be got out of trees in different stages of their growth, and under different conditions of growth, as to ascertain by experiment what are the best conditions for timber-growing.

"From the discussion which took place at Hull, we appear to have in the Crown forest lands such a great variety of soils, as to have the field for forestry experimental work ready made for us. These forest lands are national property, and could be turned to no better purpose than practical work in connection with a National Forestry Institution, and, if we mistake not, our Crown forests have not hitherto been very successful from an economic point of view."

In leaving this part of the subject, it may fairly be said that the following points are established: (1) Scientific and commercial opinion demands a National Institution of Forestry; (2) the New Forest is pre-eminently qualified as the district in which it should be located.

Turning now to another aspect of the question, the writer protests in advance against the charge of "sentimentalism" being regarded as valid. Men of business are, as a class, very ready to denounce as "mere sentiment" whatever objections may be urged from an artistic point of view to a purely commercial enterprise. Nevertheless sentiment, in one form or another (as even the most hard-headed of Scotchmen must admit), plays a very important part in national history, and in the formation of national character. No apology, therefore, is needed for inquiring with what feelings the New Forest

is regarded not only by poets, painters, novelists, and all lovers of sylvan scenery, but also by politicians and members of the learned professions.

Year by year more and more persons who belong to one or other of these classes visit, or make their homes in, the New Forest, and find in its lovely woods and glades fresh inspiration for their art, or such repose for wearied eyes and brains as can rarely be enjoyed elsewhere in England. In the pages of Mr. J. R. Wise's standard work, "The New Forest—its History and its Scenery," may be found plenty of arguments in support of the artistic or *sentimental* (if the reader pleases) as opposed to the purely utilitarian view of the subject. For instance, when writing of the felling of trees in the forest, Mr. Wise remarks: "I say, too, this, strange as it may doubtless appear, that Government, whenever it fells any timber, should spare some of the finest trees for the sake of their beauty, and for the delight they will give to future generations. Cut down and sawn into planks they are worth but so many pounds. Standing, their value is inappreciable. We have Government Schools of Design and Government picture galleries, but they are useless without Nature to assist the student. Government, by keeping here some few old trees, will do more to foster true art than all the grants of Parliament." A deeper chord is touched when the same author reminds us that in the lovely woods of the Hampshire Forest we have much to learn at the school of the best of teachers—Nature. "These woods are always beautiful. Of their loveliness in spring we have spoken; and if you come to them in summer, then the first purple of the heather flaunts on every bank, and edges the sides of the gravel-pits with a crimson fringe; and the streams, now idle, suffer themselves to be stopped up with water-lilies and white crowfoot, whilst the mock-myrtle dips itself far into the water. Then is it you may know something of the sweetness and the solitude of the woods, and wandering on, giving the day up to profitable idleness, can attain to that mood of which Wordsworth constantly sings, as teaching more than all books, or years of study." It is clear, then, that there are many who have already found in the New Forest a national school for art, for literature, and, rich as it is in geological and botanical studies, for science also. Will the students in the National School of Forestry greet these older students as friends, or, regarding them with jealousy and contempt, call on the Government to sweep all sentiment aside and hand over the Forest to be treated as one huge plantation or Arboretum, or at least to multiply the crowded fir-plantations to the destruction of all that is picturesque and beautiful? If so, then

assuredly there will rally to the rescue thousands of men and women, of all ranks and conditions of life, who love the Forest for itself, and who will oppose to the bitter end any attempt to rob this overcrowded country of ours of its choicest sylvan retreat. Those, however (and happily there are many), who combine devotion to practical science with a sincere love of nature, maintain that there need be no hostility between the schools, and that it is perfectly feasible to establish a School of Forestry without sacrificing the ancient woods, or otherwise destroying the charms so eloquently described by Mr. Wise. It has been estimated that less than the area of the existing Government plantations would—judiciously used—suffice for such experimental work as would be required to be carried out in the New Forest by a School of Forestry. Nor must it be forgotten that the existing Charter of Forest Rights, obtained, after many efforts, in 1877, imposes on the verderers the duty of preserving the picturesque character of the woods, and that this must, therefore, be repealed before the advocates of another policy can succeed. Some modification of the present regulations may be needed to enable the School of Forestry to do its work with advantage. But in the Deputy Surveyor of the Forest (a Crown appointment) and his subordinates there already exists a staff of officials with practical knowledge of the whole district; and this fact, while affording a strong argument in favour of the selection of the New Forest as the site of the proposed School, should also remove any fear of mischief arising from the zeal of amateur or untrained foresters.

Let the authorities only treat the matter with due regard to *all* the uses of the Forest, and a cordial welcome will be given to the establishment in Hampshire of an institution which will certainly give fresh life to an important industry, and prove a source—too long neglected—of national prosperity.

It is in this sense, and with this hope, that the present attempt has been made to direct attention to the New Forest as a National School.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

*A FRENCH PROTESTANT DURING
THE REVOLUTION:
RABAUT SAINT-ÉTIENNE.*

"Homme libre, chrétien, Républicain par choix, né pour aimer mon frère et servir ma patrie."

ENGLISH Protestants rejoiced in the opportunity of commemorating, during 1888, two anniversaries at once—that of the repulse of "Romish foes" from abroad, and that of the expulsion of "Romish traitors" at home. At none, however, of the Armada and "Glorious Revolution" celebrations has it been noticed that 1888, besides being a Protestant bi- and tri-centenary, is also (if we may coin a word) a uni-centenary. And yet the date stands as an important one in the annals of the Reformed Church of France.

January 29, 1788. "Edict of Toleration" for non-Catholics registered by the Parliament of Paris.

And as Rabaut Saint-Étienne, the Protestant pastor whose glory it is to have obtained that edict, became one of the "Fathers of the Revolution," the "Men of 1789" as the phrase is, we shall make no apology for offering for the centenary of 1789 our sketch of a life that touches at its beginning the Dragonnades of the old *régime*, and at its end the worship of the Goddess of Reason under the new.

Jean-Paul Rabaut, called Saint-Étienne, was born in 1743, the eldest son of the "Desert Pastor,"¹ Paul Rabaut, almost the last survivor of the heroic age of Huguenotism. It was now more than half a century since Louis XIV. turned his "booted apostles" loose

¹ The "Desert" was the wild region of Languedoc and the Cévennes, where Huguenotism lingered after it had been crushed out of the towns. Every pastor adopted for safety a *nom de Désert*, or *alias*, by which he was known among the faithful. Paul Rabaut had at least a dozen "Desert names" of his own, and had given to his three sons in childhood those of Saint-Étienne, Pommier, and Dupuis. To call them by their father's name would have been to expose them as a prey to the pious kidnappers, to whom the law afforded every facility for taking a child out of the control of Huguenot parents.

upon the Huguenots ; but the persecution, though not quite in its first heat, was still far from being over. Paul Rabaut was a fugitive hiding in caves and thickets ; attempts were made to seize his wife as a hostage, and during a hasty flight her child was born in a barn or stable. Throughout his childhood Jean-Paul never knew till supper-time where he should sleep ; his father regulated the march, and the children were lodged on the faithful in turn. At the age of eleven he was awaked one morning by a troop of grenadiers demanding entrance to the house where his mother had taken refuge. The next year we find him safe in Geneva, boarding with a refugee pastor, and, later on, transferred to the Lausanne College, which Antoine Court, the "Restorer of the Huguenot Church," had founded for training Desert Pastors. Jean-Paul's inclination seems to have been towards the Bar,¹ but, as the professions in France were closed to Huguenots, he resigned himself to entering the Ministry. At the age of nineteen he returned to France as a *proposant* (probationary minister). On crossing the border he was greeted with the news of the capture and hanging of the pastor Rochette (1762), and with a request that he would preach the funeral sermon. If we knew Rabaut Saint-Étienne's early life, says his friend Boissy d'Anglas, we should find it as full of perils and heroism as that of any Catholic priest under the Terror ; but the records which have come down to us are of more peaceful days. For even now the tide was turning. The "affaire Calas" (only a month later than that of Rochette) enlisted Voltaire's advocacy ; and Voltaire ruled every mind in France. By steps too many to relate, the Protestants of France, like the Roman Catholics of England, reached the stage of tacit toleration. Their wrongs, exemplified in the "Honnête Criminel" of Fenouillet de Falbaire's play (1767), drew tears from a Court audience. Their meetings for worship in the stone-quarries at Nîmes, where they sat under parasols, upon camp-stools, were winked at by the military authorities ; the petitions which they kept on sending to the local Parliaments and to the governors of provinces, were actually read, and men in high places intimated that it was time to act upon them. Meanwhile Rabaut Saint-Étienne, rejoicing in the new turn things were taking,

¹ Some English books of the time, and also the *Conversations-Lexikon* of Brockhaus (Leipzig, 1878), state that Rabaut Saint-Étienne went to the Bar, and combined its practice on week-days with preaching on Sundays. But for this, the present writer has found no French authority, save an entry in one of the contemporary lists of deputies to the States-General : "Rabaud de S. Étienne, ex-Ecclesiastique, Avocat en Parlement." Probably the title was never more than a title. Rabaut himself tells us that in Switzerland every educated man called himself a pastor, and in France either an *avocat* or an *abbé*.

made a love-match with a demoiselle Boissière (1768), and developed into a preacher of local fame, whose sermons on the marriage and coronation of Louis XVI. were commended even by Catholics, and whom our Duke of Gloucester (brother of George III.), when passing through Languedoc, came in state to hear. Rabaut drew up a petition for the Huguenot galley-slaves, and suggested to the Synod to present to the King a "remonstrance," and to set up a Protestant newspaper.—(Projects which were both rejected as being far too audacious.) In 1779 he brought out at London a tale called "*Le Triomphe de l'Intolérance*," which, after various republications and re-namings, finally appeared about 1785 as "*Le Vieux Cévénol, ou Anecdotes de la Vie d'Ambroise Borély*." He had no need to strain his inventive powers for incident. The sufferings he described were all too real. In his fiction, the hero's mother is turned out of doors when on the point of childbirth. So in real life was Madame Pechels, of Montauban. The hero's uncle is drummed into abjuration. So was Chambrun, the pastor of Orange. The hero Ambroise himself is dragooned, beggared, led in the *chaîne* of galley-slaves, but at last escapes to England. From thence the "spleen" drives him back to France, where he meets Sophie Robinel, "pretty without regularity, lively, animated with all the fires of the *Midi*"—a portrait perhaps of the author's own wife. We must deplore that, characteristic of the age, Ambroise, for all his pure religion, has but the morals of a Border ballad-hero, and that, though he insists on a Protestant marriage ceremony, he defers it a little late in the day. Catholic kinsfolk contest the marriage, and Ambroise, after losing a lawsuit, is again a fugitive, widowed, and with a child on his hands which, if it knew, might cry, "Inhuman country! wilt thou brand me from my birth?"

Rabaut's next work was of quite another character, being a "Homage to the Memory of the late Bishop of Nîmes"—Monseigneur de Bec de Lièvre—who seems to have been a worthy man, universally charitable, and who had won Rabaut's antiquarian sympathies by his care for the *Maison-Carrée*. "It is lawful," says the writer, "to praise those when dead whom we would not have praised while living; and we trust we are not among those vulgar souls who can see no merit in those who differ from them in opinion." The tolerance and moderation of a Huguenot of that age (of which we could cite twenty examples) are the more to be admired when we consider what was still his legal position—illegitimated, excluded from the professions, in strict law liable to death on the gallows.

Such was the state of things when Lafayette, fresh from America,

and with his head full of liberty and equal justice, visited Nîmes, and introduced himself to the Rabaut household. "The hero of two worlds pressed in his arms the venerable Desert pastor," and urged the pastor's eldest son to come to Paris to plead the Protestant cause with the King's new ministers. Rabaut Saint-Etienne responded eagerly; his flock subscribed to pay for his journey—not without qualms as to the dangers of *lettres de cachet* and kidnappers on the road—and the Paris world gave a warm reception to the *protégé* of its hero. Counts and marquises were amazed to find in this "child of the Desert" a civilised man with powdered hair and starched neckcloth, a classical scholar, a philosopher well-read in the works of the Encyclopædists, and of Gibbon and Bacon, and even an elegant poet who turned odes easily, and had on hand, it was whispered, an epic poem to the glory of Charles Martel. The cause he advocated was enthusiastically espoused. In the Assembly of Notables, Lafayette "openly expressed his generous sentiments." Ministers, academicians, even a bishop, showed themselves well-disposed to the Protestants. In the autumn of 1787 (*sic*) an edict granting to "non-Catholics" the right to live in France and there exercise a profession or trade, to contract civil marriage, and to register their births and burials, was proposed by Louis XVI., and, after some opposition, was registered by the Paris Parliament. "You will easily judge," wrote Lafayette to Washington, "with what pleasure I presented, last Sunday, at a ministerial table, the first Protestant ecclesiastic who has been seen at Versailles since the Revocation of 1685." The Protestants, with joyful and grateful hearts, flocked to ensure their legal status—in some cases, old men came to register the births of three generations, father, child, and grandchild. Opponents of the Revolution point triumphantly to the fact that toleration was granted to Protestants by the King under the old *régime*, and that he had promised to take the penal laws into consideration; and they urge that there is no knowing what further reforms he might have made if his subjects would have left him free to make them.

Rabaut adorned his room with a portrait of Lafayette, inscribed in large gold letters "My Hero," and returned to Languedoc (March, 1788) to preach a sermon on "Render unto Cæsar," which was remembered by hearers who were living in 1850. He was now the greatest man in Nîmes, and that not only with his own flock. He had made a name among the *savants*; his new book on primitive Greek history had been commended by the learned Bailly; and, what was of more general interest, he had added one to

the 2,500 and odd pamphlets on the coming States-General. From that day his clerical life was over and his political life began.

The best part of the Abbé Sieyès' famous pamphlet is its title, and that is not of Sieyès' invention. Rabaut's is about as good as Sieyès' without the title ; its doctrine is the same, that the Tiers-État is the real body of the nation, and the noblesse and clergy mere fractions.¹ "Frenchmen," it begins, "your interests and your glory are at stake ! Tiers-État, open not your books, regard not what your fathers have done, but resume your place and your ascendant, for you are the Nation. You have been silent because no one consulted you : speak while you may." The Tiers-État at Nîmes spoke effectually, by electing the author as the first of its eight deputies to the States-General.

It was a great triumph, seeing that most of the electors were nominal Catholics ; but of these many were *philosophes*, and ready to utilise Protestant zeal against the dominant Church. We find nothing in Rabaut's political life to confirm the story that he had vowed vengeance against the clergy for its insults to him as a pastor ; he dislikes priests, but it is because they band together with kings and nobles against the people. Rabaut is Anglomaniac, and still more Americomaniac ; a hater of war, to which the light of reason is to put an end ; he is as Voltairean as a Christian minister can well be ; he finds "manly accents" (not a very happy epithet) in Rousseau, and one of his favourite writers is that Abbé Raynal with whom our Dr. Johnson refused to shake hands, as being an unbeliever. In the French Protestant, bred in the sober faith which had succeeded to Camisard fanaticism, we must not look for the fervour of the English Methodist. Rabaut has something in him of the political Dissenter, but much more of his father's millenarianism secularised, leading him to put faith in Anarcharsis Cloutz and his scheme of a universal nation, and to look on the Revolution of his day as akin to that which once replaced polytheism by Christianity.

In his "Précis Historique de la Révolution," a work which has afforded the model for the letter of the Protestant deputy Chauvel in Erckmann-Chatrian's novel, Rabaut describes the reception of the deputies, and lets out some bitterness at being obliged to put on, "as if to play in a comedy," the lawyer's dress, which he would so gladly

¹ The sentence, "The Tiers-État is the Nation, *minus* the noblesse and clergy," which has been said to contain the whole gist of Sieyès' pamphlet, is in fact not Sieyès' at all, but quoted by him from Rabaut, and quoted with censure as too mild. "Then some one might come after you and say, 'The noblesse is the Nation, *minus* the Tiers-État and clergy.' Why did you not say at once that the Tiers-État is *all*?" But there is no doubt that Rabaut would have said so, only he was too prudent.

have assumed in good earnest at the outset of his career. He notices the two folding-doors opened for the nobles and clergy, and but one for the commons. "These babyisms, which sensible men make light of, have their significance." He counts up the cost of the new palaces, and reflects, "This magnificence is bought with the sweat of the people." He never names himself, but we learn elsewhere that his was the first motion, and the one finally adopted, for the summons to the privileged orders, and that he drew up the Commission, and was chosen first of the Commissioners who were to confer with those chosen by the clergy. If the Republic began in the States-General, Rabaut is its founder.

We pass over his account of the Tennis-court oath—one which might serve as text to David's picture—his work on the staff of the *Moniteur*, and his contributions to the *Chronique de Paris*. "M. de Saint-Étienne," as he was now called, continued to be courted in society, together with his wife, who is described as a pretty woman, simple and amiable, and with a soul sharing her husband's aspirations. Mirabeau was but a Mi-Rabaut (only worth half of Rabaut), said those who distrusted the Count as one merely playing at democracy, and who saw in the ex-pastor, whose grandfather had measured linen over the counter, a true representative of the people.

Rabaut took part in the drawing-up of the Declaration of Rights, "our gospel which is persecuted because it is GOOD NEWS TO THE POOR, AND FOLLY ACCORDING TO THE WORLD;" and his great triumph is his speech of Sunday, August 23, 1789, on Liberty of Cult, which completed the work that the Toleration Edict had left half done.

This edict granted only civil rights to non-Catholics, and not that of assembling publicly for worship, which, as Rabaut ably contended, was an innate right of man, and one which "Christians, by their own principles, could not deny to Christians." Avoiding Voltaire's reproach that "Geneva would imitate Rome," he claimed, not sovereignty for the true believer, but equality for the Protestant, for the Jew, and for all non-Catholics, on the ground that "aristocracy of opinion, feudalism of thought," was incompatible with a free people

I suppress, gentlemen, a crowd of facts which should endear to you two million sufferers; my country is free, and I would fain forget the ills which we have suffered with her. Gentlemen, you will not let it be said that you contradict your own principles, that you have declared one day that all men are equal, and another day that they are unequal. Generous Frenchmen! Let no one cite to you those nations still intolerant which proscribe *your* worship. You are made to give example, not to receive it. Europe, thirsting for liberty, looks to you for lessons. You are too wise, gentlemen, to fancy that it is reserved for you to do

what for six hundred years men have vainly tried to do, namely, to reduce all men to one cult ; you will not think that you possess a right of which your God Himself disdains to make use.

Rabaut was loudly cheered by the Philosophical party, and by his co-religionists in the galleries. Liberty of worship was made a special clause in the Declaration. The Protestants of Paris, who had hitherto met in a wine-merchant's parlour, now removed to the Church of St. Louis of the Louvre, and all the town marvelled to see heretics walk unmolested to their *prêche*, at a time, too, when non-juring priests ("papistes" *par excellence* in the language of the day), could not appear in the streets without danger of insult.

In March, 1790, Rabaut was chosen president for one fortnight, as was the custom. "How this would astonish Louis XIV. !" he said when acknowledging the honour ; and to his father he wrote, ever respectful, "The President of the National Assembly is at your feet." Alas ! there is some doubt whether this election did not provoke the murder of four Nîmes Protestants ; there is no doubt that agitators, whom we will not call clerical, by raising a cry that the nation had apostatised, got up a riot at Nîmes, and that for three days the streets ran with blood, while peacemaking priests, at the head of the National Guard, vainly strove to part the combatants. Catholics swore they had heard Rabaut whisper, "We have caught them at last !" when the spoliation of the clergy was decreed. They caricatured him, plane in hand (*rabot*, a play on his name), and with a serpent's tail peeping from beneath his Geneva gown, planing down the constitution ; and in an anonymous squib, "The Secret Escaped, or M. Rabaut de Saint-Étienne's Dialogues with two English demoiselles," they represented "the honourable member," at an evening party, unfolding his plots for weakening the Church and embroiling it with the people. Farewell to the days, but a few short months ago, when priest and pastor, after christening each a child on their country's altar, would join in a hymn to Concord, and adjourn to the Mayoress's, to drink tea and praise the *delicious* Revolution.

In the Assembly the ex-pastor kept a judicious silence on Church matters, but in his "Précis" he gives us the views of a Protestant *Philosophe*. On current events he scarcely rises above the ordinary partisan of the Revolution ; he takes the mythical "Day of Poniards" quite seriously, and gravely informs us that the daggers opened with a spring and shot forth a two-edged blade ending *en langue de vipère*. Concerning the famous "O Richard, O mon roi !" banquet, where Marie-Antoinette appeared among the officers, and drew forth de-

monstrations of loyalty, he uses the stock newspaper phrases of "an indecent orgie," "a deliberate insult to the majesty of the nation," and the equally stock assertions that the next day's insurrection was really a very mild affair, and that the cry, "We bring the baker, baker's wife, and little baker's boy," which the populace shouted in the ears of King, Queen, and Dauphin, was meant in all loyalty. He had himself known a respectable family which was surnamed Boulanger because it gave much bread to the people. "It is their way of praising." Still, at the present day, we may note that Rabaut sums up his plan of a Constitution in three words, "*Liberté, Égalité, Propriété,*" which shows that he was no Socialist; and that, though he had been too ready to excuse the attacks on châteaux as "part of the universal movement against tyranny," he distinctly condemns the "furious populace," who murdered Foulon, and the "savage who tears out the heart of M. Berthier."

On the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, Rabaut settled down with his wife in the Rue de l'Échelle Saint Honoré,¹ to report for the *Moniteur* the debates of the new Legislative Assembly, and to edit the *Feuille Villageoise* in conjunction with the ex-Abbé Cerutti. This journal merits attention as the prototype of all Cheap Repositories and Useful Knowledge Series. It begins by inviting the curé to read it aloud in church every Sunday, and in simple language it explains the nature of *assignats*, the function of a *Juge de Paix*, and the right way of growing tobacco. An imaginary M. Étienne Bonnetête is introduced to put forth correct views on taxation; an anxious peasant is assured that he will not be eternally lost for having replaced his SS. Peter and Paul by pictures of Voltaire and Rousseau; and equal joy is displayed at the marriage of nuns or at their good works in the hospitals. Favourable comments, too, are made on some rather doubtful pieces of news from England—the hanging of a London carter for tearing out a horse's tongue,² and the abolition (certainly a premature report) of the "odious test." And, with only a jarring note where the key of religious bitterness is struck by denouncing some sham miracle, said to be wrought by or for *prêtres réfractaires*, the volume closes with a beautiful vision of all Europe, led by France, disbanding its armies, and sitting

¹ Sir R. Musgrave (*Memoirs of the different Rebellions in Ireland*, vol. I., p. 129) asserts that during this interval Rabaut was sent over to Dublin, with offers of help to the United Irishmen; but Madden contests this. (*United Irish men*, vol. II. ch. iv. p. 43.)

² Unluckily, English books tell us that this man went free, because there was no law under which he could be punished.

every man under his own vine or by his own tobacco-plant, to read the Declaration of Rights and the Scriptures.

To this same period belongs a correspondence with the English Unitarian minister, Dr. Price, advocating an international union, political and religious, and two printed *Adresses aux Anglais* on the same subject, which were duly sent over, and read and admired by Rabaut's English Dissenting friends,¹ but their influence probably went no further. More practically important was the publication of the "Précis de la Révolution," a fat little duodecimo with a frontispiece where Peace and Plenty trample on the emblems of superstition in the foreground, while a winged and torch-bearing Liberty hovers in mid-air above. But as the year went on, Rabaut found that in real life Peace and Plenty were retreating further and further, and that the Liberty who presided over the scene was not the genuine article. A new set of revolutionists had sprung up, with whom he had nothing in common. "They know not true liberty," he said; "we have more to dread from them than from the emigrants." The Revolution was outstripping him, and yet he must follow it. A Protestant could not draw back. Counter-revolution meant the restoration of a Church smarting under recent injuries. Royalists and clericals would be sure to point out how ill the Protestants had requited the old *régime* for its concessions to them, and how little claim they had for a continuance even of toleration. Barnave, the suppressor of the monastic orders, was a Protestant; Marat, indeed, was one by birth; and in the main, Protestants had sided with the Revolution, and the Revolution with them. Rabaut could not think his work had been all in vain when he saw the Municipality of Paris solemnly assisting at the Protestant service of thanksgiving for the Constitution, or when he pictured his Nîmes congregation, now installed in a *ci-devant* Church of the Dominicans. His father, though infirm, and pensioned off, had taken his part in the dedication. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," he read, after giving the blessing, "for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

When the elections for the Convention began, Rabaut (on his reputation alone, so says Boissy d'Anglas, but Camille Desmoulins insinuates that there was some jobbery on the part of Roland) found himself invited to sit for a department, the Aube, where he knew nobody, and where there was not a single Protestant. Immediately he wrote to the Assembly that he always had hated and would hate

¹ See Mrs. Barbauld's letter, July 13, 1791, in Clayden's *Early Life of Samuel Rogers* (1887), ch. xii. p. 201.

monarchy, and then took his seat, this time avowedly as "Ministre évangélique"—he had been "homme de lettres" in the first Assembly. There were, in all, seven *ministres* in the Convention, ranging from Lasource, who sang hymns with his fellow-captive before execution, down to Jullien, who abjured Christianity on the altar of Reason. Another "displayed such calm and such courage in the great naval battle against Lord Howe!" This is the French account; we English know him as "Poor John," who "fled full soon on the First of June." Finally, there was Rabaut's brother, Jacques-Antoine, called Pommier, unwisely quitting his church and hospital at Montpellier, and his experiments on *la picote* (local name for sheep-, goat-, and cow-pox).¹

In the new Convention Rabaut, now attached to the Girondin or Moderate party, took as his line the maintenance of the Assembly's rights, in opposition to the growing power of the Commune. As an interlude, he proposed a scheme of national education—"Cretan," he called it, having some misty idea that it resembled the laws of Minos. In every canton a Senate of men and women past sixty was to be empowered to censure all children guilty of cowardice, cruelty, or disobedience, all parents over-indulgent or neglectful of their children; and to give public *éloges* to the contrary virtues. The children's dress from birth to adolescence was to be designed by the Corps Législatif. On appointed Sundays there should be held in the National Temple the *Fête des Enfants* and the *Fête des Adolescents*, when the municipal officers were to examine all children aged ten and fifteen, the juniors in the Declaration of Rights and the *hymnes civils*, the seniors in the Catechisms of the Constitution and of the Rights of Nations, to be hereafter drawn up by the Corps Législatif. In this same National Temple, or in the churches while this was building, the municipal officers were to read to the citizens every Sunday the Declaration of Rights and a moral lesson out of books approved by the Corps Législatif, and the citizens were to sing hymns to the *Patrie*, to Fraternity, and to all the civil virtues, these hymns being first approved by the Corps Législatif. Here we have Church and State, and no doubt about it.

But all lesser matters were swallowed up in the great question whether the King should or should not be brought to trial before the

¹ In 1812 James Ireland (mismamed Sir Henry Ireland in the *Biographie universelle*), a Bristol merchant, and a great light of Methodism, certified that as early as 1784 M. Rabaut-Pommier had informed Dr. Pugh, friend of Jenner, of a possible substitute for inoculation. By that time, however, Jenner had perfected the invention, and Rabaut-Pommier put in his claim too late.

Convention, and against this Rabaut set himself far too strongly for prudence. His most celebrated speech—and that which ruined him—was made in vain endeavour to avert the trial, or at least to have it conducted with legal forms, by a regularly appointed tribunal.

You say that it is no new thing for you to pronounce judgments ; I reply that is just what I complain of. I, for one, am sick of my share of despotism, I am fatigued, harassed, tormented by the tyranny in which I take part, and I sigh for the moment when a national tribunal shall relieve me of the form and countenance of a tyrant. . . . [Murmurs.] . . . History blames the English, not that they judged their King, but that the Commons, secretly pushed by *Cromwell*, . . . [Redoubled murmurs]¹ . . . had usurped the right of judging, that they set at nought the legal forms, that they declared themselves exponents of the will of a people whom they had never consulted. And this very people—this people of London, which was said to have so pressed for the death of the King—was the first to curse his judges and to bow before his successor. The city of London feasted the restored Charles II., the people displayed riotous joy, and crowded round the scaffolds of those very judges, sacrificed by Charles to the shade of his father. People of Paris, Parliament of France, have you understood me?

“Louis dead will be more dangerous than Louis living,” he urged for the last time, after giving his vote for the mild sentence of “Detention during the war and banishment afterwards.” “I would fain see my countrymen not savage tigers, but disdainful lions.” He had tried to enlist his friends on the side of mercy, but with small success, it would appear, since he could not persuade his own brother to anything more decided than “Death, with respite”—a miserable subterfuge. Out of seven pastors four were regicides, and but one voted with Rabaut ; this, we record it to his honour, was Bernard Saint-Afrique, of whom history tells little more than that he lived to be the father-in-law of one peer of France, and the stepfather of another.

Rabaut was elected President of the Convention for the week following the King's execution, and he did his best to disprove the charge already brought against him of Royalism. “Brave enemy of kings,” he said to the Dutchman who came to thank France for declaring war on his country, “gladly will we shed our blood with yours for the cause of Liberty and Equality.” He duly embraced and adopted in the name of the nation the child of Lepelletier, the murdered regicide, and he addressed to her a pretty speech about “the immortal name of her father, the martyr of Liberty.” But his fortunes were now past redeeming. His efforts to save the king had cost him his place on the *Moniteur*. A notice, three times repeated (*Moniteur* of March 10–12, 1793), informed the world that for nearly

¹ Every one knew that the Cromwell pointed at was Robespierre.

four months “(i.e. since the time of the king’s trial), the citizen Rabaut has ceased to be on our staff”; and it is significant that from that same time the *Moniteur* began to abridge or omit the Girondins’ speeches. The “Tragedy of the Girondins” was now beginning, and Rabaut had to play his part as one of the fated victims. It was remembered that he had been the *protégé* of Lafayette—Lafayette was now outlawed and a fugitive—that he was friendly with the equally heretical Bailly, and (even this is gravely noted down in Robespierre’s papers) that in old days at Nimes he had got up a subscription for a book by one Ronsin, who had lately come out with a drama of Fayettist tendencies. Jacobin orators, once so ready to play off Protestant against Catholic, now contemptuously hinted that one kind of priest was as bad as another. And the alarms of Rabaut and all his party were justified by the appearance of a pamphlet by Camille Desmoulins—“Hommes d’État demasqués”—attacking the Girondins by name, and “the priest Rabaut” in particular as a mere creature of Roland’s: “Roland distributed deputies’ medals as the kings did cardinals’ hats.” “And Rabaut was worth his price,” adds the venomous pamphleteer. “Charged to poison public opinion, he prepared with great skill a certain varnish of moderation with which to overlay his verdigris. With three mouths, the *Moniteur*, *Mercure*, and *Chronique*, this Brissotin¹ Cerberus barked daily at the Mountain. ‘Sick of his share of *Royalty*,’” misquotes Camille, like all false witnesses, “he would gladly have resigned his quota to Capet.” But the crowning sin which is charged upon poor Rabaut is making grimaces with set purpose to put Robespierre out of countenance during one of his best speeches. “This one trait lays bare the soul of this Rabaut—this priest, this reptile, this slave, this traitor, this tartuffe—this Brissotin, in short; and I move that he shall not be guillotined, but that when the good time comes that men shall ask what was a Brissotin, he shall be stuffed, and preserved as a perfect specimen in the Cabinet of Natural History.”

Rabaut’s fall dates actually from May 18, 1793, the day that the Girondin Guadet uttered his conviction that the Commune of Paris was plotting to enact something of the nature of “Pride’s Purge” on the Convention, and the Convention thereupon elected a “Council of Twelve” to keep a watch on the Commune, and report on suspicious proceedings: The ablest men of the Gironde were chosen,

¹ A name invented by Marat for the Girondins. Brissot, “who lived like Aristides and died like Algernon Sidney,” was one of the leaders of the Girondin party in the Convention, and the editor of their principal journals.

among them Rabaut Saint-Étienne ; and the Council thus formed sat day and night in the King's kitchen, examining witnesses, turning over the municipal registers, inviting every good citizen to reveal what he might know of treason, and issuing mandates of arrest. How it tried conclusions with Hébert, substitute of the Procureur of the Commune and editor of the notorious journal *Père Duchesne*, how it got the worst of it, and how the "sections" of Paris rose up against the Girondins, may be read in the *Moniteur*, or, more briefly and more vividly, in Carlyle. After that stormy Sunday (May 26) when "section" after "section" of Paris came shrieking for Hébert and against the "Duodecenvirs," Rabaut, sitting late into the small hours with Garat (Minister of the Interior), told him that he himself had done all he could to dissuade the Council from arresting Hébert, a step for which he knew that their strength was insufficient.

We quote Rabaut's own description of the ensuing week of chaos: "Representatives of the people have not blushed to drown with their voices the voice of our reporters, packed galleries have hooted them down, and twice has this struggle of triumphant vice with persecuted virtue lasted six whole hours, a spectacle unparalleled by any civilised nation." On the evening of Monday the 27th, after the first attempt to read the Report of the Twelve had been howled down, we have a glimpse of Rabaut in the committee-room, "looking tired to death, supping broth," and pursued even there by the Mayor of Paris and two or three Montagnards, all blaming him for the disturbances. Danton and Marat were foremost in raging against the hapless Twelve. Robespierre took no part, being ill. He had the knack, invaluable to politicians, of falling ill at critical moments.

The next day, Rabaut was put on to make a second attempt to read the obnoxious Report, in which the Commune's plots were unveiled, and which the Commune and its allies, the Montagnards, were determined should not be read. Rabaut, with a great bundle of papers, was at it for full two hours, but all the words he is recorded to have got out are: "The Council cannot . . . Will you, or will you not, have the Report? . . . In the name of the public safety! . . . Hear the Report!" . . . and finally, in despair, "I give in my resignation from the Council!" But the concession came too late to save him. Hébert, who had been "provisionally released," was at that moment receiving the embraces and the oak-garlands of his colleagues, and petitions were drawing up for the arrest of all the Twelve, and especially of "the priest Rabaut, the editor of four

poisonous journals, the legislator four times subsidised, the defender of the traitor Lafayette.”

Friday, May 31, dawned, the day on which everybody understood the *purgation pridiene* (Pride's Purge) of the Convention was to be effected. Rabaut, with five of his colleagues, had spent the night, two in a bed, in a room in an obscure *faubourg*, with doors barred and pistols and swords in readiness. At 3 A.M. they were roused by the tocsin from Notre-Dame and from Saint-Eustache calling all Paris to the attack. We should like to believe the story that Rabaut, once more acting in his old capacity as pastor, knelt and prayed aloud for France and for the party of law and order, and by his Christian confidence kept up the hearts of his more sceptical companions; but for want of contemporary evidence, we fear that we must set it down as one of Lamartine's little embellishments. The testimony of Louvet, an eye-witness, points rather the other way, for he avers that when the little band of Girondins, on their way to the Convention, found an unpleasant-looking crowd gathering about them, Rabaut plainly showed his uneasiness. More than once, as they walked along, he repeated "*Illa suprema dies!*"¹

It was Rabaut's last appearance in the Convention. Once again, for the space of three hours, he strove to make his voice heard against a storm of howls and yells; he was interrupted at every word, he was given the lie direct, he was shrieked at as "Priest!" "Constitutionalist!" and other names which are best not repeated; he was literally spat upon. "The Council demands to justify itself," he gasped forth, audibly enough for the words to be reported, "and you refuse to hear it! . . . You accuse it, because you know that it could accuse you!" Then, in the midst of "indescribable tumult," a kindly door-keeper helped him to slip out; and the rest of the Girondins seem to have followed his example.

Next day, Saturday, we find Rabaut and some twenty colleagues dining with the deputy Meillan, who gave them all the chairs in his house to sleep upon, and on the morrow, June 2—the fatal Sunday—went to and fro, keeping them informed how matters were going in the Convention. They were debating whether again to try their luck there, when in rushed Rabaut's brother, Pommier, as if beside himself.

¹ Carlyle transfers this exclamation to the morning of June 2, which was more truly the *suprema dies*, but there can be no doubt that the right date is May 31 (Louvet, *Mémoires*, p. 89, the passage which Carlyle himself cites). It is one of the few occasions that Louvet gives a precise date, and, he adds, moreover, that it was the last time he saw Rabaut Saint-Étienne.

“There is no more Convention!” he cried. “They are breaking into the hall! they are laying hands on the deputies! *Sauve qui peut! Sauve qui peut!*” The Girondins embraced each other, and did as he advised.

Rabaut Saint-Étienne’s first thought was for their papers, and he and Bergoing hurried at once to the latter’s lodgings, in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, where each took a copy of that unlucky Report. Bergoing escaped with his copy to Caen, and there got it printed. As for Rabaut, he took shelter first at the house of the English Protestant, Helen Maria Williams, and there gave himself up to despair, less for the almost certain loss of his own life than for that of his country’s liberty. His name appeared in the “List of Deputies who could not be placed under arrest, not being in their domicile”;¹ and an address from his own constituents of Arcis-sur-Aube (or from those who professed to speak for them) demanded vengeance on the fugitives, and “above all, on our own deputy, the tartuffe Rabaut.” But of the “tartuffe” himself all trace was lost, till, in a week or two, there appeared at Nîmes a “Précis hastily traced by the citizen Rabaut Saint-Étienne, at the moment when a decree wrested from the Convention drove him to seek shelter from the bloody and liberticidal plots of which he had acquired only too good certitude.” In this, to the wrath of the Mountain, all the provinces could read what Paris was forbidden to hear. “Men say the Council had exceeded its powers.” Rabaut concluded, “Would to God it had, for in that case it would have saved the Republic, and the National Convention would not be enslaved to the Commune of Paris.”

Rabaut had found a refuge in the house of a Nîmes Protestant in the suburbs of Versailles, and, probably by the instrumentality of his brother, he got his manuscript conveyed to the press. A few days later he himself, and probably his wife with him, arrived at Nîmes. There he hoped to find shelter and support, for, on the first news of the insurrection of June 2, Nîmes had broken off all connection with the capital, had closed its branch Jacobin club, and had joined the southern federation of “Seventy-three respectable cities” against Paris. There was assembling of sections, there were oaths of union “soon to be cemented on the banks of the

¹ “Placed under arrest, he eluded the vigilance of his guard.” (Haag, *La France protestante*, article *Rabaut*.) This can hardly be correct; we have not only this list in the *Moniteur*, and H. M. Williams’ statement, but also Rabaut’s own testimony in his letter to Nîmes: “I have not obeyed the decree of arrest.” It is to be hoped that this point will be reconsidered in the revised *France protestante*, now appearing.

Seine"; Rabaut Saint-Étienne was given an enthusiastic reception in the new theatre, and twelve hundred men were despatched to join the confederate forces which were to march upon Paris. But Albitte, agent of the Convention, sent four thousand men to intercept them at Pont Saint-Esprit, and the Nimois retreated without firing a shot. Next day the Sectional Assembly of Nîmes retracted all its measures, and declared itself no longer "in a state of resistance to oppression."

Rabaut's supporters fled to Switzerland; Rabaut himself,

As a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

made his way back to Paris, there to find himself in worse plight than ever—outlawed, declared a traitor to his country, and with Albitte and Saint-Just demanding vengeance on him as an "incendiary writer." Robespierre laid it down, with special application to Rabaut, that "the liberty of the press must not be allowed to jeopard public liberty"; and Garat, who owed to Rabaut his place in the ministry, and says in his memoirs, "We were very intimate, I liked him personally, and I knew that he loved truth," now, as editor of the *Moniteur*, wrote his well-known letter to Robespierre:¹ "I am hard at work to correct the effect of a few debates touched up by Rabaut Saint-Étienne. This Rabaut had been on our staff only three weeks [three years would have been nearer the truth]. We have got rid of him." One friend alone, a Catholic from Nîmes, Étienne Peyssac, or de Peyssac, clerk in the Bureau des Subsistances, remembering old obligations to Rabaut *père*, received the persecuted man and his brother Pommier into his house in the Faubourg Poissonnière (now Arrondissement de l'Opéra). Here the brothers, with their own hands, walled off the end of their host's bedroom for a secret chamber, employing a skilled carpenter to make the door, which was concealed by a book-case placed against it, and here they lay hidden for over four months, letting their beards grow, and employing themselves in writing historical letters in continuation of the "Précis de la Révolution."

Meanwhile, the trial of the Girondins proceeded, absent and present being indicted together, on charges of raising the standard of revolt at Nîmes and elsewhere, of Orleanism, Royalism—in evidence

¹ *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, II. 129. The letter is signed only G****, and headed "Rédacteur de l'article *Convention Nationale du Moniteur*," but there can be no doubt as to the author. The description fits Garat, and, moreover, the baseness and servility are quite in accordance with his character.

of which was cited Rabaut's speech against bringing Louis XVI. to trial. Rabaut was more particularly accused of having what would now be called "cooked" the *Moniteur*, misrepresenting and disfiguring the speeches of the "patriots." The accused were of course all found guilty, and the twenty-one who were actually in the hands of the Revolutionary Tribunal were duly sent to the guillotine.

All through November, while the guillotine was hard at work, shearing off Philippe Égalité's and Madame Roland's heads amongst others, while apostate Catholic priests were embracing apostate Protestant pastors at the altar of the Goddess of Reason, and Protestant chalices lay heaped together with Catholic pyxes and monstrances ready for the melting-pot—all through those days of grotesque horror Rabaut lay safe in his hiding-place. French Protestants please themselves with the thought that, had he been at large, Bishop Grégoire would not have stood alone in his courageous protest against apostasy. The tide of godless fanaticism was just beginning to turn, and Robespierre, through jealousy of Hébert, was appearing almost as the champion of Catholicism, when the end came. On December 4, Amar, who had acted as the accuser at the trial of the Girondins, announced the capture of the two Protestant brothers.

Who betrayed the hiding-place? Peyssac himself, according to one story, seldom cited but to be contradicted; according to others, a maid-servant, belonging either to Rabaut or Peyssac. But the more usual account assigns the part to the carpenter, under the influence, as some say, of fear, Peyssac having unwisely given him a job of work at the Committee of Public Safety, where he heard nothing but threats against the proscribed and those who concealed them. Another version makes the betrayal unintentional. Fabre d'Églantine, "powerful but trembling," thought it might be well to have a secret chamber ready for himself, and sounded this man, the best of his trade in Paris. The man understood at once. "Oh, yes, citizen, I have just made a place like that at the citizen Peyssac's, that I defy any one to find out." Fabre went straight off and gave information.

Lacretelle (c. 1803) gives a yet blacker tale of treachery. According to him, Madame Rabaut was accosted in the street by a Montagnard (whom later writers identify with Amar himself), a prominent agent in the Girondin proscription, but an old friend of Rabaut's, and anxious, said he, to shelter him in his own house. The wife distrusted, but the husband welcomed, the offer, as relieving at least the Peyssac family from danger. The hiding-place was

revealed ; an hour of the night was appointed for the removal. Amar entered the house at the head of guards. "He comes to arrest the unhappy man who was extending his arms to him."¹

Rabaut was *hors la loi*: he was condemned without trial. Louvet gives us the date : "Rabaut Saint-Étienne, murdered at Paris, 15 frimaire, an II." (December 5, 1793, old style), the very day that, by a cruel irony, saw liberty of worship re-established. The manuscripts found with him were laid before Robespierre, who cast carelessly aside a "Treatise on National Education" and a "Parallel between Hesiod and Genesis," but paused upon the Historical Letters, and a Memoir on the Plots against the Convention, the last being, it is averred, a complete exposure of the Terrorist line of action, both before and after the fall of Robespierre. At any rate, the letters or the memoir roused the tyrant's wrath, and moved him to blast Rabaut's character by charging him—"this Protestant minister, this monster of shame and crime"—with being in the pay of foreign courts to write against Catholicism and revive Vendean enmity against the Republic. The papers were burnt at the foot of their author's scaffold.

A glimpse of Rabaut's last moments is afforded us by Le Borgne, one of the favoured few who lived to tell what Fouquier-Tinville's tribunal was like :

I was most impressed with Rabaut de Saint-Étienne. He was condemned the same day that I was interrogated ; my hands were bound, the sign of condemnation, and I was led out to wait for the cart. Rabaut came next ; he exclaimed, "I know it now, this *tribunal of blood*, these impious judges, these hangmen who stain with blood the Republic !" "Hold thy tongue !" cried a *gendarme*, "do as this young man, who is condemned like thee and takes it quietly." I was about to protest ; Rabaut forestalled me. "*Eh, mon ami*," he said, "soon they will no longer trouble to hear the accused ; we are in the hands of assassins." I was dragged to the wicket : they were about to cut my hair for the guillotine. Rabaut joined his voice to mine to plead that I was not yet condemned. A turnkey confirmed the fact, and I was removed. Rabaut kissed me : I see yet his eyes gleam with horror at this new kind of crime, and he forgot that which was committed against himself.

He asked leave to bid farewell to his brother ; but hearing that this would involve sending to Fouquier-Tinville for an order, he

¹ We incline to the Fabre d'Eglantine story, as being adopted by Mercier, an ally of the Girondins (*Nouveau Paris*, 1796—in his version the workman is not aware that his *cache* is for anything more precious than silver plate), and also by Beaulieu (*Biographie universelle*, 1825), who professes to have seen Rabaut-Pommier (the brother) a prisoner, "in the most deplorable condition." It has been suggested that the later version may be the true one, kept back so long as Amar was in power, but it has the drawback that it places Rabaut's wife at Paris, while Boissy d'Anglas tells us that she remained at Nîmes.

declined to keep the cart waiting. "After all, it would but give needless pain to my brother. Let us set out."

In his pastoral days Rabaut had been noted for being very comforting to the dying. We trust that he was now able to comfort his fellow-sufferer—Kersaint, the deputy who had resigned his seat after the king's execution, "to sit no longer with men of blood." Both victims died firmly, though in their case, as in that of so many others, to the bitterness of death there was added the bitterness of public hate and ridicule. The *muscadins* among the spectators—the young men of the better class, whose sympathies might have been expected to be Girondin—only set up a laugh at Rabaut's unshaved visage, and a storm of groans followed, which had not ceased when his head fell. Even without this needless cruelty, death must have been hard to bear, harder than for a Royalist, who might glory as in a martyrdom. But a Girondin had so loved the Republic !

Peyszac and his wife were guillotined for having sheltered one who was *hors la loi*. Madame Rabaut, at Nîmes, learned her husband's death from the cry of a newspaper-seller, and, maddened by grief, she shot herself sitting on the edge of a well, so that drowning completed the work of the pistol. Old Paul Rabaut, who had wandered thirty years with a price on his head, and had never been taken, was now pounced upon partly as father to an emigrant, partly as being, if not a priest, next door to one. Too infirm to walk, he was set on an ass, and led through a shouting crowd to the citadel of Nîmes, built by Louis XIV. to overawe the Protestants. Without hope or desire to live, he applied himself to console his fellow-captives. The fall of Robespierre released him, but only to die in three months, and to be laid in his own cellar, Christian burial being still prohibited.¹ Rabaut-Pommier lay long months in the Conciergerie, a prey to all the ailments brought on by damp. He was at last recalled to the Convention with the surviving Girondins. After sitting among the Ancients and holding a sous-prefecture, he finally subsided into a pastor of the Reformed Church at Paris, and died peaceably in 1820, leaving two printed sermons of thanksgiving, one for "Napoleon the Deliverer," and the other for the Bourbon Restoration. It is to be feared that he had become something of a trimmer. There was more of the spirit of Rabaut Saint-Étienne in his youngest brother, Dupuis, who, to see the last of his father, braved the law against returned emigrants, who, when Conventionnel

¹ About 1880 the cellar was excavated, the bones were identified, in size and contour, with the police *signalement* of 1750, and the spot was marked by a memorial tablet.

agent at Toulouse, took upon him to stay the execution of a Royalist, and who met his death, in 1808, in snatching a child from under the hoofs of a runaway horse. The child, Gache by surname, lived to be *chef de division* of the Prefecture of the Gard in 1853, and bore testimony in the local *Courrier* to Rabaut-Dupuis' devotion.

Thus ends Rabaut Saint-Étienne's history, that of every "moderate" man who rashly allies himself with the destructive forces which will indeed sweep away his enemies, but which will next turn upon him as being an enemy himself. For Rabaut, indeed, there is the excuse that the circumstances were new, and that he could not reasonably be expected to foresee the results. Least of all could he have foreseen that the tyranny of the Church would give place to a tyranny of irreligion, and that, in the words of a modern French writer, "our Protestantism would pay the blood-tax twice over."

In his personal history, perhaps the most remarkable thing is that he should, even for a moment, have been counted the equal of Mirabeau—Mirabeau, who stands for ever the central figure of the early Revolution! Rabaut Saint-Étienne has but a few lines in general history, and a niche among the worthies of Nîmes. His co-religionists, indeed, attempt to make him out the ideal Christian pastor, a height to which he never really attained. He entered the ministry without a vocation (in the eighteenth century, and in the circumstances of French Protestantism, it would be hard to blame him); and though the power of consoling the dying implies some true religious fervour, still his success as a pastor seems to have been due more to intellectual than to spiritual gifts. In the second stage of his career the *philosophe* is more prominent than the Protestant; but to the end he blends with the pseudo-classical cant of the Revolution recollections of the Scriptural prophecies of a reign of peace on earth, and his enthusiasm is that of a Fifth-Monarchy man. The ex-Jacobin Prud'homme, indeed, censures him as an adventurer who, "believing neither in the Trinity nor the Sacraments," had yet assumed the position of "a little patriarch of the Protestant Church"; while a Catholic partisan, the Abbé Barruel, shows him to us as a leading Freemason (in the French Catholic vocabulary Freemasonry means aggressive infidelity), plotting the destruction of all religion and society, and fiercely maintaining at the dinner-table that all the education a people needed was contained in the Declaration of Rights. But Rabaut's very nickname of "priest" proves that his conduct was not ostentatiously unclerical. As a politician, he was not wiser or better than his party. He had the faults of his school

—the readiness to make light of lawlessness so long as it was on his own side, and, while condemning war as the cruel sport of kings, to cry out for war to deliver Europe from kings. It is difficult to reconcile his early disavowal of “the ridiculous project to republic-anise our holy and venerable monarchy” with some later expressions about “unmasking kings throughout the world, and calling them to account for their long series of outrages.” But no act of cruelty, of treachery, or of greed can be proved against Rabaut individually. That he was a lovable man the testimony of those who knew him abundantly shows. We might quote in his favour Boissy d’Anglas, who shared his house at Nîmes for ten years, saw him every day, and every day liked him better. We might quote Riouffe (“Mémoires d’un Détenu”): “Chénier, Rabaut, Lavoisier, Barnave, names dear to arts, science, and eloquence, who can efface you from my memory?” We might quote the pastor Marron of Paris, who tells how, in prison, he was washing up the dishes, when a lad employed about the place began talking to him, and burst into tears at hearing that he had been a friend of Rabaut Saint-Étienne. “Is it possible? Oh, sir, if I had known that, you should have washed no dishes.” And taking the cloth from his hand, he finished the work himself, and came every day to do it, all for the sake of Rabaut Saint-Étienne. We might quote Rabaut-Pommier’s *éloge* of his brother: “Dear and illustrious victim, receive the homage of thy mourning colleagues. France now prospers under a Republic such as thou hast desired for her. Thou art avenged, generous sufferer; and we are comforted.” But these were sympathisers in politics and religion. Rather let us end with an extract from Dampmartin, a Catholic and Royalist. Despite the rococo style, and the epithets, which now sound almost burlesque, of *homme sensible* (man of feeling), and “friend of humanity,” it is impossible not to recognise the accents of unfeigned regret and affection.

It is only by a reasoned effort that I resist the desire to pay a tribute to the memory of Rabaut de Saint-Étienne. The undue restlessness of an otherwise virtuous father, and zeal for his religion, threw him among the leaders of a faction; but, like a clear stream traversing foul and pestilential marshes without altogether losing its purity, this man of virtue and feeling always retained many marks of his excellent character; his gentle eloquence penetrated the hearers with emotion. Often, after he had spoken, was he designated as “the orator who unites so much *esprit* and good taste with such profound and varied knowledge; the true friend of humanity.”

THE CLAUQUE.

THOSE among the many thousands who visited Paris last year and were able to devote a little time to other things than the Universal Advertising Agency on the Champ de Mars, must have observed that the theatrical *claque* is still a flourishing French institution. Nor is there reason to suppose that the public have any desire to dispense with this unnecessary and discreditable accompaniment of dramatic performances. The interested vanity of actors, authors, and managers prevails over the arguments of MM. Emile Augier and Alex. Dumas *fils*. The *claqueur* has conquered, and well may he boast : *J'y suis et j'y reste !* The *Théâtre Italien* is the only playhouse where the *chevaliers du lustre* have not their allotted places.

But, though purely French in its modern organisation, the *claque*, or salaried applause, was resorted to, on a large scale, by the ancient Romans ; hence the nickname *Romains* given to the *claqueurs* at Paris. Suetonius tells us that, when Nero sang in public, 5,000 trained men, led by Burrhus and Seneca, thundered their plaudits. They might needs be trained men, for approval was of various degrees and kinds : *bombi*, a sound like the droning of bees ; *imbrices*, imitating the patter of falling rain ; *testæ*, the clashing of broken jugs. This last was the invention of Nero himself, and was produced by striking the fingers of the right hand on the palm of the left. Another variety of applause was obtained by the snapping of countless fingers ; and, according to Seneca, satisfaction was also shown by the shaking of the robe. Aurelian used to have strips of linen and other materials distributed among the people for this purpose, and we can well imagine the stirring effect produced by this universal waving of bright colours in the densely thronged amphitheatre. Although Nero is said to have imposed a death penalty on all spectators who did not applaud him, it is probable that the *curatores*, or leaders, and *juvenes*, as their men were called, were appointed chiefly with a view of ensuring approbation at convenient moments. Tacitus complains of the unseemly interruptions of country people. And upholders of the French *claque* have defended it on similar grounds.

Hence it is not surprising that, as at Rome, so at Paris, applauding in all its branches has been taught as an art, with the result that : "Le public au théâtre règne et ne gouverne plus." So, at least, wrote M. Eugène Despois soon after the establishment of permanent *claqueurs* in Paris playhouses at the beginning of the present century.

Before that time there had been in France, as elsewhere, occasional demonstrations in favour of plays or actors. A *claque* of *grands seigneurs* and *grandes dames* was organised by the Duchess of Bouillon in support of the *Phèdre* of Pradon and directed against Racine's famous tragedy of the same name. But it met with no success, and Alphonse Karr has gone so far as to assert that in no instance has a *claque* ensured the fame of a bad play. A paid *cabale* seems to have been requisitioned for the first time by a poet named Dorat, in order to secure the approval of his own works. But such victories cost dear, and the dramatist was ruined by the very means he employed to secure success.

Some time afterwards, De la Morlière, a musketeer and knight of the St.-Esprit, went about offering his services to authors and actors, and appears to have satisfied his patrons ; but by the irony of fate he who had so largely contributed to the popularity of many failed to accomplish that of his own works ; and he died in great poverty. Further evidence of the fact that amateurs and even hirelings were but broken reeds to lean on for public support, is forthcoming in the words of Beaumarchais' immortal barber. Figaro exclaims : "En vérité, je ne sais pas comment je n'eus point le plus grand succès, car j'avais rempli le parterre des plus excellents travailleurs des mains comme des battoirs. J'avais interdit les gants, les cannes, tout ce qui ne produit que des applaudissements sourds."

Writing in 1807, Prud'homme tells us of a certain "pittite," sur-named Monsieur Claque, who received a salary for his powerful hand-clapping—"that language of universal currency among Parisians." Three years later, the whole body of David's art-students, to the number of seventy or eighty, formed a *claque* to support Mdlle. Leverd in opposition to Mdlle. Mars ; and at the time of the rivalry between another pair of actresses at the Comédie Française—Mdlle. Georges and Mdlle. Duchesnois—the "*entrepreneurs de succès dramatiques*" had fully organised their train-bands. One after another all the houses in Paris submitted to their yoke, and if the *Théâtre Italien* is the solitary exception to the rule, and has no *claque*, it has, according to a French wit, at all events a *clique* to support it.

The leaders, or *chefs des compagnies d'assurances dramatiques*, as they style themselves, are not paid directly by the managers of theatres, but receive a certain number of seats, which they sell, and this, together with the "*gratifications*" which they get from the actors, enables them to earn in some cases as much as 40,000 francs (£1,600) a year. Auguste, a well-known *chef de clique*, is said to have paid a premium of no less than 80,000 francs for his post, and yet to have made a large fortune !

These gentlemen are, consequently, persons of no slight importance—especially in their own eyes. Witness the following anecdote, for which we are indebted to the writer of some humorous notes on Paris *claqueurs* in 1825 : "The chief of cabal of one of the principal theatres, whose daughter had just attained a marriageable age, being asked what fortune he intended to give her, replied : 'If I should find a son-in-law to my mind, and possessing the *talents* requisite for the profession, I should give him, with my daughter, the *Théâtre Français*, and perhaps the Grand Opera too !'"

The *personnel* of the *claque* consists of the *intimes*, who receive free tickets in payment of their applause ; the *lavables*,¹ who are admitted at half-price and may be looked upon as apprentices in the business ; and the *solitaires*, pittancees who pay a small additional fee for the privilege of being allowed to enter at an early door with the *claque*, and thus avoid the necessity of *faire queue* ; in return they undertake to abstain from hissing or demonstrating in any way against the piece. A certain number of women form part of the *claque*, acting chiefly as *pleureuses*, or weepers ; their art in exciting tender emotion in the audience by means of pocket-handkerchiefs, sobs, and the blowing of noses has often resulted in what is termed a *succès de larmes*. On the other hand, there are the *rigolards*, or laughers, and their practice, called a *rigolade*, has passed into the language.

They are, however, well under control. There is no danger of such an explosion of merriment as nearly compromised the first night's success of "She Stoops to Conquer." It may be remembered that a little band had been organised by Goldsmith's friends to second his efforts by applause. The leader, a man "gifted by nature with the most sonorous and at the same time contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs," having expressed his utter inability to seize the points where his help was wanted, had arranged to watch preconcerted signals. At first all went well. But, after repeated demonstrations from the gods, the attention of the spectators

¹ *Laver* in theatrical slang signifies "to sell."

was so engrossed by them that the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and, in consequence, attempts were made to rein in the stentorian approbation of the *claqueur*, now no longer necessary. But, alas ! in vain. "He found a joke in almost everything that was said, so that nothing in nature could be more *mal-à-propos* than some of his bursts of merriment !"

Mal-à-propos, too, has the applause nearly always been when at various times the houses have been packed in London. Witness is borne to the fact by a critic of Italian opera when, some sixty years ago, the celebrated Garcia was singing in "Don Giovanni" : "A loud roar from Garcia in 'Viva la libertà,' however, suddenly awakened them ; and, thus roused to the recollection of their business, between sleeping and waking, they began clapping and shouting Bra—vo with all their might and with all their main, with all their hearts and with all their strength, which seasonable exertion caused an *encore*—we rather apprehend, in the wrong place. To avoid accidents of this kind, which may sometimes prove extremely ridiculous, it would be well to require the clappers to attend rehearsal, when they may practise applauding in the right, or, to speak more properly, in the *desired* place, and may thus undergo a sort of drill which will perfect them in their manual exercise. They ought also to be well primed with anti-soporifics, coffee and strong tea, before they take their places in the house ; for, on the occasion to which we allude, some of these gentlemen, towards the conclusion, snored very disagreeably, so much so indeed as to keep a number of people in the neighbouring boxes awake."

But, although it is the best apology for an organised *claque* that it cheers at appropriate moments only, accidents will happen even in the best regulated *cabales*. A writer in the defunct "London Magazine" gives an amusing instance. The occasion was the first representation at the Odéon theatre of a tragedy called "L'Orphelin de Bethléem," founded on an episode in the murder of the Innocents under Herod : "In the second act, when the two-year-old hero of the tragedy was to make his appearance, the shrill squealing of a child was heard from under the stage ; the business of the play was necessarily interrupted, the actors 'frightened from their propriety, and the audience held in a state of surprise, half ludicrous, half pathetic. At length Herod, whose sole business in the play was to murder this very baby, came forward to announce that the *orphelin de Bethléem* had, in his progress to the stage, vanished through a trap-door and descended to the regions below, and that he was, in consequence of fright and the fall, incapable of appearing before

them. This *pendant* to the 'part of Hamlet, omitted by particular desire,' was followed by a scene of most 'admired disorder.' Some most *mal-à-propos* plaudits from the mallet-handed supporters of Herod caused the indignation of the paying spectators to explode, and they replied to the bravos by a well-sustained fire of groans and hisses. From sounds the adverse parties proceeded to more substantial tokens of hostility. A regular row commenced and raged long and loudly, during which blows fell 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.' The unpugilistic portion of the *parterre* rushed in wild confusion and alarm into the orchestra; the scared musicians snatched up their fragile instruments, scrambled over the footlights, and executed in double-quick time a fugue over the stage. After half an hour's hard knocking the glory of the knights of the lustre burned dim, their roaring throats were hushed to silence, and Herod received what he merited—damnation. Even this dire ceremony terminated in a manner characteristic of the French—the closing scene, owing to the ludicrous mistake of an actor, having produced a universal shout of laughter. The child (the Son of Mary), whose destruction Herod chiefly aimed at, having been taken into Egypt, a messenger was despatched to overtake and destroy him if possible. The messenger shortly after returned, and said to Herod: 'L'Enfant s'est embarqué malgré la diligence'—*MA diligence*, he should have said, but the ludicrous substitution of the article for the pronoun elevated the audience into the highest heaven of hilarity; even the vanquished *Romains* were seen to 'grin horribly a ghastly smile.'"

In spite of the extraordinary presumption of professional *claqueurs*, who look upon themselves as the only competent judges of a play's merits, and attribute a difference of opinion on the part of spectators to their prejudice or ignorance, the provincial audiences, even in France, have scornfully rejected the guidance of the *chevaliers du lustre*. It is related, however, of an ingenious country manager, whose *Romains* had been put to the rout, that he devised a mechanical substitute. Contrivances producing the sounds of hand-clapping and rapping on the floor with sticks were, we are asked to believe, arranged under the pit, and worked by strings from the prompter's box; and it is, moreover, asserted that the stratagem succeeded admirably.

We will conclude with some extracts from a curious volume published in 1829, under the title of "*Mémoires d'un Claqueur, par Robert, Ancien Chef de la Compagnie des Assurances Dramatiques.*" The rules and regulations to be observed by the *claque* at the *Théâtre Français* are set out at considerable length and attributed to

M. Mouchival, a master in the art of ensuring theatrical success or failure—for the services of the *cabale* were available to secure the discomfiture of enemies as well as the glory of friends. The following specimens show the refinement which the art had attained in Paris :

Every *claqueur* belonging to the brigades employed in the Théâtre Français must appear decently attired, as he may be required to work in the stalls, balcony, or even in a private box. He is, however, expressly forbidden to wear gloves, as he might, by an oversight or laziness, neglect to take them off, which would be detrimental to his work (*i.e.* the hand-clapping).

Actors who are likewise *sociétaires* are entitled to a salvo of applause when they enter ; but the bravos must be more sustained (*nourris*) for members of the Council of Administration, for it is they who fix the number of tickets for distribution. The two *semainiers* must also be received with a greater degree of warmth (*chauffés*, in theatrical *argot*) than the other *sociétaires* ; it is a custom having the force of law. Perfect silence must be observed with regard to *pensionnaires* who are not recommended (*i.e.* who have not paid the *claque*) ; and, even when they have done what is necessary, care must be taken that not more than twelve rounds of applause are given. There is, however, no objection to a thirteenth round being given for the ladies, as it might be attributed to the gallantry of the public.

The same forms are to be observed at the exits of the players, with the gradations due to their respective rank. In all cases an eye should be kept on the *chef de file*, who, knowing the orders, gives all signals according to the telegraphic movements of the general. But this part of the art is merely the *pons asinorum* of the profession. What really requires the greatest attention is the method of meting out encouragement during the representation of a piece.

What the public are actually feeling must likewise be felt or guessed, in order to stimulate applause or not, according to circumstances. It is well to enter into conversation with one's neighbours and only to cheer when one sees that they are inclined to follow suit. This rule only concerns brigadiers, as the rank and file must confine themselves to obeying given signals. All, however, must remember that they are but puppets moved by strings in the hands of the general.

One thing should never be neglected, and that is to seize every allusion that flatters the vanity of an actor or actress. For instance, if one of the characters is made to say : “ *Vous jouez parfaitement la comédie !* ” or, “ *Vous avez beaucoup d'esprit !* ” then well-sustained applause must testify to the public appreciation of the author's meaning. Often a phrase of this kind has proved sufficient to keep a play in the repertory.

Many other hints are given by Mouchival. Here is one of practical value : “ Always be on the look-out and ready in case of a lapse of memory on the actor's part. When he stamps his foot there is not a moment to be lost : quickly must applause come to his help. In the meanwhile the prompter intervenes, and he resumes the thread of his discourse.”

With regard to Talma and Mdlle. Mars, our *chef de claque* finely observes : “ You may trust them to the audience : no auxiliaries are necessary to ensure cheers for these two inimitable players, especially

when the one is acting in tragedy and the other in comedy." And yet the great Talma was a patron of the *claque*!

M. Robert gives us a detailed account of his mentor's *modus operandi* at a rehearsal: "Once inside the house, Mouchival formed his plan of campaign, and designated the places which his men were to occupy. The stalls and pit being placed entirely at his disposal, he ranged his brigades so as to secure all the extremities of the circumference. In this way the spectators to whom he intended selling his tickets were surrounded on all sides, and in case of necessity their opposition could be smothered. He then went the round of the first and second circles, where sentiment was to play a great part. It is in these regions that are usually posted the *dames-claque*, whose duty lies in being moved to tears at pre-arranged moments, and to display their pocket-handkerchiefs in accordance with the poetry of the art of success. I can with difficulty express the astonishment which I felt on seeing Mouchival making his dispositions with the calmness and dignity of the general of an army!"

No wonder M. Robert, then in his apprenticeship, was astonished. Nor was his surprise the less when, after the performance of the piece—it was the "Siege of Paris," by the Vicomte d'Arincourt—the general replying to his remark, "What a dismal failure!" said: "My dear fellow, you know nothing about it. It was a great success!" And he was right. The play was repeated ten times—at that period a long run—and this in spite of the most vehement opposition on the part of the audience that Robert, in his long career, had ever witnessed. It was, said he, one continual struggle between the *claque* and the public. But one verse seems to have been too much for the gravity, even of the *chevaliers du lustre*:

Pour chasser loin des murs les farouches Normands,
Le roi Charles s'avance avec vingt mille *Frans!*

It is consoling to hear that on a visit to London M. Robert, who made a point of going to one of our theatres, although he did not understand a word of English, "did not observe any groups of *claqueurs*, but when the actor made the most demoniacal contortions and grimaces Bravo was shouted on all sides, and he bowed low in sign of profound gratitude." This struck our visitor, for had he not learnt from Monsieur Voltaire that "Londres fut de tout temps l'émule de Paris"?

*CLUBS AND FRATERNITIES:
HUMOROUS, GROTESQUE, AND SOCIAL.*

IT is not my intention to descant upon the brilliant company of wits and poets who assembled at the "Mermaid" and enjoyed the "wit combats" of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; nor upon the "merry men" who met at the "Rose" in the days of "glorious John"; nor upon the more formal gatherings which took place at "Button's," and were honoured by the dignified presence of Addison; nor upon the symposia of that famous "Literary Club" which boasted, among its members, of a Johnson, a Burke, a Goldsmith, and a Sir Joshua Reynolds. With these we are all familiar, and most of us, I suppose, at some time or another, have sought to call them up before "the mind's eye, Horatio." Why was not the phonograph of earlier invention? My object in the present paper is to speak of some less familiar clubs, orders, and fraternities; and particularly of those whose characteristics were social rather than literary, together with others which were satirical or humorous in origin or intention.

About the time that the boy Alexander Pope was introduced to Dryden at Will's coffee-house, which the author of "The Hind and Panther" then frequented, there flourished in Paris, opposite the Comédie Française, a café of considerable repute, established by F. Procope, a Sicilian, about 1687. The Café Procope became the acknowledged rendezvous of dramatic authors and men of letters, and was patronised by the ingenious Lamotte, the witty Piron (who was nothing, not even an Academician), and the brilliant young Arouet, afterwards famous as M. de Voltaire, the finest wit and most trenchant satirist the world has ever seen. There they discoursed upon all things, human and divine; and in order that they might speak the more freely, and with less danger from the suspicions of police spies, they invented a kind of *argot* for their own use. Thus Marmontel and Bourdin eventually agreed that *M. de l'Être* should mean the Supreme Being; *Javotte* should stand for religion; and *Margot* for the soul.

Piron was also a member of the "Cellar Club," which sprang

into existence about the middle of the last century; but as it assumed the character of a literary tribunal, it scarcely falls within my present scope. "The Cellar," says a contemporary letter-writer, "is the name given to a café which is very much the mode, and is situated in a small vault, skilfully fitted up, in the garden of the Palais Royal. Agreeable saunterers, the *habitués* of the opera, and more especially all lovers of good ices, of which the sale here is prodigious, patronise it at different hours of the day. Some men of letters visit it for the purpose of spoiling their digestion; and constitute a critical tribunal, from which, however, one can always appeal to that of common sense, though its decisions generally produce a temporary impression." After the hurly-burly of the Revolution had subsided, several attempts were made to resuscitate this gay and lettered society under such designations as those of "Dîners du Vaudeville," "Réunion du Caveau moderne," and "Soupers de Momus"; but none of them enjoyed more than a transient existence.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a well-to-do widow, Madame Doublet de Persan, who lodged in an outside room of the Convent des Filles Saint Thomas, whence she did not once emerge in a period of forty years, daily collected around her a tolerably numerous circle of distinguished men. The principal were the Abbé Legendre, Piron (who seems to have been as clubbable a man as Dr. Johnson), the two brothers Sainte-Palaye, Chauvelin, Mirabaud, Falconet, and others, whose names will scarcely awaken any memories in the mind of an English reader. Each of these "parishioners"—the réunion was known as *la Paroisse*, or the Parish—arrived at the same hour, and occupied the same *fauteuil*, which was placed in the *salon* under his own portrait. Then, in a large bureau, lay two registers, in which the news of the day was recorded after it had filtered through the table of the company. One of them was set apart for doubtful, and the other, which, I suppose, was considerably the smaller, for well-authenticated facts. The evening was wound up with a supper, which was usually of a very lively character. At the end of the week the registers were condensed into a kind of journal entitled "Nouvelles à la Main"—the private speculation of Madame Doublet's secretary and valet-de-chambre. As it assumed a political complexion, at the time of the quarrels between the Court and the Parliament, the police, by way of a warning to the Parishioners, arrested the valet-de-chambre and imprisoned him for a few days. Madame Doublet died in 1772, having survived most of the members of the Paroisse. To the

materials which they had accumulated in their registers, L. P. Buchaumont has been largely indebted in his curious and valuable work, "*Mémoires Secrets, pour servir à l'Histoire de la République des Lettres en France depuis 1762,*" published in 36 small volumes between 1777 and 1789.

It was about this time that the Marquise de Turpin founded the Order of the Round Table, which included Favart, Voisenon, and Boufflers among its chevaliers, and produced, as a memorial of its existence, "*La Journée de l'Amour,*" a beautifully printed work, copies of which are now seldom met with. I may also refer to "*Les Dîners du Bout du Banc,*" given by the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Quinault, and the *soirées* of Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, and others.

Continuing my notes on the French Clubs and "Orders," in alphabetical rank, I first take that of "*Les Chevaliers de l'Amable Commerce*" (Friendly Intercourse), founded in 1724. The "*Chevaliers de l'Ancre*" were an offshoot from the order of "*La Félicité.*" The Anchor has been assumed as a club name by more than one English society, as, for instance, the Anchor Society of Bristol.

The Order of "*La Boisson*" was instituted at Avignon, in 1700, by De Pesquières, and was in considerable repute. It had its official organs, edited by Morgier and the Abbé de Charnes, with the title of "*Nouvelles de l'Ordre de la Boisson, chez Museau Cramoisi, au Papier Raisin.*" Its members assumed nicknames analogous to that of their purple-nosed printer, such as *Frère des Vignes*, *Frère Mortadelle*, *Natif de Saint-Jean Pied-de-Porc*, *Dom Barriquez Caraffa y Fuentes Vinosas*, *M. de Flaconville*, and the like. This kind of fooling has always been popular in Club-land. The books advertised in their gazette were in perfect harmony with the general character of its contents, as "*Introduction à la Cuisine, par le Frère le Porc*"; "*Remarques sur les Langues mortes, comme langues de Bœuf, de Cochon, et autres*"; "*Recueil de plusieurs pièces de four, par le frère Godiveau*"; "*La Manière de rendre l'or potable, et l'argent aussi, par le Frère la Buvette*"; "*L'Art de bien boucher les bouteilles, impression de Liège*"; "*L'Itinéraire des Cabarets, œuvre posthume de Tavernier*"; "*De Arte Bibendi, auctore Frère Templier,*" and so on. These titles remind me of some of Thomas Hood's happy efforts in the same direction.

One or two extracts from the political and general intelligence furnished in the veracious columns of the "*Nouvelles*" will suffice to indicate its character :

"Lisbon, February 20, 1705.—The Archduke gave a superb

masked ball, which was attended by the Admiral of Castile, and several Portuguese nobles. He was dressed as a king, and in that disguise was recognised by nobody. The Admiral took part in 'Les Folies d'Espagne,' which is the ordinary dance."

"Brussels, June 28, 1707.—The allied army lies encamped near Tirlémont, where it drinks nothing but beer, and the Duke of Vendôme's army near Gembloux, where it drinks nothing but wine, which leads to a large influx of deserters from the former into that of the latter. At a fête given in London, vast projects were discussed for limiting the exorbitant power of France. People spoke of foraying to the very gates of Rheims, and of carrying off all the champagne for Queen Anne's consumption; cutting in pieces the army of Philip V., and conducting Charles III. in triumph into his good city of Madrid. The day was spent in building *châteaux en Espagne*, which next day were all overthrown by the arrival of two couriers, the first bringing news of the defeat of the allies at Almanza by the Duke of Berwick; and the other of the loss of a large number of ships captured or sent to the bottom by the French. It is impossible to describe the astonishment of the English, a people very haughty and obstinate in their belief in their power. The Queen eagerly demanded if Alicante had been taken, and when informed that it was on the point of falling, appeared so concerned that it is evident that town was very dear to her. [Observe this and the preceding allusion to Queen Anne's supposed love of wine.] Since this news arrived trade has been completely disorganised; money has disappeared; liquors are half as dear again; and wine no longer circulates in London any more than exchequer bills. A large committee has just been formed to consider the best means of securing a supply of wine."

Earl Stanhope remarks that the victory of Almanza, as "the first gleam of returning fortune," was hailed with great delight, not only by the subjects of Louis in his own dominion, but by all his partisans in Europe. Their hopes, however, were dashed to the ground in the following year by Marlborough's great victory at Oudenarde.

Sometimes the news in the "Drinker's Gazette" was given in a versified form, and the following *quatrain* attained a very wide popularity:

A la barbe des ennemis,
Villars s'est emparé des lignes;
S'il vient à s'emparer des vignes,
Voilà les Allemands soumis.

Which may be roughly Englished as follows :

In the beard of his foes
Villars seized on their lines ;
If he seize on its vines,
Down Germany goes !

The allusion is to the successes in Germany of Marshal Villars in 1703, when he defeated the Imperial forces at Hochstadt.

It is to the credit of the members of "l'Ordre de la Boisson" that their statutes prohibited intemperance, and also entered a caveat against lewdness of talk. Said the Grand Master :

Dans nos hôtels, si d'aventure
Un frère salit ses discours
Par la moindre petite ordure,
Je l'en bannis pour quelques jours.
Que si ces peines redoublées
Sur lui ne font aucun effet,
Je veux que son procès soit fait,
Toutes les tables assemblées.

The philosophy accepted by the members found a true and emphatic expression in the following quatrain :

Je donne à l'oubli le passé,
Le présent à l'indifférence :
Et, pour vivre débarrassé,
L'avenir à la Providence.

"I dedicate the past to forgetfulness, the present to indifference, and, that I may live free of care, I trust the future to Providence"—not altogether an unwise code of conduct, as the world goes !

The "Régiment de la Calotte."—At the beginning of the eighteenth century, some officers of the Court, including Aymon, one of the royal household, and de Torsac, an exempt of the *gardes du corps*, conceived the idea of founding, under this name, a society whose object it should be to chastise, by means of light and airy ridicule, the faults and oddities of conduct, style, and language which came to its knowledge. And immediately they inscribed on its roll of members all who were distinguished by the singularity and eccentricity of their speech and actions. When a man had committed, said, or written a foolish thing, they sent to him forthwith a *calotte*, or in other words a stinging epigram, which covered him with ridicule, or perhaps they despatched a *brevet de calottin* in verse, and thenceforth he was considered to be enrolled in the regiment of skull-caps. If such a regiment were formed in our London society to-day, its muster-roll would speedily attain to enormous proportions ! There

would be no difficulty as to the stinging epigrams, as one always finds it easy to say something ill-natured of one's neighbours.

Of the "Régiment de la Calotte," which had its standards, and its emblazoned arms, and struck medals, Aymon was elected generalissimo. A splendid banquet was given on the occasion, and in the course of it two servants presented him, on cushions of velvet, one with a bauble as his *bâton* of command, and the other with a skull-cap ornamented with weather-cocks, rats, bells, and butterflies.

De Torsac having delivered himself one day of some "brag" about the king, Aymon immediately threw off his insignia of office, and imposed them upon De Torsac, who remained in command until he died in 1724. A funeral oration was composed in his honour—a clever satire on the discourse pronounced at the admission of one of "the Forty"—so piquant that the authors whom it happily satirised used their influence to get it suppressed the moment it was printed; but Aymon, through the interposition of Villars, contrived to baffle them. Aymon, who had resumed the command on De Torsac's death, died in May 1731. The Regiment survived him, however, for a good many years, and passed away at length in a kind of euthanasia. The best efforts of its members have been published in "Recueil des Pièces du Régiment de la Calotte : à Paris, chez Jacques Colombat. L'an de l'Ere Calottine 7726."

Two Orders which remind one of the regiment, that of the "Weathercock" and that of the "Extinguisher," were instituted in 1814, and distributed a large number of commissions or brevets.

The Order of the "Goat-footed" held its meeting at Léon, in Languedoc, by moonlight.

Then there was the "Charcoal Burners' Brotherhood," which assumed a political complexion and developed into the Carbonari.

The Order of the "Carpenters" was affiliated to that of the "Woodcutters."

The bacchic, or wine-bibbing, Order of the "Trois Coteaux," or Three Hills, to which an allusion is made in Boileau's third satire, owed its origin to a circumstance thus related in the life of Saint-Evremont: One day, when the latter was dining with M. de Lavardin, Bishop of Mans, the latter rallied him upon his fastidiousness, and on that of the Comte d'Olonne and the Marquis de Bois-Dauphin, who, he said, went to great expense in their desire to refine upon everything. They must have their partridges from Auvergne, their rabbits from la Roche-Guyon or Versine. They were not less difficult to please in the matter of fruit; and, as to wine, would drink none

but that which came from the the hills of Ai, Haut-Villiers, and Avenay. M. Saint-Evremond, of course, repeated this conversation to his friends, and they in their turn repeated so often the episcopal reference to these hills, that they came to be known as "Les Trois Coteaux."

The statutes of the society of "La Culotte" (the Breeches) were compiled in 1724 by the brothers Biquillard.

The Order of the "Egyptians."—About 1635, Mademoiselle de Pré, niece of the Marquis de Feuquières, then the king's lieutenant at Metz, founded in that city an order of chivalry, which she called the "Order of the Egyptians," because no one could be admitted to it (says Arnould) who had not committed some gallant theft. She elected herself queen, under the name of Epicharis; and all her knights bore, with a ribbon of flaxen grey and green, a golden claw, with the words, "Nothing escapes me" ("Rien ne m'échappe").

The Order of "La Félicité."—This would seem to have been akin in its moral corruption to the mock monastic order whose orgies at a later period disgraced Medmenham Abbey. It has been described in several works which are almost unknown in England—such as the "Formulaire du Cérémonial en usage dans l'Ordre de la Félicité" (1745); the "Anthropophile, ou le Secret et les Mystères de la Félicité" (1746); the "Ordre Hermaphrodite, ou les Secrets de la sublime Félicité"; "Moyen de monter au plus haut grade de la Marine sans se mouiller," and Fleury's "Dictionnaire de l'Ordre de la Félicité."

The Orders of the "Woodcutters" (des Fendeurs), the "Feuillants" (for gentlemen), the "Phillides" (for ladies), and of "Fidelity" were never of any special importance.

The "Chevaliers of the Grape" were instituted at Arles by Damas de Gravaison. Its statutes and ordinances were published in 1667.

The Order of the "Lanturelus."—"Lanturlu-Lantare" was, it appears, the refrain of a famous vaudeville air, which obtained an immense vogue in 1629, and was afterwards adopted by the insurgents of Dijon in the year following. In 1771, when Paris was much agitated by the stratagems of Maupeou, the Marquis de Croismau, a friend of Madame de la Ferté-Imbault, was inspired to establish the Order of the "Lanturelus." He named himself the grand master, and Madame de la Ferté grand mistress, but she was afterwards elected queen by all the *habités* of her house who had taken part in the new institution. Some of the little poems which emanated from this society found their way into the hands of the Czarina, Catherine II., who recommended the Russian nobles to seek admis-

sion into its ranks—an honour bestowed upon her son, her daughter-in-law, and some of the Russian princes. The only remains now extant of this burlesque Order are a few verses buried in contemporary anthologies.

The “Order of Malice” or “Mischief” was apparently very inoffensive; at least so say its statutes, which also record the name of its founder, Madame Agrippina de la Bonté même (Madame Goodness itself), and the date of the foundation, January 1, 1734. Here is an extract from the preface to the statutes:—

<p>Celui qui veut de la Malice Devenir insigne profès, Doit si bien tendre ses filets Pendant le temps qu'il est novice, Qu'il ne passe jamais un jour Sans avoir fait quelque bon tour. Mais que l'aimable politesse, L'esprit fin, la délicatesse, Brillent en toute occasion ; Et que jamais malice noire De fait ou bien d'intention, Ne ternisse la belle gloire Que dans l'ordre il faut acquérir !</p>	<p>He who wishes of Mischief To become a distinguished past-master, Must so well stretch his nets During the time of his novitiate, That a day shall never pass [trick. Without his having played some clever But let a polished affability, A subtle wit, a nicety Shine on every occasion ; And never let black maliciousness Of deed or of intention Tarnish the glorious brightness Which in this order he must acquire.</p>
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Some of the articles of the statutes are characterised by a pleasant humour, which reminds us of that of the laws of the Monks of Thelema as told by Mr. Besant:—

Article 1. There shall be no other dignities than those of Grand Mistress, Lieutenant, Chancellor, and Treasurer, four commanders, and four chevaliers, whose election shall conscientiously be made in full knowledge of their merits and talents for mischief.

Article 2. All those of both sexes who present themselves for admission to this Order, must have the qualities necessary for occupying the places in which they may be employed.

Article 3. They shall be obliged to submit to a two-years' trial at least, of real practice or intention, to be verified by vouchers, which they will submit to the examination of the Chancellor of the Order.

Article 4. The novitiate shall last a year, and during this time the novices shall be obliged to communicate to the lieutenant, twice a day, the most subtle and ingenious means of entrapping and beguiling (*de faire donner dans le panneau*) those whom the Order would wish to favour with its friendship and goodwill.

Article 5. No one shall be received until he has fulfilled exactly the obligations of the novitiate, which will be certified by the lieutenant, and examined at a meeting of the Order.

Article 6. The members will be obliged to make three vows: obedience, abstinence from anything injurious to health, and poverty, or disengagement from the wealth of others.

Article 7. They are forbidden to take as servants a Champenois, Swiss, or Picard.

Article 8. They must not bring up in their homes turkeys, geese, or sheep.

Article 9. But for the sake of a good example they shall have a goodly stock of apes, cats, parrots, owls, foxes, and magpies.

Article 10. The principal books of the library shall be : "L'Espiègle," "Richard-sans-Peur," "Buscon," "Guzman d'Alfarache," Gil Blas," the "Pince sans rire," the "Histoire des Pages," and the "Anecdotes des Pensionnaires, des Religieuses," &c.

The decoration of the Order consisted of a small medal, suspended to a lilac-coloured ribbon, and bearing on one side an ape, and on the other the following verses :—

Pour vous imiter je suis fait,	To imitate you I am bound,
C'est là mon plus noble exercice :	My noblest feat it is to be ;
Aussi, par un retour parfait,	So, as an excellent return,
Vous me ressemblez en malice.	In mischief you resemble me.

The Order of the "Honey-Bee," instituted on June 11, 1705, figured among the pastimes of the little court formed at Sceaux by the Duchesse du Maine. Its medal, engraved in Daly's "Récréations Numismatiques," presents the head of the Duchess, with the legend : E.BAR.D. Sc. D.P.D.L.O. D.L.M.A.M. (Louise, Baronne de Sceaux, Directrice perpétuelle de l'Ordre de la Mouche à Miel.) On the reverse a bee speeds its flight towards a hive, with the device, "Piccola sì, fa ma gravi le ferite" (I am little, but yet I wound deeply.) The knights on whom the Order was conferred pronounced the following oath :— "I swear, by the bees of Mount Hymettus, fidelity and obedience to the perpetual directress of the Order ; to wear all my life the medal of the Bee, and to fulfil, as long as I live, the statutes of the Order ; and if I prove false to my vow, I agree that the honey shall for me be changed into gall, the wax into fat, the flowers into nettles, and that the wasps and the hornets pierce me with their stings."

The Order of "Perseverance" was established in March 1777. At the reception of a member three altars were erected—to Honour, to Friendship, and Humanity.

The Order of "Ribaldry" was instituted at Paris in 1612 ; that of the "Sophists" by Cuvélier in 1802.

To the seventeenth century belongs the Order of the "Tancar dins," celebrated in the verse of Lainez.

Now let us pass over into Italy. The Modenese Grillonzona, who died in 1551, founded a literary society the members of which met round the dinner-table. During the repast a lively intellectual exercise went on right merrily, though, one would think, to the injury of the digestion of the members. Sometimes they composed

an epigram in Greek or Latin, a sonnet or a madrigal upon dishes before them ; sometimes, if they asked for wine, it must be in the language first made use of by their chief or chairman. Another day, each would be called upon to quote all the proverbs relative to some particular animal, plant, mouth, saint, and so on.

A society of distinguished wits and scholars was formed at Venice about 1740. By way of erecting a barrier against the torrent of bad taste which threatened to inundate the land, it resorted to both serious discussions and airy witticisms—sometimes even satires of an acrid character, and facetiæ of burlesque triviality—to combat the pretensions and limit the success of the corrupters of taste and the language. This censorious academy assumed the title of “*Società dei Granelleschi*,” or blockheads ; a bit of vanity, since its members thereby only the more strongly emphasised their claims to distinction as wits, scholars, poets, philosophers, or statesmen. Each meeting was opened with a broadside, as it were, of the most ridiculous productions imaginable, as befitted their proud designation. After this concession to a foolish conceit, the proper business of the *réunion* began, and the members enjoyed—to use a hackneyed quotation—the feast of reason and the flow of soul. But, to preserve their burlesque character, they elected as their president one Giuseppe Secchellari, a man well known for the almost inconceivable imbecility of his writings and for the imperturbable egotism which prevented him from understanding the ridicule they excited. A new title, that of *Arcigranellone*, was created for him ; he was installed with solemn ceremony ; a crown of prunes was placed on his head ; he was addressed in prose and verse of the most comical gravity, and loaded with ironical eulogiums, of which he was prouder than of his crown. His throne was an antiquated arm-chair, raised high above the heads of his subjects. He never failed to open any sitting with one of his absurd compositions, which was invariably received with tumultuous applause and inserted as a masterpiece in the “*Acts*” of the Academy.

The Italian academies do not come within my present range, as their objects were purely literary. That they indulged in the most grotesque titles is well known ; and Tiraboschi preserves a number of them which may well excite the reader's astonishment, when he remembers that they were invented by men of acknowledged eminence, and not by the boozy frequenters of a favourite tavern. Florence had her “*Umidi*,” or “*Moist Ones*,” and her “*Intronati*,” or the “*Stunned*” ; Sienna her “*Insipids*” ; Naples her “*Madmen*” ; Viterbo her “*Obstinates*” ; and Genoa her “*Drowsy*.” The “*Arcadi*” of Rome was a famous literary institution ; but its members dowered one

another with imaginary estates—such as the Phlegræan Fields, the Vale of Cuna, or the Isle of Delos, and assumed the most fantastic aliases. The “Oziosi,” or “Indolent,” of Naples, were founded by two illustrious scientists, the brothers John Vincent and John Baptist Porta.

In the fourteenth century, when the literature of Germany was passing through a period of decay and gloom, the lamp of poetry was kept alight exclusively among the people. Then sprang into existence the “guilds” or “singing schools,” composed chiefly of mechanics who sought to enrich their daily life with the blessing of song. They assumed the distinctive name of “the Master-singers,” and Mentz was their birthplace ; but they spread very rapidly into the other cities of Germany, and particularly into Augsburg and Nuremberg. It was their custom to assemble on holiday occasions, either in the halls of the arts or in the churches, and engage in pleasant parties and musical exercises. By certain placards, richly ornamented, and exhibited in all the public places, they invited all lovers of song and music to these assemblies, at which the following ceremonial was rigorously observed.

The candidates for the title of “Master” took their places, in turn, in a high chair, the elevation of which gave it the appearance of a cathedral throne. By them sat the four judges, or *Merker*, one of whom gave judgment on the subject of the poem, the second on its prosody, the third on its rhymes, and the fourth on its musical setting. For a “Master” was required not only to write his verses, but to compose or adapt music for them, and finally to sing them to the tune he had chosen or invented. On mounting the platform the candidate first briefly complimented the Masters and the audience—an adroit act of propitiation—and then set forth the theme of his composition, its particular form and number of strophes, the quality of its rhymes, and, lastly, the melody he proposed to adapt to them. “Of all this,” we are told, “the judges kept an exact account. In this manner, one after the other, the contending parties sang their compositions from the chair ; and when they had all finished, the judges began to examine, from hand to hand, the poem of each competitor, in the quadruple relation already pointed out.” The examination at an end, they handed in their judgments to the president of the corporation, who then ascended *in cathedram*, with two judges on either side, and, in a loud and intelligible voice, proclaimed the result. This included, first, the adjudication of a crown to the most distinguished poet, and of a garland to the next in merit ; while a penalty was inflicted on the unsuccessful competitors who had neglected the rules of the art. Amid the blare of trumpets and

the shrill music of clarions, the two victors approached the president and received the trophies of their success. Then the bursar went round with a bag, into which the defeated candidates dropped the amount of their penalties, and with loud shouts the company separated—to reunite in one of their cafés, or in some public room, and spend the evening in talk about poetry and music and in the improvisation of rhymed couplets, while passing round “the brimming beaker” in quick succession.

The Master-singers employed in the composition of their poems seven kinds of rhymes or verses : *stumpfe Reime*, mute or dumb verses ; *klingende Reime*, sounding rhymes ; *klingende Schlagreime*, sounding and beating rhymes ; *Weisen, oder einfache Verse*, modes or blank verse ; *Pausen*, pauses ; *Krönlein*, coronets ; and *stumpfe Schlagreime*, mute, beating rhymes. They were credited with having preserved the ancient melodies of the *Minnesinger*, to the number, it is said, of four hundred, and these were distinguished by the most singular names, as, for instance, the *Feilweis*, or melody of the file ; the *Preisweis*, or melody of praise ; the *zarte Buchstabenweis*, tender melody of letters ; and *geschwinde Pflugweis*, quick melody of the plough. There were also the High Allegro Melody of Praise, the Hard Melody of the Field, the Longtail of the Swallow, and the Long Double Harmony of the Dove.

The guilds of the Master-singers flourished from 1350 down to the early years of the sixteenth century, when Luther, besides reforming the Church, effected a complete reform in the German language. Some, however, survived the century, and that of Strasburg was still in existence in the first half of the eighteenth century.

At the epoch of the *Renaissance* a large number of literary societies was formed in Germany, as in Italy, and with the same object, the purification and development of the national language and literature. One of the most ancient of these was established at Heidelberg, in 1480, under the title of “*Societas litteraria Rhenana*,” for the cultivation of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Astronomy, Music, Poetry and jurisprudence. The members refreshed themselves after their labours by balls and feasts, at which they were accustomed, says Jugler—*more Germanorum inveterato strenue potare*—to drink strenuously, after the inveterate custom of the Germans.

The society of “*Fructifiers*” was founded at Weimar in 1617, and lasted until 1668. Among its members it numbered a king, one hundred and fifty-three princes, and upwards of ninety barons, nobles, or distinguished men of science. Nuremberg boasted of its “*Order of the Shepherds and Flowers of the Pignitz*,” founded about 1644

by Clay and Harzdorf, with a view to the improvement of the German language. Almost contemporaneous in origin was the "Society of German Fine Fellows," instituted at Hamburg by Philip von Zesen.

In the middle of the sixteenth century a Pole named Przonka, who in his way must have been a humourist of the first water, formed in the palatinate of Lublin a gay society, which parodied the Polish republic in the liveliest manner. It was called the "Republic of Baboonery." An anonymous memoir, written in the seventeenth century, and first printed in 1840, furnishes the following curious particulars:—

Modelled on the commonwealth of Poland, that of Baboonery had the same charges and the same dignities. It had its palatines and its castellans—in a word, all the titles which were then in vogue in its founder's country. But to prove how wisely it had shaken off the yoke of national prejudice, it admitted foreign titles also when any important occasion rendered it desirable. Its diets were frequent, but very brief in duration, one sitting being generally sufficient to complete all the business. No law prevented them from being held anywhere; but for the most part they assembled in a cottage which, on that account, received the name of *Gelda*—a Slavonic term employed to signify a place where people babble incessantly and in breathless haste.

At these diets unanimity was not required; the majority decided everything. Intrigues and underhand manœuvres had no existence; senators and nuncios were equally proof against corruption; so there was never a rupture, never a barren issue. They examined into the qualifications of the most distinguished persons in the land, who, according to the judgment arrived at, found themselves decorated with a patent of such or such an office in the republic of Baboonery. If any individual displayed an ambitious temper and at the same time a leaning towards a gentle, tranquil life, he immediately became a bishop. The man who continually boasted of his valour without having given any proofs of it was promoted to field-marshal. Others suddenly obtained ministers' portfolios as the reward of their political futilities and their vast projects, conceived without the slightest knowledge of the interests of princes. In a word, impartial treatment was dealt out to every person, often according to his taste, and always according to his merit. A grand banquet was held at the close of each session; and the reader may rest assured that on this occasion the health of the new dignitaries was always drunk with all the honours, and that their panegyrics were warmly pronounced.

I think it is possible to trace a resemblance between these patents

of the republic of Baboonery and the brevets issued by the "Régiment de la Calotte." It was in a similar vein of humour that the society frequently administered a sharp lesson with respect to the distribution of Court favours, a prodigious change taking place in the position of a grandee on his passing from the republic of Poland into that of Baboonery. For instance, a primate notorious for love of his own interests found himself metamorphosed into a mendicant friar ; the plundering palatine was transformed into a tax-collector, the skulking general into a courier, and the unjust magistrate into a shopkeeper.

It happened one day that this satirical association was being discussed in the presence of King Sigismund Augustus, who asked if it had elected a king. Przonka gravely replied—no doubt with an ironical smile on the lip and a twinkle in the eye—"Heaven forbid, sire, that we should ever conceive such an idea in your Majesty's lifetime ! Reign happily over us, as well as over all Poland !" Though, in the circumstances of the time, such an answer was susceptible of an evil interpretation, Sigismund took the implied sarcasm in excellent part. By the way, the elder D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," strangely misrepresents this incident, making the Polish sovereign good-humouredly observe that he considered himself "as much king of Baboonery as king of Poland"—a rendering which spoils the jest and mars the moral.

For several years these *censores morum*, under the disguise of an imaginary republic, discharged their satirical shafts at each passing folly and instance of human weakness, in much the same spirit as that in which Steele and Addison, through the pages of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and their imitators in the *World* and the *Connoisseur*, endeavoured to refine the morals and manners of English Society. They were fortunate enough to see the actual fruits of their labours ; for the dread of being exposed to the laughter of the public effected, it is said, a happy change in the conduct of all classes. Ridicule is no remedy for vice, but it is often a cure for folly. At length the republic fell into decay, either through the disastrous consequences of the revolutions which swept in swift succession over unhappy Poland, or from want of men with adequate tact, humour, and insight to superintend its delicate operations.

After all, we must be of opinion, I think, that the machinery was too cumbrous and artificial for the purpose it was intended to serve ; and that it was almost as open to satirical attack as the follies and fashions at which it aimed its arrows.

TABLE TALK.

CONDITIONS OF PRIVATE PRINTING IN PARIS.

SO few Englishmen—four in all—belong to the new Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains, Académie des Beaux Livres, that has been established in Paris by M. Octave Uzanne, that I have hitherto rarely dealt with its proceedings. Its “Statuts” are now before me, and the opening portion of these arrests my attention as worthy of the regard of my readers. It consists of the authorisation of the Prefect of Police for the existence of the society. On the condition of submitting to this worthy its rules, notifying under pain of suspension or immediate dissolution all change in them, informing the Prefecture annually of the names, professions, and domiciles of the members, and supplying, four days in advance, the place, day, and hour of its general meetings, and other similar matters, the society is permitted to exist. What, then, is the organisation concerning which this fuss is made? It is neither political nor religious. It is simply an association of book-lovers, seeking to issue in the most artistic form obtainable a few books of recognised value. Similar societies, less ambitious in aim, exist in dozens in England, and need no form of authorisation. Any of my readers can start, if he pleases, a similar institution to-morrow. Yet in Paris the police authorisation is necessary, and is printed at the head of the “Statuts.”

DR. FURNIVALL ON CHAUCER'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

COMMENTING on my observations as to the necessity for a Bibliography of Chaucer, Dr. Furnivall characteristically writes, “‘Concerning the books, however, we know nothing.’ Why not, say ‘I’? Bradshaw gave a note on them in my second edition of Thynne’s ‘Animadversions,’ and Skeat has lately gone carefully into them in his ‘Chaucer’s Minor Poems.’ The fault is yours, not ours.” To which I reply—1. No fault is found by me. 2. The edition of the Minor Poems was before me when I wrote. 3. My statement remains unaffected by what Dr. Furnivall has said. My two notes on Chaucer were written obviously and avowedly from

the point of view of the bibliophile. In this regard Professor Skeat contributes little. His analysis of the contents of the 1561 edition is most valuable, and is constantly consulted by me. As to editions, he only says, "Probably copies slightly differ. The book described by me is a copy in my own possession, somewhat torn at the beginning and imperfect at the end. But the three missing leaves only refer to Lydgate's 'Storie of Thebes.'" It is exactly the matter that Professor Skeat owns he does not supply, for which I call. One title-page of the 1561 edition has a picture of a monarch, assumably King Henry VIII., seated on his throne, with his council in two rows facing each other in front of him. A second bears a heraldic device, a shield with a unicorn's head for a crest, and the motto—

Vertue florisheth in Chaucer still,
Though death of hym hath wrought his will.

Each following page through the prologue is, in the copies before me, different in number of lines, catch-words, and other respects. Similar irregularities seem to occur in other editions. Will Dr. Furnivall tell me why I should not have a description of these differences?

ARE THERE TWO CHAUCERS OF 1561?

A CORRESPONDENT sending me, from Darlington, a description of a copy of Chaucer, the body of which consists of the 1561 edition and the title page and prefatory matter of Adam Islip's edition of 1598, mentions a feature of which I have not previously heard. He says that, after the colophon, "Imprinted at London by Ihon Kyngston for Ihon Wight, dwelling in Poules Churchyarde, Anno 1561," comes a "Glossary of fourteen pages and notes of authors cited, and corrections twelve pages." So far as I know, these form portions of no copy of the 1561 edition. They certainly are not in the magnificent copy in the Grenville Library at the British Museum, nor do they appear in any example I have seen. Supposing them not to be, like the prefatory matter, additions from a posterior edition, this introduces a complete novelty. These things prove that the discussion I have raised is not without interest. It is not without value also. That the 1542 edition was taken up by certain booksellers—William Bonham, Richard Kele, Robert Toy, Thomas Petit, and perhaps others, each of whom put his own name on the title-page—is known. The variations in the 1561 edition are different, and a collation of the copies accessible might show whether—which is improbable—there was more than one edition of this date, or how were caused the manifold divergences which I know to exist.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1890.

SUB ROSA.

BY GEORGE HOLMES,

AUTHOR OF "FARMER JOHN."

CHAPTER XII.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour ;
One frosty night befell, and lo !
I find my summer days are o'er :
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to Memory now
Returns no more, no more.

CLOUGH : *Song of Autumn.*

ON the evening of the same day, prayers were just over when the inmates of the Priory were startled by a prolonged pealing of the front-door bell.

Nothing could exceed the irritation displayed on the squire's face, when the Reverend Whympier Burroughs, splashed from head to foot with mud, was ushered into his presence. Yet the poor curate was a fitter object for pity than for anger. He presented a deplorable appearance. His dripping hair hung matted on his forehead, and little streams of water trickled down his face and from the skirts of his long, clerical coat. He had evidently been exposed for a considerable time to the rain and wind, which now swept in a perfect storm round the house—a tempest which had, moreover, rendered the shelter of an umbrella a sheer impossibility.

On arriving that evening at Lampton station, which was some

way out of the town, Mr. Burroughs had at once started for the Priory, no less than five miles distant. Rain had fallen in torrents for the greater part of the way; and as he had foolishly struck out on the short cut across some fields to the village of Ladywood, he had once or twice narrowly escaped being buried to the knees in the loose, boggy soil through which he had to plough his way. He was cold, and drenched to the skin, and he had tasted no food since his hurried luncheon at the Brighton station, after leaving Blanche. Added to all this, he was evidently suffering from great mental agitation; so that the spectacle which he presented was the strangest mixture of the ludicrous and the heart-rending.

The astonished servants left the hall, whispering and giggling together; the kitchenmaid, who had not the most desirable control of her voice, being heard to remark loudly, as she brought up the rear of the procession, that "t' passon do look like a drowned rat. Why, you could wring buckets out of 'im!" The closing of the door with some violence by Mrs. Lacey prevented the sound of further criticism reaching within, but the peals of laughter, which presently died away down the corridor, told that the lady's-maid had been again discomfited, and that "the rude, volgar gurl" contrived to hold her own in the parliament below stairs.

As for Carey, he was the first to order wine and a warm coat for the unhappy man. Carey's own troubles had not tended to diminish his thoughtfulness for others. At last, when, warmed with his glass of hot sherry and water, the curate had recovered the power of speech, he turned to the squire, whom he fixed with a peculiar expression as he said,—

"May I speak alone with you, Mr. Maybanke?"

"Well, I'm just off to bed," returned the squire ungraciously. 'Won't to-morrow do? You can put up here if you choose," he added in anything but a hospitable tone.

"No, thank you," interrupted Burroughs, "I must hurry home to-night. I have to see my rector early to-morrow morning on the same affair—an affair of the greatest importance, I assure you. I am sorry, but I must trouble you for a few minutes' *private* conversation, at once!"

There was something about Mr. Burroughs's manner, half-mysterious, half-menacing, which was so irritating that it required the squire to call up all the self-command he had at his disposal. Casting an angry glance around, the old man moved heavily and unwillingly to the library, where the family generally spent the winter evenings, in preference to the colder drawing-room upstairs.

Mr. Burroughs followed closely at his heels, slightly smiling, and gently rubbing his hands together.

In the library were candles still lighted, while a fire of red embers was dying in the grate ; it being Carey's wont to enjoy his final "smoke" there, before going to bed. Platten had thoughtfully drawn up a comfortable chair on which the evening papers were piled, so that the light from behind should fall upon the reader's page ; an opened box of cigars stood ready on a little round table at the side, and Carey's favourite fox-terrier snoozed upon the warm rug of tiger-skins. Upon these peaceful preparations the squire and the curate now broke ; the dog, looking up and expecting her master, began to thump the rug with her short stump of a tail, but, seeing Mr. Burroughs, and perhaps scenting danger, she changed her mind and growled instead.

"Good dog, good Nell," Mr. Burroughs murmured uneasily, keeping a respectful distance from the fire. The squire sank into Carey's chair, and waved the curate to another.

"Now let us hear your 'affair,'" he said as pleasantly as he could. "I hope there is nothing wrong with my dear friend—with Mr. Hopperton?" He bent forward and scanned his companion's face ; but it was in shadow, and he could distinguish but little of its expression. And yet, he fancied that there was a latent presage of misfortune in the curate's shifting eye.

"No, no ; it's nothing about him. He's in perfect health, as far as I know."

There was an awkward pause ; while for a minute or two Mr. Burroughs seemed lost in thought. His task was, indeed, one of far greater difficulty than he had believed possible, and he hesitated how to begin. Glancing at the squire, he noticed how bent and feeble his frame had become ; he observed a nervous twitching about the wrinkled hands that leaned on his stick, and there flashed through his mind a recollection of Blanche's parting warning that "the news would kill" Carey's father. Not that Mr. Burroughs regretted having undertaken what he was about to do, or that he was sorry at all that misfortune had fallen upon his friends ; he was simply afraid of the immediate effect of his story, as far only as he himself was concerned. For, of course, if the old man was going to die on the spot, or to have a fit there and then alone with Mr. Burroughs, it would be very awkward for Mr. Burroughs. Before beginning his revelation he looked cautiously round for a bell, in case anything should happen. He took note that there was, fortunately, one on his right hand. Warmed by the fire, comforted by the wine which he had taken, the

curate's recent physical sufferings were more than compensated for. Now to work. He gave his throat a thorough and preparatory clearing.

As for Mr. Maybanke, relieved from the fear that his old friend the rector was not well and happy (for he himself was perhaps scarcely aware how much he depended upon Mr. Hopperton), he leaned back in his chair, and had been enjoying all the preliminary and pleasant sensations of what is known as "dropping into a gentle snooze," when these words aroused him :

"Prepare yourself for a great shock, Mr. Maybanke."

The old man's eyes opened widely, and he started angrily forward, the usual frown of disgust gathering on his brow. "*What* did you say?" he asked quickly.

"Prepare yourself for a great and cruel disappointment," repeated Whympur Burroughs, in a deep undertone ; "prepare yourself, I say : for you are anything but prepared for what has happened—in your own family-circle, without your knowledge—against your manifest and expressed wishes !"

What was coming? Mr. Maybanke's pride forbade his making any reply, or putting a single question. But his heart almost ceased to beat at the ominous words, and his keen old eyes peered anxiously through the gloom at the curate's solemn countenance.

"It is—it has been suddenly placed upon me as a duty to be the bearer to you of these very evil tidings. Believe me, the office is a terrible one. What will you say to me when you learn from my lips that your son——" he paused, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed a cruel and triumphant smile.

"My son?" repeated the old man, with dazed air.

"Ay, your son, whom you so loved, trusted, and indulged. He has been guilty of practising a gross deception upon you. I only discovered it by the purest accident, not many hours ago. Of course I hastened to your side. Yes ; while you have trusted him implicitly, you have been deceived, kept in the dark—in the dark, sir, on a subject which concerned *you*, even more than him! You could never guess the cruel wrong which he has heartlessly inflicted on you."

Mr. Maybanke, as though now thoroughly awakened and master of his own emotion, rose haughtily. "I cannot see, sir," he said, endeavouring to command his trembling voice, "I cannot see what makes *you* the bearer of these strange tidings. No doubt my son will communicate them to me himself at his good pleasure. I shall rest satisfied till then. And meanwhile I have no wish to hear anything more on the subject.

“You are mad, sir!” cried Burroughs as he also rose, and faced the furious old man. “Would you have the whole world gossiping about your most intimate family affairs, before you have so much as heard a whisper of them yourself? Do you care nothing for your old and honourable name, which your son—— But I see you will be reasonable, and listen quietly. Believe me, it is better that I should be the bearer of this news than some uninterested outsider. The whole county will know only too soon. You may hate me now; but you will thank me yet.”

“*What—has—Carey—done?*” The scarcely audible words dropped one by one from the squire’s white and quivering lips. That he should have to speak them to this man! Each of them seemed to wring a drop of his life-blood from him. Pale and near to fainting, he tottered to his chair, his brave old spirit alone upholding him in this hour of suspense and agony. How he hated this man, had always distrusted and hated him! The low, cringing, stinging mischief-maker! His fingers were knotted together, his breathing came in short, loud gasps, as he compelled himself to be silent and to listen.

“Believe me,” again asserted the tantalising Burroughs—who, now that there was no sign of a fit or of sudden death, felt nothing but a delicious satisfaction in wiping out many an old score of insulting speech and haughty look with his victim’s present sufferings—“believe me, I have undertaken to break the news to you solely for *your* sake, and because I have a regard for Mr. Hopperton’s friend. The task is doubly painful to me, because——” here his voice sank to a whisper, “although you may despise her, *I once loved Blanche Gressell.*”

But the squire was not thus to be trifled with, and he could bear the suspense no longer. Hurling his heavy, gold-knobbed cane with terrific force at his tormentor’s head (which it only narrowly escaped), he screamed with an oath: “Speak, fellow, speak; or be d—d, will you!”

Then the curate spoke, in low and cutting tones: “Your son has been privately married to Blanche Gressell for more than three months. No one but themselves—and I—at present know the fact.”

* * * * *

It was enough.

How it came about Mr. Burroughs never exactly knew. He had no idea, he subsequently observed, that very aged people retained, occasionally, remarkable powers of bodily strength; and to imagine that they were all feeble and decrepit was quite a mistake. So,

indeed, he had proved. But how, he could not have related. Certain it is, that the old squire had suddenly seized him by the arm, when he was far from suspecting any such attention ; then he had grappled with him, displaying extraordinary muscular ability. The grappling having somewhat unexpectedly landed Mr. Burroughs on the rug, he had been then summarily despatched from the room, in this lowly attitude—but quite how, he could not have explained. Mr. Maybanke's boot, assisted by "that furious dog," had, however, satisfactorily completed the business.

Mr. Platten's account was less elegant. He had hurried to the hall on hearing a violent summons of the library bell. He had found Mr. Burroughs just picking himself up off the floor, his hair dishevelled, and something "rather peculiar-looking" about the top of his nose and his eyes. Immediately behind him stood the squire, his face purple with rage, his eyes glittering. "Platten," he said, in a low, unnatural tone, "be so good as to show Mr. Burroughs out."

CHAPTER XIII.

Ambition is like *Choler* ; Which is an Humour, that maketh Men Active, Earnest, Full of Alacritie, and Stüring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have his Way, it becometh Adust, and thereby Maligne and Venomous.

Cosmus, Duke of *Florence*, had a Desperate Saying, against perfidious or Neglecting Friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable : *You shall reade* (saith he) *that we are commanded to forgive our Enemies ; But you never read, that we are commanded, to forgive our Friends.*

BACON : *Essays.*

THAT night Mr. Maybanke slept profoundly.

"I will not think at all, lest I go mad," he said to himself ; "but to-morrow I will act." He had never for a moment doubted the truth of the story which had been brought to him ; its very unexpectedness proclaimed its reality, its very naturalness convinced him that the tale had its foundation in fact. What more natural than that a beloved son should cross his old father's most cherished plans for his welfare? what more likely than that Carey should deceive and betray him for his own selfish pleasure? In the first bitterness of his anger all other considerations, save those affecting his own wishes, were swept away ; and Carey was condemned without the smallest conception of a possibility of there being any extenuating circumstance, so far as he was concerned. What was an only son's duty if not to obey with the blindest devotion, the most unquestioning willingness, his father's commands? Carey had not done so ;

and had added deceit to disobedience. He himself had thwarted his son where the choice of a profession had been concerned, and without a moment's compunction. But what of that? It was Carey's duty to submit. He regarded him as still a boy, unfit to manage his present or his future life. And Carey had rebelled—had taken a terrible revenge! He had taken into his own hands the most important circumstance of his whole life; a circumstance whereon, moreover, hung all Mr. Maybanke's ambitions, all his hopes. And what had he made of it? Tied to a beggar, like any moonstruck youth who has neither family to found nor estate to consolidate. All was now over as regarded Ladywood, the old Priory, the completed property. He might as well set about selling the place at once; for Carey should never inherit it. What had Carey shown that he cared for name or estate? Let him go to London as soon as he pleased (and the sooner the better), with his beggar bride! Poverty and hard work would teach him the value of all that which he had so wantonly flung away for the sake of a foolish fancy for a pretty face. Mr. Maybanke could answer for that: he knew what poverty and hard work mean.

It was well for the old man that his righteous anger had as yet left him no time for the deeper pangs of disappointment and grief. His anger was in itself beneficent; for his failing strength could not have borne the shock had it been differently given. He was crushed by the fall of his hopes, but not utterly overwhelmed; he could still feel resentment against Burroughs, against Carey, against Blanche; and this resentment saved him. Had he been called upon to go through what Carey's mother had borne for his sake, he must have given way completely. He could not have lived through it. For, whereas to be angry may be sometimes a salutary relief, to be sorrowful is killing both to heart and to brain.

For the first time for many years he was forming his plans without reference either to his wife or to Mr. Hopperton. Not till everything was clear before him should they know, lest their persuasions and their tears should move him from his resolution. For he had resolved that Carey and Blanche should be penniless in the future, and outcasts from their home at once. What if Mrs. Maybanke suffered? She would no doubt be lonely without them; but he knew that she would never dare to question what he had determined should be. And then, by-and-by, they would adopt a daughter, some relative of his wife's. Another *son* he would never have, for he felt that no one could supply Carey's place. To the adopted daughter the property should go; that is, unless he tired of

it and sold it. And perhaps this breaking of the old fond dream of *Maybankes of Ladywood* for generations to come, was the bitterest drop in the brimming cup of the old man's disappointed desire. Carey's children were nothing to him now.

So the morning hours flew by. That afternoon Blanche would be with them again. He had looked forward to the time, and he looked forward to it still, but for very different reasons. *Blanche Gressell* and *Blanche Maybanke* were two distinct people, as she should soon see. He was not going to submit tamely to having a daughter-in-law thrust upon him : had anyone ever expected that he would? Perhaps Carey was looking forward to her coming also. The poor old father!—how the two must be triumphing over his complete innocence, his delightful blindness! Let them wait. That very evening, in their presence, the *poor old man* would burn his will (Ladywood was not entailed), and make them both beggars.

So the morning hours flew by. In the early afternoon the squire drove past the ruined mansion as usual. He could see through the closed carriage window that it was covered with a light mantle of snow, while behind it the round red sun peered through the paneless windows and hollow walls like a great, giant eye. Mr. Maybanke suffered his gaze to rest upon it for the last time. How beautiful, how desolate, how appealing was the whole scene to him! The unwonted tears dimmed his bright blue eyes as he looked and looked—for the last time. Then he startled his wife by saying : “ Philippa, I wish that were a churchyard yonder! I should like my bones to lie near the old Priory ; it has always seemed like home to me.”

But when they alighted he said, “ Tell Poles I am tired of always coming back by Askers Hill : he must find a new way ! ”

Carey had been restlessly moving about the house and the garden all day. When would five o'clock come? He ate scarcely anything at luncheon, and hurried away immediately afterwards. For the first time in his life his father noted these things, and interpreted them as signs.

They were all sitting at tea in the library when Banny came suddenly into the room. Everyone seemed a little startled to see her, although they all knew that she was to arrive about that time. Mrs. Maybanke kissed her, and hoped that she had not had too cold a journey. The squire, to whose chair she instantly turned, took her hand, and hoped that she was well and happy at school. It had never been his custom to kiss her, and she did not therefore notice any alteration in his manner. As for his health—he looked brighter

and more alert than she remembered him to have been when last she saw him. Not that she was now criticising him closely ; she had herself to master too many conflicting emotions to give much heed to such secondary matters. Carey had to be greeted with such indifference as she could muster ;—Carey, with his sparkling eyes feasting on her face ; his strong, nervous grasp of her hand ; his low-whispered "*Banny darling,*" as he handed her her cup of tea ; and were not these things absorbing enough ? Banny's bright eyes sank beneath the young man's look of adoring love ; and Mrs. Maybanke glanced from one to the other with her sweet smile of tender sympathy. What children they were ; and how they loved each other ! They must not know in this first glad hour of reunion how her heart ached for their future.

To the old squire, who now read his son's face as he had never done before, the whole position was so plain that his view of it was almost diverting. He leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes. They might think he was asleep perhaps, and be less guarded, he mused maliciously. And he would watch them. Poor fools, playing on the brink of a precipice, fancying that they were happy, would be happy for ever ! He would not speak yet—not just yet. So he lay back smiling serenely, the picture of good-natured, honoured old age ;—the very model of the stage grandpapa who steps in at the critical moment to set everything right, and restore the lovers to each other's arms ! He lay there smiling serenely, and recalling, not without a fine personal satisfaction, the Reverend Whymper's strange exit from that room the night before.

Carey and Blanche, with their backs turned to the squire, had now drawn their chairs near together, and were talking in whispers, lest they should wake him. Carey, perfectly blissful, had contrived to possess himself of one of Banny's little hands, and was kissing each finger separately, to her infinite amusement and to his no small delight. His face beamed with happiness, and Blanche had not the heart to disturb him yet with the confession of her part in yesterday's events. There would be plenty of time for that when they were alone together, and she could coax Carey into forgiveness before she began the story. How well he looked, and how handsome ! Would the squire see her, over her high-backed chair, if she blew Carey a *very little* kiss ? It is to be regretted that this new and graceful accomplishment had been learnt at Miss Slater's select establishment.

Mrs. Maybanke, sitting at a little distance from the young people, whom she faced as well as the squire, kept guard for them while they chattered together. Every now and then she looked up from her

crochet to glance lovingly at them ; and it was while thus looking that she suddenly became aware of Mr. Maybanke's eyes, widely opened, staring in the same direction. A curious and unfathomable expression was on his face.

"Carey and Blanche," said a voice behind their chairs. The dark and the fair head, bending near together, started suddenly apart. "Come here, near to me, both of you : I want to speak to you," said Mr. Maybanke.

His face betrayed nothing of his inward emotion, but his tone somehow suggested a menace. Blanche became very pale ; but Mrs. Maybanke saw that Carey's mouth was drawn down in a determined manner. He seemed to be girding himself to battle. Nothing might be the matter ; and yet she feared—everything.

Carey and Blanche stood before the squire's chair in silence. They were a couple young and fair to look upon. Could he see them unmoved?—the young husband tall, slim, manly ; the little bride barely reaching as high as his shoulder. Both were so good and so devoted ; both had suffered, and were willing to suffer, so much for each other's sake ! But these were Mrs. Maybanke's fond and tender thoughts, not the squire's.

Carey looked his father in the eyes respectfully, but firmly. He felt what was coming.

"Carey," Mr. Maybanke began, still speaking with impressive slowness, "I wish to ask you a question. I think I have a right to know the *truth*" (he laid emphasis on the word). He paused : his voice, in spite of his efforts, showed signs of trembling. He loved—he had so loved—this son of his old age. He was terribly shaken by his anger and his disappointment.

"Father, I will answer truthfully," said Carey.

"Is it true, then, what I heard yesterday for the first time—and not from your lips, Carey—that more than three months ago you and Blanche—that you and Blanche are——"

CHAPTER XIV.

Well, what then? If a man really loves a woman, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world, if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES : *Autocrat*.

And then, reconciliation is always sweet !

CHARLOTTE BRONTË : *Villette*.

"MARRIED !" cried a cheery voice, abruptly filling in the word. "Well, that's just what I've come over to find out all about !" There

stood the spare, dapper figure of Mr. Hopperton, who, without attracting the attention of the little group, had softly entered the library just in time to hear part of the squire's speech.

The rector's quick eyes flew from one to the other. It was evident that something had gone wrong with his dear friends; perhaps he might be able to set matters right there and then—not for the first time, by any means, where Mr. Maybanke was concerned.

“Eh, what's it all about? Eh, Philippa my dear, Maybanke, Carey, little Banny?” he cried, bustling about from one to the other. “How are you, Banny? God bless the child! why does she look so wretched? Is it true, you young rogue? Shake hands, Carey, man; no need to get so red. I have wished it all my life; but I kept it dark! I envy you, Carey. God bless you all! A hundred congratulations!”

The overjoyed rector only paused for breath, and, drawing up a chair, he completed the circle round Mr. Maybanke. Blanche's little hand stole into his, as she stood beside him. Here was a powerful friend, indeed—and one in whom she had every confidence—to the rescue, thought Banny, with rising hope.

“I've only just heard it myself,” the rector began breathlessly, rubbing his hands softly together with an air of the most supreme content. “The young folks were very sly; weren't they, squire? Burroughs told me in the most extraordinary way imaginable. I have really thought lately that—ahem—head a *trifle* affected. What do you say, squire? He pulled such a long face over the matter, and seemed to think I shouldn't approve of it! I wonder why? I don't think he liked it much himself, either. I wonder why, again. And he said such curious things about your view of the matter, Mr. Maybanke senior, that I thought I'd just ride over and see if I couldn't set that all right. I rather fancy that I can—to the *satisfaction of all parties*, as they say in the classics! I'm not fit to be seen, of course, riding away over here, post-haste, through the mud. But you'll excuse me, the motive being a good one.” All the same, Mr. Hopperton slyly eyed his shining top-boots not without an ill-concealed pride. The top-boots had been the origin of a well-known bet in the hunting-field, where a neighbouring squire had accepted a challenge to follow Mr. Hopperton closely for miles across country with a view to splashing the spotless boots, the bet being that he would not succeed:—which, indeed, he had not done.

There was a pause; but at last Mr. Maybanke found his voice. “Listen! you shall listen!” he cried hoarsely; “I tell you the will

shall be altered—burnt—burnt! I will not endow a parcel of beggars—ungrateful—deceitful—they shall see——”

“Nothing of the kind, Maybanke,” interrupted Mr. Hopperton, dropping his bantering tone, and speaking now with the greatest gravity. “As we are talking of wills, perhaps I had better speak of mine, although that was far from being my intention till I heard of this affair, and your part in it, squire. But that bit of the business can wait till we are alone, sir, when you may not alter your will, but your mind! Now, as to Banny’s being a beggar—well, I don’t think she will be exactly that, some day! For I have left her £50,000; and that ought (with due care on her husband’s part, of course) to keep her from the workhouse. Don’t you think so, my dear girl?” he said, rising and drawing her towards him, while a wave of silent astonishment seemed to sweep over the faces before him. “Dear Banny, you will not wish your old friend gone the quicker, I know. I always meant to look after her, you see, because she’s all alone in the world, and because she’s such a dear, good child. And I meant to tell you, Philippa, when you thought that the child had had enough schooling. And then we should have made fresh plans for her. I knew that a little discipline would teach you self-reliance, and would be good for you, Banny; but I never dreamt that this young rogue, Carey, thought differently! But I can’t say I can quarrel with him! No, no.” He took the little figure gently into his arms, and kissed her blonde curls. “You’ll allow me to kiss her, Carey, eh?” he said, looking at the young man with tears in his eyes; “I love her very, very much. Ah, you foolish, happy young people! what an example you do set to us worldly, money-grubbing old folk! . . . Yes, I shall give Banny a nice allowance now, to buy bonnets with. She mustn’t ruin her husband, must she? particularly as he’s to be cut off with a shilling; eh, Mr. Maybanke?” He turned to the squire: “My money goes to Blanche when I am dead and gone; and I had rather Carey shared it than any man living. Now, are you going to burn that will, and disinherit your only son?”

“What!” cried Mr. Maybanke. He was not quite certain what had happened. He had been prepared to pour forth a great deal more, which it was evident now that he was not to be permitted to say. On the whole, considering the present state of affairs, he was rather thankful that he had not got to say it. But it was difficult to adjust oneself, all of a sudden, to such a new and extraordinary change of opinions; and he had not forgotten that he had been grievously wronged by Carey. He must let them all feel that he

knew it, ere he could accept his altered part in the drama with anything like complaisance.

"Why did you deceive me, sir?" he said, eyeing Carey sternly.

"If you blame him, how will you not blame me!" Mrs. Maybanke murmured, taking her husband's hand in hers. "Dear Marchmont," she said humbly, "I am also guilty—as guilty as they are. I knew it all along; I helped them!"

"You only knew it when it was all over, and nothing more to be done," cried Carey, interrupting her eagerly; "and we only kept it from you, father, because you would have been so displeased; you were so set on my marrying——"

"An heiress," said Mr. Hopperton, "which I think you have. Come, Maybanke, my dear fellow, let's forgive them—as it can't be helped. I don't deny they've taken the law—ahem—into their own hands in an unwarrantable fashion, for such young things; but, upon the whole, I'm not sure that I shouldn't have done the same myself, with the exception of keeping it from you, squire."

For although the rector was apparently thoroughly enjoying this family scene, he was all the time mentally preparing a lecture for each of the actors in turn, reserving, however, for Mr. Maybanke the lion's share.

"You've all been very wrong," he said aloud: "Carey for falling in love with Banny and wanting to marry her; squire for not seeing Carey was in love with Banny, and not wanting him to marry her; Banny for letting Carey fall in love with her, and for falling in love with him and wanting to marry him; Carey, again, for marrying Banny without telling his father, and without—ahem—asking *me* to perform the ceremony; Banny for allowing the same; Mrs. Maybanke for protecting the culprits, and not telling her husband (and *me*) what they had done; and last, but not least, Mr. Whympur Burroughs for making a mess of the whole revelation! You've all been wrong; but for the present—ahem—till I have you each one alone in the confessional, I pronounce you *pro tem.* to be absolved. I should like to marry you two young people again myself in Lampton parish-church—if such can be done. We will see, at any rate. You, squire, shall give the heiress away; and Banny shall have a nicer honeymoon than a visit to Sophia Slater's."

"You will dine with us, of course, uncle," Mrs. Maybanke said, putting her arm affectionately in his, and leading him aside. "How happy you have made me, dear uncle!"

She was very happy now, but the rector noticed that the struggle

of the last months had aged her ; had added a sadness to the sweetness of her smile ; and a line, which he did not remember to have remarked before, had crept across the smooth, placid brow.

"Dear Philippa," he said, pressing her hand, "I have not the heart to upbraid you. But yet, I will say just this : I would have told him. Life is too short, separation too imminent, for the confidence between friends to be lost—even for an hour."

"Dear uncle, I have suffered," she answered.

"Yes : and suffering teaches," he said.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Vous n'avez à présent, ma chère fille, que deux choses à faire : servir Dieu et plaire à votre mari.

Lettre de Madame de Maintenon.

Every act rewards itself. . . . Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed ; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

EMERSON : *Compensation.*

I BELIEVE that Mr. Maybanke had intended that his wedding gift to his son should be the Old Priory, with Askers Hill behind. But, somehow, Mr. Hopperton got scent of this ; and, being a shrewd man, with a large experience in the ways of farmers, he made a very good bargain with Mr. Wossett, who, "to oblige the *Reverend*" (and perhaps, too, because times were bad), was not loth to part with land which he had always looked upon as something of an encumbrance. The rector gave the purchase-deeds to Blanche, and they were her first gift to the delighted squire.

I am of opinion that Mrs. Platten, who lives in a little cottage near the Old Priory, is gradually amassing a tidy fortune out of the fees which she exacts from the numerous artists and archæologists who visit the ruin, and who generally take tea in her parlour afterwards. Mr. Platten, who, with the squire's help, has produced quite a charming little pamphlet on the subject, has conceived a real affection for the old place ; and it is rumoured in the servants' hall that he would be willing to retire from service to the cottage altogether, could Mr. Maybanke be persuaded to allow him to convert it into an inn. But, as regards the old Priory, Mr. Maybanke is as romantic as could be wished ; and Platten will have to wait for Carey's reign to realise this wish of his heart.

Mr. Burroughs, shortly before leaving Lampton for a curacy in a distant county, united his fortunes with those of Miss Clementina Wispin. The lady had long worshipped at a distance, and was only too willing to be led to the altar.

But their married life was not rendered the more happy by his subsequent discovery that Mr. William Wispin's will had reference not to her, but to an aunt of hers who, most unfortunately, bore the same name. Miss Clementina Wispin, senior, is a rigid Nonconformist, and she has full power to leave the fortune, which she has only quite lately inherited, to anyone she pleases. She refuses to be introduced to her niece's husband; and she has marked her displeasure at the marriage by discontinuing the allowance which her brother had always made to his niece.

The Reverend Whymper Burroughs does not now feel quite so secure of a seat on the Episcopal Bench.

(The End.)

“*THE THIN RED LINE.*”

FIRDAUSI'S *Shâh-Nâmâh*, which contains many sad stories of the death of kings, relates that the Shah Dahâk, the fifth of the Peshdâdian dynasty, who reigned for 328 years some thirty-nine hundred years ago, was a monster of disease and cruelty ; and each day of his wretched life slaughtered two men in order to apply their warm brains to his suffering frame. This fate at length came to the turn of the two sons of a smith of Ispahan named Keabi or Kaoh, who thereupon dipped his apron in his children's blood, made a standard of it, raised the people, and defeated Dahâk. Thenceforth the smith's apron, thus dyed, became the national flag of Persia.

When this legend is probed and pushed home, it turns out that Dahâk, or Zohâk, was a demon—the very devil himself, in fact—in three-headed serpent form, who rebelled against the fabulously great Jemshîd, overthrew him, sawed him in twain, and reigned in his stead not 328 but a thousand years. Jemshîd or Yimshîd, again, was a mytho-historical form of the resplendent Yima, who was at one period the first man, the first king, and the founder of civilisation ; he too reigning a thousand years. He was also the Noah of the *Zend Avesta* ; like Solomon, he had a magic ring of gold ; he was the great shepherd, the good shepherd ; and not alone invented the solar year but New-year's-day. In short, he was the good principle in all things. When Zohâk, otherwise Azhi Dahâka, was overcome, he was only scotched, not killed ; and was chained to Mount Damâvand, whence he will be let loose in the latter days, and will then at long last be finally polished off. He is, in fact, a fallen serpent-god, the forerunner of Ahriman, the Parsî form of the evil principle better known to ourselves as Satan.

The only ingredients in this myth necessary for present purposes are the supreme unfallen serpent-god, to whom human victims are sacrificed, and the dipping of the war-standard in the blood of those

victims. These, which do not appear plainly and directly in the myth as remnants of religious practices, but only of the garbled traditions of those practices, take us back to a far dim past when human sacrifice was in full swing, when the unfallen serpent-god was also the god of battles, and when the surest flag of victory was a standard dipped in the sacred blood of that highest form of sacrifice, and raised above the warrior-host of the nation or the tribe. It is to be feared, too, that the surviving scrap of fact which assures us that the standard was of hide, does not conceal from us, but rather discloses to us, that the skin was actually flayed from such a victim ; as was still customary in Mexico at the Spaniards' arrival.

According to the *Chow Li*, which contains the ceremonial of the Chow dynasty three thousand years ago, the *chen*, the second flag of the Chinese army, was even then of a seamless piece of silk dyed “flesh-colour red” ; and it was self-coloured, without any design or ornament upon it. That “flesh-colour red” is weirdly significant in the light of the Persian legend ; the colour of the dye still probably conserving the then already archaic obscure and lurid origin. If inquiries be pushed a little further in China, we find the sacrificial blood—no longer human, but that of sheep—actually in use under the same Chow dynasty for martial purposes. When the Emperor went in person on the war-path, the flags, drums, bells, and other military equipments, were “made divine” by being smeared with the blood of victims specially sacrificed for the purpose.

The first Persian national and war standard, then, was blood-coloured. We may figure to ourselves its irregular form, if the victim really were flayed as in Central America ; which form, in all likelihood, is recalled by the ragged ends of the certainly more regular standard of the Persian Mahometan hero Ali, which is here drawn after M. Adalbert de Beaumont, who took it from a Persian manuscript. The Mahrattas are said still to bear a similar flag, and Hindû devotional pictures give the following forms of flags (figs. 2 and 3) as carried before

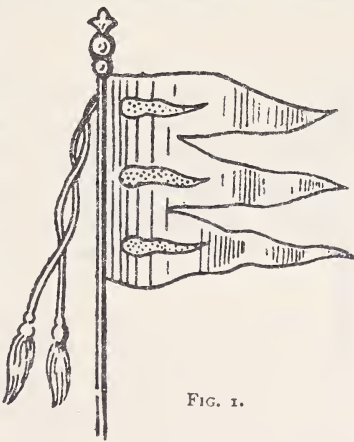


FIG. 1.

Agni, the principle of cosmic fire, and Saraswatî, the female Brahmâ.

This sort of standard differed in form from those of the Roman legions,



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

which were nearly square, and were put on "full" to a cross-piece of the staff. One is here figured from Guhl and Koner's work on the Ancient Life of Rome; and side by side is shown, from the same book, a somewhat similar standard to the Persian one, which was known to the Romans as a barbarian flag. It should not be forgotten, too, that during war-time a red standard floated over the Roman Capitol.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

I cannot find that the Chinese chen flag was cut at the edge, but some of their other flags were;

Dragon standard having three thousand years ago nine tonguelets "cut out at its floating border," the Bird standard seven, the Bear six, and the Tortoise and Serpent four.

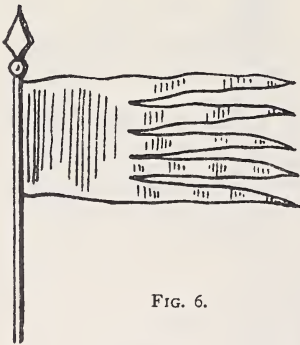


FIG. 6.

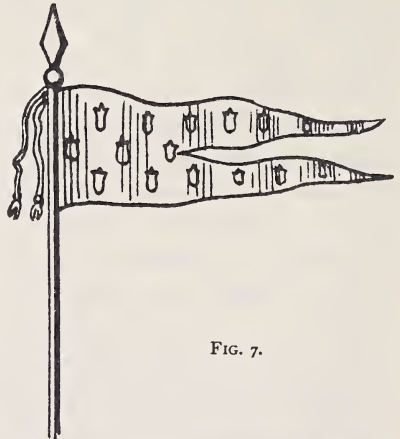


FIG. 7.

That the Eastern standard was the origin of the form at least of

the old French red oriflamme, there can be little doubt from the accompanying sketches of the oriflamme (figs. 6 and 7) ; the first from a window in Chartres Cathedral (1265), and the second from Willem, who took it from a French manuscript which has no date. The oriflamme, like the fleur-de-lis and a vast deal of other Oriental heraldry, was doubtless brought back from the Crusades by the French ; and in fact we may see the fleur-de-lis on the staff of the Persian standard (fig. 1). A long swallow-tailed pennon from the seal of Henry de Perci, first Earl of Northumberland (A.D. 1400), is here added for comparison, from Boutell's “English Heraldry.” Its crescent badge alone would clearly proclaim its crusading origin.

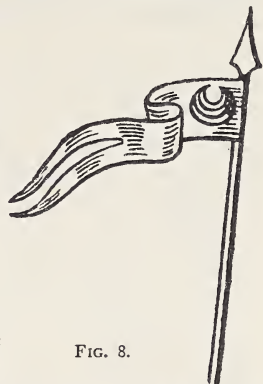


FIG. 8.

So much as to the form ; now as to the colour of the oriflamme. Littré defined it as a small silk standard, of which the colour was red, verging probably on orange. Ducange said, under the low-Latin word *auriflamma*, that it was the flag itself that was the oriflamme, and that it was a gonfanon with three tails of a vermeil colour, and was attached to a lance ; or, again, that it was a *glaive* entirely gilt, to which was attached a vermeil banner. The word *glaive* here must refer simply to the blade of the lance ; the gilding probably to its pole also. In the fourteenth century, according to Guiart, it was of reddish, or rather reddening (*roujoiant*) silk stuff, quite uniform and self-coloured, and without the representation of anything else on its red ground (simple, sans pourtraiture d'autre affaire), like the Chinese chen above described.

That vermeil was a red, and that that particular red was the Roman purple red, is pointed to by Sicille, the herald of Alphonsus the Wise of Arragon, in his 15th-century “Heraldry of Colours,” where he says the “red or vermeil colour” is of great estate and dignity, as the *auriflamme* standard of red silk, miraculously sent from heaven to the Gaulish kings, well shows. Here we have again the “divine” or sacred character which was imparted to the Chinese war-flag by the sacrificial blood.

As to the word itself, we find *auriflamme*, *orie flambe* (where *orie* is certainly *golden*), *oriflambe*, *oriflamble*, *oriflan*, *oriflande*, *oireflor*, *oriflour*, and even a low-Latin *oliflamma*, which recalls the Eastern word *olifant*, the earliest form of elephant, which seems to have a like origin with the Hebrew *aleph*, an ox. The word *oriflamme*, as

the name of the plain red flag, is clearly and straightly golden-flame simply. The adjective golden arises equally clearly from the golden red of the vermeil colour of the flame itself; the expression "the red gold" is a common old English one, and the Laureate's "brow-bound with burning gold" will not soon leave the language. The explanation of golden in oriflamme from the gilding of the pole of the flag is an utterly inadmissible one. There is one other possible explanation, however. The flag of Ali, as above shown (fig. 1), has what M. de Beaumont, in his fascinating "Origine du Blazon," calls golden "flames" on the red ground, and he also says that the French flag (fig. 7) exhibits similar "flames." But the first seem to me to be tongues, and the second flowers (the fleur-de-lis?), which would account for the names oriflour, oireflor, just mentioned. In any case this will not apply to the self-coloured oriflamme flag, which all ought to be agreed was the original one.

This being so, we have to explain the *flame* part of the word, which has been handily done by saying that the banner was cut at the end into flame-shaped strips. But this will not quite answer, either. The flame notion must have come from its flirting about in the wind like flames or tongues of fire. The Scandinavian word *flag* itself, to flutter in the wind, contains the same idea, and, in the sense of a standard or ensign, answers the same purpose in English as *flamme* does in oriflamme. The Latin *flamma*, too, must have been *flagma*, from the Latin base *flag*, to burn, to blaze, blare, flare (all most likely cognate); which particular flag we still have in "flagrant" and "conflagration." And thus too the famous fiery or flaming sword of the gate of Eden is not directly connected with fire and flame, but only metaphorically so, by the turning and wheeling of the blade, as the late François Lenormant showed.

But then it may be said: If golden-flame be the name and the signification of oriflamme, how about your sacrificial-blood idea? The answer is easy, though it cannot be given in a sentence. In the first place, the golden-red, the orange-red, the "reddening," the vermeil, colour, is especially applicable to newly-shed arterial blood. In the *Chanson de Roland* (11th century) the knights make their swords vermeil with the warm blood of their enemies. In Jean Bodel's *Chanson des Saxons* (12th century) a beauty's perfumed mouth is more vermeil than blood is. A 12th-century Life of Thomas à Becket calls the martyr's blood vermeil, and the same poem calls the deep flush of anger vermeil. In the 13th-century *Lai de l'Ombre* the vermeil, that is the blood, rushes to the face, while the tears rise from the heart to the eyes. In classical Latin, *rubor* (redness) was especially

the blush, that is the blood-flush, of the face or body; and thence it came to mean bashfulness, shame, and even dishonour. *Vermeil* seems to have been originally that red dye which is given by the cochineal worm (*ver*). The notes to the “Debate between the Heralds of France and England” show that, the kermes dye being superseded, the red coats of our officers were dyed in modern times with cochineal, while the soldiers’ coats were dyed with lac.

The statues of the great god Saturn, who inherited from a greater, Kronos, the right to human sacrifices, are represented by Tertullian in his discourse on Mantles (cap. 4) as draped in red: “Galatici ruboris superjectio Saturnam commendat.” The sacerdotal vestments still worn on a martyr’s feast have a similar sanguinary origin.

Then again, I have gone very far back indeed for the sacrificial-blood idea, and if we go back equally far for the flame conception, we shall find that the Scandinavian *Lödur*, the god of red fire, gave red blood and vital heat; which points, in fact, to blood and vital heat being one and the same, as they actually are in Chinese and Japanese cosmo-philosophy, where the element fire answers to the bodily organ Heart, the colour Red, the planet Mars, and the good quality of Ceremoniousness or Ritualism; the last of which is strange enough, in view of what we shall presently see as to Rubric. The Japanese consider—they go so fast that we ought perhaps now to say they considered—blood and fire to be the same thing; as they practically were in the French poetical imagery of the later Middle Ages, which has just been quoted. In Baron’s old “*Art Heraldique*,” the colour *gules* is compared both to the flames of fire and the mixed humour of the blood. It is also, he says, the symbol of the day of judgment; and he goes on pleasantly to liken it to the wrath of God, which will then plunge the wicked in eternal flames.

Among the Arabs, and all over Asia, the manes, tails, and bellies of war-chargers were in very ancient times dyed with henna to represent blood. The warrior even dipped his sword-hand in the dye in order to look more terrible. It is said that when the Chinese brigand chief Fants’ung was ravaging the north-west provinces, about the thirtieth year of our era, he and his army dyed their eyebrows blood-colour to inspire a greater fright. It was war-paint, in fact—the very grimmest of war-paint—and is to be seen on the horses in the coloured miniatures of ancient Persian manuscripts. The custom survives to this day in the East, without its meaning; Sir H. Layard describing the big white asses of Baghdad, whose tails and ears are dyed bright red with henna, while their bodies are spotted all over

with the same colour, like a heraldic talbot ; and Miss Gordon Cumming, in her pleasant and valuable volumes on the Himalayas, says that at Lord Mayo's Durbar at Umballa, in March 1869, some of the horses of the sixteen rajahs there present were parcel-dyed in pink, and others russet with henna.

I think that in this supreme sacrificial archaic origin for the colour of the war-standard, the war horse, and warlike equipment, we may safely discern the possible and closely probable origin of a red-coated soldiery. Not alone so : it also easily—and perhaps previously—gives us the origin of the imperial and royal colours of red (which thus became the livery of a royal army) and of purple, which, as everyone knows, came, because of its high status, to apply not only to the imperial colour but—just like the words *gold* and *jewel*—to any object of exceeding preciousness.

What we now call the purple colour would have been that of the blood-stained banner as it dried ; for the purpureus of the Latin poets embraced red, reddish, blackish, and brown, as well as violet and purple. The name of the stone or marble, porphyry, which has an identical Greek origin with the word purple, gives us a permanent, independent, and trustworthy record of at least one of its earliest shades of colour and meaning. The Greek etymology given by Professor Skeat—porphuro (*πορφύρω*) to grow dark—exactly suits the present theory of a darkening blood-stain, and seems to jump some way with the *roujoiant*, reddening, which we have had above.

There seem to have been some thirteen tints of the Roman purple dye. The amethyst violet purple was much prized, and seems to have descended to the Roman prelates ; but the colour of newly-shed blood was thrice as dear, and is said to have been got by a double-dyeing with two different shells, the murex and the purpura, in the factories of Tyre and Laconia. That was the purple that Milton, following Lucian's "Dea Syria," viii., meant in "Paradise Lost" (i. 450) when he wrote :

Smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

That was the purple that Virgil called the red of Tyre, *rubor Tyrii*, and it was the (*rubor*) colour of the ink with which the titles of the imperial Roman laws were written ; and thence were those titles called rubrics, from which sense that last word has descended to its existing ecclesiastical meaning, giving us our red-letter days on the way. Of course it will not be forgotten that the Roman Emperor was also high priest, pontifex maximus, as

well as chief sacrificer. It is an interesting confirmation of the world-wideness of these ideas to find that in Japan in former times (as Mr. Masujima shows in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society* there, xvii., 106) the red colour was reserved for the stamping of imperial documents ; and that the custom originated in the blood stamps of more ancient times still, when the tip of the finger was pricked in order to put an inviolable blood-mark to an oath of fealty or a treaty of peace. The red impression of the whole palm of the Mikado Goshirakawa, 700 years ago, is still extant, and may be viewed by the curious in the *Transactions* just quoted.

That blood-red purple it is that doubtless has come down to our days in cardinal's red ; in the red robes and gowns of peers and judges and dons ; and in all other red robes and royal liveries, including the "pink" of the hunting field—for royal the chase once was—and even the mantle of a provincial town councillor, upon whose humdrum shoulders it has fallen all the way from Great Cæsar's, dead and turned to clay ; for he indeed was the first Roman of them all that wore a toga all of purple. Previously the white toga prætexta of cavaliers, senators, magistrates, and children born free—born in the purple—had been only bordered with it. Augustus, a little later, granted the privilege of the self-coloured toga to senators who had been officers of State ; but no sumptuary law was powerful enough to put down the general fashion, which then began to rage, of wearing robes wholly of purple ; a mania which was not confined to the Roman male sex, and which still breaks out from time to time even in our own streets in an epidemic of flaring red cloaks and petticoats, which represent one phase of that multiform disease known to the irreverent as well as to the faculty as the "scarlet fever."

And so it is, as it seems to me, that the eye of imagination may track "the thin red line," which has so well lit up the foreground of many a battlefield, as it winds away, far away, through the middle distance of history, right up into the uttermost background of pre-historic tradition and myth.

JOHN O'NEILL.

HA! HA! HA!

I AM neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition," writes Lord Chesterfield in one of those eminently complacent and secular "Letters to his Son," "and as apt to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh." The loss to those who affected his lordship's company was perhaps, after all, not intolerable; for, in spite of his disclaimer, we cannot think of him as one whose risibility would have been likely to vent itself in a specially genial or hearty fashion. At best he would have simpered gracefully, always careful as he was, like Aristotle's Gentleman and many another Pharisee, to show himself, outwardly at least, superior to the weaknesses of common men. But the sentence quoted above may well serve as the text of some few further sentences on the subject of that almost universal, and wholly mysterious, expression of feeling which we are accustomed to designate as laughter. If, as the poet insists, "the proper study of mankind is Man," we are bound to consider him in all his aspects, some of them, it is true, being sufficiently humiliating. And of his minor peculiarities none are more curious than his method of indicating mirth. In former days, when Oxford logic was synonymous with "Aldrich," he was distinguished as *bipes implumis*, and, if a more minute specification became necessary, he was held to be classified beyond all possibility of confusion when duly labelled "*animal risibile*."

Albeit, and naturally enough, its moral and social anatomy must command more readily the interest of the lay mind, the physiologist's view of laughter, as dealing with the efficient cause of the thing, should certainly be stated at the outset. According to him, then, it "consists essentially in an inspiration succeeded, not by one, but by a whole series, often long continued, of short spasmodic expirations, the glottis being freely open during the whole time, and the vocal chords being thrown into characteristic vibrations" (Prof. M. Foster's "Physiology," p. 310). To laugh till we cry is to some of us a not unknown experience. The phenomenon becomes somewhat less

extraordinary when we are reminded that "in crying the respiratory movements are modified in the same way as in laughing; the rhythm and the accompanying facial expression are, however, different." The encyclopædic Aristotle long ago fixed upon the midriff as the most facetious part of the human frame. "When warmed," he says, "it quickly makes itself felt, as we see in laughter, for those who are tickled laugh quickly because the movement very soon reaches this place." His argument is a little difficult to follow, and would scarcely pass muster in these omniscient days. He concludes that man is the only ticklish animal because of the fineness of his skin, and because he is the only animal that laughs; and "tickling is laughter from a motion of this kind of the parts about the armpit"—a process of reasoning which looks, if one dared to hint such a thing, uncommonly like arguing in a circle. Even his loyal editor, G. H. Lewes, can make nothing of this. The elder Pliny, writing nearly four hundred years after the Stagirite, merely reproduces the theory of the latter, describing the midriff as *præcipua hilaritatis sedes*. He adds, however, in proof of the accuracy of the description, that, in battles and gladiatorial shows, combatants, pierced through the diaphragm, have been known to die laughing. Not a very happy illustration, this, of the commonly received definition, "to make the noise denoting *mirth*." But Pliny is nothing without his long bow, and, after all, it is generally admitted that laughter, of a kind, may issue from either side of the mouth.

In one of the earliest numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine* (that for March 1860), Mr. Herbert Spencer brought forward an explanation based upon the physiological distribution of nervous power. Briefly, his contention is this. Both mind and body are capable of being worked up into a high state of tension; the nerve-power thus accumulated must needs escape, either suddenly or gradually, and in one set of circumstances it takes the direction of laughter. Soon, however, he fell foul of Professor Bain, who, while admitting the truth of his general principle, was grieved to mark what he considered to be a certain Spencerian levity. Whatever minor causes may conduce to the ludicrous, the essential moral circumstance which underlies it is degradation. Such is the theory of Professor Bain. It cannot be called original, for Hobbes, the philosopher, said the same thing years ago and much more forcibly. Laughter with him is "a glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly." And even Hobbes was anticipated by Quintilian, who first made the discovery that laughter "is never

honourable to the subject of it," and that, whereas resemblances give great scope for jests, it is almost invariably a resemblance to something "meaner, or of less consideration than ourselves." Now, Professor Bain is content to draw the line at degradation, but upon that he insists rigidly. To quote his own words: "The occasion of the ludicrous is the degradation of some person or interest, possessing dignity, in circumstances that excite no other strong emotion; amid the various themes of laughter this pervading fact is more or less recognised." Mr. Spencer, innocently enough, submits that there are many instances of hilarity in which no one's dignity is implicated, "as when we laugh at a good pun." A most unfortunate suggestion. He is immediately called to order by the shocked Caledonian, who adds severely, "I very much wish he had produced such a pun, as I have never yet met with one of the sort." What must he think of Bishop Wilberforce's "Tate and Brady" definition of a "drysalter," or Sydney Smith's proposal that the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's should "lay their heads together" to make the projected wood-pavement round the Cathedral? On the other hand, he would probably not go quite so far as Addison, who, in this matter a thorough-paced Hobbist, speaks of "that secret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called laughter." The *Spectator* proceeds to note that when a man makes us laugh it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures (*Spectator*, No. 47). All which tends to show that human nature is not an essentially generous product, whatever poets may sing of the milk of its kindness, and that De la Rochefoucauld hit one of our idiosyncrasies very neatly when he included in his "Maximes" the pregnant thought, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."

Whether, then, we are induced to laugh by a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at, or by a sense of incongruity—puns excluded—or by an overflow of nervous force, with or without our neighbour's degradation, we must leave the philosophers to decide. And whereas philosophers never agree, any more than doctors or plumbers, the conjecture may be confidently hazarded that the question will remain perennially open. It may be predicted with at least equal confidence that the habit will never die out.

Chesterfield's condemnation of it has been already mentioned,

but others, more eminent than he, have taken the same view. The Bible, for instance, contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject; let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter; but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh"; but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss, and we are merry without knowing, or caring to know, why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth, after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters. It must have been constant study of the preacher's gloomy utterances which made laughter so unpopular among the monks of the desert and some of the early Fathers. St. Basil, for instance, will have nothing to do with it. No person, he says, of well-ordered mind can ever bring himself to indulge in a good laugh, or, in the quaint patristic language, "*in immanes cachinnos prorumpere et corpore sussultare.*" A little further on, thinking perhaps that he has not spoken with decision enough, he takes occasion to improve the text, "Woe unto you that laugh now!" It is perfectly plain, he adds, that there is no room whatever for laughter in the life of the faithful (*nullum omnino locum dari fidei, in quo ridere debeat*). Plato, a good many centuries earlier, in constructing his ideal State, expressly warned his readers that laughter-loving persons were ineligible as guardians. He even forbade that worthy men should be represented, on the stage or elsewhere, as overcome by their sense of the ridiculous. He does not condemn laughter in itself, however; this was reserved for other and less genial systems of philosophy.

Such a system was that of the Elders of the Kirk-Session in Scotland during the seventeenth century. Mr. Buckle, in his

“History of Civilisation,” has cited many passages from the records of this unique body in proof of the tyrannical sway which they exercised over their congregations. They claimed to regulate not only the religious concerns, but also the emotions of their patient flocks, and their main object seems to have been to stamp out all appreciation of the ludicrous in the land. So successful were they that to this day the national character bears traces of their tyranny. Fun, as we understand that most comprehensive monosyllable, was never permitted to cross the border. A sour endurance of life, with a total abstinence from even the most innocent diversions, was held up, and enforced, as the only means of escaping eternal damnation. Cheerfulness in any shape was to be carefully avoided, and laughter was anathema. We ought to choose the companionship of “grave and sorrowful men, who were not likely to indulge in so foolish a pastime.” Smiling, provided it stopped short of laughter, was allowed in special cases and under severe restrictions. It was, of course, a sin to smile on Sunday, and it was observed that even on week-days the elect preferred to evince their religious fervour through the medium of sighs, tears, and groans. It was pointed out that the Saviour of Mankind, so far as we learn from our records, never laughed, never smiled—but He wept (this argument is employed by St. Basil also); therefore, as the Scotch divines taught, we ought to imitate His example by abstaining from all mirth. The lesson was impressed upon Royalty itself, for in 1650, when Charles II. was in Scotland, the clergy, as Clarendon tells us, “reprehended him very sharply if he smiled on Sundays.” What wonder, after a century of such discipline, that the nation should still lack a perfect sense of pleasantry in all degrees and varieties? It could scarcely have fared more meagrely had it sat at the feet of that “conventual in the Church of Rome,” who is recorded to have laid it down as a point of doctrine that laughter was the effect of Original Sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the Fall.

By a strange irony of fate, the most graphic description of explosive merriment that our language can show was penned by a Scotchman. It is anent Teufelsdröckh, and runs thus: “Gradually a light kindled in our professor’s eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, love-liest light; through those murky features a radiant ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall’s—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel.” And on this Carlyle proceeds to moralise. “How much,” he cries,

“lies in Laughter ; the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man !” He will have none of the “everlasting barren simper” of some men, the “cold glitter” which lies in the smile of others ; he is very severe on those who “only sniff and snigger and titter from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffing husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool.” Of none such, he declares, is any good to be predicted. Nay more, and worse : “The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.” A little sweeping this ; a man may be, within limits, *faber fortunæ suæ*, but can hardly be held responsible for his inability to be merry after the Carlylese fashion. Even Teufelsdröckh himself is not known to have laughed more than once. It is a faculty depending upon purely physical causes ; it may be inherited, but it can never be acquired. Let us grant all the advantages of a well-developed laugh, the good humour which it usually indicates, the good-fellowship which it commonly promotes : the fact remains that the performance is due, not by any means to the estimable character of the performer, but to a special nerve-organism, with which he came provided into the world. No thanks to him that he cackles so uproariously ; he cannot help himself ; he was born to cackle, and he merely fulfils his destiny, like the veriest simperer of us all. Biographers, as a rule, do not deal with this feature of their victims, but it would probably be found that the really great ones of the earth are very seldom the exponents of Tattersallian laughter. It is an excellent thing, no doubt, when men are by nature so constituted as to be able to “laugh themselves into stitches,” for, as the adage hath it, *il riso fa buon sangue* ; but it is as absurd to appraise their moral character by this standard as it would be to denounce them for not being all six feet high, with the muscles of Milo and the figure of the Vatican Apollo.

We shall not easily name a second human attribute which admits of greater variety than this that we are now passing in review. If, as is sometimes said, speech was given to man that he might the more effectually conceal his thoughts, laughter assuredly in many cases may with equal truth be regarded as no criterion of mirth. If we can on occasion shed tears like “the mournful crocodile,” we can also produce a laugh which is no more indicative of gaiety than the hyena’s. For example, we are capable of the variety commonly called sardonic. Etymologists have not yet determined the origin of the term, but there is no doubt as to its significance. Whether we derive it from the bitter Sardinian herb, or write the word

“sardanic,” with a Greek etymology, in obedience to Liddell and Scott, matters little; we know well enough what we mean by it. Those who chance to possess a certain curious volume, “*Natalis Comitis Mythologiæ Libri X., Venetiis, MDLXXXI,*” may amuse themselves by reading at p. 44 a third explanation, which may be epitomised as follows. It was the custom in Sardinia for old men on their reaching the age of seventy years to be scourged by their sons, who laughed all the while, and then threw their sires down from a rock; *unde ductum est*, he concludes, *proverbium risus Sardonici*. An agreeable country for those verging on septuagenarianism! Then there is the laugh expressive of withering scorn, as when, perchance, his legal fare is tendered to the London Automedon, and no *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of that friendly judge of appeal, the constable, is within reasonable hail. The nervous laugh, again; for though all laughter be nervous, there is one phase which specially demands the characteristic epithet. Sometimes it is confined within the bounds of the modest, but exasperating, snigger; and then we are tempted to mutter the stern sentiment attributed to “Mr. F.’s aunt.” But from time to time we fall in with a subject who is apt to explode in untimely hilarity, while in his heart of hearts he is conscious of no vestige of the ludicrous. It will assert itself at most unfortunate junctures, as in church, in court, and at other like seasons, when decency requires absolute gravity. Once started, it is a serious matter; the most trivial remarks or incidents seem to increase its vehemence, and we witness the melancholy spectacle of a fellow-creature indulging, to all appearance, in unquenchable mirth, or at least in the outward and visible sign thereof, when the situation is one, it may be, of the utmost solemnity, and he himself is only too painfully aware of the fact. It is an infirmity which merits our deepest sympathy, being only one remove from the hysterical seizures which constitute a recognised disease, and bring much grist to the Hippocratic mills. Schoolboys are notably predisposed to a mild form of this malady, but they usually grow out of it, and it is only when it is prolonged into mature life that we feel called upon to lament its distressing unseasonableness and commiserate the unwilling buffoon.

Good old Burton, writing from his “chamber in Christ Church,” tells us how Democritus of Abdera, “a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature,” used to walk down to the haven, and “laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.” Burton himself composed his immortal “Anatomy” with the view of relieving his own melancholy. It had precisely the opposite effect, however, and nothing, says his biographer, served to exhilarate him

save periodical visits to Folly Bridge, to hear "the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." But it was not the laughter born of amusement. What though he wrote a whole book, full of the quaintest conceits of his own fancy, and elaborately studded with the *dicta* of earlier writers, to show men what caused their despondency and how it might be cured, he could not, poor soul, shake off the incubus which brooded like a fiendish nightmare over the life of himself. Both Democritus, and Democritus junior, as he appears on the title-page, laughed, when they did laugh, with sore hearts. They were too much in earnest to dismiss the follies of the world in a single sentence like John Gay's "Life is a Jest," and they seemed to laugh, while in good truth they wept, over the *omnia vanitas* of human existence. A sorry mirth this, such as Jonah may have extracted from the sins of Nineveh, or Savonarola from the worldliness of the Florentines, with this difference, however, that it was not so much the wickedness, as the incurable folly, of humanity that they deplored.

There is no laughter so musical, none so innocent, none so evidently spontaneous as that of little children. The grimmest misanthrope must admit its charm. As we grow older, though we be still of hilarious tendencies, there is no longer any music, or only of the tongs and tin-kettle kind, in our cachinnations. Some of us, and they, perhaps, not the least genial, having realised how literally true is Schiller's *Ernst ist das Leben*, find a difficulty in getting out any vocal hilarity at all. We may be laughing inwardly, but the sound we are capable of emitting is the mere ghost of what we could compass in earlier years. Others, again, carry their risibility with them into extreme old age. Tottering on the verge of their final *exit* they yet laugh with the loudest. It is partly hereditary, this patriarchal guffaw ; for a laugh is sometimes handed down from father to son, like a nose or a sneeze. Carlyle mentions that he himself enjoyed an inheritance of this nature, and this no doubt accounts in great measure for his intolerance of those to whom an audible expression of mirth has been denied. Had he been one whose utterances, cachinnatory and other, were not habitually made with all pedals down and all stops out, we should belike have heard nothing of the moral depravity and hopeless prospects of the man who cannot laugh. And the laughter of maturity, is it, after all, so very lovable and grateful to the ear ? Mark, attentively, the notes of merriment as they issue from a middle-aged larynx. Is it possible that this succession of short barks, this alternation of gasps and wheezings, really connotes an irrepressible gaiety within ? Are these

horrible distortions of a responsible householder's features, in sober truth, a sure sign that he is vastly amused? If so it be, then they, the fountain of whose mirth is hermetically sealed, are not wholly without consolation.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, for getting on in the world, a cheery laugh is a valuable ally. We are apt to think well of, and to befriend, if necessary, the man who never fails to see the point of our witticisms, and gives loud and hearty evidence of his appreciation. A grave man is a bore; to be taciturn and uniformly serious, one should have no need of the world's good opinion or assistance. To sit in a gay company a dumb dog, unable to say good things oneself or to cackle, melodiously or otherwise, at the good things of one's neighbours, is considered a crime, which no moral or intellectual virtues can expiate. Take Richard Jefferies, for instance—a man full of high and noble thoughts, and who had proved himself abundantly capable of committing them to paper, and yet with scarcely a friend in the land. He could not consort sympathetically with his kind; he could not regard life in the frivolous light which gains for us the esteem and sometimes the substantial support of our fellow-men. He had no small talk, no reserve of that inanity which enables, as a rule, even the gravest to unbend on occasion. In one word, he could not *laugh*. As his eulogist pertinently adds, "men who live alone, who walk about alone, who commune with Nature all day long, do not laugh, and do not make others laugh." Hence the best hedge-row philosopher who has ever adorned our language was neither popular as a man, nor, from the commercial point of view, successful. What success he did achieve lies in the legacy of pure and beautiful pages which he bequeathed to, as we may well hope, many generations of his countrymen.

Dean Swift was quite alive to the importance of seasonable hilarity. In his "Introduction to Polite Conversation" he has the following passage, evidently penned in all seriousness. "There is," he says, "a natural, involuntary, distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter; but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite, obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English, mark wells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh." Finding this too long a process, he

is compelled, though very reluctantly, to leave the matter, momentous as it is, to the discretion of his readers. It is a curious example of divergent opinion that Swift and Chesterfield, contemporaries, men of the world, and on many social points in harmony, should have placed on record precepts so diametrically opposed with regard to this particular practice. While one would without compunction have aped the Spartans in the days of Lycurgus and have sacrificed joyously in a Temple of Laughter, the other deliberately recommends his son, if he would make his way in "society," to keep his countenance on all occasions. The silent evidence of a smile might, perhaps, be permitted to betray his appreciation of the ludicrous; but to see and hear him laugh *à gorge déployée* would have broken his father's heart, if, indeed, that were not too vulgar a climax. The Dean, no doubt, has the best of it. Well-pitched and well-placed mirth is essential in all who would be sociable. He who ranges apart and shuns, or, at least, can conveniently dispense with, the company of his brother-pilgrims, must be, to use the old Greek saying, *ἢ θεὸς ἢ θηρίον*, either a god or a gorilla. Happiest and most welcome is he who can be grave or gay, as the situation requires. Such was the felicitously blended temper of Yorick, who "had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity—not to gravity as such—for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it." His ancestor, it may be supposed, whose "flashes of merriment were wont to set the table on a roar," had but little leaven of seriousness in his character. But even the elder Yorick must have been free from that miserable simulacrum of a laugh which in modern society has become almost a new part of speech. Laughter, as we have seen, is a many-sided emotion. Besides its legitimate object it may serve to express scorn and sundry other human passions. But this hollow simper, so obviously insincere and forced, which greets all remarks and all events alike, this anserine comment on matters of every shade of solemnity from the latest scandal to the most deplorable wreck or collision, this universal prostitution of risibility—let all who would be honest remain grave as Rhadamanthus and stolid as Bœotians rather than imitate such fatuous hypocrisy.

Froissart's oft-quoted maxim that "the English take their pleasure sadly," if well-founded in his day, is certainly not true now. If we cannot rival the levity of some continental nations, we can at any rate produce plenty of noise and plenty of laughter, as any one may prove for himself by observing the manœuvres of the plebs on a

Bank Holiday. And even in bygone centuries, as Burton notes, the joyful character of English entertainments was notorious, according to the witness of Paulus Jovius and Volateran. It is worth marking, too, that not a few Englishmen are remembered by their laugh alone. Most of us have had a friend or relative, whose other features have long since become hazy, but whose laugh still rings in our ears. It may have been the boisterously explosive variety, or the subdued chuckle, or even the "unintelligible whinner," which so annoyed the Chelsea Sage; whatever its nature, we shall never forget it. Like the grin of the Cheshire cat, it remains when all else of our friend has vanished into thin air. Novelists, Dickens especially, have turned this characteristic to good account. What is it that asserts itself most prominently in our recollection of Tony Weller, Boythorne, and the Major?

That laughter aids digestion and is a very good counterpoise to the spleen is no new discovery. Seneca himself, no advocate, one would suppose, of mere giggling, exhorts his disciples to cultivate it; and the last farewell of Teiresias to Menippus consisted of the brief injunction, "Be merry." We cannot expect to rival the irrepressible cheerfulness of Zoroaster, the only man, says Pliny gravely, who ever laughed on the day of his birth. But it must go hard indeed with us if we cannot improve upon the glum *régime* of Crassus, the triumvir's grandfather, who is recorded to have never laughed at all, and was called, in consequence, Agelastus. Agelasto, it may be noticed, is to this day a family name in Greece, and must have a curious history, if one could but get at it. Rather than live in a state of chronic gravity let us go in search of that precious vegetable, Gelotophyllis, which grows among the Bactrians and round about the Borysthenes, and, as its name denotes, is so provocative of laughter, when judiciously compounded with myrrh and wine, that the difficulty is to compose oneself again, unless by swallowing another prescription, viz., "pine-kernels pounded up in palm-wine, together with pepper and honey"—an antidote not easy to procure at a moment's notice. Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet are most valuable practitioners, but Dr. Merryman is more successful than either. Among them they cure all diseases, but Merryman has the highest average, for mirth "purgeth the blood, confirms health, causeth a fresh, pleasing and fine colour, prorogues life, whets the wit, makes the body young, lively, and fit for any manner of employment."

A faculty so widely distributed, and generally regarded, save when in excess, with so much favour, might reasonably be supposed to lend itself with grace and facility for the purpose of metaphor. Accordingly

we find it adopted in this sense by most languages, living and dead. David, for instance, writes of valleys, which "shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing," for this is probably a literal translation of the Hebrew. So, too, Virgil, in the *Georgics*, speaks of blithe or smiling crops, *lætas segetes*, just as freely as our own modern poets. And, most happy and beautiful of all, there is the well-known passage in the *Æschylean Chorus*, which no scholar has as yet perfectly rendered, but which in our tongue is represented with more or less fidelity by "the many-twinkling smile of Ocean." We have only to look at the sea on a calm, sunny day to appreciate fully the beauty and felicity of the Greek expression; but it is another matter altogether to be correspondingly felicitous in Anglo-Saxon. "Women," says George Herbert, "laugh when they can and weep when they will"; but nevertheless it is to that amiable sex that we owe the phrase, "a laughing eye," the "Puritan maiden Priscilla," among others, having been notable in this respect. Of much the same order, we may conjecture, were the *ladri occhi* of that sad flirt Fiammetta, who made such havoc of the heart of Boccaccio. Other metaphorical phrases in common use are "horse-laugh," indicating an uncouth explosion of merriment; to laugh "in one's sleeve," analogous, perhaps, to the north-country "smudge of laughter"; and a few nicknames of birds, suggested either by their appearance or the resemblance of their cry to the sound of human mirth: such are the yaffingale (the green woodpecker), the laughing goose (the "white-fronted" variety of ornithology), and the Australian "laughing jackass." Laughing-gas, on the other hand, is to be taken in a more literal sense.

It would be ungracious to close this brief summary of the history of Laughter without referring to its first cousin, the Smile. Our language, to begin with, stands almost alone among the more familiar European idioms in being blessed with a special word to express it at all. The Romance languages, of course, all follow the Latin. Thus in Italian we have *sorriso*, as also in Portuguese, in Spanish *sonrisa*, in French *sourire*. The Germans form a diminutive *lächeln* from *lachen*. The Dutch have a rather curious word for it, viz., *grimlach*, the latter half of which is intelligible enough; can the first syllable be connected with our own *grimace*? The Smile is distinguished from the Laugh by its absolute silence, as are its varieties the Smirk and the Grin. But it is even more expressive than the Laugh. By the Smile we can not only indicate appreciation of fun, but the severest sarcasm, pity (contemptuous or genuine), doubt, and mere contentment. The smile of many a daughter of Eve is far more eloquent than her speech.

A man, however, as we know, "may smile, and smile, and be a villain." The smile of vacuity, perhaps, is the most painful of all to witness, though that of our rival's triumph is not always easy to regard with equanimity. Though Shakespeare makes King John speak of "that idiot, Laughter," it is the Smile which really and truly deserves sometimes the title; when it gives tongue, and becomes a laugh, it is the property of the maniac. Finally, we have the rare case here of a humorous reading of a word inducing itself; who can forbear to smile when he reads how seductively on one occasion the gentle Artemus "smole"?—a capital illustration of the value of the strong *præterite* cunningly applied.

Not without reason, then, did Carlyle exclaim, "How much lies in laughter!" he might have added with no less truth, "And how much lies in the abstinence therefrom and the disinclination thereto!" The few who are "dreadfully in earnest" can laugh but seldom, perhaps, after middle-life, never again. The many, who are satisfied with the world as it is, and who, thanks mainly to a well-ordered digestive system, are apt to take a cheerful view of things, laugh often, long, and loud. But almost all of us can get up a smile, which, after a certain age, ought to be held equivalent to the more robust mode of getting rid of the nervous overflow. Our mouths are not in a condition to be held wide open for an indefinite period. Pleasantly falls on the ear the sweet ripple of silvery mirth proceeding from lungs whose owners have the world before them, and know not, as yet, the mirth-killing flavour of fruitless toil, of Black Care perched on the crupper, of Hope the Charmer issuing in gall and wormwood. Long be they staunch clients of "laughter, holding both his sides!" But *ne quid nimis*. They laugh best who laugh last, and all of us who are still liable to cachinnation may mark with advantage one or two of Mr. Snitchey's apophthegmatic utterances in "The Battle of Life." "You mustn't laugh at life," he says, "you've got a game to play; a very serious game indeed!" And again, as giving his doctrine of hilarity in a nutshell: "You must only laugh, Dr. Jeddler, when you win—and then not much."

ARTHUR GAYE.

*BOOK-FIRES OF THE REVOLUTION
AND RESTORATION.*

WITH the beneficent Revolution that practically began with the Long Parliament in November 1640, and put an end to the Star Chamber and High Commission, it might have been hoped that a better time was about to dawn for books. But the control of thought really only passed from the Monarchical to the Presbyterian party ; and if authors no longer incurred the atrocious cruelties of the Star Chamber, their works were more freely burnt at the order of Parliament than they appear to have been when the sentence to such a fate rested with the king or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Parliament, in fact, assumed the dictatorship of literature, and exercised supreme jurisdiction over author, printer, publisher, and licenser. Either House separately, or both concurrently, assumed the exercise of this power; and, if a book was sentenced to be burnt, the hangman seems always to have been called in aid. In an age which was pre-eminently the age of pamphlets, and torn in pieces by religious and political dissension, the number of pamphlets that were condemned to be burnt by the common hangman was naturally legion, though, of course, a still greater number escaped with some lesser form of censure. It is only with the former that I propose to deal, and only with such of them as seem of more than usual interest as illustrating the manners and thoughts of that turbulent time.

It is a significant fact that the first writer whose works incurred the wrath of Parliament was the Rev. John Pocklington, D.D., one of the foremost innovators in the Church in the days of Laud's prosperity. The House of Lords consigned two of his books to be burnt by the hangman, both in London and the two chief Universities (Feb. 12, 1641). These were his "Sunday no Sabbath," and the "Altare Christianum."

The first of these was originally a sermon, preached on August 17, 1635, wherein the Puritan view of Sunday was vehemently assailed, and the Puritans themselves vigorously abused. "These

Church Schismatics are the most gross, nay, the most transparent hypocrites and the most void of conscience of all others. They will take the benefit of the Church, but abjure the doctrine and discipline of the Church." How often has not this argument done duty since against Pocklington's ecclesiastical descendants! But it is to be historically regretted that Pocklington's views of Sunday, the same of course as those of James the First's famous book, or declaration, of sports, were not destined to prevail, and seem as far as ever from attainment.

The "*Altare Christianum*" had been published in 1637, in answer to certain books by Burton and Prynne, and sought to prove that altars and churches had existed before the Christian Church was 200 years old. But had these churches any more substantial existence than that one built, as he says, by Joseph of Arimathea, at Glastonbury, in the year 55 A.D.? Anyhow, the book is full of learning and instruction, and, indeed, both Pocklington's books have an interest of their own, apart from their fate, which, of so many, is their sole recommendation.

The sentence against Pocklington was strongly vindictive. Both his practices and his doctrines were condemned. In his practice he was declared to have been "very superstitious and full of idolatry," and to have used many gestures and ceremonies "not established by the laws of this realm." These were the sort of ceremonies that, without ever having been so established by law, our ritualists have practically established by custom; and the offence of the ritualist doctrine as held in those days, and as illustrated by Pocklington, lay in the following tenets ascribed to him: (1) that it was men's duty to bow to altars as to the throne of the Great God; (2) that the Eucharist was the host and held corporal presence therein; (3) that there was in the Church a distinction between holy places and a Holy of holies; (4) that the canons and constitutions of the Church were to be obeyed without examination.

For these offences of ritual and doctrine—offences to which, fortunately, we can afford to be more indifferent than our ancestors were, no reasonable man now thinking twice about them—Pocklington was deprived of all his livings and dignities and preferments, and incapacitated from holding any for the future, whilst his books were consigned to the hangman. It may seem to us a spiteful sentence; but it was after all a mild revenge, considering the atrocious sufferings of the Puritan writers. It is worse to lose one's ears and one's liberty for life than even to be deprived of Church livings; and it is noticeable that bodily mutilations came to an end with the clipping

of the talons of the Crown and the Church at the beginning of the Long Parliament.

Taking now in order the works of a political nature that were condemned by the House of Commons to be burnt by the hangman, we come first to the "Speeches of Sir Edward Dering," member for Kent in the Long Parliament, and a greater antiquarian than he ever was a politician. He it was who, on May 27, 1641, moved the first reading of the Root and Branch Bill for the abolition of Episcopacy. "The pride, the avarice, the ambition, and oppression by our ruling clergy is epidemical," he said; thereby proving that such an opinion was not merely a Puritan prejudice. But Dering appears only really to have aimed at the abolition of Laud's archiepiscopacy, and to have wished to see some purer form of prelacy re-established in place of the old. Naturally his views gave offence, which he only increased by republishing his speeches on matters of religion, Parliament being so incensed that it burned his book, and committed its author for a week to the Tower (Feb. 2, 1642).

Dering's was the common fate of moderate men in stormy times, who, seeing good on each side, are ill thought of by both. Failing to be loyal to either, he was by both mistrusted. For not only did he ultimately vote on the side of the royalist episcopal party, but he actually fought on the king's side; then, being disgusted with the royalists for their leaning to Popery, he accepted the pardon offered for a compensation by Parliament in 1644, and died the same year, leaving posterity to regret that he was ever so ill-advised as to exchange antiquities for politics and party strife.

The famous speech of the statesman (whom Charles, with his usual defiance of public opinion, soon afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Digby) on the passing of the Bill of Attainder against Lord Strafford, was, after its publication by its author, condemned to be burnt at Westminster, Cheapside, and Smithfield (July 13, 1642). Digby voted against putting Strafford to death, because he did not think it proved by the evidence that Strafford had advised Charles to employ the army in Ireland for the subjection of England. But he condemned his general conduct as strongly as any man. He calls him "the great apostate to the Commonwealth, who must not expect to be pardoned it in this world till he be dispatched to the other." He refers very happily to his great abilities, "whereof God hath given him the use, but the devil the application." But does the critic's own memory stand much higher? Was he not the king's evil genius, who, together with the queen, pushed him to that fatal step—the arrest of the five members?

How soon Parliament acquired the evil habit of dealing by fire and the hangman with uncongenial publications, is proved by the fact that in one year alone the following five leaflets or pamphlets suffered in this way :

1. "The Kentish Petition," drawn up at the Maidstone Assizes by the gentry, ministry, and commonalty of Kent, praying for the preservation of episcopal government, and the settlement of religious differences by a synod of the clergy (April 17, 1642). The petition was couched in very strong language ; and Professor Gardiner is probably right in saying that it was the condemnation of this famous petition which rendered civil war inevitable.

2. "A True Relation of the Proceedings of the Scots and English Forces in the North of Ireland." This was thought to be dishonouring to the Scots, and was accordingly ordered to be burnt (June 8, 1642).

3. "King James : his Judgment of a King and a Tyrant" (September 12, 1642).

4. "A Speedy Post from Heaven to the King of England" (October 5, 1642).

5. "Letter from Lord Falkland" to the Earl of Cumberland, concerning the action at Worcester (October 8, 1642).

Thus did Parliament, and the House of Commons especially, improve upon the precedent first set by the Star Chamber ; and the practice must soon have somewhat lost its force by the very frequency of its repetition. David Buchanan's "Truth's Manifest," containing an account of the conduct of the Scotch nation in the Civil War, was condemned to be burnt by the hangman (April 13, 1646), but may still be read. "An unhappy game at Scotch and English," pamphlets like the "Mercurius Elenchicus," and "Mercurius Pragmaticus," the "Justiciarius Justificatus," by George Wither, perished about the same time in the same way ; and in 1648 such profane Royalist political squibs as "The Parliament's Ten Commandments ; the Parliament's Pater Noster, and Articles of the Faith" ; and "Ecce the New Testament of our Lords and Saviours, the House of Commons at Westminster, or the Supreme Council at Windsor," which, for special indignity, were condemned to be burnt in the three most public places of London.

The observance of Sunday has always been a fruitful source of contention, and in 1649 the chief magistrates in England and Wales were ordered by the House of Commons to cause to be burnt all copies of James Okeford's "Doctrine of the Fourth Commandment, deformed by Popery, reformed and restored to its primitive purity"

(March 18, 1650). They did their duty so well that not a copy appears to survive, even in the British Museum. The author, moreover, was sentenced to be taken and imprisoned; so thoroughly did the spirit of persecution take possession of a Parliamentary majority, when the power of it fell into their hands.

This was also shown in other matters. For instance, not only were "Joseph Primatt's Petition" to Parliament, with reference to his claims to certain coal mines, and Lilburne's "Just Reproof to Haberdashers' Hall" on Primatt's behalf, condemned to be burnt by the hangman (January 15, July 30, 1652), but both authors were sentenced, one to fines amounting to £5,000, the other to fines amounting to £7,000, which, though falling far short of the Star Chamber fines, were very considerable sums in those days. Lilburne on this occasion was also sentenced to be banished, and to be deemed guilty of felony if he returned; but this part of the sentence was never enforced, for Lilburne remained to continue to the very end by speech and writing that perpetual warfare with the party in power which constituted his political life.

John Fry, M.P., who sat in the High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I., wrote in 1648 his "Accuser Shamed," against Colonel Downes, a fellow-member, who had most unfairly charged him before the House with blasphemy for certain expressions used in private conversation, and thereby caused his temporary suspension. Dr. Cheynel, president of St. John's at Oxford, printed an answer to this, and Fry rejoined in his "Clergy in their true Colours" (1650), a pamphlet singularly expressive of the general dislike at that time entertained for the English clergy. He confesses himself "of the opinion of most, that the clergy are the great incendiaries." In the matter of Psalm-singing he finds "few men under heaven more irrational in their religious exercises than our clergy." As to their common evasion of difficulties by the plea that it is above reason, he fairly observes: "If a man will consent to give up his reason, I would as soon converse with a beast as with that man." Nevertheless, how many do so still!

Fry wrote as a rational churchman, not as an anti-Christian, "from a hearty desire for their (the clergy's) reformation, and a great zeal to my countrymen that they may no longer be deceived by such as call themselves the ministers of the Gospel, but are not." This appears on the title-page, but a good motive has seldom yet saved a man or a book; and the House, having debated about both tracts from morning till night, not only voted them highly scandalous and profane, but consigned them to the hangman to burn, and expelled Fry from his seat in Parliament (February 21, 1651).

With the Restoration, the burning of certain obnoxious books formed one of the first episodes of that Royalist war of revenge, of which the most disgraceful expression was the exhumation and hanging at Tyburn of the bones of Cromwell and Ireton. And had Goodwin and Milton not absconded, it is probable that the revenge which had to content itself with their books would have extended to their persons.

John Goodwin, distinguished as a minister and a prolific writer on the people's side, had dedicated in 1649 to the House of Commons his "Obstructours of Justice," in which he defended the execution of Charles I. He based his case, indeed, after the fashion of those days, too completely on Biblical texts to suit our modern taste ; but his book is far from being the "very weak and inconclusive performance" of which Neal speaks in his history of the Puritans. The sentiments follow exactly those of Rutherford's "Lex Rex"; as, for example, "The Crown is but the kingdom's or people's livery. . . . The king bears the relation of a political servant or vassal to that state, kingdom, or people over which he is set to govern." But the commonplaces of to-day were rank heresy in a chaplain to Cromwell.

There seems to be no evidence to support Bishop Burnet's assertion that Goodwin was the head of the Fifth-Monarchy fanatics ; and his story is simply that of a fearless, sensible, and conscientious minister, who took a strong interest in the political drama of his time, and advocated liberty of conscience before even Milton or Locke. But his chief distinction is to have been marked out for revenge in company with Milton by the miserable Restoration Parliament.

Milton's "Eikonoclastes" and "Defensio Populi Anglicani" rank, of course, among the masterpieces of English prose, and ought to be read, where they never will be, in every board and public school of England. In the first the picture of Charles I., as painted in the "Eikon Basilike," by Gunden, Bishop of Exeter, though then generally attributed to the king himself, was unmercifully torn to pieces. Charles's religion, Milton declares, had been all hypocrisy. He had resorted to "ignoble shifts to seem holy, and to get a saintship among the ignorant and wretched people." The prayer he had given as a relic to the bishop at his execution had been stolen from Sidney's "Arcadia." In outward devotion he had not at all exceeded some of the worst kings in history. But, in spite of Milton, the "Eikon Basilike" sold rapidly, and contributed greatly to the reaction ; and the Secretary of the Council of State had just reason to complain of

the perverseness of his generation, "who, having first cried to God to be delivered from their king, now murmur against God for having heard their prayer, and cry as loud for their king against those that delivered them."

The next year (1650) Milton had to take up his pen again in the same cause against the "Defence of Charles I. to Charles II." by the learned Salmasius. Milton was not sparing in terms of abuse. He calls Salmasius "a rogue," "a foreign insignificant professor," "a slug," "a silly loggerhead," "a superlative fool." Even a *Times* leader of to-day would fall short of Milton in vituperative terms. It is not for this we still reverence the "Defensio"; but for its political force, and its occasional splendid passages. Two samples must suffice :

Be this right of kings whatever it will, the right of the people is as much from God as it. And whenever any people, without some visible designation from God Himself, appoint a king over them, they have the same right to pull him down as they had to set him up at first. And certainly it is a more Godlike action to depose a tyrant than to set one up; and there appears much more of God in the people when they depose an unjust prince than in a king that oppresses an innocent people. . . . So that there is but little reason for that wicked and foolish opinion, that kings, who commonly are the worst of men, should be so high in God's account as that He should have put the world under them, to be at their beck and be governed according to their humour; and that for their sakes alone He should have reduced all mankind, whom He made after His own image, into the same condition as brutes.

The conclusion of Milton's "Defensio" is not more remarkable for its eloquence than it is for its closing paragraph. Addressing his countrymen in an exhortation that reminds one of the speeches of Pericles to the Athenians, he proceeds :

God has graciously delivered you, the first of nations, from the two greatest miseries of this life, and most pernicious to virtue, tyranny, and superstition; He has endued you with greatness of mind to be the first of mankind, who, after having conquered their own king, and having had him delivered into their hands, have not scrupled to condemn him judicially and pursuant to that sentence of condemnation to put him to death. After the performing so glorious an action as this, you ought to do nothing that is mean and little, not so much as to think of, much less to do, anything but what is great and sublime.

An exhortation to virtue founded on an act of regicide! To such an issue had come the dispute concerning the Divine Right of kings; and with such diversity of opinion do different men form their judgments concerning the leading events of their time!

The House of Commons, reverting for a time to the ancient procedure in these matters, petitioned the king on June 16, 1660, to

call in these books of Goodwin and Milton, and to order them to be burnt by the common hangman ; and the king so far assented as to issue a proclamation ordering all persons in possession of such books to deliver them up to their county sheriffs to be burnt by the hangman at the next assizes (Aug. 13, 1660).¹ In this way a good many were burnt, but, happily for the authors themselves, "they so fled or so obscured themselves" that all endeavours to apprehend their persons failed. Subsequently the benefits of the Act of Oblivion were conferred on Milton ; but they were denied to Goodwin, who, having barely escaped sentence of death by Parliament, was incapacitated from ever holding any office again.

The "Lex Rex," or the "Law and the Prince" (1644), by the Presbyterian divine, Samuel Rutherford, was another book which incurred the vengeance of the Restoration, and for the same reasons as Goodwin's book or Milton's. It was burnt by the hangman at Edinburgh (Oct. 16, 1660), St. Andrews (Oct. 23, 1660),² and London ; its author was deprived of his offices both in the University and the Church, and was summoned on a charge of high treason before the Parliament of Edinburgh. His death in 1661 anticipated the probable legal sentence, and saved Rutherford from political martyrdom.

His book was an answer to the "Sacra Sancta Regum Majestas," in which the Divine Right of kings, and the duty of passive obedience, had been strenuously upheld. Its appearance in 1644 created a great sensation, and threw into the shade Buchanan's "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," which had hitherto held the field on the popular side. The purpose and style of the book may be gathered from the passage in the preface, wherein the writer gives, as his reason for writing, the opinion that arbitrary government had "overswelled all banks of law, that it was now at the highest float . . . that the naked truth was, that prelates, a wild and pushing cattle to the lambs and flocks of Christ, had made a hideous noise ; the wheels of their chariot did run an unequal pace with the blood-thirsty mind of the daughter of Babel." The contention was, that all regal power sprang from the suffrages of the people. "The king is subordinate to the Parliament, not co-ordinate, for the constituent is above the constituted." "What are kings but vassals to the State, who, if they turn tyrants, fall from their right ?" For the rest a book so crammed and stuffed with Biblical quotations as to be most unreadable. And indeed of all the features of that miserable seventeenth century surely nothing is more extraordinary than this insatiate taste

¹ In Kennet's *Register*, 189.

² Lamont's *Diary*, 159.

of men of all parties for Jewish precedents. Never was the enslavement of the human mind to authority carried to more absurd lengths with more lamentable results ; never was manifested a greater waste, or a greater wealth, of ability. For that reason, though Rutherford may claim a place on our shelves, he is little likely ever to be taken down from them. But may the principles he contended for remain as undisturbed as his repose !

The year following the burning of these books the House of Commons directed its vengeance against certain statutes passed by the Republican government. On May 17, 1661, a large majority condemned the "Solemn League and Covenant" to be burnt by the hangman, the House of Lords concurring. All copies of it were also to be taken down from all churches and public places. Evelyn, seeing it burnt in several places in London on May 22, exclaims, "Oh ! prodigious change !" The Irish Parliament also condemned it to the flames, not only in Dublin but in all the towns of Ireland.

A few days later, May 27, the House of Commons, unanimously and with no petition to the king, condemned to be burnt as "treasonable parchment writings" :

1. "The Act for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I."

2. "The Act declaring and constituting the people of England a Commonwealth."

3. "The Act for subscribing the Engagement."

4. "The Act for renouncing and disannulling the title of Charles Stuart" (Sept. 1656).

5. "The Act for the security of the Lord Protector's person and continuance of the Nation in peace and safety" (Sept. 1656).

Three of these were burnt at Westminster and two at the Exchange. Pepys, beholding the latter sight from a balcony, was led to moralise on the mutability of human opinion. The strange thing is that, when these Acts were burnt, the Act for the abolition of the House of Lords appears to have escaped condemnation. For its intrinsic interest and for its possible help as a precedent in the future, I here insert the words of the old parchment :

The Commons in England assembled in Parliament, finding by too long experience that the House of Lords is useless and dangerous to the people of England to be continued, hath thought fit to ordain and enact, and be it ordained and enacted by this present Parliament and by the authority of the same : That from henceforth the House of Lords in Parliament shall be and is hereby wholly abolished and taken away, and that the Lords shall not from henceforth meet and sit in the said house, called the Lords' House, or in any other house or place whatsoever as the House of Lords, nor shall sit, vote, advise, adjudge, or de-

termine of any matter or thing whatsoever as a House of Lords in Parliament ; Nevertheless it is hereby declared, that neither such Lords as have demeaned themselves with honour, courage, and fidelity to the Commonwealth, nor their posterities (who shall continue so), shall be excluded from the public councils of the Nation, but shall be admitted thereto and have their free vote in Parliament, if they shall be thereunto elected, as other persons of interest elected and qualified thereunto ought to have ; And be it further ordained and enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no peer of this land (not being elected, qualified, and sitting as aforesaid) shall claim, have, or make use of any privilege of Parliament either in relation to his person, quality, or estate, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

How true a perception our ancestors had of the intrinsic incompatibility between a House of Lords and popular liberty is conspicuously shown by the next book we read of as burnt ; and indeed there are few more instructive historical tracts than Locke's "Letter from a Person of Quality to his Friend in the Country," which was ordered to be burnt by the Privy Council ; and wherein he gave an account of the debates in the Lords on a Bill "to prevent the dangers which may arise from persons disaffected to the Government," in April and May, 1675. It was actually proposed by this Bill to make compulsory on all officers of Church or State, and on all members of both Houses, an oath, not only declaring it unlawful upon any pretence to take arms against the King, but swearing to endeavour at no time the alteration of the government in Church and State. To that logical position had Toryism come within fifteen years of the Restoration ; Charles II., according to Burnet, being much set on this scheme, which, says Locke, was "first hatched (as almost all the mischiefs of the world have been) amongst the great church-men." The bishops and clergy, by their outcry, had caused Charles' Declaration of Indulgence (March 17, 1671) to be cancelled, and the great seal broken off it ; they had "tricked away the rights and liberties of the people, in this and all other countries, wherever they had had opportunity . . . that priest and prince may, like Castor and Pollux, be worshipped together as divine, in the same temple, by us poor lay-subjects ; and that sense and reason, law, properties, rights, and liberties shall be understood as the oracles of those deities shall interpret."

There seems no doubt that the extinction of liberty was as vigorously aimed at as it was nearly achieved at the period Locke describes, under the administration of Lord Danby. But the Bill, though carried in the Lords, was strongly contested. Locke says that it occupied sixteen or seventeen whole days of debate, the House sitting often till 8 or 9 P.M., or even to midnight. His account of the speakers and their arguments is one of the most

graphic pages of historical painting in our language ; but it is said to have been drawn up at the desire, and almost at the dictation, of Locke's friend, Lord Shaftesbury, who himself took a prominent part against the Bill. Fortunately, it never got beyond the House of Lords, a dispute between the two Houses leading to a prorogation of Parliament and so to the salvation of liberty. But the whole episode impresses on the mind the force of the current then, as always, flowing in favour of arbitrary government throughout our history, as well as a sense of the very narrow margin by which liberty of any sort has escaped or been evolved, and, in general, of wonder that it should ever have survived at all the combination of adverse circumstances against it.

The mention of two other books seems to complete the list of burnt political literature down to the Revolution of 1688.

One is, "Malice Defeated," or a brief relation of the accusation and deliverance of Elizabeth Cellier. The authoress was implicated in the Dangerfield conspiracy, and, having been indicted for plotting to kill the king and to reintroduce Popery, was sentenced at the Old Bailey to be imprisoned till she had paid a fine of £1,000, to stand three times in the pillory, and to have her books burnt by the hangman.

The other is the translation of Claude's "Plaintes des Protestants," burnt at the Exchange on May 5, 1686. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, people like Sir Roger l'Estrange were well paid to write denials of any cruelties as connected with that measure in France ; much as in our own day people wrote denials of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. The famous Huguenot minister's book proved of course abundantly the falsity of this denial, but, as Evelyn says, so great a power in the English Court had then the French ambassador, "who was doubtless in great indignation at the pious and truly generous charity of all the nation for the relief of those miserable sufferers who came over for shelter," that, in deference to his wishes, the Government of James II. condemned the truth to the flames. Nothing in that monarch's reign proves more conclusively the depth of degradation to which his foreign policy and that of his brother had caused his country to fall.

CANONBURY TOWER.

ONE of the most picturesque yet comparatively unknown relics of Old London is the venerable ivy-clad tower at Canonbury. It may be described as a landmark by anyone ascending the upper part of the New North Road. It is cut off and unseen from every main thoroughfare, and reposes in quietude. A summer day aspect, when the foliage is in both sun and shade, and is ever and anon parted for the descent of a shower of sparrows into the roadway to settle their little differences, might have a disturbing influence on a member of the Peace Society; but it, somehow, harmonises with all that fills the eyes just at that point. For the vans bound from a section of the northern suburbs to Epping Forest, the way—chosen, or enforced, for the avoidance of general traffic—lies by the tower; and when children are the occupants of the vehicles there is a never-failing cheer for the old structure, with its drapery of green, and the turned-up delighted faces are a sight to see. The appearance of the tower is unique, as any City toiler may convince himself, at the cost of a 'bus fare from the Bank of England.

Internally, it is of great interest to the antiquary. A great deal has been said by local historians about the tower and its adjuncts, and the building has not been left in peace by the penny-a-liner. But the local historian is now almost as antiquated as the tower, and the information to be gleaned from his volumes needs a good deal of correction to bring it up to date; while the gentleman intent on making a column of "copy" for needful wants is hardly to be trusted, if only for the reason that up to a very recent time the chief rooms were occupied by private residents, who had a natural objection to the inconveniences associated with a show-place. As one who lived there for ten years, and raked together all that was to be known about the locality, I may be permitted to draw upon my resources with the object of interesting the general reader.

As may be supposed, the appearance of the tower proper—which goes up to the height of sixty feet, is seventeen feet square, and, to count by windows, seven stories high—does not belie its interior

features. Once inside the doorway and down its two steps, and at every pace there are peeps into rooms and crannies every bit in harmony with the quaintness of the building and its curious elevations as seen from outside. The chief rooms outlie the tower, and are indicated by the gabled portion of the building, on the south side. Two of these rooms, oak-panelled from floor to ceiling, have lofty mantelpieces magnificently carved. The oak is a dark brown, and part of it all round has been well polished by human shoulders for the three centuries since the craftsman did his work upon it. It was the first of these rooms (they are one above another, and quite distinct) that was occupied by Oliver Goldsmith. In his time, and down to later days, there was a pond on the opposite side of the road, and as it was full of carp, the residents at the tower might at times be disposed to fish for a dinner.

The brick tower is the oldest part of all that is left of Canonbury House, which aforetime was the country residence of the rich city merchant, Sir John Spencer, whose town house was Crosby Place, then, as now, famous for its *cuisine* and "appointments." Sir John was Lord Mayor in 1594-5, and had so universal a reputation for fabulous wealth that the pirates of other countries, in league with the kidnapping landmen of this country, laid plans for his capture.

Old records speak of the "palace" of the Prior of St. Bartholomew at Canonbury. The ancient form of the building, a perfect quadrangle, is still preserved, and in the gardens occupying the inner space and skirting the south side are some very old trees. In the tower garden the fruit-trees, one a mulberry, the other a crab-tree, were very prolific from year to year all the time I lived there; while a pear-tree, a cherry-tree, and a vine had advanced to the stage of decrepitude. Outside these limits, but within the boundary of the park formerly about the house, are probably more aged trees and a greater variety, with more genuine breadths of old cedared lawn, and certainly within a smaller compass, than are to be found in any other part of London with the exception of the "Court Suburb." The tower is situated at the north-west end of the quadrangle, and the "Canonbury Place," that is so puzzling to "cabby," forms two entire sides, and encroaches on a third. Among cabmen, by the way, the tower portion of the building seems to be generally known by the name of "Canonbury Castle."

The extent and character of the existing remains are enough to impress the most everyday beholder with the idea of a building of vast dimensions, and superb in its decorative plan. A well-known modern architect avers that these remains comprise some of the

richest specimens of Elizabethan work to be found in the neighbourhood of London. From any slight elevation, the multitude of gables, and their tendency to ramble, make a very picturesque whole ; those in proximity to the tower looking down on the rest as a parent upon offspring ; paternity being represented by the stalwart four-square structure towering over all.

In remote times there was a fortified mansion on the spot, and traces of its moat have been discovered. At the Conquest the manor was a lay possession of the Berners family, who seem to have acquired a good slice of North London, as is shown in the name of "Barnsbury," which is but a contraction of Bernersbury. One of the family bequeathed the manor of Canonbury to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, and from that time its site was occupied, and old remains utilised, partly for religious and partly for domestic purposes. This continued to be its state until the Spencer family became possessed of it. During recent years there has been removed from a portion of the old wall a stone bearing the date 1362, evidently the date of a new erection. It has been assumed that older remains gradually disappeared. Stow says that Prior Bolton "builded of new" the manor of Canonbury, but this is not to be taken as a precise statement of fact. In the very phrase employed there is great latitude for supposition. In modern usage there is often a great distinction involved in such phrases as "he built the house anew," and "he built a new house." A country mansion in stucco, spick-and-span, from an outside aspect, sometimes presents a very different picture to the minds of those who are familiar with the premises. Prior Bolton took the building in hand between the years 1509 and 1512, and his work was in all probability limited to reinstating the decayed parts of the old mansion, to improvements on the old foundations, and, lastly, and chiefly from a modern point of view, the erection of the tower of "Canbury," by which name the whole of the premises was designated. That the tower was built by the Prior there is ample evidence, so it may be safely assumed that this portion of the entire remains is the oldest. All else were restored, and to some extent enlarged, by Sir John Spencer, who took up his residence at "Canbury" at the end of the year 1599. He, however, merely gave it a warming, for when he had seen the new year in, he deemed it prudent to go back for a time to his better-protected town house. In his embellishment of the mansion Sir John seems to have been influenced by a spirit of patriotism in commemorating the national events of the time. It was not a bad idea to spend the money upon himself. In scrutinising the carved faces

on the mantelpieces and cornices I have been able to trace some resemblance—fancied, possibly—to the lineaments of navigators, naval commanders, and statesmen of the time, as shown in their portraits. In one of the rooms away from the tower, now divided into three rooms, the arms of Queen Elizabeth are carved in several places, and her initials are on one shield. Over an inner doorway are to be seen, too, Bolton's device, a tun in fess with the bolt run through it. The assumption is, of course, that the stone has been merely let into the wall in memory of its founder, but it must have been placed there at the time the house was restored. Formerly, the device was to be seen scattered freely about the premises, being most conspicuous, according to local historians, on outer walls which existed. Some of the houses in Bartholomew Close are adorned with this not very happy conceit, and the adjoining church also suffers from it. One need hardly mention the "Bolt-in-Ton" in Fleet Street, an old coaching-house which appropriated a stone taken from the Priory at its dissolution. The place is now a parcels' receiving-house.

It is argued by some late authorities that the Prior should rightly share the credit of designing that masterpiece of art, the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster. A few months after the foundation-stone was laid, the reputed architect, who could have done no more than complete the plan of elevation, died. In days that were marked by a sad lack of professional etiquette, and by undoubted capacity on the side of a clerk-of-the-works, the latter would design his own work when an emergency arose. It may be reasonably supposed, therefore, it is argued, that the "Master of the Works of our said Chapel," Prior Bolton, to wit, stepped into the place of a fellow-craftsman, and, beyond the sacrifice of more of his own leisure, all went on as if nothing particular had happened.

Why the old Prior took it into his head to build a tower is a matter for speculation. Hall, the chronicler, in one of his cheerful attempts at painting a statement truth-colour, relates of Bolton that "by astrological prognostications, eclipses in watery signs, and particular conjunctions of the planets, foreseeing that there would be great floods," &c., he built himself on high ground a house at Harrow, and stored it with provisions for two months. Later historians make mincemeat of this statement, showing that the Prior, who had a parsonage at Harrow, being what a North-countryman would call a "sky-farmer," merely reared a pigeon-cote of an original design, and so filled the mouths of all the old women who could descry the strange structure from a distance, but which they would as soon have

thought of journeying to see as they would of travelling to the Land's End. As the Prior delighted in the possession of an aerial flock, one may fairly picture him as often posing to survey it in its career. Now, does it not follow that the Prior's beloved birds would be remembered at Canonbury, and that by building a tower from whence they might go and come, and himself be able to watch them all the way, he would devise a most agreeable recreation? This would not be accounted a very unlikely theory by anyone who on a clear day has surveyed the country from the leads of the tower, and observed one of the most prominent objects—the spire of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. On the top of the tower there is room and to spare for a pigeon-cote of any dimensions, and for “time out of mind” there has been a large penthouse kind of structure. The height of the tower may be better estimated when it is said that it is about 120 feet above high-water mark at London Bridge, and just on a level with the tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and that of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street.

In the local histories there are the usual vague references to a subterranean passage; that in the tower being said to have communicated with the Priory in Smithfield. This was an object which it concerned the adventurous spirits of modern residents not to lose sight of. There was no mistaking the precise locality of the passage. Except for one or two very small windows the whole of the basement is unlighted. It is by no means on one level, and, as it has its ramifications, is to be satisfactorily explored only by candlelight. The passage is situated on the south side of the tower, and certainly begins a straight course towards Smithfield. It cannot be walked into. There is a hole to scramble through, and a distance to be dropped. As revealed in the light of several twopenny “dips,” which, from unforeseen causes, continually needed relighting, it was a way that began to choke itself with solid rubbish at the very outset, so no more could be done in the way of exploration. At this point it may be useful to say that down to the beginning of the present century Canonbury was noted for its springs. In looking through a collection of old newspaper advertisements belonging to a local antiquary, I came across the following, dated 1740 :

This is to give Notice

That a Commodious COLD BATH is now compleated and made use of, being a NATURAL SPRING of Very COLD WATER, at Canbury House, near Islington; where Subscribers and others will be kindly receiv'd and properly attended by JOSEPH COLLINS of the above said place, upon very reasonable Conditions.

And another, dated 1756 :

TO be sold, Canbury Cold-Bath House at Islington, with the Bath, Gardens, and two Fields adjoining. Enquire for Mr. Reynolds, at Guildhall Coffee House.

A last one, and the most interesting, was printed a year later, in 1757 :

To be lett, at Canbury House, Islington, Apartments, furnish'd or unfurnish'd, with a good Garden, Summer-House and Coach-House, if wanted : The Garden Door leads out to an excellent Cold Bath ; also a superlative Room, furnish'd for a single Person, or two Gentlemen, having a Prospect into five Counties, and the use of a good Garden and Summer-House. The Apartments to be let by the Year, or for a less Time, as may be agreed on.

Enquire of Mr. Booth, as above ; or of Mr. John Child, at Temple-Bar.

Imagine, at the present day, the head of an old banking-firm doing a small but respectable business as an agent for "Furnish'd Apartments" !

Some biographers of Goldsmith follow each other in the assumption that his visits to Islington were made to escape his creditors. This is hardly likely, or he would not have sought the same hiding-place time after time, while always maintaining communication with friends. It has been fairly shown that he resided at Canonbury Tower at one time for nearly two years. The inference may therefore well be that he did a good deal of work there by arrangement with his creditors, who would be glad enough to let him abide in peace.

Hone, who was a local resident, has a loving regard for detail in matters relating to the tower, and he transfers to one of his books all that Washington Irving has to say in recounting his experience as a tenant of the room occupied by Goldsmith. The account is amusing. Irving entered upon his occupation of "poor Goldy's room" in ignorance of the fact that at that time the tower was a show-place, and, consequently, his own apartment for the time the chief source of attraction ; the admission fee for all sights, including a peep through the key-hole, being sixpence. At the end of a fortnight Irving decamped.

I would remark, by the way, that the author of the "Sketch-Book," in conveying his idea of the general appearance of the room in Goldsmith's days, gives an incorrect impression. At the time the room was occupied by Irving it had been divided. There were sitting-room and bedroom, and Irving assumes this arrangement to date back to Goldsmith's time ; whereas there was then but one room on that floor, and, having regard to the position of the door,

the fireplace, and windows, it is easy to conclude that the poet's press-bed must have occupied the south-east corner of the room.

At the present time the room, as also the one of a similar character above it, contains two bedrooms, and all the panelling that was once against the wall on the eastern side, as well as the fluted pilasters and cornices, have been brought forward, and two doorways cut through, the doors having been made from the surplus panelling. The oak-rooms are still very large, and the alterations have been so skilfully effected that, until the bedrooms are entered, it would require the eyes of an expert in architecture to detect the modern arrangement.

Irving also commits himself to statements which show that he did not become sufficiently acquainted with his surroundings; but as his inaccuracies stand out clearly when compared with Hone's description, they need not here be the subject of further comment.

During Goldsmith's tenancy the rooms in and pertaining to the tower portion of old Canonbury House would be about nineteen; but for nearly a century past they have numbered twenty-four. The "Gothic windows" noted by Irving are now a feature of the tower part only, and of two or three remote rooms elsewhere.

So engrossing are the associations of the lower, or, as it is now called, the "Spencer" oak-room, that the upper, or "Compton" oak-room has existed under a kind of cloud; but a reference to the plates illustrative of its carving which appear in the well-known local histories will show the embellishment to be of a character very appreciably superior to what is seen in the lower room. It is indeed so rich as to present a crowded appearance to the eyes, and make the room look smaller than the one underneath it. Doubtless, in former days, with a prospect ranging over five counties, it had a superior sort of tenant, who was accustomed to indulge in a little sarcasm now and then at the expense of a fellow-lodger seen slouching round the corner. The mantelpiece is a marvellous piece of handiwork, having within heavy scrolled frames figures representing Faith and Hope, with a motto underneath carved in relief, "FIDES. VIA. DEVS. MEA." and "SPES. CERTA. SVpra."; and in the centre of a cornice of pomegranates, with other fruit and foliage, are the Spencer arms on a small shield. But in this room there is a marked absence of other armorial bearings. In both rooms the floors are of large fir boards, and the doors and their hinges are of a ponderous character, to be realised only at sight. Near the top of the tower is a much more remarkable door of light oak, with heavy balustrading. It is in an extraordinary state of preservation, and

being in a remote part of the tower, difficult of access, is rarely shown to visitors. I have sectional drawings of this very interesting woodwork, which the landlord, the Marquis of Northampton, seemed to know nothing about, although at the time contemplating the removal of the panelling of the oak rooms with the object of preserving it on the walls at Castle Ashby. Over the door, on the inside, some old resident with a good deal of time on his hands has been at the trouble of inscribing, in neat Roman characters about an inch and a half long, several verses in dog-Latin. At first sight they evoke pathetic feeling, owing to their having been spared the yellow-wash which succeeding generations have lavished on the walls, and so appear in a sort of framework. I will not take up the time of the reader by quoting the verses. They consist merely of the abbreviated names of the English kings, from the Conqueror to Charles I. (ending with *qui longo tempore vivat !*), and the lines :

Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sint meditanda tibi.

The ascent to the rooms at every stage is made easy by the short wide flights of stairs, now of oak, but formerly of brick. There are eighteen of these flights, going squarely about the tower, and opposite the landing-places are deeply-recessed windows in uneven pairs, with iron lattices, and latches having ponderous handles, all of the same material. As the ivy is thickly matted over most of the windows, the coolness and subdued light inside the tower on a midsummer day is in refreshing contrast with the heat and glare outside. Some of the light and shade effects are, too, on a sunny day very pretty when the sun's rays scatter themselves on the leaves and enter by the windows as best they can. Their stuffing of birds' nests, periodically alive with fledglings, whose habits may be observed in front of some of the windows, may be passed with a mention. The shaft about which the stairs wind, and into whose construction many a massive beam of oak enters, is now from top to bottom a system of cupboards and closets ; but there is a tradition of there having been private stairs all the way up inside.

In the matter of carved oak I have dwelt most on the relics pertaining to the tower and its adjuncts, because it is, or was up to the time of my leaving the tower, in the best state of preservation. But the most superb carving exists in one or two of the dwelling-houses in Canonbury Place. It has, however, received numerous coats of white paint. At any rate this has happened to the most important carved work. The great banqueting-hall, which, in its

original state, must have formed a continuous part of what now belongs to several separate dwellings, has suffered past remedy at the hands of the painter.

After the dissolution of the convent, Canonbury House and manor were granted to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, on whose attainder the property reverted to the King, who charged it, with an annuity of £20 per annum, to Anne of Cleves. It was afterwards exchanged by Edward the Sixth, passing to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, at a later time Duke of Northumberland. Under date 1556, Strype says:

“In this month of July died the Lady Broke, wife to the chief baron, and was brought from Canbury to Islington Church to burial, with six long torches, and six tapers of three pounds apiece, for six women, and other lights, and a herald-of-arms, and other solemnities.”

At the Duke's fall Canonbury again reverted to the Crown, was granted to Lord Wentworth, and by him aliened to Sir John Spencer. The calendar of State papers affords numerous details illustrative of Sir John's sturdy character and romantic career—now in danger of being hung by rioting apprentices; anon hiding a daughter whose hand had been pledged to Lord Compton, Sir John alleging a pre-contract; then imprisoned in the Fleet for contempt; out of prison and at the head of a troop of citizens engaged in quelling disorder; later on the champion of civil rights, resisting, almost alone, the interference of the Crown in city affairs; lastly, employing his leisure in witch-hunting.

By his wife, Alice Bromfield, Sir John had one daughter, who was sole heiress to his wealth. Lord Compton was not to be beaten, but continued his advances, and as the lady was “willing,” he contrived to get her let down into his arms in a baker's basket, out of a window at Canonbury House, and the pair eloped. There was the usual happy ending, but how it came about is not very clear.

In due time Canonbury House passed to the Comptons, and was subsequently leased by the family to Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General, and he resided there some time after receiving the Great Seal. Other distinguished statesmen occupied the house. Its last noble tenant was William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, who died there in 1685. From that time the property was in the hands of sub-lessees, who let portions of the building. The *London Chronicle* of May 12, 1761, informs its readers that “The Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, late Speaker of the House of Commons, is gone up to Canonbury House for a few days for the benefit of the air.” The tower part, not having

been built with family conveniences in view, accepted its fate, and steadily settled down to lodgers. For some time they were mostly literary men or such as had some connection with literature. These were Kit Smart the poet ; Woodfall, printer of the Junius Letters ; Ephraim Chambers, whose remains rest in Westminster Abbey, and who was the first of the encyclopædists ; Newbery the publisher ; and others, after Goldsmith.

C. C. ROBINSON.

BEROALDE DE VERVILLE.

IT is perhaps doubtful whether criticism has yet pronounced a final and decisive sentence on what is called Pantagruelism ; that is, the real aim and tendency of "The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel," and of such works as are derived from this great original. At the present time there are two opinions current ; one the popular, and the other the critical, or esoteric. The first or popular estimate of Rabelais has, at least, the great merit of simplicity ; it is that the great humourist was a monster of indecency and immorality, and his work is briefly described as "a filthy satire upon the monastic orders." This truly English opinion is no doubt largely held. The gentleman who saw a copy of Rabelais on a railway bookstall, was attracted by its handsome appearance (cloth gilt), bought it to place on his drawing-room table, and denounced it to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, is a fair sample of the class who place "The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel" beside Zola, and Smollett, and Boccaccio, and Mr. George Moore ; they are all "indecent," and that is enough. The second-hand bookseller adopts the same great category, it is styled *facetio* in his delightful catalogues, and his customers know what to expect.

But the esoteric criticism of the works of the Vicar of Meudon lacks this grand simplicity of treatment. The indecency is admitted, while it is deplored ; but, according to this school, all the filth, zanyism, buffoonery, and the rest admit of valid explanation and apology. The line taken is something as follows : Rabelais was the prophet of his time, the seer who saw the old order fall away with gladness, and hailing the new philosophy, the advance of thought, in brief, the birth of modern ideas, resolved with all his might to help in the work of pulling down the old and building up the new. But he also saw his fellow-reformers, his friends and companions, die on the scaffold or at the stake ; Clement Marot had to fly the realm ; and the very friends of the king and of his sister Margaret were not safe, if heresy could be alleged against them. François Rabelais felt he had not the courage to face the fire or the cruel wheel ; and

yet he would strike, and strike hard, at the old order. So, taking advantage of a popular tradition about a giant named Gargantua, or Grantua, he wrote a great romance, in which he "spoke home and glanced on to the higher future of humanity, while he professed only to shake the bells upon his foolscap." And this he did under cover of wild, coarse buffoonery, under a mask of filth and zanyism, which should shield him from all the terrors of the persecuting Sorbonne. This buffoonery, all this wild jesting and humour, are but the shell; the kernel is to be sought within. In brief, the essence of Rabelais is not his humour, but the seriousness, the lofty aims that it conceals.

There is only one objection to be urged against this theory; against a system of glossing which makes jolly Brother John of the Funnels fight for the "life of life" when he defends the monastic vineyard; against the truly astounding discovery that the "Holy Bottle" is the "central truth of life"; and that objection is that all these conjectures and speculations were assuredly hatched in Nephelococcugia, more plainly, they are not true; Rabelais would call such notions *flimflams*. Let the Rabelaisian Origenes who uphold this method of apology and interpretation endeavour to imagine Gargantua, Pantagruel, and Panurge reconstructed according to their theory, that is to say, let them fancy the five books written as they affirm Rabelais would have written them, if it had not been for his fear of persecution. Many excellent moral precepts, much curious information, charming little maxims on statecraft, education, and many other matters would survive; but this book, though interesting enough to some, would not be Rabelais. It would be a curious storehouse of curious things, a book something after the style of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," prized by scholars, but little read; and to say the truth, not a little dull. As they are, the works of François Rabelais are a fountain of perpetual laughter; as his critics say he would have written them, had he dared, they would be a collection of *adversaria*. Indeed to us it seems that there is none of that concealment and abstruse allegory so much insisted on; surely the thickest head can find plenty of very obvious, sharp-toothed satire against priests, friars, monks and popes in the works as they are; and who could indite a plainer accusation of law and lawyers than the account of the "furred law-cats"?

The monks of Sevellé, offering prayers and singing litanies when the abbey is assailed, are held up to ridicule in tolerably perspicuous terms; the satire on monastic institutions contained in the delineation of Theleme is written with brutal frankness; where is the

allegory? And why should Rabelais conceal the "life of life" (whatever that may be) under the figure of a vineyard; what danger had he to apprehend here? If Friar John be the type of the "Christian Soldier" (according to another critical Panurge he is "a good man spoiled" by sensual indulgence and monastic regulations!), then the "life of life," or "central truth of life," would mean some central doctrine of the Christian Religion, and even in those unenlightened days of popery men were not burnt for affirming, let us say, the doctrine of the Incarnation. Clearly then this school of Rabelaisian hermeneutics is built on the sand (it is the old Anglo-Saxon mania for finding prosy morals in everything; was it Warburton who thought Don Quixote a studied satire on Mariolatry?). Pantagruel is not the precursor of Herbert Spencer, nor are the five precious books an early contribution to the science of Sociology. In fine, to make the essence, the kernel, the hidden talisman of Rabelais to consist of serious, moral, and edifying reflections is as if a critic of pantomime were to find in the harlequinade, where the clown upsets, vilifies, cheats, and mocks the policeman, a hidden satire on law and order, and a trumpet-tongued proclamation of Nihilism and Anarchy.

And this example of the pantomime brings us to the point; now we are in a fair way to understand what Pantagruelism really is. It is indeed a harlequinade. One could not find a better word to express its aims and methods. But it is the harlequinade of all humanity, and of all human thoughts, and words, and actions, and the harlequin was a harlequin inspired; a man to whom it had been given to see and understand the laughter that lies everywhere hidden, as fire lies hidden in the flints and stones; a man whose intellect seized on whatever was humorous, whatever could be turned into a jest, whatever could be pelted and made game of whether justly or unjustly. As for his coarseness (a mask, forsooth!), it was nothing strange to his age or to him, the man of his age; the wonder were if he had not been coarse. Do "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," the Heptameron, and a little later the *facetie* of Bruscombille and "Les Escaignes Dijonoises," do these also conceal high moralities and furnish a guide to the central truth of life? Maybe, for they are certainly coarse enough. No; Pantagruelism is the travesty of life, it is laughter *in excelsis*, mirth so glorious and broad in its scope, that after all it is not to be wondered at if the Saxon, seeing as he cannot help seeing, that Rabelais was one of the greatest of men, has come to the conclusion that such a genius could not possibly have concerned himself with mere—humour. And thus

we have made the best of romances into a series of didactic essays. Doubtless much that Rabelais wrote *is* instructive enough, he was a learned man ; doubtless many a good lesson may be gleaned from his book, he was, we believe, a thoroughly good man ; all this is the shell, and useful enough ; but the kernel, that is the supremest, most subtle laughter, the wide world a magic transformation scene, such a universal harlequinade as no boards could ever show.

We have made a long preface ; but this matter of explanation was necessary before Beroalde de Verville, the subject of this article, could be considered ; for his chief work, the “*Moyen de Parvenir*,” is an essentially Rabelaisian book (as we shall see, it has even been attributed to Rabelais himself), and to understand the “*Moyen de Parvenir*,” it is needful to understand Rabelaisianism or Pantagruelism, whichever it may be called. François Beroalde was born at Paris on April 28, 1558, five years after the death of Rabelais. His father, Matthieu Beroalde, was one of the most learned men and most furious Calvinists in France, and the learning and the Calvinism of the father passed on to the son, minus the zealous rage for reformation which made France a cockpit for the struggles of religious bigotry. Matthieu Beroalde died at Geneva about 1577, and in 1578 François published his “*Théâtre des instruments mathématiques et mécaniques de Jacques Besson*.” At this period applied mathematics seem to have been the young man’s favourite study ; he was learning clock-making at Bâle at the time of his father’s death. As soon as he could call himself his own master he became a tutor to the son of a nobleman, returning at the same time to France, and to the early faith of his father ; ostensibly at all events. It was probably on his abjuration of Calvinism that he added the de Verville to his name. With the character of a wit and a man of learning, and no longer a Calvinist, Beroalde seems to have made good friends, and to have found a Mæcenas in René Crespin, Seigneur du Gast, to whom he dedicated a book called “*Apprehensions Spirituelles*.” His next step was to take Holy Orders, and in 1593 he obtained a canonry in the church of St. Gatien at Tours. This year of his preferment he signalised by the publication of a volume intitled “*De la Sagesse, livre premier auquel il est traité du Moyen de Parvenir au parfait estat de bien vivre*,” &c. This is a moral and religious treatise of no particular interest beyond containing the title of his future masterpiece. Then followed romances in which contemporary history was related more or less obscurely, the names of the personages being anagrammatised ; such is “*Les Aventures de Floride*,” in five parts (1594-1601). All Beroalde’s

romances are dull and intolerably diffuse ; for modern readers they are *illegible*, whatever they may have been to the friends and contemporaries of the author. But all are full of learning and information of the encyclopædic kind, and all are reckoned by the bibliophile as amongst the rarest of rare books. Besides writing romances, Beroalde had composed a bad versified imitation of More's "Utopia," in seven books, a translation of Jeremiah's "Lamentations," and a poem on silkworms, and had spoiled Jacques Gohory's old French translation of the "Hypnerotomachia." In the year 1610 he published "Le Voyage des Princes fortunez," a kind of romance, containing as usual in his romances dissertations on every conceivable subject. It is said to be so dull that even book-collectors cannot read it.

This year, 1610, was probably the date of the publication of the "Moyen de Parvenir" ; but no collector can boast (or, at any rate, truthfully) of having in his possession the *editio princeps*, and the appearance of the book remains somewhat of a mystery, even to Brunet and Paul Lacroix. An edition, bearing the date 1610, is said to have been included in the collection known as the "Bibliothèque Falconnet," but no such copy is to be found in the National Library, to which the books were left. Several editions followed this problematic first edition, but one seeks the title-pages in vain for indications of date or place of publication. These early editions are "dear dumpy twelves" ; the British Museum possesses a copy which is conjecturally assigned to the year 1620. In his last work, "Le Palais des Curieux" (1612), Beroalde avows himself the author of the "Moyen de Parvenir," declaring, however, that the printed copies misrepresented the book as he had written it : "pour ce qu'il y a des contes désagréables ; ce qui n'est pas au mien, où je ne taxe ni moine, ni prêtre, ni ministre, ni nonnain." This was an old tale ; printer's errors, officious friends, "pirated copies," in fact, covered a multitude of literary sins in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Rabelais had availed himself of the same device. In 1612, Beroalde died, the author of innumerable dull books, and of one masterpiece, the "Moyen de Parvenir."

It was appreciated from the first, and has, ever since its publication, continued to delight learned Frenchmen. Salmasius, the opponent of Milton, Lenglet Dufresnoy, and Bernard La Monnoye were amongst Beroalde's greatest admirers, and our own great Greek, Porson, is said to have become absorbed in reading this extraordinary book.

The "Moyen de Parvenir" is constructed on a plan which had

often been used before ; it professes to be a *symposium*, or festal gathering of learned men, such as was the "Deipnosophistæ." The first chapter supplies us with the date of this grand banquet, and the indication is given in such a truly Rabelaisian manner that it may well be quoted here.

"For these things came to pass in the time, the era, the hegira, the hebdomad, the lustrum, the olympiad, the year, the season, the month, the week, the day, the hour, the minute, and in the very second, when, through the progress and advice of the Demon of the Spheres, hard tennis-balls gave place to soft, much to the prejudice of that noble antiquity which played so pleasantly."

Thus, oddly, does Beroalde inform us that the banquet was held in the time of the troubles ; the "hard tennis-balls," symbolise the church doctrines, and the soft the Calvinist innovations. At this season all who "owed fealty to Sophia" were summoned to meet at the house of the "Goodman, their spiritual father." It is conjectured that the Goodman stands for Beroalde himself, but this conjecture is by no means a certainty. Curiously enough, though, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, and a host of other philosophers, are of the company, a lady is chosen to preside at the board ; and this lady is called "Madame." Madame is a puzzle ; she may be abstract wisdom or Sophia personified ; or she may symbolise Marguerite of Navarre or some other enlightened princess ; but to us the former seems the better interpretation. It is indeed a magnificent banquet over which Madame presides, for the guests are of all ages and nations, of all sorts and conditions ; Julius Cæsar and Martin Luther, Diogenes and Duns Scotus, Caligula and Calvin, are all present, and Socrates is appointed master of the ceremonies : "Since he knew all about courtly tricks, having made a deep study of the similitudes, ceremonies, buffooneries, and impostures in use among persons of honour." This description of the entry of the guests concludes with the significant sentence : "All is safe and sound ; we are all here as Father Rabelais has come in." This is true ; "Father Rabelais" is the animating spirit of the whole book. The work is declared to be an *admixture*, "the gentleman who wrote it all down for your learning, transcribed everything, mingling gloss and text without distinction." This passage has been interpreted as an acknowledgment that Beroalde was only the editor of the "Moyen de Parvenir." We have several little tales, many eulogiums, in the Rabelaisian style, of the book, and the following account of the proceedings at the banquet:

"But how did these good fellows occupy their business, or rather

what did they? They spoke, they ate, they drank, they said hush, they kept silence, they cried out, they protested, they agreed, they laughed, they yawned, they understood, they overset, they disputed, they spat, they snivelled, they wondered, they were astonished, they were amazed, they bantered, they cited, they muddled, they cleared, they debated, they conceded, they hobnobbed, they caroused, they noted, they bestirred, they granted, they laughed, they murmured, they considered, they recollected, they were contented, they passed the time, they doubted, they redoubted, they grew wise, they became, they attained."

Does not the reader feel tempted to exclaim, *Aut Rabelæsus aut Diabolus?* There is a good deal of this sort of thing; we learn that "this book is the breviary of all good volumes," because "breviaries are fat books, and by application of the methods contained herein one grows fat." We have a story about Rabelais making an "aperient decoction" by boiling *keys* in a caldron, and so forth, but it is not till the fourteenth chapter that the actual dialogue begins. The first speaker is Theodore Beza, the successor of Calvin; and Beza introduces Peter Ramus, the anti-Aristotelian, who begins a story, but wanders terribly from his point. He says some good things, however, of which the following is the most characteristic: "To drink good wine is to be a good Catholic; to put in too much water smacks of heresy, but to drink only water and to abhor wine is to swim in heresy, and not far from rank atheism."

Finally Ramus lets Carpentier (a learned jurist) tell his story, and when it is done Cujas (another jurist) catches up the concluding words, which remind him of a tale, and he accordingly proceeds to tell it. Such is the way in which Beroalde managed his plan. The "Moyen de Parvenir" from Chapter XIV. to the end is one long conversation, in which one topic suggests another; a phrase gives rise to a story, this story to another, and so on, till almost the whole map and scheme of human things has been traversed by these doctors at dinner, whose wild, unseemly jesting spares none; clown and cardinal, queen and peasant, scholar, poet, theologian, physician, and lawyer, all furnish mirth to the symposiasts, whose motto is, "Here all is liberty," or, in other words, *fay ce que tu voudras*.

In Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" the following passage occurs:

"For now, as Salisburiensis said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*, the whole world plays the fool. We have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors, *Volupia sacra* are celebrated all the world over,

where all the actors were madmen or fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next."

This sentence well describes the "Moyen de Parvenir"; it is a Walpurgis night of wild revelry, even farther removed from the world of actualities—the world which distinguishes between moral and immoral—than the works of Rabelais. There is absolutely no aim, nor trace of an aim, in the jesting; the joke is there for the joke's sake, and not the most ingenious of the allegorisers of Rabelais could find in the "Moyen de Parvenir" any "central truth of life," or any "speaking home" and "glancing on" to the higher future of humanity. For coarseness, Beroalde and Rabelais are almost on a par; both are utterly free from prurient suggestiveness; both disbelieve in the virtue of a paraphrase. And, what is more to our point, the Canon of St. Gatien is a rival of the master in the excellence of a *conteur*. There are about 220 tales in the "Moyen de Parvenir," and many of them are unsurpassed in their kind. These stories are derived from various sources; some are taken from Poggio, many are entirely original, and many, doubtless, are old *contes populaires*, which had added relish to the rustic wine and sausage for many generations before Beroalde gave them that strange polish of his. Here is an example, an ingenious little tale, consisting, so to say, of *puns in action*:

"There was once a sergeant who had a quarrelsome wife, and day and night she gave him no peace. Oftentimes did he beat her right sorely, but she would not bear it, and threatened him with the synod, the huguenots' purgatory. At last she carried her complaint, and he was cited to appear, and then and there admonished how unhandsome a thing it was thus to beat his wife. 'Nay,' said the sergeant, 'but she was worthy of beating.' 'Begone,' quoth the president; 'let there be some measure in your actions, and let us hear no more of you.' A few days after his wife, trusting in the power of the synod, again vexed him, and he beat her; but with what? Why, with a good yard measure, with which he took her measure very fairly. The poor woman took her beating very grievously, and again cited him before the synod, but they did not say much to him, as they were very busy just then. 'Go, and sin no more; and if your wife angers you beat her not,' and that was all. 'Sir,' quoth the sergeant, 'I have but done as you commanded me; I beat her with a measure.' 'Ay,' said his wife, 'he beat me with a short measure, and said that was the measure wherewith justice was meted out.' 'Alack!' said Mass John Pinaut, 'do you then make a mock of holy things? See that we hear no such tales of you again.' 'Nay, sirs,' quoth the

sergeant, 'I did but remonstrate with her.' 'Begone,' said the president; 'remonstrate with the Holy Scriptures, or else you will be clapped up.' A few days later the sergeant's wife was at her old tricks, and he beat her, but with what? Why, with a big New Testament, bound in wood and bossed with iron, which he wrapped up in a cloth, and so pounded her most handsomely. Again was the sergeant summoned before the blessed synod, which was getting very tired of seeing him. 'Sirs,' said he, 'I corrected her with Holy Scripture.' 'Alack!' quoth she, 'what Scripture was it? 'Twas with a big bouncing New Testament—a plague on it!—that he pounded me.' Thereupon the sergeant was very solemnly admonished, threatened, and adjured; and the synod ordered him, by all pains and penalties, that henceforth he should only correct his wife with the tongue. Ah! save us all! and so did he, for when next she angered him he took a smoked ox-tongue and thumped her till she was like to die."

The following story is as amusing in its way:

"**THUCYDIDES**: Which is the fatter of the two ox-heads carven on the Church of St. Peter-in-the-Butchery?

"**SAUVAGE**: You will find the answer in my Chronicle. Two good gossips disputed this question, and laid a wager as to which ox were the fatter; and it was resolved that the wager should be decided by the people as they came out from the first Mass. One of the gossips, Master Adam by name, got up in the night, and rubbed the ox on whose head he had put his money with a good dose of fat bacon; and, as you may guess, when the wager came to the test every one swore the greasy ox was a deal the fatter of the two."

This story also is a kind of pun; so is the following:

"One day a rascally fellow came to the Baron du Chastais' castle, and, finding my lord at the gate, asked him for an alms. 'Who are you?' said the baron. 'I am a poor musician.' Now you must know that the baron was mightily addicted to music, and had taught it to all his children, both boys and girls, and so he made the man dine with him. When dinner was done, he called for the music-books, which were given to all, and my lord struck the note, and the children sang. But master rascal did not utter a note, and the baron, thinking him a man of exquisite skill in music, supposed that he was listening. At last, seeing him still silent, he said: 'You do not sing?' 'No, my lord.' 'And wherefore?' 'My lord, I know nothing about it; did I not tell you that I was a poor musician?'"

Here is a quaint story of the town of Douai:

"When the Emperor Charles was to make his entry into the

town of Douai, the citizens resolved to do him all the honour imaginable. Thus they made the streets into fine bowers, hung out banners, set flags a-streaming, built triumphal arches, and all the magnificence in the world. But in the midst of all this they remembered that at the chief gate of the town there was a hanged man swinging on a scaffold ; and so, to honour the Emperor, they took off his dirty shirt, and gave him a clean one !”

But it is time we came to the churchmen, who naturally are the butts of a good deal of this universal jester's ridicule. Different reasons may be given for this fact ; the enlightened Protestant would probably say that all popish priests of all times and all ages were and are priests of Baal, workers of abominations, and so deserving the satire of every honest man ; while the superfine critics of Rabelais would explain the matter by showing that Beroalde “ glances on to the higher future of humanity,” in which future there will be, of course, no priests, but only atheist lecturers and peripatetic prophetesses. To us it seems that both these explanations are far from satisfactory. The true reason is this. Men have always laughed, and always will laugh, at the representation of persons venerable and dignified by reason of their rank, either civil or ecclesiastical, in ridiculous and disgraceful situations. It is perhaps difficult to see exactly where the humour comes in ; but it is probably the sense of incongruity which gives a relish to such jests. Mr. Gilbert's “ Bab Ballads ” and some of his comic operas might afford examples of this peculiar kind of fun. For instance, when people laughed at Sir Joseph Porter dancing a hornpipe they were not moved by a feeling of fierce hatred against chief lords of the Admiralty, but by a sense of the incongruity of the proceeding. Let this theory be applied to the ridicule of priests and monks in *Beroalde de Verville* ; it may not cover the whole ground, but it is at any rate preferable to the superfine criticism which is so advanced that common sense and sense of humour are left, miserably straggling, far behind. No doubt in Beroalde's days, as in our days, there were clerical abuses (there usually are abuses in most mortal things ; as Beroalde himself says, “ the perfect are in heaven ”) which afforded a fair mark for the satirist, and such abuses are accordingly satirised in his book : but in the majority of cases, we believe, this satire is pure fun. It is fun certainly in the following tale, unless perchance the pudding symbolises the central truth of life, like the Holy Bottle :

“ On a certain high feast day there was a good fire in the vestry, and here a monk was cooking a pudding while they were singing matins. In due time he was forced to go into the choir to give the

incense, and so he put the pudding up his sleeve and went to his task. When the canon had given him the censer he turned towards the cantor, who stood ready, with bowed head, waiting to receive the holy smoke. Then did the monk swing his arm aloft, and the folds of his sleeve loosening, the pudding flew out, and lighted very fairly on the cantor's nose, greatly to his astonishment."

The secular clergy share the fate of the regulars.

"Not so long ago there was a new rood made for the loft of a certain country church, and the old rood was stored away in the loft of the parsonage. The parson, feeling a desire towards a goose, had a fine one fattened, killed, stuffed, and spitted, and finally put down to roast. He was a frugal man, and to save firewood, lugged out the old crucifix, and put it on the fire as it was, his conscience forbidding him to break it up. This done, he went off to church leaving his little nephew to roast the goose, *id est*, to turn the spit. In course of time the cross-beam of the rood was burnt through, and the figure fell down, face foremost, on the goose. The little boy fled away in terror, and ran into the church, calling out: 'Uncle, uncle, that man you put on the fire is eating our goose!'"

"A poor old countryman was lying on his death-bed, and the priest was telling him of the life to come, that he might not sorrow after the life he was leaving. 'After the judgment-day,' quoth the good priest, 'every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and every valley shall be exalted.' 'Well, well,' said the countryman, 'that will be a famous land for us poor waggoners.'"

"A certain learned doctor had been preaching in a country church, and was on his way back again. As he rode along he fell into a theological meditation, tackling several stiff dogmatical questions, and consequently he utterly lost his way. At last he met a countryman, of whom he asked the way to Savonnières. But the countryman knew him, and said: 'Why, master, you're an honest man, indeed; I heard you preach in our church, and never heard a better sermon in my life; I should like to hear a dozen such sermons.' 'Well, well, my good friend, I hope to say a few more words in season some other time; but tell me the way to Savonnières.' 'Nay, nay,' said the countryman, 'may God keep me from such presumptuousness! to teach a man who knows everything; you are laughing at me, master. Why, the little children know the way to Savonnières, and are [you, who know all things, ignorant of such a little matter? Nay, 'tis not likely, master. God keep you' And so he left him."

Here is a pleasant adventure which befell two Grey Friars on their journey :

“ The two friars passed by Angers, and came to the castle of Bersaut (a great enemy of the begging tribe), and said to one another : ‘ Brother, who will go up ? ’ ‘ That will I, ’ said the elder of them, named Brother Eustache ; and so he was brought before my lord, and humbly besought him for an alms. ‘ Ay, ay, Brother Moustache, I will give you an alms ; but there’s an old servant of mine lying on his death-bed ; I want you to confess him. ’ ‘ With all my heart, sir, ’ answered the monk. Then Bersaut brought him to the loft, where a dog was lying, dying of old age. ‘ Oh ho ! ’ said the monk, ‘ you think to make a mock of a poor friar ! I’m not so simple as all that ; a dog needs no confession, so pray excuse me. ’ Thereupon the friar was stripped, and beaten, and sent empty away, to tell his comrade how he had been used, and the matter of confession. ‘ Let me try, ’ said the other, ‘ I shall either fare better or worse, that’s certain. ’ So he went up to the castle, and asked for an alms, and Bersaut told him of his old servant. ‘ Let me see him, ’ said the friar. He was taken to the old servant, and remarked that it was only right he should have the benefit of absolution, and asked for a little stick. This was given him, and he slit it half-way up, and turned everybody out of the room, saying that the secrets of the confessional must be respected. When they had gone he took the dog’s ear in the cleft stick, and began : ‘ Well, my good cur, do you want to die like an honest cur ? ’ So saying, he gave the stick a pinch, and the dog yelped out : ‘ *Bow, wow !* ’ ‘ Do you repent of having cheated your master by eating his game on sundry occasions ? ’ (Another pinch.) ‘ *Bow, wow, wow !* ’ ‘ Are you heartily sorry for having bitten sundry honest persons ? ’ (Another pinch.) ‘ *Bow, wow, wow !* ’ The monk added many other canine ceremonies and doggish interrogations, and finally gave the animal a handsome absolution ; and all this so delighted Bersaut that he made the monk sit beside him, stuffed him with good cheer, laughed at his jokes, filled his pockets with money and his bag with corn, and promised to treat him as heartily whenever he liked to come again.”

Such is the spirit in which Beroalde treats the clergy, of whom he was one. It is very disrespectful, doubtless ; but it means nothing—a jest is all his aim. The crafty monk who gave the nobleman’s old dog the benefit of absolution might very conceivably be developed into an elaborate character, a practised cheat and trickster, perfectly unscrupulous ; he would be a kind of Panurge. If Beroalde had

chosen to elaborate him in this manner, would the superfine critics have treated him as they have treated poor Panurge, who is a pure whim, and nothing more? Yet to Coleridge, Panurge is the "pol-larded man," the man with every faculty except the reason; to another critic he is a careful portrait of "a man without a soul"; to yet another he is the Renaissance personified. It is intensely amusing to read this gentleman's reflections on the shabby trick which the personified Renaissance plays poor Dingdong and his sheep. He cannot understand the complacency of Rabelais in describing the incident, of which Friar John, the "Christian Soldier," remarks that it was "rarely performed." Surely stuff like this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the "serious" interpretation of Rabelais and Rabelaisianism. It is like the horror of certain worthy people at the vast and excessive consumption of brandy-and-water and milk-punch in a Rabelaisian book called "Pickwick." Let us try to palliate and allegorise Mr. Pickwick in the pound! Mr. Pickwick said he was "Punch"; this means, of course, that he was a personification of the ancient farces, the Mimes and Atellane comedies. The pound is probably the sphere of sense, in which men wallow till they are rescued by Sam Weller (intellect), in spite of the beadle, who symbolises the old order, the profitless rules and regulations, which spoiled that "good man" Friar John of the Funnels.

An amusing dissertation on the manners and customs of canons' "housekeepers" is put into the mouth of Beza, the Calvinist:

"When a woman is engaged by an ecclesiastic, for the first month she's his maid, for the second his mate, and for the third his mistress. For the first month she's as good as gold: everything I have is my own. If I am leaving the church and see her coming from the house of one of the other canons, I say to her, 'Where have you been, Jenny?' 'At your gossip's, to fetch back your cup, that you left behind last night, when you were at supper.' There you are! Everything is mine. Next month I ask the same question in the same way. She will answer: 'I have been after our cup, which we left behind last night when we supped with our gossip.' Cheer up! I have still some small share in things. But the month after that, if I put the same question, I shall get another sort of answer: 'What are you meddling about? You want to know everything, like a bishop. I have been to get my cup, which I left behind me last night, when I was supping with my gossip.' You see she has everything!"

As a companion to this we have the remark of the "house-keeper," who was lamenting the hard times, and said: "If it were

not for *our masses*, I do not know how we should get on." Then there is a tale of the poor peasant who had sold his one cow to pay his advocate's fees, and on going to thank him for his exertions, found a painter busily engaged in decorating the panels of the rich barrister's hall with a series of hunting scenes. The peasant stared intently at the pictures, and asked what he was looking at, replied: "I was looking to see if you had put my cow amongst all those wild beasts." Who cannot discover the high purpose, the hatred of oppression here? For an advocate to demand a fee for his advocacy is evidently an intolerable injustice! Lawyers, together with physicians and priests, should of course live on air. Again, we have the riddle of the *fille de joie*: "If you put a sergeant, a miller, and a tailor into a sack, which would be the first to come out?" Some said one and some another, but all were wrong. "Nay, nay," laughed the girl, "a rogue would be the first to come out." Infinite mirth, infinite variety; such is the "Moyen de Parvenir"; and every here and there are odd little snatches of verse, such as:

What made brother Ambrose fall?
Ale, old ale, and that was all;
Rare old ale made Ambrose fall.

Another "good man" spoiled by sensual indulgence! Then again there is the inscription set over his porch by a gentleman who had knocked about a good deal in his time:

Let priest and monk pass by this door,
And flee my hearth and threshold floor;
Cancens, prick on, for here they keep
No stalls where you may sing and sleep.

The "Moyen de Parvenir" ends as it begins—oddly and abruptly; there is no reason why the guests should not have gone on talking for ever. The spirit of the book is the same throughout; one fantastic tale follows another, and it positively rains puns from cover to cover, most of these puns being of the coarse order, and utterly incapable of translation. Here and there are pseudo-scientific discourses, sometimes touching on alchemy, on which subject Beroalde had written a book. There are the exhortations to drink and eat, the allusions to "neat little hams" and tongues, and such drawers-on; there are descriptions of strange lands and strange customs (in one country they fatten "Master Lent" in a pen till the grease runs out of his eyes); and there are numerous speeches eulogising the work itself in the true manner of Rabelais in his prologues, and indicating its antiquity and the abstruse lessons to be derived

from it. It is like a breviary, it is the centre of all the books in the world, it is like a bottle of wine, it contains the philosopher's stone, it has been produced out of compassion for bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles, and bibliognostes, "who take delight in binding, decking-out, and gilding" books of no account; it contains the elements of all the sciences and all the volumes in the world, &c. &c. All this is quite in the "fair, goodly books stuffed with high conceptions" vein of Rabelais. Is the "Moyen de Parvenir" a reconstruction of some lost work of the master's?

It is a difficult question. Beroalde's other works, though equally licentious, are terribly dull, and the "Moyen de Parvenir" is not a dull book by any means, considered as a whole, though parts of it are undoubtedly tedious. But it can hardly be said that the writing of a number of bad books is proof positive of inability to write a good one. It is certain also that the "Moyen de Parvenir" was attributed to Beroalde by his contemporaries, and claimed as his work by himself. We have hinted at passages which call the "Moyen de Parvenir" an *admixture*; there is a good deal about the original text being mingled with the comment. The work is said to have been originally in rhyme, to have been "edited" in fact. According to M. Paul Lacroix, all this amounts to an acknowledgment of plagiarism on Beroalde's part. He is not quite sure that other copies of the pillaged manuscript do not exist; if there are any in existence, he will be beforehand with his accusers. In fact, the learned Bibliophile Jacob stiffly contends for the Rabelaisian origin of the "Moyen." Certain manuscripts of Rabelais had passed into the hands of Matthieu Béroalde and were used by his son, who modernised the language, added allusions to contemporary events, and inserted the dissertations on alchemy, &c. The theory is an ingenious one; it certainly cannot be disproved, but neither can it be proved, unless these manuscripts can be produced. As for the admissions that the book is an admixture, containing both text and comment, is there not something of the same kind to be found in Rabelais himself? How about the "mouldy little pamphlet" found in the great brazen tomb? On the whole it seems the safer way to give Beroalde the credit (some would say the infamy) of having written the "Moyen de Parvenir," always pending the discovery of those mysterious manuscripts of "Lucianistées" and "Icadistées," possibly written by Rabelais, possibly included in Matthieu Beroalde's library, and possibly utilised by Beroalde de Verville in the composition of the "Moyen de Parvenir."

Here we must part with the author and his book. We do not

recommend it for general reading, or as a French text-book for "University Locals"; there is plenty of good literary beef and table beer admirably adapted for these purposes. It is not by any means a book adapted for our "honest British shelves," as Mr. Andrew Lang calls them, but would be well placed in the collector's cabinet under a good lock and key. By all means let the general enjoy their beef and beer, their "She," their "Uncle Tom's Cabin," their harmless, necessary, three-volume novels; but let the curious escape censure if they relish a little caviar, a few olives, a small flask of old French wine made over two hundred years ago, and still fragrant, still sparkling, still racy of that magic soil from whence it sprang—Touraine, the garden of France, the land of Balzac, of Rabelais, and of Beroalde de Verville; the land of laughter, and the rare and wondrous mirth we call Pantagruelism.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

ON LOAFERS.

WHAT is a loafer? One who loafs. In what does the act of loafing consist? In living at other people's expense; in receiving wages—board-wages—without working for them. This is the generally-accepted meaning of the term. "He who will not work, neither shall he eat." The loafer eateth, but worketh not. Hence I should derive the name from loaf: the loaf-eater, who lives on the loaf-giver. A philosopher has divided mankind into two great classes—fools and those who prey upon them. The common or professional loafer may be said to come under the latter division. Of this sort is the loafer proper. But of loafers there are many kinds and degrees. I believe that many a man, not naturally born a loafer, is as often as not made one by force of circumstances, by education as much as by his own idiosyncrasy. Man is a lazy animal, no doubt—at least John Stuart Mill said so—and would never work unless hunger drove him to it. This is the law of our nature.

I read a good story once in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* about a loafer. "If you do not give me money, I will do this day what I have never done before," exclaimed the wretch, in apparently great distress of mind. He got it. "What would you have done had I not given you what you wanted?" asked the Samaritan. "Work," replied the loafer. Ay, work. "Blessed is the man who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness." But how can a square man work in a round hole, or *vice versâ*? Not to have found his work is doubtless the real secret history of many a hapless loafer. I will treat of this class first—the manufactured loafer, not the loafer by the light of nature. Many of these unfortunates have had the misfortune of being "apprenticed to a gentleman" instead of to a trade. A loafer of this sort may not actually be fed by his fellow-man—he very likely possesses some small resources of his own—but he does nothing. He possesses no visible means of support. He really has no excuse for being alive, for existing as a member of the body politic. But woe unto the man who professes to do nothing nowadays: and at the very most this sort of loafer is only supposed to be "look-

ing for something to do," and never finding it; an occupation which seems to suit him best of any, for he has probably tried many trades and failed in all. Provided that he does not borrow too much or too often, he is generally spoken of as Poor So-and-So by those who know him best. He commenced life, no doubt, a willing horse enough, but perhaps the harness galled or rubbed him so that he could not pull in it; or perhaps he was forced "by others far wiser than he, by others much older than he," to follow a line of business utterly unsuitable and repugnant to his nature. His heart was never in his work, and it may have broken down under the strain. He may have proved "not strong enough for the place." He may have been found wanting at the critical moment, and cashiered, in accordance with that stern law that knows no mercy, the survival of the fittest. The strong man keeps "pegging away" till he gains a foothold somewhere in the universe; but the "half-baked" man tumbles to pieces. It is as possible to spoil a young man by injudicious handling as a young horse. We cannot all be General Grants, one of the most marked instances in history of a man eminently successful in a profession his soul abhorred.

But many fall by their own mistake. They "nurse the pinion that impels the steel." Many a loafer has formerly been

A youth condemned his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

Of this kind are those who mistake aspiration for inspiration, and suffer accordingly. Others may have staked their all, their future prospects in life, their whole subsequent career, as desperate gamblers, on the hazard of a die, the passing of some examination, the obtaining of a certain scholarship, and failed, and for ever after are blown about in a whirlwind of desolation and unrest. Such are those who never obtain a footing on the ladder of success. Educated for a special object, when they fail in obtaining it they are fit for nothing else. Dead leaves of the tree of knowledge, drifting helplessly over the face of the earth, they have caught a glimpse of Paradise, and are unable to enter; and yet are incapable of getting a living by digging in the hard ground outside. Many of this latter class are the innocent victims of the folly of their friends.

It is far better to be considered a fool than a "sucking" genius. In the first instance, you may possibly surprise your friends by your subsequent prowess and ability; in the second, you have to do something worthy of your reputation, and if you do not, Heaven help you! This species of loafer is generally a gentle, helpless sort of creature, worthy of his stronger brothers' pity and aid. He is not

naturally idle ; in fact, had his talents been directed in a judicious manner, he probably once possessed both perseverance and ability : but either his natural inclinations have been thwarted, or his capabilities have been over-estimated, either by himself or his friends ; and now the spring-time of his life is gone. He has lost all *élan*, he has become deficient in go. He has forgotten the days wherein he thought

It were an easy leap
To pluck bright honours from the pale-faced moon.

Deal gently with thy brother, therefore, O level-headed man of the world. Those who formerly considered him "so clever," or "very promising," visit their mistakes in judgment upon his wretched head. They are "disappointed in him," and are indignant accordingly—not with themselves, but with him. He is the broken reed that has pierced the hand that leaned upon it, so they promptly proceed to break it. They now look askance upon the unfortunate object of their previous admiration. He, erst the *monstratus digito*, is now ticketed *vaurien*, good-for-nothing—loafer—too lazy to do a day's work. Loafers of this class are shovelled off in heaps to the colonies. On the principle of "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after," they are urged by their friends(?) to "go abroad." They "go," and eventually "go under." Absolutely harmless they are, perfectly incapable of taking care of themselves, so they lie down and die.

There are some undertakings that success alone can justify. Suppose Wolfe had failed at Quebec. Suppose the attack on Majuba had succeeded. If Wordsworth and Keats had not been poets, what would they have become? Neither of them gave satisfaction to their friends when they commenced life. Watt was an "idle boy." Benvenuto Cellini's father forced him to learn music instead of modelling. Michael Angelo's parents strongly objected to the career of an artist for their son—and, to compare small things with great, so did those of Benjamin West. Boccaccio was one of those who penned a stanza when he should have been engrossing. Balzac refused to be "perched like a crow upon a three-legged stool" in a lawyer's office. All these, and many more, too numerous to mention, subsequently justified the belief that they had in themselves. Doubtless they were supported by that strong internal consciousness, that premonition of a great future, that true genius experiences. Young Disraeli is reported to have expressed his intention of becoming Premier while yet a boy at school. "*Quand nous sommes ministres*," was often on the lips of the youthful Thiers. But let us remember that there is always the

other side of the carpet. If they had not succeeded, what then? I hope it is not flat blasphemy to say that if they had not prevailed, they would probably have joined the great army of loafers, which without doubt is so largely recruited from the "vies manquées," the "wounded lives" of this world. Its ranks are filled by men neither idle nor profligate, who, either through their own fault or that of injudicious friends, have made a mistake, and consequently must pay for it. They have "missed their tip," and failed "to grasp the skirts of happy chance," which are said to be placed within the reach of every man at the one supreme moment of his life. They have never taken the tide of their affairs at that floodtime which leads on to fortune, and so they must for ever remain helplessly drifting about among the shoals and shallows, or lie stranded for ever

On the lone edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world.

They never seem to have hit upon the right thing to do, and so they never do anything. They have frittered away their energies on many things, and now they have no energy left for any one thing. They are soured and disappointed, and should they not be made entirely of that yielding stuff which enters so largely into the composition of those loafers formerly spoken of, they very often become savage, and run amuck against mankind. "The world is not their friend, nor the world's law." The rough work-a-day world loveth them not. They are good-for-nothing, unusable, waste, weeds, wreckage from the argosies of life.

How many a disappointed wretch originally as well-groomed and as well-fed, and as well-principled as anybody else, rendered desperate by the injustice or neglect, real or imaginary, of his fellows, has been sucked down into the great maelstrom, to be shot out again in the time of convulsion and eruption, an atheist, communist, nihilist, *déclassé*, an avenger of society!

Such, then, are the loafers who have been made loafers, either by their own conceit, their own misjudgment, or the idiocy of their friends. Of loafers that are born such, the classes and degrees are likewise various. First of all we have the licensed loafer, the man who holds, as it were, letters of marque from society to be such; and these, too, vary in their kind as well. Instances are easy to supply: Will Wimble, Master Simon, Chevalier Strong, and Jock the Laird's brother. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to class the above as loafers, for they rendered certain undefined and multifarious services to the man they "loafed on," for which he in his turn made acknowledgment by granting them free living and free quarters. They more or less

resemble the clientes of the Roman noble ; they are very much akin to the feudal retainers of the mediæval baron. In fact, this class of loafer was—I say was advisedly, for the class I am now dealing with is practically extinct—in many cases, the direct product of feudalism and primogeniture. Does not Addison regret that his genteel connections had precluded Will Wimble from being apprenticed to some honest business, where talents that were now frittered away in making garters for the ladies, and providing a dish of fish for the squire, might have been happily and usefully employed ? But in those days every old family retained its loafer, in the same way that it possessed a ghost or a haunted chamber. He added to its dignity and respectability. This species of loafer was as much a part of a fine gentleman's surroundings as his outriders or Dalmatians. In rougher ages a retainer had to fight for his lord, while it was the province of the fool to relieve the tedium of his idle hours ; at a later date it was only a very exceptional loafer, like Chevalier Strong, who was ready to “go out” in the place of the man whose bread he ate. Most retained loafers preferred the duties and immunities that originally fell to the share of the jester, though let us not forget that Chicot was a fighting man, and that Le Glosseur had saved the life of Charles the Rash, and that Sir Walter Scott makes poor Wamba ever ready to draw in his lord's defence.

A very good example of the domestic Yorick of a later age is the picture of Master Simon drawn by Washington Irving. He heads the chapter that introduces him to the reader's notice with the following quotation : “A decayed gentleman, who lives much upon his own mirth and my master's means, and much good do him with it : he does hold my master up with his stories, songs, and catches, and such tricks and jigs you would admire. He is with him now.” Such was Master Simon—a sort of upper servant, bailiff, or steward, who in return for a number of small services and duties rendered, never actually specified but all clearly understood, received his bed and board. “The grooms, gamekeepers, whippers-in, and other retainers, seemed all to be on a somewhat familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having a joke with him, though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.” Thus, too, does Lamartine describe the duties of a major-domo of this class. He is speaking of a Chevalier, the cadet of some noble house of pre-Revolutionary France, who, having escaped the lead and steel of his own enemies in private duello, or the king's on the field of battle—for such a one had always been a soldier, if he had not entered the priesthood—returns *emeritus*, sheath-

ing his sword for ever—"to vegetate in one of his brother's old châteaux, with rooms in the upper storey; to superintend the garden, to shoot with the *curé*, to look after the horses, to play with the children, to make up a party of whist or tric-trac, the born servant of everybody, a domestic slave, happy in being so, beloved and neglected by all; and thus to complete his life, without lands, without wife, without descendants, until the time when age and infirmities confined him to the bare room, on the walls of which his helmet and his old sword were hung, and that day on which every one in the château should be told 'M. le Chevalier is dead.'"¹ "To play with the children." "He has carried me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed so oft. Alas, poor Yorick!" Chevalier Strong was of a different type to this. He may rather be described as placing himself first, and the miserable patron whom he served next after; but then, you know, "we must be worthy of being well served," and "good masters make good servants." Strong, in fact, had he not been so very useful in his various capacities, would have degenerated into the class of those aggressive and voracious loafers who render no services in return for "goods supplied."

In the brave days of old, Jock the Laird's brother could always betake himself and his troubles to where there were "good wars" being waged, and "die on some counterscarp," as poor Nigel Oliphant proposed doing. Of what was Falstaff's ragged troop composed? "Younger sons of younger brothers: broken down, unjust serving-men; ostlers and tapsters, trade fallen—the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." "Good to toss," poor fellows, "food for powder: they filled a trench as well as better men"; and perhaps this was better than living on other people, or being supported by your friends. In any case, Sir Walter Raleigh thought so, and if, nowadays, Jock cannot find work at home, he can always "go to the colonies": whether he will be successful or not is another question. So much, then, for the feudal class of licensed loafers, of whom Chevalier Strong appears to have been a survival. Coming down to more modern times, we get the "Spring-captains," and such loafers as Major Pendennis,—'arf pay, as his exasperated valet was careful to remind him. The major was a chevalier, but not of noble blood, and with no elder brother possessed of château to afford him house-room. The extent of acres belonging to the Prince of Pendennis and Duke of Fair Oaks hardly justified the maintenance of a retainer of this sort, so the major was fain to follow in the train of every great man who would permit him to do so; and thus he

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, article on "Lamartine."

managed to obtain a great deal more of this world's goods than would otherwise have fallen to his share, by means of a little judicious toadyism, or, as he would have said, "by making himself agreeable." Old Wigsby, you remember, was the major's name among the followers of the great, so we know how he was respected. Yet the brougham of a noble lord was always at his service, and I'll be bound the cushions never wanted airing. Here also we may place the Society men, the diners-out, the brilliant conversationalists, the Fourteenthers, to adopt the French word which now describes a regular profession open to ingenuous youth—namely, filling up an unexpected gap, or making the number up to fourteen at a dinner-party; and those young men who had an indefinite, and, as it were, an aoristic sort of existence—who, in the words of Leech's cabby, "want to get their ride as well as their dinner for nothing."

Belonging likewise to the class of chartered loafers are the tame cats of society, the men without any definite aim in life, the lazy, flabby amateur, "who only sketches, you know," the sloppy executionist, the weak-jointed composer. By their works ye shall know them—indefinite and incomplete. Also here comes the blue-and-white Bohemian, who dwells in a frock-coat and five o'clock tea country, a land where it is ever afternoon: his is the tea in the afternoon, his the clang of the silver spoon. This species is generally described as "a nice fellow," and if not a prig is generally "very tolerable, and to be endured," so long as he is not mean enough to engage the affections of an heiress. Fortune-hunters are a very detestable kind of loafer. The services the tame cats are supposed to render in return for their entertainment are really so small that they are not worth mentioning. They are only expected to look pleasant whatever may happen to them under all circumstances and at all times.

Akin to the tame cats of the present day are their immediate precursors and forerunners, those numerous gentlemen the portraits of whom adorn the pages of Miss Austen, "who did nothing, and did not desire to do anything." Imagine an articulate-speaking man owning to such a faith nowadays! These were the heroes of the Assembly Room and the tea-table, who, safe in the enjoyment of an income, however small,

Daffed the world aside, and bid it pass.

They contributed their quota of small talk and small jokes for the benefit of their entertainers. They were eminently respectable, and totally free from vice. Among their ranks Chevalier Strong could never have enlisted: he was essentially a man's and not a lady's

man, but these were gentle as the sucking dove. They replenished the tea-pot, they handed the muffins, they were invaluable in many ways. One speaks of loafers so eminently well-bred and ultra-genteel with bated breath, almost with respect. They were only loafers inasmuch as they were without ambition or enterprise, and clung like limpets to their native rock. They formed a solid body of Will Wimbles and Master Simons, but, unattached to any chieftain, they followed the flag of no great house. They were a semi-independent band of *condottieri*, hiring out their services when required for the tea-fight or the muffin-struggle. These, too, the advancing tide of civilisation has engulfed and swept away. An odd and aged specimen may perchance still be encountered at Bath or Cheltenham, but as a class—as a distinct phalanx that Society had always to reckon with—“they are gone, and for ever.”

Of the loafer pure and simple of a past age, Philosopher Square may be taken as a good example. He did positively nothing for his keep that I could ever discover. At the same time, he was quiet and non-aggressive, except to Thackum, whom, I suppose, he regarded as his equal. The disputes between the theologian and the philosopher may occasionally have afforded their patron some amusement; and let us hope that Square did not give much trouble to the servants.

The name of Parson Thackum recalls that famous body of the eighteenth-century domestic chaplains, who were frequently retained for the sake of their mental or social accomplishments—very often because of the latter alone—not so much for any spiritual qualities they possessed. This class of clergyman was at once the worldly and ghostly adviser, as well as the butt and boon companion, of his protector. Such was the Reverend Lavender in the employ of Barry Lyndon, Esq., and such, as well, was the tutor of Master Peregrine Pickle. Men who would undertake such work for their “bellies’ sake” may justly be described as loafers. Alas! an o’er-great love of the loaves and fishes has ever been said to be a failing of the clergy. In old days, however, the Army offered a refuge for the fool of the family, where he could comfortably get knocked on the head and trouble his friends no more. But now a formidable examination looms up before the aspirant to military fame. Yet there still remains the Church: and at present it seems that a man who is good for nothing else is always good enough for performing “the high and sacred duties of a clergyman of the Church of England.” He can loaf on its revenues when all other resources fail. Doubtless it was owing to this propensity in human nature that King Jeroboam found

no difficulty in recruiting the ranks of his priesthood from "the lowest of the people."

Bohemians if impecunious—a characteristic of Bohemians—are frequently loafers. Mr. Fred Bayham may be taken as a type of the whole. Hitherto we have discoursed more or less only of the licensed professional loafer—he who levies a social blackmail on society by a species of hereditary right, and makes some unacknowledged and undefined, but clearly-understood, return. It now remains to speak of the professional loafer pure and simple—the Loafer *Rapax*. Here may be placed Sir John Falstaff, Knight, a prince of the tribe of the hardy species of loafer or social buccaneer, together with his following and all offshoots and descendants therefrom, who say, in the words of Ancient Pistol, "the world's their oyster." To this class belong the professional tramp, the sturdy beggar, and the colonial sundowner. These latter wander up and down the face of the earth seeking work and finding none—and never wanting to find it either, some people say, praying not to find it.

These exacters of blackmail from the timid housewife and the mistress of the lonely farm-dwelling have every characteristic of the loafer, and are mighty particular about the quality of the victuals supplied them. In this point they strongly resemble the high-toned loafer, who expects to be supplied with the best of everything. The high-toned loafer is in the apex of the list of professional loafers. The high-toned loafer is a man to be avoided. The tramp eventually betakes himself off; the sundowner proceeds onwards at sunrise till he comes to a shady place, to snooze away the day till it is time to put in an appearance at the next station. But the high-toned loafer does no such thing: like Chevalier Strong, "he comes for a fortnight, and stops." Well, Strong stopped for years with Sir Francis Clavering; but then he earned his keep—Sir Francis clung to him, and eventually could not manage to live without him. But the high-toned loafer presents you with no equivalent return for his oats, except the pleasure of his society. A tramp has been known to fetch water and chop firewood in return for his dinner; but what profit does a man derive from the entertainment he bestows upon the tramp's magnificent brother? I say magnificent advisedly, for this class of man is generally resplendent with rugs, wraps, hat-boxes, portmanteaus, and overcoats. I place this much to his credit, that he never requires the loan of a shirt or the bestowal of a tooth-brush. He is generally gorgeously arrayed: how he manages to do it, let the tailors and drapers he "has gone through" relate. "That quest is not for me;" I have only to treat of his dealing with his unfortunate host, who

probably, if he was asked, is at a loss to explain how the fellow ever got into the house. "King Adoni Bezek had three score and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, that gathered their meat under his table:" but rather than suffer any personal inconvenience the genuine loafer is much more likely to give other people, more especially the servants, a considerable amount of extra work and trouble; and as for thankfully eating what is set before him, or gathering his food under your table, he is much more likely to find fault with your cook and criticise your wine. In fact, before his visit is ended—for of course you must manage to get rid of him somehow: if you are mean, you can very likely get some one as green as you were to ask him, and so pass him on to the next man—but by the time he leaves you, you will probably be imbued with a vague idea that the favour and condescension are all on his part for coming to see you, and the obligations are on yours. By the exercise of an impudence almost amounting to genius, he has almost succeeded in reversing your relative positions. This loafer is really "a bad old sort," for he is selfish, indolent and disobliging: you and yours derive no pleasure from his society, and you all breathe freely when he goes. Perhaps your cheque-book alone can tell the means by which you have rid yourself of the monster.

But there is yet a worse loafer under the sun—I mean "Jock, your wife's brother"—"Poor Jock," as she calls him, for whom she is always asking you "to do something." Your mother-in-law is bad enough, yet not so bad:

For whiles she comes, and whiles she goes;
But Jock stays there for ever!

Of escape from this loafer there is no hope. You must resign yourself to him as Sinbad did to the Old Man of the Sea. Your brother-in-law sticketh closer than a brother. For what can you do with a man who will do nothing for himself? It is cheapest in the end to put him down among your other household expenses. He is the bad penny you can never pass on. Moreover, he is apt to value himself at a bigger rate than the rest of the world value him. I read once in an extract from an American paper, that "people had not grown any more hard-hearted than they were in the 15th Chapter of Luke or anywhere else, but that they objected to the prodigal returning with his hat placed jauntily on the side of his head, and wanting to know 'What's for dinner?' thinking that he 'will take a bath' before it, and telling his elder brother to comb the hayseeds out of his hair. 'Then it is,' says the old man, 'that your father longs to fall upon you with the cart-lines, while you are yet a great

way off, and walt you into a state of becoming humility," &c. I, for one, confess that I own to some sympathy with this parent.

Of the loafer who drinks—the last on the list—I will say nothing: the subject is but a sad one, and I know no remedy for those who are thus afflicted.

In conclusion, some loafers have been very eminent, some very illustrious men, but owing to the force of circumstances alone, not from inclination. Of this sort were Themistocles and Hannibal. Charles II. had some experience of the profession. James II. was a gorgeous loafer, with a court and palace at St. Germain's, all maintained at his friend Louis the Great's expense; and not only James II., but his son, and his son's son, managed to "hang on" for a considerable number of years.

You remember, too, how the noble-hearted Southey supported Coleridge and his family, and with only the fruits of his own industry and labour to rely on, instead of the revenues of a kingdom. But even the great Erasmus himself was sometimes fain to beg to supply his own immediate necessities. "You must tell her," he writes to a friend, whom he is instructing to ask for pecuniary aid on his behalf, "that I am in the greatest poverty. . . . Italy is the fittest place for a man to take the title of doctor, and Italy cannot be visited by a delicate man without a good sum of money, especially if his literary reputation makes it impossible for him to live in a shabby style."¹ This letter calls to mind that which was addressed to Cave and signed "Sam Johnson. *Impransus*." There is yet one greater than all these, one who in his own person was fated to

Prove how salt will taste
The stranger's bread; how hard it is
Ascending and descending other people's stairs.

—Dante Alighieri, who ate the bread of sorrow, and drank the water of affliction, and drained the cup of life's bitterness to the very dregs, surrounded by *nebulones et histriones* at the Court of Can della Scala.

A LOAFER.

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, article on "Erasmus."

LITTLE TOURS.

“GRAND Touring” is now well understood, and brought to a system, with all its *désagrémens*, weary preparations and toilsome sufferings — expense, “bother,” the taking about one’s family on one’s shoulders, as it were, dragging baggage after one as in a cart, hotels, cabs, “rushing for trains.” These and other things help us to learn “the art of being inconvenienced.” In the sort of agitation produced by such annoyances, and in the shadow of coming evils awaiting us, it is difficult to see “sights” with the calm, tranquil appreciation which is necessary for their enjoyment. Nay, we do *not* see ; there is a general disappointment, from the feeling of hurry and the large sums laid out, for which this is but a poor, inadequate return.

It is, perhaps, time that something should be said for the “little tour,” which is scarcely enjoying the favour it deserves. The “little tour” is without any of the evils described : it is *sans* packing, *sans* baggage, *sans* trouble, *sans* money even. The point is to feel and act as if you are at home. When you start on your little tour you do so at a few hours’ notice. The idea is as of a holiday, not of a penance. You walk down to the station carrying your convenient haversack, which should not be one of your rather discreditable knapsacks, but an honest bag on the Gladstonian model—that is, it should *mean* more than it holds—have quite a portmanteau air, and yet be no more than a small receptacle. A couple of days at most will suffice. Nothing is more delightful than, on arrival at some new unfamiliar town, to cast your “goods and chattels” into the proper *dépôt* and walk up. Now you are one of the natives—not driven up, with your baggage on top, or feeling that curious, half-nervous sense we all do when approaching a strange hotel.

That “walking up” is always delightful, for every step shows us something novel, unpretending it may be, but still welcome. It may be an odd old house, or a church, or a costume. We always look out the first thing for the cathedral or town-hall steeple—sure to be seen afar off. For this we make direct, for we know it is on the grand Place. A few notes taken on a card inform us what is to be

seen and worth seeing, and this without the bother of stopping to ask. A purchase of a photograph in a stationer's is an excellent opportunity, when really useful information will be given, such people being directly interested in the curios of the place, and perhaps having a hope that you may return and buy souvenirs. Sometimes, when the train does not serve for three or four hours, we have, as it were, settled down in the place, and, furnished with a little map which almost every town offers, have set off on a country walk to some church, or abbey, or village, fancying ourselves regular explorers, as the people come to their doors and stare, and the children follow. In this simple fashion one sees a great deal that is new and pleasing without being in the least "fashed."

But, as I say, there is an art in all this. We must not expect too much; and we are thus often surprised in some obscure place by coming on rare old churches, strange buildings, and the like—unpretending, shunning observation, asking neither praise nor attention, but only to be left alone to crumble away.

If the self-porterage of one's effects be thought too troublesome, a good, convenient method is to fix oneself in some central town, set off betimes in the morning, scour the country by rail, and return in the evening. It would be possible on this system to see the whole of that truly interesting country Belgium in three or four days without hurry, leaving out, of course, the familiar Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels. This year, fixed at Ostend, I made many a little tour here, there, and everywhere. The ordinary flying traveller, who has been driven "under guide" from museum to museum, and has duly stared all round him in the cathedral, will smile contemptuously. He has seen all that is worth seeing per guide-book. That "tourist's stare," by the way, is a curious attempt at compromise. We see him in the nave of the cathedral under the tower, which he is informed is a prodigious number of feet high. And there is that wonderful painted window—that Pieta believed to be Michael Angelo's. Our tourist thus challenged feels that he should be amazed or confounded, but somehow is conscious that he is not affected as he ought to be. The Pieta does not affect him more than other statues. Nay, uninstructed he would have paused and cried out, "Oh, what an exquisite work!" All that is left, then, is to stare intently, in the faint hope that appreciation will come, that the beauties will start out of it and lay hold of him.

Belgium is indeed like an old-fashioned museum, or some ancient curiosity-shop, with chambers behind, in which are caskets, cabinets, Reisener work, rococo jewellery, bits of china, &c. How few have

seen Lierre, or Hal, or Tamise, or Audenarde, or Dixmude, or Furnes? Ypres is more commonly visited, and is truly amazing. There is a little fortified town which is charming in every point of view—Termonde, or Dendermonde—which offers a miniature Place, with town-hall and guard-house of an extraordinary quaintness and grace, and a church.

Two or three years ago, by way of carrying the system to an extreme, I set off and travelled from Calais to Lille, Tournay, Douai, Ypres, Bergues—nearly a dozen places in all—and was back again in Victoria within about thirty hours from starting.¹ This feat no doubt caused amusement to friends, and, in some cases, a pitying smile, "Well, I would not care to go through all that." But somehow it was a truly enjoyable adventure—a sort of hurried dream or series of dreams—cities and churches flitting away, to be succeeded by others, colours changing, figures vanishing. The humdrum civilised order cannot compare with this. A little adventure is never unwelcome. An agreeable life, as we are told, is made up of the smaller pleasures.

Turning over my note-book, I find many a sketch of these careless travels, most of which have furnished but a few hours' entertainment. It may be said, however, that to a person practised in this pursuit the entertainment has a deeper influence, furnishing him with much to think of hereafter. He can compare, read, measure; everything passes under a sort of review or judgment. A fair taste for art and some knowledge of architecture make all this far more entertaining than reading. I take these specimens at random.

COURTRAI.

The train sets me down at Courtrai. As I walk up from the station, I note the open belt that lies between it and the city, the water, the greenery, all betokening the removed bastions and walls. I have noted that in all cases of towns whose fortifications have been levelled the mark is all but indelible; for long after we can see the outlined shapes of the walls and ditches, and one almost always laments the absence of this picturesque element. For the English traveller it is always a novel and welcome sight—the grass-grown

¹ See *A Day's Tour*, in which the whole chronicle of this rather original escapade is described and illustrated. I call attention to it here merely as a telling illustration of what I am saying, and in the interest of the adventurous reader.

mounds and the harmless-looking bastions, the many-tinted brickwork, and the pretty gates and drawbridges.

This Courtrai is a pleasing specimen of the "fat" thriving Flemish town, with its spacious open streets, not without a gaiety of their own. In such places the modern shops always perfectly harmonise, for the old "stepped" or gabled houses are retained, and their uneven outline is an agreeable break. I found a surprise in the old spacious Place—laid out in the most straggling fashion, a perfect meeting of the ways, and running into angles and corners, taking any shape but that of oblong or square. On the right I found a mass of old houses, embedded in which is the antique rusted belfry of the town, modest enough in its pretensions. Facing us is the Town Hall, a rather blank-looking and decidedly uninteresting structure, like those unintellectual, expressionless faces we sometimes encounter. True, it was "restored" a good many years ago—virtually rebuilt, that is—with additions, and a good many subtractions too. This sort of thing, neatly and correctly done, we look at with a sort of disgust.

Presently we hear the welcome and genuine Flemish chimes breaking out in their usual irregular twanging and jangling, which always suggests an old musical box that has got out of order, which relaxes and now appears to stop altogether, and then goes on with a spasm. It is one of the quaintest modes of music conceivable, for the tune is generally recognisable from its *shape*, though the notes are all astray. It might indeed be such music as would be heard by Alice in Wonderland, and yet the occasional clangs and jangles are harmonious enough and always welcome. It has, no doubt, an art of its own, and is suited for the "up-in-the-air" regions which may require a special gamut. It led me to the fine cathedral of the place, which is fronted by one of the most quaint and characteristic towers in the country, one of the true Flemish pattern, running into "those bulbs and parsnips" which are so common, but which have a characteristic expression when treated freely. The reason for this satisfactory result is no doubt their perfect appropriateness to their functions, which is to contain an innumerable quantity of bells of all sizes and conditions, and which are suspended gracefully, like "drops" from an ornament. These "bulbs" give shelter and yet reveal the bells at their work. They are rounded off so that no wet can lodge. Indeed, the whole of this bell-tower is admirable; as it descends it grows more solid with its pieced long windows, the lodgings for the greater bells or *bourdons*. It is airy, too, and elegant.

There had been a fire here some years ago; but the restorations

are admirable and scarcely noticeable. Within, however, as in so many Flemish cathedrals, is seen evidence of that melancholy rage for decorating in parti-colours—yellow, blue, and red—which has made hideous the fine old cathedral at Bruges. Everywhere, too, are being introduced those dreadful “compo” figures and altars, called “Munich” style—painted gaudily and out of keeping with the venerable fanes. A great surprise is the wonderful tabernacle beside the altar—an exquisite piece of work. These are met with in a few rare churches of Belgium, and I must not forget also the astounding one at Lierre—a temple within a temple, and a model of which is at South Kensington. How delightful, too, the florid even rampagious organ, which seems almost to speak with us, so full of suggestive details is it, with its galleon-like galleries, and trumpeting or flying angels and clustered pipes. The furious, horny twang of these old instruments is ever welcome. I should like to have lingered yet longer in Courtrai, or Kortriks, as it is called.

CALAIS.

Again I turn to my note-book. Some months ago, we were told that the great work of Calais harbour was at last complete and ready for opening. There is a sort of poetry associated with the place from its history, the ownership of the English, Sterne, Brummell, &c. There are, of course, machine-made minds, manufactured like the “Waterbury Watch Co., Con.,” which take a practical view of all these things, and pronounce Calais a “miserable hole.” But the more practised self-entertainer will find pleasure in everything that is at all novel. The old Calais, with its stagnant ditches, curious walls, gates, narrow streets, had always an attraction for me, so much so that I have oftentimes been drawn to set off some evening and cross over, stay a night at “old Desseins,” and then return next day. Even that midnight landing on the quay, the trundling up the baggage, the overland mail coming ashore, the walk about the place, under shadow of its old towers, had a sort of fascination.

Invited now to join in the festival, opening of the great docks, President, &c., I set off with *empressement*. Rarely have I spent a more enjoyable *French* day. A *fête* in that country is always pleasantly theatrical. We had a pleasant party, a friend or two, L—— and others, a choice spirit from Punch to furnish the champagne, while the whole was directed and, as it were, stimulated by the obliging and courteous host. We relish these unwonted hospitalities extended by potentates, hitherto associated with haughty grasping dominations, deputed by the railway to do the honours.

A delightful day it was, as if ordered specially for a holiday—fresh yet balmy, sunny—the sea, “the multitudinous sea, incarnadine—one *blue!*” The boat was a new one, “hanselled” on that day, and brought us over within an hour. As we approached, the festival character was evident in the general theatrical brightness, and the rows of gaily-dressed natives fringing the dock edges. Visiting a country in this sort of airy fashion—travellers, without being dressed up as travellers—is novel and piquant. No distrustful *douaniers*, or ropes, or tickets. Landing, we pass through the ranks of the “light-hearted children of sunny France,” to use the proper form; what spirits, what colours, what a capital air of true festival! Ironclads are lying outside the little port, flags flying. Entering the familiar *gare*, we are shown into a “particular” banqueting-room, where “le lunch” is ready, and just as we are about to begin a grizzled gentleman rises, and in a very ceremonious way declares that he salutes us all in the name of the company of the North, a compliment received with a stolid English indifference. *Blasé* traveller as I am—as we all are—I must protest that no flavour ever equals that first “Car de Poulet” (as Britons have it) and the fresh sound *ordinaire*, thus first partaken of at the old Gare Maritime. It was droll, the sort of jumble of arriving and departing travellers, their trunks and packages, and the festive ones, and the holiday arrivals.

What a day of variety it was! Steamers were ever gliding about, poking their noses where they could. Looking from our deck towards the docks, for we retreated to our vessel now, we could see a vast crowd coming, a figure, a sort of long insect like a grasshopper, in front. This was the excellent President Carnot, who was really the centre of the show. He seemed to be prancing and caracoling, his hat in his hand, a broad red ribbon across his chest, sometimes turning round and flourishing with his long limp arms. Behind him followed obsequiously a vast mass or “staff” of persons, bull-necked officers all over gold, in little low cocked hats, civic functionaries and the rest, while beyond them was a general “ruck” of humbler figures. I do not recall anything more grotesque than this spectacle of the long animated figure in front, and the vast slow-moving crowd behind. He paid us a visit on board our steamer.

Later in the day, when the solemnities were over, in a sort of lull, we seized the opportunity to visit the curios of the place. There was the old cathedral built by the English some centuries ago, and very interesting with its richly dight monumental altar and fine paintings. But most interesting of all was that curious fabric at

the bottom of the Rue de Guise—the old “Hall of the Staple”—a regular Tudor building or gate-house, which used to be the mart for English clothes. It was a curious feeling, that of walking through its deserted courtyard. Then there was the Town Hall, with its melodious chimes never relaxing a moment, and its truly elegant steeple—a charming specimen of Flemish art; for it should be remembered that we are in Flanders proper—French Flanders—which may one day yet be restored, like Strassburg, to its regular owners.

Later I find myself in one of the old streets which lead out of the great Place, whence can be seen a long range of windows, Quillacq’s Hotel, now Dessein’s. Many times at midnight, after a stormy passage across, have I passed to its hospitable shelter, with that curious, half strange, half romantic and awe-stricken feeling with which we first come on French ground. We think of the little intrepid boats that have been braving the tempest, and now lie sheltered and secure, while here is the little old town that, by a fiction, seems to have its being only for passing travellers, and is ever up all night. In the tranquil light, in the thick of shouting, excited crowds lining the pavements, I think of those old bygone midnights. We were waiting for our President, who is temporarily lodged at Dessein’s (late Quillacq’s), and is to feast at the banquet up at the docks. There is to be a sort of procession, and here he comes. One might smile at the effort made by the town, but which is well meant. There were about a dozen carriages, local pair-horse *fiacres* transformed into four-horse vehicles, by a simple process, two artillery horses being yoked in front of each by ropes. There was Monsieur the Admiral, and Monsieur the Prefect, and Monsieur the General, and Monsieur the Minister, with a number of others. The grand military were dreadfully bull-necked, and mostly seemed to have risen from the ranks—a curious contrast to the *blasé* and more refined type of the old imperial time. The Admiral, however, was a thorough “sea dog” with a mahogany face.

During the evening, we had balloons and fireworks, and “no end of divarshun.” The balloons took the shape of elephants, and monsters, and other *caprices*. Later on there was to be an open-air ball, but we had had enough. We must go home: *tempus abire*. A steamer was waiting—ordered, as one said, “like a cab,” to be ready at any moment. We started about eleven, reached Dover at twelve, and were at home about half-past two. It was a most enjoyable day on the whole, a day of passing shows, and to some of trifling; but as the painter said, “Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.”

AUDENARDE.

At Audenarde, I follow a long street lined with stately modern houses for a quarter of a mile or so, rather after the village type, and on the way encounter hardly a single person. There are the rails of a tramway long disused and abandoned in despair. At last the market-place opens before us; a vast spreading space, worthy of some great town, when at the corner of a street, projected airily forward, stands the glory of Belgium—the exquisite gem, the Town Hall. This astonishing performance in stone seems like some dainty coffer out of a museum—so elaborately wrought is it—with its arcades below, its innumerable niches for statues, alas! wanting, though the detail is so abundant that they are scarcely missed, and *seem* to be there. A Frenchman would call the whole ravishing. As was said, it suggests a carved casket of ivory or metal, and has the proportions of one. The imagination displayed, the innumerable florid detail, it would be impossible to give an idea of, every extremity and point being wrought in the most fanciful, airy way. The little tower seems to have been “turned” in a lathe. Far off, at the corner of the Place, rises the vast monumental old church, one of those huge unornamented crags of stone which are seen from afar on the railway—a suitable contrast. A winding spacious stair leads up to the Hall, with its grandly carved fireplace; close by is the Council Chamber, with its mullioned windows and exquisitely carved doorway. Here the fathers of the town actually sit and deliberate—the “Echevins”—at the green baize-covered tables, just as they sat three hundred years ago, though they have now not so much to do. There is a charming walk up the hills which overhang the town, lined all the way on both sides with trees, and turning to look down we see the fortress-like church and its dainty neighbour lying tranquilly at ease among the clustered houses of parti-colour and the winding canals and bridges.

PLACE DES VOSGES, PARIS.

It is commonly supposed that, owing to what is called the “Haussmannisation” carried out in the reign of the late Emperor, the old Paris, which had such an attraction for the painter and antiquary, has practically vanished. This is a complete mistake, as there is more than an abundance still left of interesting quarters and old

buildings, which stand where they did in the days of the Revolution. The explorer has only to follow the Rue de Rivoli till he comes to the Rue St. Antoine, when he will find on his left a series of old streets of the most picturesque kind, stored with old hotels and corners of extraordinary attraction. Such are the Rue Vieille du Temple, the Rue Francs, Rue Lamoignon, and many more. Such a promenade I made within the last few days—taking hints from Mr. Hare's pleasant volume—and came to the conclusion that Paris was more richly stored with relics of this kind than many of the old towns, such as Rouen or Rheims, which are visited by the professional tourist.

The old typical narrow Parisian street is in itself a picture, from the dappled mixture of colours, the irregularity of the houses, projecting forward out of line, the curious conversion of old mansions to modern use, and the gaiety of the inscriptions and sign boards. At times we come to some vast cavernous church, solid and monumental, gloomy and cavernous within, with a mouldy flavour, and of fine imposing architectural design. These are nearly always worthy of study. Here in the Rue St. Antoine we arrive at a sort of iron-gray palace gone to seed as it were, but richly architectural, two flanking pavilions with a centre, pierced by a florid gateway, the façade covered over, not unpicturesquely, with gaudy boards, announcing the trades carried on within, or that chambers are *à louer*. We enter and find ourselves in a spacious court, with pilasters and richly wrought capitals, and sculptured figures on the walls, but all dark or even black as iron. This fine pile was the famous Sully's Hotel.

But while thus entertained, wandering from one old picturesque street to the other, coming on a fresh surprise, I suddenly realised what might be termed the architectural *bonne bouche* of the whole, and found myself in one of the most charming and elegantly designed enclosures that could be conceived. This was the old-fashioned, imposing Place des Vosges, whose existence is, I believe, suspected by few visitors or explorers. It is a square, about the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields, designed in the most elegant fashion by Mansard, the architect of Versailles, each side completely symmetrical, and almost as sound as it was on the day it was erected. The plan is that of a low arched colonnade running round, on which rises the façade of ripe, red brick, dappled with stone dressings, and pierced with long, narrow and yet stately windows. From the top slants back the tall, dark, rusted roof, with its several stories of small windows, and the florid mansardes, or dormers, of different patterns. The grace of the whole and the completeness are extraordinary. But there is one

very piquant—that is the word—feature to be noticed. In the centre of each side of the Place is a stately pavilion, through which the carriages, &c., find their entrance to the square from the streets outside. Save at one corner, where it can scarcely be noticed, there is no other mode of admission. The ripe rose-tint of the brick is charming, as are all the florid details, cornices, &c., the favourite note of Mansard's work. This strict enclosure secures a perfectly calm air of retreat, almost conventual. There is no traffic. It is charming to stroll round and round under the low vaulting, and fancy oneself in an Italian city, and not in clattering Paris. A few old men are seated on benches in the gardens, near the statue in the centre, with a stray reader. This arcade is really unique. From it we have little doubt that our own Inigo borrowed his flat stone pilasters on a brick ground and his vaulted arches below, as in Covent Garden piazza.

TO PARIS AND BACK.

But if anyone be in search of new and original sensations, racy scenes, doings generally farcical, or touches of genuine character, let me commend him to the "excursion" train. The contrast to the dulness and proprieties of the ordinary trains is extraordinary. The excursionist in his own country is at home, as it were, and gives full licence to his exuberance, not to say to his "horse-play," but when taken abroad there is a certain embarrassment which restrains—a desire for help and sympathy. Thus he displays his feelings of curiosity, interest, and wonder in a naïve and natural fashion. The observer of character will find entertainment in his company.

During the Paris Exhibition plenty of this sort of amusement was to be found, and these expeditions were conducted in a free *laissez-faire* style, with even less of the restraint and supervision which are lavished on the ordinary passenger. Every one seemed to be allowed to come or go and stay as he pleased; there was no "controlling" by tickets, and distinction of classes seemed to be altogether lost.

I recall one of these pleasant little "tours round human nature," which proved far more enjoyable than any of the solemnly correct ones, made after the orthodox pattern, or the tedious splendour of even the "club train" itself.

Strolling leisurely down, on a tranquil night in September, to Victoria Station, towards nine o'clock, I had a pleasant late dinner in the cosy restaurant, in sight of the ever-hissing grill. This is

generally the scene of many an agitated meal. The harried, heart-sore traveller comes in with his family, his ulster, and his various bags, to get something to eat during the minute or two before the night express starts; every morsel is marked by glances at the clock; the nervously-strung father will not let his family eat their food in peace. It is with a sort of pity that I see this fevered troupe trundled away out on to the platform, with the night and general misery and kindred discomforts before them.

It is not so with the *poco curante* traveller. There is plenty of time, and those shrill screams of engines, as in distress or agony, are not for him. At the fitting moment he walks down leisurely, the ever-comforting pipe lit, his faithful *sack* in hand, and finds the train just starting. Indeed, the establishment, staff, &c., seem utterly uninterested in our movements. We might come and go as we pleased. Here it would seem that luggage, not apparel, "oft proclaims the man," and above all, the woman. But there was no fuss or hurry, no wheeled trucks laden with "impediments"; not more than two score persons, who seem as careless as if they were bound for Margate only. Strange, too, most seem to belong to what may be called the "upper middle classes"—clergymen's families, doctorial, &c. Almost as we start, the first "chord of character" is touched; and it is difficult not to be amused at a genteel lady and her daughter, who are in terror "lest they should be discovered" by friends as genteel; who fancy they have recognised some friend as "genteel" who has flitted past the window. This infuses a poisonous drop into the cup of pleasure, for recognition will surely come in the vessel. It, of course, was only a delusion; but was amusing enough.

By midnight we were at the always-picturesque Dover, which for travellers has a constant romance. I love that slow progress down to the Admiralty Pier, and the fresh stirring blasts betokening that the sea is at hand waiting for us. Ever novel are these little winding old-fashioned streets—betokening pilots—and the travellers' hotels, always ablaze and hospitably open at all hours—"DIVER'S DOVER CASTLE" and "POIDEVIN'S"—odd name: probably some retired French courier who had set up in this line. How many a traveller, buffeted, drenched, lashed, and bumped for three or four hours in the old days, has tottered in wearily to these friendly shelters and blessed the kindly welcome. Yonder, out on the edge of the waters, the monumental Lord Warden rears itself—a rakish hostelry that never goes to bed. Often has it to put up stout outside shutters when the gales are on. There is something really romantic in this perpetual Dover vigil and all-night air. Every hour a boat is going out or

coming in. On stormy nights we "are waiting for the boat;" but Dover is used to this for near a century back.

Down rumbled the heavy train along the Admiralty Pier, and, having discharged its burden, retired back again into the darkness. Out at that extremity of the harbour the whole Dover amphitheatre, dotted with innumerable lights, lay behind. It was a clear and fresh moonlight night, and the moon was above and the moonlight about in what scene-painters call "a blue medium." Everything was clearly revealed: the sleeping yachts and ships in the placid harbour occasionally disturbed by the splashing paddles of some belated steamer seeking its night's rest. The Lord Warden seemed lit as for a ball. It was a curious scene on our pier. There was no sign of a steamer, and a dark crowd of travellers clustered together or promenading, abandoned as if on a desert island. I confess that scene comes on me like some romantic picture. It was now gone midnight; the air was agreeable; when presently arrived another train, heavily laden; behind another, and yet another, until the pier now began to show quite a mass of population. Nearly three-quarters of an hour went by, when a pair of ghostly funnels were seen gliding up, having come somehow and mysteriously out of the darkness. This proved to be the new fast *Calais-Douvres*, with plenty of room. That is always a pleasant voyage, even if it be "rough"; the time is short, and the inconvenience just enough to make us appreciate deliverance.

There is always—to me, at least—something strange and mysterious in the lighthouse on some foreign coast, which is drawing nearer and nearer every moment, now flashing out with a blaze. Old and frequent traveller as I am, I never find that curious sense of interest, mystery, and romance relax or weaken which one experiences on entering Calais harbour at midnight. The clustered towers and houses, low-lying, the dotted lights, the tranquil fishing-boats gathered together, the muffled figures of the police and *douaniers*, and the waiting train with its illuminated chambers, make up a picture that is ever novel. Novel, too, always is the feeling of again stepping on French ground as of a stranger among strangers.

There was something novel in the crowded *salle*, and the inviting tables, spread ready with French viands. Always new of taste is the unrivalled "quarter fowl," bowl of fragrant soup, and pleasant wine, which always tastes differently in France. Vastly entertaining on this occasion was the herd of bewildered excursionists, who were hungry enough, yet felt too shy to express their wishes. These honest folk, looking wistfully at the more experienced traveller

already busy with his *quart de poulet*, at last muster courage. " Might I, sir, ask you to order me one of 'em *Cars*?—I should like some *pully*, too." " And might I trouble you too?—same for me." Plates were significantly projected all round and about. When paying-time came it was a more serious business. Nothing produces such a genuine hopeless confusion—despair almost—as this dealing with foreign money. A full hour was spent in this way. It was not until it was gone two o'clock that we were on our way. We could hear the melodious chimes of the Calais town hall tinkling away musically enough. Then came, burr—burr—burr—and the blackness of night and comfortable sleep.

By five or six o'clock it was broad day. Amiens Cathedral had flitted past, and the curious, because novel, flat French country was gliding by. The best part of the entertainment was the surprise and curiosity of our fellow-travellers, mostly worthy agriculturists from Scotland, who had come to London by boat, and had never been out of their own country. There was many an " Ech ! Sirs ! " and " Weel noo ! " A gentlemanly stranger from Australia, who had been much on the continent, increased the general wonder by relating some of his experiences of foreign cities, and I could not but admire the good-nature and tact with which he did this. It was solely to amuse them and give them a little help ; there was no patronage or showing off of self—it was simply a good-natured act meant to be of service to them. The result was that he became eminently popular, and the various Scotch ears were thrust forward eagerly to catch these words of wisdom.

At last we arrived at the grand station of the North, then comparatively a desert. There, for the first time, I saw with much interest how those great beings, Cook and Gaze, conduct their operations. Huge waggonettes were waiting to carry away the herd, and officials, braided with the names of the firms on their caps, were already busy marshalling their forces. It was like a shepherd collecting his sheep, and the excursionists, like the sheep, had a helpless, scared look, and clustered together for protection and support. The shepherds treated them with little ceremony, each " spotting " his own. Presently I saw them penned in and driven off to their destined folds.

Never palls that first look of brilliant substantial Paris, as you drive off in an open victoria. Though it was seven o'clock, the city seemed scarcely awake ; it was giving itself, as it were, " the rousing shake." How delightful and inspiring the first glance of the showy theatrical porticos of the Opera House, Street of Peace, and Place

of Concord! But this is an old story. The feeling, however, it is difficult to enjoy when one is penned into a cab or private omnibus, with a mountain of baggage over one's head, which has been waited for, and "controlled," and searched, and paid for, and which presently will have to be hoisted down, with a cluster of harpies standing round. The feeling is one of business and responsibility; you are too seriously engrossed to relish sights. But in your victoria, your unpretending bag—unsearched and uncontrolled—beside you, you are free as air; everything is pleasure unalloyed. You might be going home in a "hansom" from Charing Cross.

During that pleasant time I often encountered my excursionists—still led about sheep-like. I shall not forget my astonishment on the great Festival of the Assumption, when I found myself in the Madeleine. Here was the grandest "function"; three or four "Swiss," exquisite music, Cherubini's Mass, clouds of floating incense, and the church crowded. Suddenly there entered, or rather irrupted, a sort of procession, headed by one of the sheep-dogs aforesaid, who brought his party in a long file; and to the amazement of the wondering crowd, and to my own supreme astonishment, the whole proceeded in Indian file to skirt the edges of the congregation till they came to the sanctuary, passed across in front, staring hard all the time, and came down again on the other side! This was an extraordinary, if superficial, mode of going. The stern conductor had his eye on them and made them move on. A train of gigantic waggonettes—*char à bancs*—was waiting at the door, into which after being huddled out, they were duly thrust and driven away. The French people, however, seem well accustomed to these incursionists and their strange dress, and that inconceivable British bearing which seemed to assume that the "whole Paris"—Madeleine and all—was specially constructed for the benefit of English tourists, to be stared at and charged for.

Later, finding my way down to Versailles, I encountered my Madeleine tourists again. It was High Festival and holiday; the rural trains, with seats on the roof, were crammed and starting every ten minutes. In the court of the fine palace, amid all the contending crowds, there they were again! I could recognise their faces even in an immense group—I suppose a hundred—shepherded by a rough drill-sergeant sort of fellow, who looked sharply after them. He gathered them up, sending some after others—like sheep-dogs; thus summoned, the tourists came fluttering together, looking very helpless.

Having thus marshalled them, regardless, too, of the immense

crowd of holiday-folk, who were hurrying past and swarming over the place, he addressed them in these terms :

“Now, this here palace that you see was built by Louis the Fourteenth—in *his* reign. He built the chapel, to which I shall take you presently—and the theaytre—and the whole palace. That’s he ridin’ the horse there.” Every head was turned with docility. It was pathetic, the perfect trust they had in their friend. I noticed on the outskirts, his head bent and listening devoutly, my Australian friend ; and I am confident I myself could not have resisted this magic influence. “Now,” said our guide, “you all keep together and foller me, and I’ll take you to the Pallus.” Later on, I was sitting in one of the stalls, admiring the beautiful crimson-toned theatre—shabby enough—when the whole party irruped in full force, the guide at the head. They took their seats in the stalls, and stared abundantly, as they were bound to do. Our friend advanced to where the stage was—a guardian of the place looking at him with curiosity—and began to speak. Every sound was hushed. “This here place in which we are in is the Theayter of the Pallus”—a pause to allow this revelation to have effect. “Louis the Fourteenth used to come here”—pause—“very often, as did Marry Anternette too”—pause—“and *other* kings and queens used to come here too. This here—where I’m standin’—is the stage”—here the guardian said something—“quite right—and here, where I’m standin’, Mussier Tears, he that was President of the Republic, used to sit—and—speak. The other speakers used to come here too. I shall now take you by a private way round to the king’s rooms.” Away they all trooped after him. The private way—on which he insisted a good deal as being a privilege accorded to *him* specially—was not opened, so they had to follow the vulgar route—all which was diverting in the extreme. The crowds of French, however, seemed not in the least astonished.

In fairness to the great *entrepreneurs*, I must say that there were other guides of an intelligent sort, who knew their business, and imparted information in a rational way.

Such was this entertaining expedition. I may ask, is not this sort of thing a more dramatic mode of doing one’s travels, on this very hackneyed road ?

HOW TO VISIT A CATHEDRAL.

Often the collector of bric-à-brac will produce a well-worn and dilapidated leathern case of old-fashioned shape, which, being

opened, displays some exquisite piece of old *repoussé*, or it may be silver—a casket or chalice of costly material and delicate workmanship. This idea often suggests itself in the case of many an old French town which we fly past on the railway—towns which are decaying and running to seed. There is a curious impression as we glance from the window and note the clustered houses some quarter of a mile off, but from the midst of which rise the towers of the old church or cathedral, and we pass by with a sort of wistful regret, thinking of the abandonment, the isolation and obscurity, the neglect and squalor of the treasure, and of what a happier fate it deserved. It is difficult, if not impossible, to halt ; for to purchase half an hour's enjoyment may mean the loss of half a valuable day or more, given over to weary waiting and stupidity. Thus do thousands of travellers fly by Abbeville, having just a glimpse of its notable towers ; though our fathers have often clattered in their post-carriages and diligences over the stones of its Place. Once giving way, however, to a better feeling, I descended and walked up to the once prosperous little town, having to cross a bridge under which ran a boisterous stream, where rise the backs of the houses. It seemed a “poorish” place enough until I arrived of a sudden in front of the cathedral and was amazed. Its fairy-like grace is beyond description, as well as the novelty of the treatment, for the regular amateur of cathedrals. We pause in astonishment before this neglected but elegant pile. Round us are the poor two-storied houses of a third-rate country town. There is not even an open Place. The front is literally embroidered all over with lace-work in stone—not that bold, somewhat rough, work we find in English fanes ;—the lovely, deeply embayed work, the innumerable statues, the graceful towers, the free fancy everywhere displayed, as though it were some small cabinet on which a carver could exercise his art at leisure. This beautiful flamboyant style, these inimitable florid graces in stone, we do not find at home. The stone, too, appears of a rich and soft texture, of a delicate cream tint. I stood long before this charming edifice, half in admiration, but more in wonder, gazing on its elaborate work, its richly embroidered portal, its beautifully carved doors, and even on the coquettishly shaped cowls with which the unfinished towers were capped. It was sad, however, to find that this was but a screen. The cathedral, begun so promisingly, was like some of those ambitious Irish castles, where the proprietor had exhausted his resources on a magnificent gateway. Only some forty or fifty feet of the nave had been completed, to which was then added on a rude and ordinary structure, much lower than the rest. Within it was little

more than a barn-like enclosure in a sad state of decay, the roof having to be propped with stays and trusses to keep it from falling in, the piers round the old organ shored up with great beams—altogether a disheartening spectacle. It was on the whole rather a dismal visit. The town itself is “at the very back of godspeed,” mean streets, nothing to see or admire—very different from the fat, thriving, contented air of a Flemish city.

The ordinary “sightseers,” who, visiting a town, are taken by the showmen to see the great cathedral, checking him with their red-book, have really little idea of what they are looking at. After the first few moments curiosity is satisfied; the impression is produced, “They have seen it all.” One cathedral does not differ so much from the other; is there not the usual combination of choir, tombs, stained glass, pinnacles, buttresses, &c.? But how different it is with the true connoisseur, who has studied his cathedrals, and takes delight in seeing and comparing them! I do not speak of the mere technical differences of style, the changes in architecture, &c., which is rather bald work, but of the varieties of treatment, the graces, feeling, &c. Every cathedral has a distinct sentiment and poetry of its own, which it requires familiarity to appreciate. There is its relation also to the town in which it stands; its grandeur and state often contrasting oddly with the poor, decaying place about it, suggesting some great man fallen from his high estate, and obliged to live in a village. A few days spent in the place makes us grow intimate and familiar with its peculiar charms. In a small town, how curious the feeling of being pursued everywhere by its great cathedral! In every corner we have some glimpse of it, its tower or spire; or, of a sudden we emerge under one of its gables or “dépendances,” which thrusts itself into a corner. Then there is the deep melodious note of its bell or the music of its chimes.

These reflections apply particularly to the case of so well-worn and even “hackneyed” a fane as that of Amiens. The sightseer is led through it, his head upturned to the roof, and goes his way. If the truth were known, he has a sort of indistinct impression that it is kept up or “run” mainly to be walked through, stared at by him; and that only on Sundays, the “show-day” for worship, it is well attended. Indeed, if the truth were known, the inexperienced has an indistinct suspicion that all “foreign” places, with their railway, &c., are mainly for *him* and travellers generally. The ordinary business of life is subsidiary; and this accounts for the curious self-sufficient bearing which such persons assume.

The real charm and attraction of the cathedral is found betimes,

at early morning, particularly in Belgian cities. Then the old fane lives again, as it lived centuries ago. We see figures trooping in to disappear and become lost in its shadowy and vast aisles. The busy worker or girl going to market is fond of cutting off an angle by passing through the cathedral. In some one of the innumerable side chapels Mass is going on. It seems that there are but a score of worshippers, and yet there are really some hundreds. In this Cathedral of Amiens all the canons, in their purple, ermine-bordered capes, were seen in their exquisitely-wrought stalls within the screen or gates. The High Mass was going on, the bishop, whose pleasing palace and grounds adjoined the cathedral, celebrating it, the burly Swiss promenading listlessly. At the close the canons, who were mostly old, and decrepit even, took their tottering way out, the veterans leaning on the more stalwart brethren. The resonant bass of the cantors had died away; the girls and workmen had again begun to bustle across, sometimes pausing for a short prayer. These canons, whose meagre emoluments would make our English dignitaries stare, lived in poorish streets close by; and I saw one, in his faded, well-worn cassock, letting himself into his mean lodgings.

Such are these little hasty sketches from a note-book. They are suggestive—if they have no other merit—of a pleasant mode and method of enjoying travel.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

BRETON FISHERMAN'S SONG.

WE were three sailors—three sailors of Croix :
 We were three sailors—three sailors of Croix,
 Homeward bound in the Saint François.

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

Poor man—he has fallen into the sea :
 Poor man—he has fallen into the sea.
 The other two go sorrowfully.

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

They found his cap and his pipe near by :
 They found his cap and his pipe near by ;
 They hoisted the death-flag half-mast high.

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

His mother went to the shrine to pray :
 His mother went to the shrine to pray.
 She prayed to the good Saint Anne d'Auray.

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

“ Good Saint Anne, give me back my son !
 Good Saint Anne, give me back my son.”
 The good Saint Anne, when her prayer was done—

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

The good Saint Anne to her thus replies :
 The good Saint Anne to her thus replies :
 “ Thou shalt find him at even in Paradise.”

How the winds blow !

'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

Back to the village she went her way :
Back to the village she went her way.
They found her dead at the close of day.

How the winds blow !
'Tis the wind of the sea torments us so.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

TABLE TALK.

THE SIGNATURES IN BOOKS.

“THE idea of books without signatures is a bibliographical delusion.” So says Mr. William Blades, one of the most enlightened and conscientious of English bibliographers. The reader ignorant of the mysteries of printing must not suppose that the eminent author of “The Life of Caxton” and “The Enemies of Books” is disputing the existence of unsigned or anonymous works. Signatures, speaking technically, are the marks placed by printers beneath certain pages to distinguish the sequence of the sections which they print. These, easily apparent in early works, where half the pages ordinarily bear them, are often in modern books so unobtrusive as to escape the eye of the casual reader. Apart from their use as directions to the binder, they serve bibliographical purposes. One of the means, I may say, by which certain genuine but unavowed publications of the Elzevirs and other Dutch publishers of the seventeenth century are recognisable is by the number of the pages which bear signatures. The books of the Elzevirs of Leyden are thus always signed on five pages out of twelve of the sheet. During many years bibliographers have held that the use of signatures began shortly after the invention of printing. Marolles, a writer of more industry than importance, holds that they were first employed by Jean de Cologne in 1474. Baron Meerman, who claimed for Coster, of Haarlem, the invention of movable types, in his “*Origines Typographicæ*,” La Haye, 1765, attributes the earliest use to Corsellis, the first Oxford printer. De la Serna, Fischer, and other writers—English as well as foreign—held similar views; and Conyers Middleton, some while chief librarian of the University Library, Cambridge, describes a volume in which he points out that the latter half of the volume has signatures, while the first half is without.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNATURES.

DURING many years Mr. Blades has been pursuing researches, which he has at last perfected. The result now appears in the shape of a brochure on "The Use and Development of Signatures in Books," which is the first of a series of Bibliographical Miscellanies to be published by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades. It constitutes a model of acumen and conscientious research. Not only are signatures, as Mr. Blades shows, universal in printed books, but they are met with in manuscripts from the ninth century. No need of them might, Mr. Blades holds, be felt by "the early monastic scribe who made his own parchment, concocted his own writing-ink, copied leisurely with his own hand the Bible or Psalter, and lastly bound them [it] *propria manu*." When, however, the manufacture passed from the "monks' scriptorium into the hands of trade guilds," signatures "became a necessity as much for the scribe as for the binder, as necessary for the collation of the early MS. as for the steam-printed novel of to-day." The signature, then, as forming no coherent part of the book, was written at the very foot of the page, where it might conveniently be cut off by the binder. Very frequently, then, they disappeared. Not seldom, however, the student who knows how to look for them will find them half cut away. When the printer succeeded the scribe, no new course was adopted. In the Mazarin Bible the printer signed by the pen at the foot of the rectos of each signature, as in a manuscript. Caxton adopted this course. After a time printing was substituted for writing, the book in the Cambridge Library, to which Conyers Middleton refers, marking curiously the transition, since the printer, tired apparently of the trouble of writing, began, when half his task was over, to print. Non-observance of the written signatures, common then with bibliographers, led to Middleton's mistake. Printing of signatures by hand at the extreme edges is seen in a few books from the Italian presses of the years 1475, and 1476. Printing them at the very foot of the page by the same pull of the press followed; but, as Mr. Blades says, "the idea had no life in it." At length a Cologne printer, in 1474, struck out the bold idea of placing the signature close under the printed type, and that plan has since been maintained. This may appear a small matter. To the book-lover, however, it has a genuine interest, and the development of Mr. Blades's conclusions is masterly.

THE LAUREATE AND MR. SWINBURNE.

ONE lesson, old-fashioned enough to be embodied in a proverb, finds in Lord Tennyson's last volume quaint illustration. It is that "one man may better steal a horse than another look over a gate." In the chorus of indignation that greeted the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's "Songs and Ballads," his poem "The Leper" was, as I have recently noted in these pages, the subject of special anathema. I remember, as I have said, hearing a man, at that time a rising star of literature and now a sun in the firmament of politics, declare the poem infamous, corrupt, and detestable. My protest that "I could not conceive as infamous a poem which celebrated the triumph of soul over body, of mind over matter, of loving over loathing," could scarcely be accepted—"I did not know what leprosy was," I was told. This was true; and now, after hearing more than enough about leprosy, I know and seek to know no more. I am firm, however, in my old faith as regards Mr. Swinburne's poem, and the world has come at length to my view. If Mr. Swinburne has still any enemies they are silent. "Where is the difference," I ask, "between 'The Leper' and 'Happy, the Leper's Bride,' by the Laureate, which has passed without a word of protest?" Grant that the younger poet was, after the mode of youth, livelier and less decorous than his senior. Grant also that out of the fulness of his then-while method he gave vivacious pictures of the "fervent body" that "leapt or lay." Essentially the subjects are the same, and the verdict that accepts the later poem rehabilitates the earlier, supposing it to need rehabilitation. Since I am in for lessons, I will extend, beyond the critic, to the general world, one more which is strongly to be enforced in this case, and is at least thus far appropriate that it is enshrined in the Laureate's own words: "Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit." In most respects in which the poet obtains the most severe condemnation he does but lead his age, striding in front of it so far "as sometimes," as Coleridge says, "to dwarf himself by the distance."

MR. GLADSTONE AS A BIBLIOPHILE.

ONE of the known phases of Mr. Gladstone's mind—a mind which is no less mobile and diversified than original—is its proclivity to collecting. It is not often that the great statesman illustrates publicly this taste. For once, however, in a recent paper on the "Hous-

ing of Books," he has let the public behind the scenes, and exhibited the familiar picture of a man with so many books that he does not know what to do with them. He propounds accordingly a scheme for turning to account for the housing of books a space such as he rather sanguinely assumes to be within the reader's reach, and which shall yet not destroy the residential character of the room. That the scheme is ingenious, and, for those who can afford the space, practical, needs no more to be said than that the suggestion will be generally investigated. The entire article is, however, a model of composition, and repays study rather than perusal. It is pleasant to read Mr. Gladstone's humorous fears lest the world, instead of being overstocked with men, should be overpopulated with books, and it is delightful to profit by the amazing store of erudition which is opened out. In one passage at least Mr. Gladstone shows himself a veritable collector. It is when he says that noble works ought not to be printed in cheap and worthless forms, and that cheapness ought to be limited by an instinctive sense and law of fitness. There speaks the veritable bibliophile, among whom I for one am glad to rank the great statesman and scholar. So long as men talk about books, Mr. Gladstone's utterances will be read and quoted.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

ARE THERE TWO CHAUCERS OF 1561?

SINCE my note under the above heading was printed, I have been favoured by the owner, Mr. Gibbs, with a sight of the volume there referred to. The Glossary and other matters prove, as I suspected would be the case, to be additions from a volume of later date. A curious and, I suppose, unique feature in Mr. Gibbs's volume is that the "Plowman's Tale" is printed in different type and with different orthography, but with the same signatures, catch words, &c. An interesting study obviously awaits the Chaucerian bibliographer.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1890.

THE BURGLAR'S BLUNDER.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

“**T**HAT'S done the trick ! Now for the swag !”
As Mr. Bennett made this observation to himself, he slipped the window up and stepped into the room. He stood for a moment listening. Within, all was still ; without, not a sound disturbed the silence of the night.

“I think it's all serene.”

It is probable that Mr. Bennett smiled. He was engaged in the exercise of his profession, and it consoled him to perceive that, on this occasion, the stars seemed to be fighting on his side. He drew down the window softly, and replaced the blind. It was a principle of his never to leave anything which might give a hint to the outside public of what was going on within. The room, with the blind down, was intensely dark. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a little shaded lantern. Cautiously removing the shutter about half an inch, a pencil of light gleamed across the room. He was apparently content with this illumination. By its aid he carefully examined floor, walls, and ceiling.

“Early English. I thought so.”

This remark referred to the upholstering of the room, which was in the Early English style. Stooping down, he drew a pair of list slippers over his indiarubber shoes. With swift, cat-like steps he strode across the floor, and left the room. He was evidently familiar with his ground. The burglar's profession, to be profitably practised, entails no inconsiderable labour. It is quite an error to suppose that

the burglar has only to stroll along the street and break into the first house which catches his eye. Not at all. Such a course is altogether unprofessional. Persons who do that kind of thing get what they deserve—"stir," and plenty of it. A really professional man, an artist—such, for example, as Mr. Bennett—works on entirely different lines. He had had this little job in his mind's eye for the last three months. Acacia Villa presented an almost ideal illustration of *the* promising crib to crack. Did he rush at it on that account? Quite the other way. He prepared his ground. He discovered, what all the world—in that neighbourhood—knew already, that it was occupied by a single lady and a solitary maid. That fact alone would have induced some men to make a dash at it before unscrupulous competitors had had an opportunity to take the bread out of their mouths. But Mr. Bennett was made of other stuff.

It was situated in a lonely suburb, and in a lonely portion of the lonely suburb. It stood in its own grounds. There was not a dog about the place. There was not a shutter to a window. There was no basement to the house—you had only to step from the ground to the window-sill, and from the window-sill into the house. These facts would have been so many extra inducements to the average burglar to "put up" the place at once.

But Mr. Bennett looked at the matter from a different standpoint. He did not ask if he could crack the crib—he had never yet encountered one which had mastered him—but whether the crib was really worth the cracking. The very defencelessness of the place was against it—in his eyes, at any rate—at first. People who have anything very well worth stealing do not, as a rule, leave it at the mercy of the first individual who passes by—though there are exceptions to the rule. Mr. Bennett discovered that there was one, and the discovery revealed the *artist* in the man.

The occupant of Acacia Villa was a Miss Cecilia Jones. Mr. Bennett had never seen Miss Cecilia Jones. Nobody—or hardly anybody—ever had. There appeared to be a mystery about Miss Cecilia Jones. But Mr. Bennett had seen the maid, and not only seen her, but promised to marry her as well. This was a promise which he never made to any woman unless actually compelled: the present had been a case of actual compulsion.

The maid's name was Hannah—Miss Hannah Welsh. She was not young, and she was not good-looking. Mr. Bennett was partial to both youth and beauty. It went against the grain to court Miss Welsh. But he found that courtship was an absolutely indispensable preliminary. After he had encircled her waist a few times with

his arm, and tasted the nectar of her lips—also a few times—Miss Welsh began gradually to unbend. But the process was very gradual. She was the most reticent of maids. He had not only to present her with several presents—the proceeds of the exercise of his profession—he had not only to promise to marry her, he had not only to name the day, but he had even to buy—or steal: the words were synonymous with him—the wedding-ring, before all the tale was told. When he had actually tried the ring on Miss Welsh's finger—to see if it would fit—then, and only then, he heard all there was to hear.

Miss Jones was queer—not mad exactly, but peculiar. She had quarrelled with all her relatives. She was rich. She was full of crotchets. She distrusted all the world, particularly bankers. To such a length had she carried her want of confidence that she had realised all her fortune, turned it into specie, and kept it in the house. It was at this point that Miss Welsh's conversation became interesting to Mr. Bennett.

“Keeps it in the house, does she? In notes, I suppose?”

“Then you suppose wrong. She won't have nothing to do with notes—trust her. It's all in gold and diamonds.”

“Diamonds? How do you know they're diamonds?”

Miss Welsh glanced at him out of the corner of her eyes. The conversation was carried on in the back garden at Acacia Villa, which was extensive and secluded. The time was evening, that season which is popularly supposed to be conducive to sentimental intercourse.

“Perhaps I know as much about diamonds as here and there a few.”

Her tone was peculiar, almost suggestive. For an instant Mr. Bennett meditated making a clean breast of it, and asking Miss Welsh to come in on sharing terms. But he had an incurable objection to collaboration. Besides, in this case sharing terms would probably mean that he would have to go through the form, at any rate, of making her his wife.

“Where does she keep them? In a safe, I hope.”

He did not hope so, though he said he did. At the very best, a safe, to a professional man, means the wasting of valuable time.

“She keeps them in her bedroom, in the chest of drawers, in a red leather box, in the little top drawer on the left-hand side.”

Mr. Bennett felt a glow steal all over him. He began to conceive quite a respect for Miss Cecilia Jones.

“And the gold—where does she keep that?”

“In tin boxes. There are ten of them. There are a thousand sovereigns in each. There are five boxes on each side of the chest of drawers.” Mr. Bennett possessed considerable presence of mind, but he almost lost it then. Ten thousand pounds in sovereigns ! He would never regret the affection he had lavished on Miss Welsh—never, to his dying day. *Would* it be a bad speculation to marry her ? But no ; the thought was rash. He would reward her, but in quite a different way. He made a rapid calculation. Ten thousand sovereigns would weigh, roughly, about a hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. He might turn them into a sack—fancy, a sackful of money ! But a hundred and thirty pounds was no light weight to carry far. He must have a vehicle at hand. What a convenience a “pal” would be ! But he had worked single-handed so far, and he would work single-handed to the end.

When he had ascertained his facts he acted on them at once, thus revealing the artist again. Spare no pains in making sure that the crib is worth the cracking, *then* crack it at once. On the night following this conversation the crib was cracked : he had arranged for the marriage to take place on the next day but one—or Miss Welsh thought he had—so that if he wished to avoid a scandal he really had no time to lose. We have seen him enter the house. Now we understand how it was he knew his ground.

He paused for an instant outside the drawing-room door : it was through the drawing-room window he had effected an entrance. All was still. He moved up the staircase two steps at a time. There was not a stair that creaked. At the top he paused again. From information received, to adopt a phrase popular in an antagonistic profession, he was aware that Miss Jones slept in the front bedroom.

“There’s three bedrooms on the first floor. When you gets to the top of the stairs, you turns to the left ; and if you goes straight on, you walks right into Miss Jones’s room.”

Mr. Bennett turned to the left. He went straight on. Outside Miss Jones’s door he paused again. The critical moment had arrived. He felt that all his properties were in order—a bottle and a sponge in his right-hand pocket, a revolver in his left, a stout canvas bag fastened round his body beneath his coat. The lantern was shut. He opened it sufficiently to enable him to see what sort of handle there was on the door. Having satisfied himself on that point, he closed it again. Then he proceeded to effect an entrance into Miss Jones’s bedroom.

He took the handle firmly in his hand. It turned without the slightest sound. The door yielded at once.

"Not locked," said Mr. Bennett beneath his breath. "What a stroke of luck!"

Noiselessly the door moved on its hinges. He opened it just wide enough to enable him to slip inside. When he was in he released the handle. Instantly the door moved back and closed itself without a sound.

"Got a spring upon the door," Mr. Bennett told himself—always beneath his breath. "Uncommonly well oiled they must keep it, too."

The room was pitchy dark. He listened acutely. All was still as the grave. He strained his ears to catch Miss Jones's breathing.

"A light sleeper!"

A very light sleeper. Strain his ears as he might, he could not catch the slightest sound. Mr. Bennett hesitated. As an artist he was averse to violence. In cases of necessity he was quite equal to the occasion, but in cases where it was not necessary he preferred the gentler way. And where a woman was in question, under hardly any provocation would he wish to cut her throat. He had chloroform in his pocket. If Miss Jones was disagreeable, he could make his peace with that. But if she left him unmolested, should he stupify her still? He decided that while she continued to sleep she should be allowed to sleep, only it would be well for her not to wake up too soon.

He moved across the room. Instinctively, even in the thick darkness, he knew the position of the chest of drawers. He reached it. He quickly discovered the little top drawer on the left-hand side.

In a remarkably short space of time he had it open. Then he began to search for the red leather box. He gleamed the lantern into the drawer, so that its light might assist his search.

While he was still engaged in the work of discovery, suddenly the room was all ablaze with light.

"Thank you. I thought it was you."

A voice, quite a musical voice, spoke these words behind his back. Mr. Bennett was, not unnaturally, amazed. The sudden blaze of light dazzled his eyes. He turned to see who the speaker was.

"Don't move, or I fire. You will find I am a first-rate shot."

He stared. Indeed, he had cause to stare. A young lady—a distinctly pretty young lady—was sitting up in bed, holding a revolver in her hand, which she was pointing straight at him.

"This room is lighted by electricity. I have only to press a button, it all goes out." And, in fact, it all went out; again the room

was dark as pitch. "Another, it is alight again." As it was—and that with the rapidity of a flash of lightning.

Mr. Bennett stood motionless. For the first time in his professional career he was at a loss, not only as to what he ought to say, but as to what he ought to do. The young lady was so pretty. She had long, fair hair, which ranged loose upon her shoulders; a pair of great big eyes, which had a very curious effect on Mr. Bennett as they looked at him; a sweet mouth; through her rosy lips gleamed little pearl-like teeth; and a very pretty—and equally determined—nose and chin. She had on the orthodox nightdress, which, in her case, was a gorgeous piece of feminine millinery, laced all down the front with the daintiest pink bows. Mr. Bennett had never seen such a picture in his life.

"I am Miss Cecilia Jones. You are Mr. Bennett, I presume—George Bennett—'My George,' as Hannah says. Hannah is a hypnotic subject. When I am experimenting on her, the poor dear creature tells me everything, you know. I wonder if I could hypnotise you."

Mr. Bennett did not know what she meant. He was only conscious of the most singular sensation he had ever experienced. To assist his understanding, possibly, Miss Jones gave a practical demonstration of her meaning. With her disengaged hand she made some slight movements in the air, keeping her eyes fixed on Mr. Bennett all the while. Mr. Bennett in vain struggled to escape her gaze. Suddenly he was conscious that, as it were, something had gone from him—his resolution—his freedom of will—he knew not what.

Miss Jones put down her hand.

"I think that you will do. How do you feel?"

"Very queer."

Mr. Bennett's utterance was peculiar. He spoke as a man might speak who is under the influence of a drug, or as one who dreams—unconsciously, without intention, as it were.

"Oh, they always do feel like that at first. Are you considered a good burglar, as a rule?"

"As a rule."

Mr. Bennett hesitatingly put up his hand and drew it across his brow. It was the hand which held the lantern. When the lantern touched his skin he found that it was hot. He let it fall from his hand with a clatter to the floor. Miss Jones eyed him keenly all the time.

"I see you are not quite subjective yet; but I think that you will do. And of course I can always complete the influence if I will.

It only illustrates what I have continually said—that it is not necessarily the lowest mental organisations that traffic in crime. I should say that yours was above, rather than below, the average. Have you yourself any ideas upon that point?”

As he answered, Mr. Bennett faintly sighed.

“None!”

Miss Jones smiled, and as she smiled he smiled too. Though there was this feature about Mr. Bennett's smile—there was not in it any sense of mirth. Miss Jones seemed to notice this, for she smiled still more. Immediately Mr. Bennett's smile expanded into a hideous grin. Then she burst into laughter. Mr. Bennett laughed out too.

“After all, you are more subjective than I thought you were. I don't think I ever had a subject laugh quite so sympathetically before.”

As Miss Jones said this—which she did when she had done laughing—she turned and adjusted the pillows so as to form a support to her back. Against this she reclined at ease. She placed the revolver on the bolster at her side. From a receptacle in the nature of a tidy, which was fastened to the wall above her head, she drew a small leather case. From this she took a cigarette and a match. With the most charming air imaginable she proceeded to light the cigarette, and smoke.

Mr. Bennett watched all her movements, feeling that he must be playing a part in a dream. It was a perceptible relief when she removed her eyes from his face, though they were such pretty eyes. Yet, although she was not looking at him, he felt that she saw him all the time—he had a hideous impression that she even saw what was passing in his mind.

“I wouldn't think about my revolver. You won't be able to fire it, you know.”

He had been thinking about his revolver: a faint notion had been growing up in his mind that he would like to have just one shot at her. Miss Jones made this remark in the most tranquil tone of voice, as she was engaged in extinguishing the match with which she had lighted her cigarette.

“And I wouldn't worry about that chloroform—it is chloroform, isn't it?—in the right-hand pocket of your coat.”

As she said this, Miss Jones threw the extinguished match from her on to the bedroom floor. A great cloud of horror was settling down on Mr. Bennett's brain. Was this fair creature a thing of earth at all? Was she a witch, or a fairy queen? Mr. Bennett was a toler-

ably well-educated man, and he had read of fairy queens. He gave a sudden start. Miss Jones had lighted the cigarette to her satisfaction, and had fixed her eyes upon his face again.

“I suppose you were hardly prepared for this sort of thing?”

“Hardly.”

The word came from Mr. Bennett's stammering lips.

“When you heard about the defencelessness of Acacia Villa, and about Miss Jones—who was peculiar—and that sort of thing, you doubtless took it for granted that it was to be all plain sailing?”

“Something of the kind.”

Not the least odd part of the affair was that Mr. Bennett found himself answering Miss Jones without the least intention of doing anything of the sort.

“Those diamonds you were looking for are at the bottom of the drawer—at the back. Just get them out and bring them here. In a red leather case, you know.”

Mechanically Mr. Bennett did as he was told. When his back was turned to the lady, and he ceased to be compelled to meet her eyes, quite a spasm of relief went over him. A faint desire was again born within his breast to assert his manhood. The lady's quiet voice immediately interposed.

“I wouldn't worry myself with such thoughts if I were you. You are quite subjective.”

He was subjective—though still Mr. Bennett had not the faintest notion what she meant. He found the red leather box. He brought it to her on the bed. He came so close to her that she puffed the smoke between her rosy lips up into his face.

“It is not locked. It opens with a spring, like this.”

She stretched out her hand. As she did so, she grazed slightly one of his. He trembled at her touch. She pressed some hidden spring in the box, and the lid flew open. It was full of diamonds, which gleamed and sparkled like liquid light.

“Not bad stones, are they? There's a hundred thousand pounds' worth at the least. There are the tin boxes, you see. Five on either side the chest of drawers.” Mr. Bennett followed the direction of Miss Jones's hand—he saw them plainly enough. “A hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in your hand, ten thousand pounds in front of you—not bad plunder for a single night's work. And only a young woman to reckon with—it is not twelve months since I turned twenty-one. Yet I don't think you will get much out of this little job—do you?”

The tears actually stood in Mr. Bennett's eyes.

"I don't think I shall," he moaned.

"And yet there is no magic about it—not the least. It is simply an illustration of the latest phase in scientific development." Miss Jones leaned back against the pillows, enjoying her cigarette with the etherealised satisfaction of the true lover of the weed. With her left hand—what a little white and dainty hand it was!—she toyed with her long, fair hair. "At an extremely early age I discovered that I could exercise at will remarkable powers over my fellow creatures. I lost no opportunity to develop those powers. At twenty-one I became my own mistress. I realised my fortune—as Hannah told you—and retired to Acacia Villa. You understand I had ideas of my own. I was peculiar, if you choose to have it so. I continued to develop my powers. I experimented upon Hannah. Now I am experimenting upon you. I am enjoying this experiment very much indeed. I hope you are enjoying it a quarter as much as I am—are you?" Some slightly inarticulate remark dropped from Mr. Bennett, which was apparently to the effect that he was not.

"I am sorry to hear that. Perhaps you will enjoy it more a little later on. Now, what shall I do with you? I know."

Miss Jones pressed a little ivory button, which was one of a row set in a frame of wood against the wall.

"That rings an electric bell in Hannah's room. I often ring her down in the middle of the night to be experimented on. She comes directly. Here she is, you see."

There was a slight tapping against the bedroom door.

"Come in!" exclaimed Miss Jones.

The door opened and Miss Welsh came in. She was not exactly in full dress—in fact, rather the other way. Mr. Bennett, who through it all was conscious in a horrid, nightmare sort of way, thought that he had never seen anyone look so extremely unprepossessing as Miss Welsh looked in disarray. The instant she was inside the room Miss Jones raised her hand. Miss Welsh stood still. Miss Jones turned to Mr. Bennett.

"I have her entirely under control. Some of the results I have obtained with her are really quite remarkable. But you shall see for yourself, and judge." The young lady addressed Miss Welsh.

"Well, Hannah, here is Mr. Bennett, you see."

It was evident that Miss Welsh did see. She seemed struggling to give expression to her feelings in speech. Miss Jones went calmly on:

"He is here on business—he is committing burglary, in fact. You were right in supposing that was his profession. The mistake you made was in imagining that he would have shared the spoil with

you. I think, Mr. Bennett, I am right in saying that you would not have given Hannah much?"

"Not a sou."

"Probably you did not even intend to marry her?"

"I would have seen her hung first."

Mr. Bennett made this plain statement with quite curious ferocity. Miss Welsh rubbed her eyes with the sleeve of what we will suppose, for courtesy's sake, was her nightdress.

"That makes nine of 'em," she said.

"That makes nine of them, as Hannah says. Hannah, Mr. Bennett, is a woman of experience. She has had nine promises of marriage, but not one of them came off. But I don't think, Hannah, that you ever had a promise from a burglar before?"

"Never before."

"Then, at least, that is a new experience; and a new experience is so precious. Is there any remark you would like to make, Hannah, appropriate to the occasion?"

For a moment it did not appear as though there were. Then it seemed that there at least was one.

"I should like to scratch his eyes out," observed the damsel—ætat forty-five or so.

Miss Cecilia smiled. Mr. Bennett immediately smiled too. But there was this difference—that while the lady's smile was a thing of beauty, the gentleman's was a peculiar ghastly grin. Miss Jones remarked Mr. Bennett's facial contortions with an appearance of considerable interest.

"I never had them smile *quite* so sympathetically before. In that respect, Mr. Bennett, you are unique. Charmed to have met you, I am sure." The young lady knocked the ash off her cigarette with her dainty finger, and turned her attention to Miss Welsh. "I don't think, Hannah, that we will have any scratching out of eyes."

When she had thus delivered herself, Miss Jones reclined in silence for some moments on her pillows, discharging the smoke of her cigarette through her delicate pink nostrils. When she spoke again, it was to the gentleman she addressed herself.

"Mr. Bennett, would you mind closing that box of diamonds, and replacing them in the drawer?"

Mr. Bennett shut the box with a little snap, and carried it across the room. There was something odd about his demeanour as he did this—an appearance as though he were not engaged in the sort of labour which physics pain. Miss Welsh, standing as though rooted to the ground, followed him with her eyes. The expression of her

countenance was one of undisguised amazement. Her face was eloquent with a yearning to relieve herself with words. When Mr. Bennett put the box back where he had found it, and shut the drawer, she gave a kind of gasp. From Mr. Bennett there came a distinctly audible groan. "Turn round, Mr. Bennett, and look at me." Mr. Bennett did as he was bidden. He was not altogether a bad-looking young man—his chief fault, from the physiognomist's point of view, lay in the steely tint of his clear blue eyes. Miss Jones's great big orbs seemed to rest upon him with a certain degree of pleasure. "I need scarcely point out to you that the burglary is a failure. The principal cause of failure is that you are too subjective. You have quite one of the most subjective organisations I have yet encountered. The ideal criminal must keep himself abreast with the advance of science. In failing to do so, Mr. Bennett, you have been guilty of a blunder which, in your case, is certainly worse than crime. You are a dreadful example of the burglar's blunder. I might label you, preserve you in your hypnotic state, and use you as an illustration of a lecture I am now preparing. But I have other views, and it is not impossible I may encounter you again. Go to my writing-table. You will find a sheet of foolscap paper. Write what I dictate."

Mr. Bennett went to the writing-table. He found the sheet of foolscap paper. "Write, in good, bold characters—

"I AM GEORGE BENNETT,
The Burglar.

For further particulars apply at Acacia Villa."

Mr. Bennett wrote as she dictated, displaying the above legend in a striking, round hand right across the sheet of paper. Miss Jones addressed Miss Welsh :

"Hannah, in my workbasket you will find a needle and some good stout thread. Get it out." Miss Welsh got it out. "Mr. Bennett, take off that sack which you have wound round your body beneath your coat." Mr. Bennett took it off. "Button up your coat again." Mr. Bennett buttoned it up. "Hannah, take that sheet of foolscap paper on which Mr. Bennett has written at my dictation, and sew it firmly to the front of his buttoned-up coat."

Miss Welsh took the sheet of foolscap paper. She approached Mr. Bennett, holding it in her hand. Mr. Bennett's hands dropped to his sides. He regarded her with a look which was the reverse of amiable. She eyed him with what were doubtless intended to be soft, pleading glances. When she reached him she placed her hand

timidly against his chest. Mr. Bennett looked particularly glum. She raised the other hand which held the sheet of foolscap paper, and spread it out upon his breast. It was legible at quite a considerable distance :

" I AM GEORGE BENNETT,
The Burglar.

For further particulars apply at Acacia Villa.'

It was hardly the sort of inscription a chivalrous spirit would wish to have displayed upon his breast by the object of his heart's desire, or even by the woman he had promised to marry in the course of the following morning. Miss Welsh, who seemed to feel the truth of this, looked at him with sad, beseeching eyes. But Mr. Bennett's glumness perceptibly increased. Then Miss Welsh proceeded to sew the inscription on. It must be owned that it was a conscientious piece of sewing. She first tacked it round the edges ; then she sewed it up and down, and across, from corner to corner, with a hundred careful stitches, in such a way that he would have had to tear it to fragments, piecemeal, in order to get it off. It would have been quite impossible to unbutton his coat while he had that inscription on. The process seemed to make Miss Welsh extremely sad. It made Mr. Bennett sadder still. When she had finished her conscientious piece of work, she crossed her hands meekly in front of her, and looked up at him with a rapturous gaze. Mr. Bennett did not seem to feel rapturous at all.

" Now, Hannah, take the sack which Mr. Bennett wore beneath his coat, and hold it open for him, and enable him to step inside."

The sack was lying on the floor. Miss Welsh, with a half-uttered sigh, picked it up, and held the mouth wide open. Mr. Bennett scowled first at the lady, then at the bag. He raised his left foot gingerly, and placed it in the opening. Miss Welsh assisted him in thrusting his leg well home. Then there was a pause.

" Perhaps, Mr. Bennett, you had better put your arms round Hannah's neck," observed Miss Jones. She was engaged in lighting a second cigarette at the ashes of the first.

Mr. Bennett put his arms about Miss Welsh's neck, and thrust his other leg into the sack.

" Draw it up about his waist," remarked Miss Jones. By now the second cigarette was well alight.

Miss Welsh drew it up about his waist. It was a good-sized sack, so that, although a man of at least the average height, being drawn up it reached his loins.

" Mr. Bennett, hold the sack in that position with both your

hands." Mr. Bennett held the sack in that position with both his hands. "Hannah, in the bottom of the hanging cupboard you will find some cord. Get it out."

In a mechanically melancholy way Miss Welsh did as she was told. The cord, being produced, took the shape of a coil of rope, about the thickness of one's middle finger.

"Make two holes in the front of the sack, and pass the cord through them." With the same sad air Miss Welsh acted on Miss Jones's fresh instructions. She made two holes in the front of the sack, and passed the two ends of the cord through them.

"Now pass the cord over his shoulders, make two holes in the back of the sack, pass the cord through them, then draw it tight."

Again Miss Welsh obeyed, dolefully, yet conscientiously withal. The result was that when the rope was tightened—and Miss Welsh, in the most conscientious manner, drew it as tight as she possibly could—Mr. Bennett's lower portions were imprisoned in the sack in a manner which was hardly dignified. He might have been about to engage in a sack-race, only he did not appear to be in a sack-racing frame of mind. Miss Welsh seemed to feel that she was hardly treating him in the way in which one would wish to treat one's best young man. It was evident that Mr. Bennett had not the slightest doubt but that he was being used very badly indeed.

"Take the bottle and sponge, which you will find in his right-hand pocket, and the revolver, which you will find in his left, and place them on the bed." Miss Welsh did as her mistress told her. "Now tie him up with the cord so as to render him incapable of moving a limb. There are thirty-two yards of it. With that quantity, and the exercise of a little skill, you should be able to make him tolerably secure."

As Miss Jones said this, it almost seemed that Miss Welsh started. Mr. Bennett certainly did. Miss Welsh looked at him with such piteous eyes; Mr. Bennett favoured her with an unmistakable scowl—a scowl, indeed, of singular malignity. Then she proceeded to tie him up. In doing so, she showed considerable skill, and conscientiousness to boot. She first passed the rope two or three times right round him, so as to pinion his arms to his sides. Then, putting her foot up against his side, so as to enable her to use it as a lever, she hauled the rope as tight as she could. She did not seem to enjoy the hauling part of it—nor did Mr. Bennett, for the matter of that. She was a woman of undeniable strength; it was a wonder

that she did not cut in two the man she had promised to marry. When the rope was at its utmost tension, she made a most dexterous knot. He would have been tolerably secure had she done no more. But she did a great deal more ; in that conscientious way she had, she ran the rope about his legs, hauling it fast with the same ingenuity of method—with such energy, in fact, that she hauled him off his legs, and both he and she fell flat upon the floor.

“ Pick yourself up, Hannah ; and you had better continue to tie Mr. Bennett where he lies—you will find it more convenient, perhaps.”

Miss Welsh acted on Miss Jones's hint. But, however it may have added to her convenience, so far as Mr. Bennett was concerned it made the matter worse. She performed her task in such a very conscientious way ; she rolled him over and over, she knelt on him—to give her leverage in hauling, she even stood on him—she stood him on his feet, and on his head. It certainly was *not* a favourable example of the way in which a young woman should use her best young man.

“ Now, Hannah, you can stand Mr. Bennett on his feet,” remarked Miss Jones, when she saw that Miss Welsh had completed her task. “ If Mr. Bennett is unable to stand, you had better prop him up with his back against the wall.”

Miss Welsh propped Mr. Bennett up with his back against the wall : he would have certainly been unable to stand alone. Miss Jones addressed herself to him :

“ You see, Mr. Bennett, how entirely I have Hannah under my control. She is beautifully subjective. As I pointed out to you before, I assure you I have obtained some really remarkable results with Hannah. I hope that you have enjoyed all that you have seen—have you ?”

Mr. Bennett feebly shook his head. He did not seem to have sufficient energy left to enable him to say he hadn't. He was too much tied up. Miss Jones went on :

“ Before we part—and we are about to part ; for the present, at least—I should like to address to you a few appropriate remarks. Burglary, I need not point out to you, Mr. Bennett, is criminal, and not only criminal, but cowardly. You choose, as a rule, the night. You choose, preferentially, a house in which the inhabitants are helpless. You steal upon them unawares, prepared, if necessary, to take their lives at the moment when they are least able to defend them. You yourself are a coward of the most despicable sort, or you would never have come, in the dead of the night, certainly to

rob, and perhaps to kill, an unprotected woman. I cannot describe to you the satisfaction which I feel when I consider that this is a case of the biter bit. When I think how conscious you yourself must be of how completely the tables have been turned, I assure you that I am ready to dance about the room with joy. I trust, Mr. Bennett, that you will perceive and allow that these few remarks point a moral and adorn a tale. What I am now about to do with you is this. You brought that chloroform to stupify me. On the contrary, with it Hannah shall stupify you. When you are stupified she will open the window, she will drag you to it, and she will drop you out. There is only a drop of about twelve feet. There is a flower-bed beneath. I hope you will not fall hard. You will damage the flowers, I am afraid ; but, under the circumstances, I will excuse you that. You will lie there through the night. In the morning I will take care that a policeman finds you there. He will see the inscription written by yourself, and sewn on your breast by Hannah. He will see that you are George Bennett, the burglar, and he will act on the hint contained in the last line—he will make further inquiries at Acacia Villa. I assure you I will answer them. I will prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law. You have doubtless, in the course of your career, been guilty of multitudinous crimes. I think I know a means of bringing every one of them home to you. You will be sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. For a considerable time to come I shall know where to find you should I desire to subject you to further experiment.”

As Miss Jones made these observations, which she did in the sweetest and most musical of voices, she continued to enjoy her cigarette. A fairer picture of feminine indulgence in the nicotian weed, it is not improbable, was never seen. But neither Mr. Bennett nor Miss Welsh seemed to appreciate the opportunity they had of observing the fair picture under circumstances of such exceptional advantage—the gentleman even less than the lady. After a short pause, the beautiful young smoker gave a few instructions to Miss Welsh :

“Hannah, take that bottle of chloroform and that sponge. Empty the contents of the bottle on to the sponge ; then press the sponge against Mr. Bennett’s mouth and nose, and hold it there.”

As Miss Jones said this, an expression of great agony struggled through the stupor which was the prevailing characteristic of Mr. Bennett’s face. It seemed as though he struggled to speak. But his tongue was mute. Miss Welsh, too, seemed unutterably sad. At the same time, she did as her mistress bade. She drew the cork

out of the bottle, and emptied the contents on to the sponge. As she did so, Mr. Bennett's eyes passed from Miss Welsh to Miss Jones, and from Miss Jones to Miss Welsh, with something of that look of dumb agony which it is so painful to see at times upon the face of a dog. Miss Welsh emptied the bottle to its latest drop. She advanced towards Mr. Bennett, labelled, tied, and propped up against the wall. He made a perceptible effort to give expression to his agony in speech. But Miss Welsh gave him no time. She clapped the sponge upon his mouth and nose, pressing his head with all her force against the wall. He shivered, gave a sort of sigh, and fell, lying where he had fallen. Under Miss Welsh's forcible manipulation, the anæsthetic had quickly done its work.

"Open the window wide!" Miss Welsh opened the window wide. "Pick Mr. Bennett up!" Miss Welsh picked him up. "Carry him to the window!" She carried him to the window. It was a curious spectacle to see her bearing all that was near and dear to her to his ignominious doom. "Throw him out!" She threw him out. There was a momentary silence. Then came the sound of a thud. Mr. Bennett had fallen on the flower-bed beneath. "Shut the window down!" Miss Welsh shut the window down. "Go to the door, turn round, and look at me!" Miss Welsh did as she was bidden. She shuddered when her eyes encountered her mistress's glorious orbs.

The young smoker, raising her exquisitely-shaped hand, made a slight movement with it in the air.

"Leave the room, and go to bed!" she said. Miss Welsh left the room and disappeared.

When she was left alone, Miss Cecilia Jones carefully extinguished her cigarette, placing the unconsumed fragment in a little ash-tray which was fastened to the wall above her head. She replaced the pillows in their former position; under one of them she placed her revolver, on it she placed her head. Touching one of the ivory buttons, which she could easily do from where she lay, instantly the room was dark. In the darkness, having made herself comfortable between the sheets, she set herself to woo sweet sleep.

LIGHT FROM THE TALMUD.

DURING recent years there have been great and good news of the Talmud for those who

speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ;

and yet they have not taken that hold of the general literary world which might have been expected. The labours of learned translators for the present undergo the fate of “*Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-poet of Persia, rendered into English Verse,*” by the late Edward Fitzgerald, choice friend of the Poet Laureate. Exiled, like the nation of which they speak, from the community of favoured volumes of science, song, and sad imaginations, called novels, their first imprints are dispersed into those regions wherein Charles Lamb loved to wander: the shelves of second-hand booksellers. The devoted student of Rabbinical lore has to be content with the gratitude and praise of friends, select—but few.

Nevertheless, this incomparable book, the Talmud, so full of minute details regulating religion, society, home, daily conduct—dear to the heart of Jewry—next to the Old Testament, sacred to all true sons of Israel—contains matter of wisdom suited to all faiths of the world, and to phases of intellectual mind outside the faiths, and abounds in narratives and legends of mythical import which delight in every nation, in all ages and all climes.

It is held by the once Chosen People that, when the Ten Commandments were given to Moses upon Mount Sinai—or, as was said, in Heaven—“fast by the throne of God,” in Milton’s verse—notwithstanding the protest of the ministering angels, there were also given to the Great Lawgiver six hundred and thirteen precepts, which Moses delivered to Aaron, then to the select seventy, and so were passed on from age to age—precepts, known as the Oral Law, the Law of the Lip, which even to-day the true children of Jewry between six and seven years of age must commit to memory.

Around these precepts, the five books of Moses, and the other books of the Old Testament gradually clustered expositions thereupon by the Lights of Law in Israel, attached to which were singular

traditions, generally referring to the law and its observation. We must note, by the way, that the enthusiasm of the Jews for their Written Law and Oral Law was awakened during the great captivity. Of the Babylonians, the son of Israel might say :

These are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me *what I am!*
Sweet are the uses of adversity :
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

These annotations on the Written Law were passed on in unbroken, authentic, sacred succession, until the time of Jesus of Nazareth, when the great Rabbi Hillel began to methodise the mass of expositions and illustrations, which work was completed, two hundred years later, by Jehuda the Holy. The compilation was named *Mishna*.

The Mishna, itself, then became subjected to the discussions, annotations, and judgments of the Rabbis—and these, in turn, were compiled two hundred years after the Mishna, under the name *Gemara*. The Mishna and Gemara combined, make the Talmud. There were two great schools of the Rabbis: one in Jerusalem, another in Babylon; each of these produced a Gemara; hence there are two Talmuds—the Palestine and the Babylonian.

Some discretion has to be exercised in approaching a book of such remarkable history, and in itself of such a remarkable character. The Jews during their persecutions had to be cautious in their manner of teaching, and would frequently veil the truth they had to enforce by some singular story: hence, many Talmudic records which appear contemptible are really parabolical; many which seem ridiculous are full of valuable obscured meaning. One must, therefore, be careful when these come under attention. Again, two great lines run throughout the book; these are, briefly, *halachah*, a doctrine; *haggadah*, or narratives, legends, traditions—which fact makes a further claim upon the reader's discrimination. The study of the book (twelve volumes, 5,894 folio pages) must be the enthusiastic labour of a lifetime. But, from what has already been rendered easy of access for the English reader, we are made aware of the vast wealth of knowledge and wisdom accumulated in the Talmud. We feel as in the cave of Mammon—

From whose rough vault the ragged branches hang
Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift.

.
Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof.

From the portions and parcels of this treasure-house which have been placed within our reach we can safely appraise what for the present is hidden from us, and at the same time find delight in perusing and weighing the merits of tradition and doctrine. Of the latter we cannot speak in these pages. *Halachah* we leave to the Hebrew student. A comprehensive article could not avoid that central point of faith around which all Jewish life has revolved and must revolve—the Unity of the Eternal One; nor could it set aside large fundamentals which exemplify the Jewish character in a remarkable manner—the exercise of Charity, the Queen virtue; the observance of the Sabbath and its privileges, the Bride-Queen of Days; the emphasis laid upon education; the imperious and reiterated commands relating to marriage; the passion of heart and spirit for Jerusalem, the Queen-city of the earth. But these we must pass by. Nevertheless, in what remains we shall not fail to make evident that the Talmud is as wonderful a book as it has been said to be; that, like the famed Egyptian queen,

Age cannot waste her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety . . . she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

We shall confine ourselves to the lights thrown upon two well-known Biblical characters—to examples of Talmudic stories, and the wisdom of the Rabbis.

Of the excellence of the beauty that once was the portion of Israel many notable things are told. When her youths were taken into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, they were seen to possess a loveliness surpassing the splendour of the sun: which proved a torment to the Chaldean women, and their own perdition. When Rabbi Yochanan visited the Rabbi Eliezer in his sickness, he found the chamber dark, but he made bare his arm, and immediately by its resplendence every corner of the room was illumined.

Over some characters there hovers a halo of beauty, and mystery, and awe which charms one like a fairy tale of youth's dawn, sung to new music. This is the case with Esther, whose name and nobleness still consecrate the ruins of Susan. Her mother died at her birth; and, her father having also died some time before, she was brought up by her cousin Mordecai. She was given two names, Hadassah and Esther. The latter was fitly chosen from the Greek *Estarath*, a bright star—star-bright, indeed, she still shines throughout the cloudy centuries. The name *Hadassah* (myrtle-tree) was bestowed because of her figure and her character: because, like the myrtle-tree, she was neither tall nor short of stature, but middle-sized; also, because of her

sweet disposition and kindly actions, which were compared to the fragrance and ever-fresh beauty of the myrtle. Her complexion was of a yellow or gold colour. She was one of the four beautiful women of the world—the other three being Abigail, who had the sacred record as being of a good understanding and of a beautiful countenance ; Rahab, from whom descended eight sacerdotal prophets ; and Sarai, called Iscah, because everyone looked upon her beauty with admiration. When the fateful hour was drawing nigh for the extinction of her people, Esther arose from the ashes whereon she had mourned for three days ; she put aside her garments of sack-cloth, and called for her royal robes, for her ornaments of gems and of the gold of Ophir. And as she arrayed herself for the presence of the king, her countenance brightened with joy. She took with her two maids, one to carry her gorgeous train, the other that she might lean upon her arm. But, alas ! when she reached the Chamber of the Images the glory of the Shekinah departed from her, and, nearly fainting through deep trouble of heart, she cried to the Eternal One, in the words of the twenty-second Psalm, Why was she thus forsaken ?

When she advanced, and was beheld by Ahasuerus the king, anger was visible in his eyes at her transgression of the law and custom of the country ; this, again, caused her to lean heavily on the arm of her maid and exhibit signs of fear. Whereupon there came to her assistance three ministering angels. One raised her neck, so that her face might fully shine upon Ahasuerus ; a second angel drew a new radiant line of grace upon her countenance ; and a third lengthened the goldensceptre several cubits. Thus had the Eternal One pity upon the orphan daughter of Israel, and upon His chosen people, doomed to death throughout all the king's provinces. And Ahasuerus arose from his throne, stretched forth his golden sceptre, which had been lengthened by the ministering angel, and, Esther having touched it, the king embraced her and kissed her, and, looking into her eyes, he banished the last lingering cloud of fear which darkened them with the gracious words : “ Queen Esther, what wilt thou ? Be not alarmed ; our laws are not meant for thee. Thou art my friend, and when thine eyes looked upon me, that instant thou shouldst have spoken.”

Esther having gained her great cause, and saved her people, a festival was made of that time, as written in the Book of Esther—“ that these days of Purim should not fail from among the Jews, nor the memorial of them perish from their seed.” The Rabbis, in their gratitude, so exalted the great deliverance that they declared : All Scriptures (that is, the books which do not refer absolutely to the

Law) will be done away with in the future, except the Book of Esther ; also all festivals, except the days of Purim. What gladness prevailed during this festival may be known from the fact that intoxication might then be indulged in. That this was really the case is authenticated in a well-known Talmudic incident. On such an occasion Rava took the life of his friend Rabbi Zerah. Next day, through the persistent prayers of Rava, the soul of Zerah was restored to its earthly tabernacle. When the days of Purim came round again, Zerah asked his friend to keep the feast with him. "Nay," answered Rava, "it does not always happen that I can effect a miracle." A shrewd and saving answer, indeed.

We shall now refer to what may be further learnt of the beauty of the male Israelite.

Of the beauty of Moses there is the remark of St. Stephen that as a child "he was exceeding fair" ; and Josephus writes that when he was carried along the road everyone halted on the way, or left their pursuits, to gaze upon the loveliness of the child. And so was it with Joseph—beauty of form and countenance were his inheritance, as mentioned in the Talmud amidst many other matters of singular interest.

Because of his beauty, as told in the "Rose-Garden" of the Persian Saadi, Joseph was called the Moon of Canaan, which explains the saying of Lokman the Wise : "Yes, I sell beauty, but not in Canaan." Zelicha (the name of Potiphar's wife) on one occasion was visited by some of her friends ; and one of the Egyptian dames, whilst paring an apple, was so entranced with the beauty of Joseph that she cut her finger, and was not aware of it until her attention was called to the blood upon her garments. From the Talmud we obtain knowledge of Joseph's humbleness of mind and sagacity under such circumstances. When Zelicha one day spoke in admiration of his beauty, he answered : "The Eternal One, who created me, created also all mankind." Zelicha, it is said, changed her garments twice every day in her endeavour to win his affection. These arts failing, she threatened him with imprisonment, and to put out his eyes. He calmly answered again, in the name of the Eternal One : "He looseth the prisoners, and openeth the eyes of the blind." That Joseph was divinely assisted in these trials the Talmud would make evident, since it is stated that at a very critical moment the apparition of his father appeared to him and cried : "Joseph, thy brothers' names will be engraved on the stones of the Ephod, and thine amongst them ; dost thou want it erased ?"

But, as we have said, there are other matters of interest attached to the history of Joseph in the pages of the Talmud.

From the day that Joseph parted with his brethren in Egypt, after they had drunk and made merry together, he abstained from all wine. When he finally sent them back to Canaan with many gifts, to bring his father, that he might see him, and live with him, and know of his glory in Egypt, he bade them "fall not out by the way," which, as interpreted in the Talmud, means that they had not to engage in *halachic* debates, lest they might lose their way—which interpretation itself appears to have a further internal meaning. The brethren, probably, did not lose their way—their way was too clearly fixed in their minds; nor, probably, did they discuss *halachic* matters—one subject they held in fear of heart and affection: to bring the great news to Jacob, their father—and they were exercised how to break these news gently. They would remember, in bitterness of thought, the trial of Abraham, when the Eternal One placed upon him the command of sacrifice. Satan, it is said, stood before the throne of the Eternal One, as in the case of Job, and upon his provocation Abraham had to be proven. The Eternal One then addressed the patriarch: "Take thy son." "I have two sons," answered Abraham. "Thine only son." "Each is the only son of his mother," was the submissive reply. "Whom thou lovest," rejoined the Eternal. "They are both dear to me." The command was then given: "Isaac!" And thus, says the Talmud, was the mind of Abraham gradually prepared.

To break the great news gently to their father was the trouble of the brethren as they approached Canaan. But at Beer-Sheba they were met by Serach, the daughter of Asher. She was a cunning player upon the harp, and a maiden of sweet voice. And Serach was sent by the brethren to weave the good news in a song before Abraham. When she came to her grandfather, she softly smote upon her harp and sang her song, and, as she sang, seven times she repeated the lines:

Lo, Joseph is not dead: he lives.
My uncle rules o'er Egypt's land.

The music and the song were grateful to the patriarch's ear; but when the burden was seven times told, that number, sacred to the Hebrews, was marked by Abraham, and the light dawned upon his spirit, and the fountain of joy sprang up again within his heart, and the blessing of smiles illumined his countenance, and his lips told less than the truth of all, and yet enough, as he blessed his niece Serach.

We may be pardoned in closing this reference to Joseph, by once more quoting from the Persian. Jacob, it was said, had been able, at the distance of Egypt, to perceive the perfume of his son's garment; but this fact was doubted by one who said that, if such was the case,

why could he not discover Joseph when he was in the well in Canaan ; to which he gave his profound reply, which contains so much of the *arcana* of life : “ Our condition is like the darting lightning, one instant flashing, and the next disappearing. Sometimes we are seated above the fourth heaven, and at other times we cannot see the back of our feet. If the Durwash were always to remain in one state he would cease to desire both worlds.”

This may have been appropriated by Saadi from unrecorded Midrash—that is, the materials out of which the Talmud was composed, and which was a science. Such, also, seems to have been the case with that beautiful apologue of Abraham and the Fire-worshipper, given by Jeremy Taylor, afterwards used by Franklin, and generally supposed to be in the Talmud, but ultimately found not to be there, but in Saadi.

Thoughts pass from nation to nation at times and in a manner unperceived, and are frequently praised as original when they are only original to the language—perhaps not even that, if the obscurities of literature were explored. One of the noble notes struck by Wordsworth, one of those which might be taken to show his supreme power as a philosophic poet, is, alas ! embodied in the above saying of Abraham, and lacks its profitable conclusion :

It is a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desire :
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

But, on the other hand, there is no surprise to find nursery tales and mythical stories of identical import, prevalent in different ages, climes, and peoples, dressed in the garb most suitable to the nation's needs. They are imaginations ; or they clothe beliefs in the forms best adapted to the faculties of wonder and worship. This may even be the case of marked incidents, stories of the streets, which seem native and to the manner born. We may be betrayed by some of the best : they may be but repetitions ; bright, but only reappearing stars. As in Aladdin's tale, we are the prey of the magician who gives us new lamps for old. In our boyhood's years we were often enlivened at home by the following story. A beggar stood at the window of a cook-shop so long that the proprietor came out and asked the reason. “ Thank you, sir,” replied the beggar, “ I waited until the smell of the cooking would satisfy me instead of a dinner. My hunger is now gone ; good-day.” “ Nay, nay,” cried the proprietor, “ if you have had your dinner off my victuals, I must have your money ; give me a shilling.” This the beggar refused to do, and the matter was referred

to an idiot, who was passing along the street. The idiot asked the proprietor for two plates and the loan of a shilling. This he placed between the plates, and shook them, and thus addressed the proprietor: "As the beggar was satisfied with the smell of the meat, so you must be satisfied with the sound of the money." Often did we go to the savoury locality and amidst the culinary incense realise every tittle of the facts—this was the very place, within the shop is the very proprietor, and, yonder, shambling down the street, is the hero-idiot—and we went home full of wonder at the true story. When, in later years, we came to read Plutarch, we found the very same tale, only the rue was worn with a difference.

So in the Talmud tales we find something like the originals of well-credited facts and tales. Indeed, these things make us suspect that a modern story-teller's vocation is ever that of the mother in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," whose skill made

Auld claithes look amaist as weel's the new.

Take a great rain story. When Mr. Max O'Rell was questing in Scotland for humour, he was told of a Presbyterian minister who had just cut his hay, and, the weather not being very propitious for making it, he knelt near his open window and addressed to Heaven the following prayer: "O Lord, send us wind for the hay: not a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noughin', soughin', winnin' wind." But Dean Ramsay was before Mr. Max O'Rell, and as the story appeared in his "Reminiscences," due acknowledgment of the fact was given. We should, however, submit that the Dean was not first in the field, but that the circumstances may have crept out of the Talmud, and been captured and carried to the Presbyterian fold, as we find the following in a learned translation: "Choni, the circling charmer, was asked to pray for rain. After his preparations and prayer, drops began to fall. 'I have not asked for this,' said he, 'but for such abundance as to fill wells, ditches, and caves.' A tempest of rain was the result. 'No,' said he, 'that is not what I ask, but rain of pleasantness, blessing, and free-will.' The rain moderated, but continued to fall, till Israel had to leave Jerusalem for the Temple Mount on account of the swelling torrents. 'Pray now,' they cried, 'for its discontinuance.' 'Go and see,' said he, 'whether the water has covered the Inquiry Stone.' The president of the Sanhedrim sent him the following message: 'Were it any other man than Choni, I would decree his excommunication; but what can I do unto thee, whose presumption, like that of a son against his father, is met by the Eternal One with the fulfilment of thy desires?'"

A kindly reviewer, one of the sanitary authorities in Literature, who keep it so pure and cool, brought Mr. Max O'Rell and the shade of the Dean "to book," by pointing out a version of this story popular in the dialect of a county in the South of England, and better told than in the northern clime, which further proves that a good story will live, and loves to go masquerading.

Again. Our age has been surprised by what is thought a new system of coercion and extinction—named, after a great sufferer, boycotting. But this was practised in Sodom to such perfection that it may be read of in the Talmud (in De Quincey's phrase regarding murder) as one of the fine arts, wherein the City of the Plain shames our civilisation. When a poor man should enter the city, for the repute of charity the people gave him money, but none would give him food, or sell him food, and he was not allowed to leave the city. Of course, the man died of starvation; then the alms-givers got their money back again: the very rags of the victim were stolen from the dead body, which was buried naked in the wilderness. To assist the poor man in such a case was death. Lot's daughter did this on one occasion. The man she assisted, continuing to live, puzzled the people, and the translator renders the version thus: "Three men constituted themselves a committee to watch his goings and his doings;" they discovered the woman's crime of charity, and she was executed by fire.

Again. Upon the verse that "The Lord said, 'Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great,'" it is explained that the Hebrew word for "great" in the Talmudic dialect means "girl," and the girl was one who hid a slice of bread in her pitcher, to give it to a poor man: being discovered, her body was smeared with honey, she was exposed on a wall, and stung to death by the bees. This incident, it is evident, must be subjected to the Talmudic secret interpretation, and the bread spoken of may be the "bread of life"—the doctrine not to be dispensed to the uninitiated. The secret sense, however, may hardly be applied to the case of Eleazar, the servant of Sarah. Interfering, when a stranger had been defrauded, one of the people struck Eleazar on the forehead with a stone. He brought blood, whereon the man seized Eleazar and demanded his fee as a leech. "I have freed thee of this impure blood: pay me quickly—such is our law." Eleazar refused to pay for his wound and the blood he had lost, and was brought into Court. The Judge decreed that Eleazar must pay the fee. "The man has let thy blood: pay him: such is our law." Eleazar must have brought the blood-stained stone as evidence of the assault, inasmuch as on hearing the decision he hurled

the stone at the Judge, and it again brought forth blood. "There," cried Eleazar, "follow thy law, and pay my fee to this man," and he left the Court-house. But we have wandered from our purpose in this story-telling, and must go back to our parallels.

It is neither one, nor two royal fugitives whose lives have been saved in the pursuit through the web of the spider being woven across the mouth of the cave where they were hiding : but for such "providential" interposition we can refer back to a time antecedent to English or any European history, since it is written in the Talmud that David in his flight lost himself in the cave of Adullam. After he had entered, a spider spun a web over the opening thereto. His pursuers came to the cave, and were about to enter, but, perceiving the web of the spider, they judged that no one could be within, as no one could pass into it without destroying the fairy web. They passed on their way, and the royalty of David was prolonged for Israel.

And, yet again. It was told by the venerable ecclesiastical historian, that Edwin of Northumberland summoned a meeting of his witan to consider the Christian faith : on which occasion it was, that an ælderman made his famous speech on the life of man. "Often in winter-tide, O King, whilst you are feasting with your thanes, and in the midst of the hall the fire is blazing on the hearth, a sparrow will enter at one door, as sheltering from the snow-storm outside. But after enjoying the warmth and light for a little time it will fly across, and depart by an opposite door into the outer darkness. The bird was visible during its passage, but whence it came, or whither it went, you could not tell. So, in our sight, is the life of man."

The Talmud uses the same figure, but with a sense adapted to Oriental climes. "Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower? Is it the shadow of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird, in his flight ; away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow."

Then, who does not find in the following one of the very fables that delighted his childhood? Rabbi Naphcha was asked by one doctor of the law to tell a pretty legend ; by another, to expound some point of law. That is, one wished to hear something of *halachah*, the other of *haggadah*. But he could not please either. The legend gave offence to the one : exposition of the law annoyed the other. Therefore he gave this parable : "I am like the man with two wives, one young, the other old. The first plucked out his grey hairs to make him seem young, the other did the same with the dark hairs, that he might look old. Between the ladies he became bald." This

narrative appears twice in the Talmud : in the treatise on the Roll, and in that on Place of Justice.

We have still a finer echo in the following.

When a Campanian lady on one occasion visited Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, she displayed her jewels ostentatiously, and asked Cornelia to favour her with a sight of her own. Cornelia thereupon produced her two sons, remarking, "These are the only jewels of which I can make my boast." Nobly said, indeed, and worthy of the immortality which is Cornelia's portion. But a story in the Talmud has a tenderness in it which might have wooed Boccaccio's pen. During the absence from his home of Rabbi Meir, named the Light of the Law, two of his sons departed to the spiritual world. On the return of the Rabbi his wife greeted him with a pleasant countenance, and then said, "My husband, some time since there were two jewels placed in my keeping—jewels beautiful, and costly beyond all price. And to-day, in your absence, the owner of the jewels came to me, and I have returned them into his possession." To which the Rabbi answered that his wife had done well ; adding that "we must always give back with faithfulness and cheerfulness whatever has been placed in our charge." After a little time, the Light of the Law asked for his sons, whereupon the mother took him by the hand, and gently led him into the chamber of silence, wherein his sons lay dead. The Rabbi gazed upon them, and his great heart gave way, for he loved his sons better than his own life, and in Israel sons are a treasure beyond all other treasures—indeed, a treasure recognised as given by a benignant Heaven—and the light of his hopes was extinguished in the darkness of despair, and he lifted up his voice and wept bitterly. Upon this, his wife meekly said : "Weep not thus, my beloved husband. Didst thou not say to me, even just now, that we must return with cheerfulness whatever is placed in our charge—when it is called for? These jewels were given us of God. He left them with us for a time, and we have rejoiced and gloried in the possession : but now, beloved husband, He has called for His own, and we should not repine."

But, apart from legendary lore, true narrative, exposition of doctrine, and mystical interpretation, which enters largely into the study of the Talmud, there are hundreds of sentences of wisdom, and much ethical teaching, suitable as the common property of mankind.

The world should not have had so much to learn from Carlyle on the sacredness of Labour, if it had been enforced in no other direction than in the Talmud. "Greater," we read in it, "is he who maintains himself by his own labour than he that fears the Lord ;

for of the latter it is said, 'Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,' but of the former, 'If thou shalt eat the labour of thine hand, happy shalt thou be in this world, and it shall be well with thee in the world to come.' Again, God's covenant with man included work : "Six days shalt thou work, and the seventh shalt thou rest" made the "rest" conditional on the "work."

That speech is silvern and silence is golden, we know from proverb, teachers of prudence, and philosophic essayists ; and we also learn from the Talmud folio how ancient and well-practised has been this social sagacity. With the Babylonians, silence was a mark of a man being of good family ; and the Rabbis said, "If speech is worth one small coin, silence is worth two" ; whilst still higher reverence for silence was declared in the maxim, "Silence is as good as confession."

The wise in Israel sat in judgment upon the tongue, the little member—probably, before St. James denounced the offender, which no man can tame. "It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." It was taught in the Rabbinical schools that "Whoever indulges in slander commits sin equivalent to idolatry, adultery, and murder" —a statement confirmed by Scripture verse.

The perils which attend wealth have been set forth in many forms, from the Talmudic sheep of the golden fleece, which could not swim the river—paraboli- cal of the river on whose thither side lie the plains of Heaven—to Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, and later ; but never, to our minds, more felicitously embodied than in that rendering of spiritual truth found in the eleventh volume of the Talmud : There was a flute in the Temple preserved from the days of Moses : it was smooth, thin, and formed of a reed. By royal command the flute was overlaid with gold, and this rendered the sound less pleasant. On the removal of the gold its former sound was restored.

There is an exquisite pathos in that sentence of Rabbi Eleazar, but which is truly the voice of the nation's heart, faithful, though oppressed and in exile : "Since the Temple was destroyed the gates of prayer have been closed : but the gates of tears are still open."

Humanity to animals it is one of England's glories to have enshrined in the poetry of Wordsworth. It vitalises the religions of India. That it, also, shone in the religion from whence Christianity sprang, let the following verify : A calf prepared for slaughter put its head into the lap of Rabbi the Holy, but he repelled it with the remark, "Go, for this is the end of thy creation." Therefore it was said in Heaven : "Because he is pitiless, let affliction come upon him." But one day his maid-servant, in sweeping his room, chanced to annoy

some young kittens ; upon which the Rabbi said, "Leave them alone, for it is written : ' His tender mercies are over all His works,' " and thereupon the decree was rescinded. "Let us have pity upon him," was said in Heaven, "because he is pitiful."

It is a well-known incident, that a devout Roman Catholic was induced to go to Rome in the belief that the iniquitous conduct practised there, under the shadow of the Papal throne, would disgust him with the religion of which he was a pure and shining light. He returned strongly confirmed in his faith. When asked whether the revolting condition of ecclesiastical society which he had witnessed did not convince him of the falsity of the Romish Church, he answered to the effect that what he had seen assured him otherwise, since God for such vice would have extinguished the religion if it had not been true, and derived from Himself.

Rabbi Akiva spoke in the same spirit, but conveying a truth of wider application. When Rabbis Gamaliel, Eleazar, Judah, and himself heard the rejoicings at an idolatrous festival, the first three wept, but Akiva laughed. "Wherefore laugh?" asked his friends ; "these heathens, who worship their idols, live in peace and are merry, but, as for us, our Holy City lies in ruins. Weep, brother. Do not laugh." "For that very reason I laugh and am glad," replied Akiva. "If God allows those who transgress to live happily on earth, how infinitely great must be the store of happiness in the world to come for those who observe His commands !"

Charity is enforced throughout the whole of the Talmud, but nowhere more strikingly than in the sacred legend found in the treatise Sanhedrin. The distance from Garav to Shilo was three miles ; and the smoke from the holy altar and that of the incense offered to the image of Micah used to intermingle. Thereupon the ministering angels desired to expel Micah. "Nay," said the Eternal One, "let him alone, for his bread is supplied to wayfarers."

The beneficence of Heaven is familiar to all in the words of Jesus of Nazareth : "God sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." The Talmudic peculiar form of thought cannot be better illustrated than by its presentation of the same truth : "The gift of rain is so far better than the revivification of the dead, since the latter benefits only the righteous, whereas the former benefits both the righteous and the wicked."

And so we could go on until we should overrun the pages of this magazine. As for the space at our disposal, we shall occupy it with a selection of sententious remarks from the Talmud, which are worthy to stand by the side of the Spartan Laconics of Plutarch,

or that Eddaic poem wherein Odin concentrated his wisdom for the good of human kind.

He who can feel ashamed will not readily do wrong.

He who wrongs his fellow-man, even in a small coin, is as wicked as if he should take life.

Who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses.

Look not at a jug, but at its contents. A new jug may contain old wine, an old one may be empty.

Receive every man with a cheerful countenance.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Despise no man; deem nothing impossible; every man has his hour, and everything has its place.

Cat and rat make peace over a carcase.

When thou art the only purchaser, then buy; when other buyers are present, be thou nobody.

The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six.

What a child talks in the street, that it has heard from its parents in the house.

A woman prefers poverty, with the affection of her husband, to riches without it.

Do not live near a pious fool.

The rose grows among thorns.

It is a well-known saying that wherever a M'Gregor sits, there is the head of the table. In the Talmud we read that "It is not place which confers honour upon the man, but the man who confers it on the place." And Hillel, the elder, was accustomed to say on a particular annual festival: "If I am here, all are here; but, if I am not here, who is here?"¹

The sun will go down without your assistance.

Use a noble vase even for one day—let it break to-morrow.

One candle gives light for a hundred men as well as one.

To have no faithful friend is worse than death.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work. But thou must not therefore cease from it.

The Bible was given us to establish peace.

And, once more, we might go on and give ten sentences for one, and have prolonged pleasure in this literary wayfaring. In the matter of the Talmud, we can only be as hewers of wood and drawers of water—but, then, the trees are beautiful, renowned as the cedars of Lebanon; even when consumed they fill the air with fragrance. And the waters are more virtuous than those of Abana and Pharpar—they are indeed of the well-spring of truth. Having said so little of a great subject, we should add that any desire of knowing more can be satisfied with the trifling trouble of inquiry. LAUNCELOT CROSS.

¹ Agesilaus the Great, when a boy, and set in a dishonourable place, submitted, saying, "I'll show that it is not the places that grace the men, but men the places." When the master of a solemnity set Damonides in the lowest place the latter said, "You have found a way to make that place, which was infamous before, noble and honourable."

A SUMMER STROLL IN SUSSEX.

THIS old secluded common, upon which the traveller comes suddenly out of a narrow shaded lane, covers not more than thirty acres, and is clothed with fine short grass, which has been cropped for centuries by the geese, the sheep, and the cattle of the cotters close by. Crossed by two white winding roads, and sloping down towards the west, the common is bordered all round by such a landscape as the shepherds showed to Bunyan's pilgrim from the Delectable Mountains. A well-wooded landscape, every field edged by thick-leaved trees, and except the three ancient cottages below me on the left with their uneven roofs, weather-beaten oak timbers, and rough plastering, a barn and a haystack opposite, and some sign of order in the near fields, not a trace of human occupation for miles and miles. This is a bit of undisturbed old English scenery, little changed since the days when messengers from the Court travelled, perchance by this very road to the great castle at Horsfield, but a few hundred years ago a thriving seaport, now a mouldering hamlet with fragments of a ruined keep left behind by the far receded sea. On the south stretches the long range of downs, with grey rounded hollows and gently undulating outlines soft against the faint blue sky ; right in front is the wide and peaceful expanse of open country, hill and dale, wood and meadow, luminously misty under the morning sun ; northwards a thin shadowy line on the horizon rises above the nearer wooded brow, and the spire of a far distant church, with the trees on the forest ridge twenty miles away, are just within the range of a keen eye. Whichever way I look it is surpassingly fair and pleasant. In one corner of the common, with bush and bramble on its banks, is a quiet pool, and a little moorhen half flies, half paddles, across it into the rushes in the far corner at the sound of a footstep. The warm turbid water is much of it hidden by the delicate white blossom of the water crowfoot, but here and there a wide bare piece glimmers in the sunshine, and upon these patches the boatmen or back-swimmers are rowing themselves about by their long hind legs. Round and round in another blank spot a little company of whirlwig beetles

keeps up a perpetual dance ; they look guileless and merry enough, and so do the boatmen for the matter of that, but like most of the denizens of this peaceful pool, they are fierce, voracious, and even wanting in natural affection, for, failing other food, they will eat one another. Under the floating weed, lurking by the edges of the flat lily-leaves, a monster whose very movement is suggestive of murder, floats along. Of an unpleasant sickly colour, moving without apparent effort, and with savage jaws ready for its prey, it resembles a thick wingless dragon-fly, carrying itself erect, with an overgrown head and goggle eyes bent forward in search of defenceless innocence. I love nature and most living things, but this cruel uncanny creature, as it creeps from the shelter of the leaves and lurks in the shadow, seems all unnatural, and has nothing one fancies in common with the sweet and soothing sights and sounds which are around us. This unwholesome object when he changes, as change he will, becomes a sober-looking beetle, and if you meet him (he has then two lives, one on land and one in the water, or perhaps one may say three lives, for he flies) his respectable black will command your sympathy ; but his nature will not change, for the great water beetle is always fierce and cruel and uncompromising, and he will cut short a conjugal dispute by eating his wife, or, to speak more strictly by the book, his wife will most likely eat him, as she is much bigger and stronger than her mate !

The water swarms with life ; round the edge are clusters of tadpoles wriggling their little tails ; here and there a water newt may be seen for a second as he travels past ; all kinds of creatures in all stages of development find in this secluded pond alike a nursery and a hunting-ground. But, in spite of this, most of the country-folk would not scruple to drink from the pool if they were dry ; one old man in particular, of whom I knew, and who died a few months since in Shoreham Workhouse at the mature age of one hundred and one (he had served at Waterloo) was in the habit of "squenching¹ his drythe," with water from any handy watercourse or pond when working. Of him his grandson told me, that only six months before his death he took "a contrack for claring a dick,² but he couldn't do it by hisself and it worried him to find he couldn't do naun³ but doddle⁴ about, so at last he went into the Workus." This hearty old labourer would do

¹ "Squench," a corruption of quench. (To avoid repetition I may here express my obligation to the Rev. Chancellor Parish's *Dialect Dictionary* for most of the notes which follow.)

² Dick a ditch, dyke.

³ Naun : nothing.

⁴ Duddle : to walk feebly.

a long day's mowing, when younger, with nothing but bread, and water from the brooks. His wife was a very "contrairy"¹ woman, and in her last days she became, as her grandson expressed it, "quite childish again"; I liked the added adverb, it seemed to give a gentler meaning to the other word. Of illness this old couple knew hardly anything, they had no time to be ill, but with all their unceasing work they were somehow always very poor. Perhaps this extreme poverty may have had something to do with the lessened vigour and stamina which appear in their descendants, for the son died at fifty; the grandson, now forty-five, is a big powerful man, but greatly troubled with indigestion, or, as he expresses it, "his inside seems all wore out," and the great grandson, a growing lad of fourteen, is, again, to quote his father, "wonderful picksome"² wi' his vittles." All are, however, as hardworking and active as the centenarian himself.

"Master" Woolven, the keeper, who lives a little way up the road, and who has led the same kind of active out-of-door life, does not know much about illness, but he gave me a full account the other day of a serious attack which he had had. "'Twas the worst illness I ever had; I'd got very hot and I calls in at Squire Henty's and drank about a half a pint of his ale, terr'ble poor stuff it was too, this here reg'lar small beer, made me feel bad d'rackly. Well I goos home and I tossed about all that night, and then I sends my mistus for the club doctor—the Foresters I b'longs to—and he said as how I'd some kind of a stoppage, so he gives me mor'n two quarts of his med'cin! Well I lays in bed, ah longer'n ever I did in my life, but at last I got better, so I gets up and goos to work again." "Ah, then, you were really made quite ill by that small beer, were you, Woolven?" "Yes, they all thought I was a gooin' to die; I didn't think so, mind'e, but Mrs. Henty, and Mrs. Barrow, and Mrs. Pilbeam, they all come, and they brought t' parson wi' em, and they all come a' cluttering up in my bedroom, and when I see 'em I laughed right out, and t' parson he didn't quite know what to say. So I says 'I'm not a gooin' to die, I says, I don't mean to die this time.' Mind you, Mr. William" (this with indescribable impressiveness), "I warn't *afear'd* to die, no I wasn't *afear'd*, but I wasn't *goin'* to die." "How long were you in bed altogether, then, Woolven?" "Why the best part of two days, Mr. William; I'd never been so long a'bed afore in my life!" So much for "Master" Woolven's serious illness. Let us go back to the pond. Over among the brambles on the other bank the moorhen has her nest, to be found without much trouble most likely, in spite of the dead leaves which some people say she

¹ Contrairy: self-willed.

² Picksome: dainty.

spreads over the top when she goes away for a while. I have found a good many nests, but never one thus covered ; the nest is a roomy compact structure, and it needs to be, for the hen loads it with eggs, nine and ten being no uncommon numbers. That is a water vole, whose apparently earless round head you can see moving along just above the water by the edge of the left-hand bank ; his ears are small and he lays them close to his head while swimming ; the pretty little beast is, I believe, a vegetarian, and lives on the tender shoots of aquatic plants and all other nice, clean, wholesome country things, not a bit like his second cousin once removed, who resides in the sewers and lives on garbage. Old Gilbert White, in one of his quaint and delightful letters to " Thomas Pennant, Esq.," speaks of one which had a winter store of more than a gallon of potatoes at the end of his hole ! If you are weary of watching the pond, come out in the open and sit here on the grass ; you might think yourself the only living creature on the wide common, but for the grasshoppers and the butterflies, and a bird on the oak tree behind us which twitters and chirps lazily in the hot sunshine. Turn the grass blades aside here with your hand, and in this hidden print of a horse-hoof sunk in the soft clay beneath, see what a world of almost indistinguishable insect life is moving. Three tiny creatures smaller and thinner than a cheese mite are zigzagging about under that dead grass blade. Above them from stalk to stalk a little wood-louse climbs. Across the hollow a minute shining black midget shaped like a figure from Euclid hops briskly and is gone. A bright yellow monster with a striped green back edged with white, dives and disappears before you can altogether describe him. Like four little beads strung together and endowed with legs and locomotive power, is this diminutive ant which follows him leisurely. All these insects seem to have no purpose in their movement, but run from side to side and round and round, without any aim that I can see. For perfect protective colouring look at that light brown creature (as I write the word, a mere speck of transparent yellow flits across the chasm, it has just perceptible legs and little black horns) ; the light brown creature is shaped like a tiny leaf, and has its legs hidden beneath its body. Next follows an insect no larger than a pin's head, the sort one gets at the drapers instead of farthings, I mean, but with his green body, yellow head and legs, and black eyes, he is singularly effective. All these are within the circumference of the hoof-print, which is a veritable microcosm ; stay, there are three or four more yet, one like a tiny burnished spider, another, smaller still and almost invisible, the colour of pink shot silk and the shape of a grass

seed ; a third, a pale green beetle, not unlike a rat's body but infinitely less, of course, and with little legs forming a sort of fringe on each side of him.

What do they all here ? I have watched them now for half an hour at least, and I cannot see them eat or fight or sleep or work or do anything which we, thē larger insects of a little longer day, fill up our time with. Do they simply live and move ? Has science named them all ? Meanwhile the air which seemed so still a little while ago is, now that I have quieted myself, as full of sounds as the grass is full of life. Disentangling the music, one hears through the faint and swelling rustle of the leaves, a multitude of distant blending bird notes, grasshoppers whistling in the grass, the subdued cackle from some distant poultry yard, and a far-off rumbling which may be thunder, or is perchance the traffic on the high road many fields away. But besides the other sounds, there is a low, faint, half unheard undertone which is none of these, but is nature's music as she sings to herself alone ; these myriads of moving insects, the countless butterflies which flutter from flower to flower, every leaf, every branch, the very growth of all the bud and blossom, each moving blade, and quivering stalk (and not one is still) adds something to the universal chorus. Do they sing praise as the wise men say they do, and are all these creeping, crawling things filled with sentient pleasure and delight ? Certain it is that such a notion chimes in well with the scents and sounds, the warmth and the beauty which impress themselves on the most careless human observer ; however hard it may be to fit in, too, the fierce struggle for existence going on in that wayside pond. It is the old world story again, of the happy garden with the lurking serpent ! As if to put an end to this moralizing, the English representative of the seductive reptile which led our first mother astray glides up through the grass on that almost perpendicular hedgebank opposite. This is a noted place for vipers, and on a cartshed down the lane there are always half a dozen dead ones hanging, for the farmer gives sixpence a piece for any that are killed on his farm. This he does, because they bite his sheep when nibbling the grass, and unless a bitten sheep is very soon relieved in some way, it dies of suffocation owing to the swelling of the head and neck. But in the general way vipers seem to be singularly inoffensive, and it is rarely you can come across anyone who has been actually bitten. I have asked a great many country people, including the parish doctor here, and he during twenty-five years practice has only treated two cases. Old Woolven with forty years of life in the open has never been bitten, but he tells a funny tale about his dog, once an active, but now an apoplectic bull-terrier,

which was attacked one Sunday afternoon by a viper whose head only was visible at a hole in the bank. "That there dog, he swelled up as big as two dogs, and he was justabout¹ bad: well, I took 'en and I 'iled 'en all over, and I did that three days, and I never give the dog nothing to eat: and that third day I goos out to the same place, and I see the viper with his head out of the same hole. So I ups wi' my gun and I shot 'en dead, just where a meuse² ran up towards the hedge. Well, you wouldn't b'leve, Mr. William, but the dog he began to sink drac'ly the viper was dead, and he soon got well." It was plain that to Woolven's mind there was some mysterious connection between the vitality of the viper and the swollen dog. Another countryman whom I examined, one Goatcher, an excellent specimen of the slow, shrewd, illiterate Sussex labourer, had never been bitten, but had killed a great many snakes, and he positively assured me that he had seen a viper jump nearly ten feet towards a carter, who had irritated it with his whip. Some confusion, one fancies, must have existed between the whip-lash and the snake; but he would not be shaken in his story, and, on repeating it to Woolven, he promptly capped it by one more surprising, concerning a woman he had known, at whom a viper jumped, and missing her face, owing to the sudden movement of her head, this agile monster harmlessly cleared her shoulder, as a hunter goes over a gate. But the country folk class vipers and slow-worms and common snakes all together as equally dangerous, so their evidence on any matter relating to them is not very reliable; this man Goatcher, to my great surprise, included *glowworms* in the same category as "terr'ble pizenous things." He admitted that he had never been hurt by one, nor had he seen anyone who had; but he always killed them whenever he could. To the remonstrance, "You've never been hurt by them," he had but one reply, "No, and I doän't never mean to be, I never gives 'en a chaänce, I allus kills 'en." If this superstition is at all general, it will account for the scarcity of glowworms in some districts; here they are pretty plentiful, and, I think, particularly luminous, for I have read small print by the light given by a single specimen held against the page. Goatcher, who is a strong, vigorous, powerful-looking man, is, like so many of his class, very shy of unfamiliar living creatures—birds, beasts, and creeping things; he will manage a turbulent bullock, or master a vicious horse (and, by the way, he has had one or two frightful accidents with horses since he started in life as a carter-boy

¹ Justabout: certainly, extremely.

² Meuse: a hole through a hedge made by a hare or a rabbit; an old French sporting term.

at seven years old, having begun with a badly-kicked chest when he was "quite a little shaver"), but the wild, untamed denizens of the fields and woods give him pause. Nothing would persuade him to pick up a slow-worm, or "deaf adder," as he calls it, and, to use his own words, he is "more afeared of they things than most anything." His wife added to my stock of useful knowledge the surprising statement, that anyone with a good "telescope" could see inscribed on the skin of the "deaf adder," underneath, the following couplet:

If I could hear as well as I could see,
Nor man nor beast would dare to pass by me.

One would like to know how old the rhyme is, and whether it is purely local or of wider origin. Goatcher's father was celebrated for his skill at rat-catching, which he accomplished with his bare hands, without getting bitten; driving a large trade with certain "young gents at Worthing," who took a bushel-basketful at a time. He gave me a long account of his father's prowess, ending with a rather entertaining personal narrative, as follows (it was dealt out in doses between pauses and grunts, consequent upon a job of digging in some stiff clay): "I went out a rabbiting wi' he once, he says, arter he put his gurt stoät in—'catch tha' there old stoät,' he says—'if he shows hissself,' he says—so prensley¹ I sees the stoät—but I was afeared o' getten bit—so I pushed 'en back wi' my foot every time he showed hissself. Feäther he come round at last. 'Where be the stoät?' he says—'I ain't seen 'en,' I says. Well, next day we goos again—and I says to myself, I says,—'I wunt be afeared of a stoät,' I says—so I caught 'en that time—gor' how he did bite surely—they be wonderful bitten² things, stoäts."

All this is a long digression from that pleasant common and its swarming life, of which, however, one might go on gossiping endlessly; for every hour of the day, as the sun goes over, brings out some fresh beauty or recalls some other reminiscence of rustic words and ways. But it is well to leave off with an appetite.

EDWARD CLAYTON.

¹ Prensley: presently.

² Bitten (bitende, Ang. Sax. biting): inclined to bite.—Parish's *Dictionary*.

DR. JOHN COVEL'S DIARY.

IN the year 1670 the Rev. John Covel, fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, was appointed chaplain to his Majesty's ambassador, Sir Daniel Harvey, at Constantinople. Previously to this he had distinguished himself at his college for his classical learning, and four years after he had taken his degree, in 1661, he was appointed to make a Latin oration in the Hall of Christ's College, to commemorate the happy return of King Charles II. to his ancestral throne. Proofs of his great learning and classical knowledge we have before us on every page of his voluminous diary, which reposes now in the original manuscript, unprinted and unread, amongst the multitudinous documents in the British Museum. It is here proposed to cull abstracts from this diary, illustrating the travels of our learned divine, and his experiences during his seven years' stay in Turkey, at a time when that country was almost at the zenith of its power. Only the exceeding minuteness of observation and the great display of classical learning can have caused this diary to remain as it is lost to the world; it is bristling with incident and humour, and of exceeding value as a book of reference to the student of natural history and antiquities, and the records of state ceremonies at Constantinople as given by an eye-witness have, of course, a value peculiarly their own. Evelyn, in his diary, calls him "Covel, the great oriental traveller," and having thus introduced him we will now let him speak almost entirely for himself.

Charles II. signed his passport for Constantinople on May 13, 1670, and wrote a letter to Christ's College requiring the authorities there to dispense with the rule of residence for a fellow, so that he might retain the fellowship and at the same time act as chaplain to his Majesty's ambassador.

Dr. Covel was ready to start early in September, but was delayed a fortnight at Deal by contrary winds, which time he occupied in minutely discussing the merits of shell-fish and marine botany, doubtless so wearying the readers of his diary that few cared to wade through the twenty pages devoted to this subject. On September 21

the squadron bound for the East set sail. "Seven general ships for the Levant, with Captain Robinson of the *Greenwich* as admiral of the squadron," and Dr. Covell was on the *London Merchant*, the captain of which, by name Hill, was, according to our traveller, an exceedingly fine fellow.

After weary delays at Plymouth the squadron bid adieu to the Land's End, and had by this time swelled to "seventy-five sail in company." The wind was high, and "our freshmen passengers were all in a miserable, squeamish, and puking condition." Dr. Covell was anxious to be ill and get it over, so he went and sat down "in the captain's round-house on purpose to promote that design, for the higher anyone sit within the ship the motion of it affects him the more." Several times he went to the cook's galley for a tankard of warm beer, and each time returned to the round-house to let it take its effect. Then he went down to walk on the deck, took a dose of "purl royal, that is to say, sack and wormwood, and by noon I was able to eat and drink as well as anyone."

September 29 the squadron was becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, and there they fell in with a Turkey merchant, homeward bound, which told them wonderful stories of the Algerine pirates they had captured and the prisoners they had released. They exchanged meals with the captain, and, says Dr. Covell, "when we thus treat one another, if the weather be fair, and will permit it, we seldom fail of some merry fellows in every ship's crew who will entertain us with several diversions, and divers sorts of odd sports and gambols; sometimes their homely drolls and farces, which in their cramped language they nickname 'interludes'; sometimes they dance about the mainmast instead of a maypole, and they have a variety of fore-castle songs, ridiculous enough."

On October 12 they were in the Straits of Gibraltar, and the sailors of those days had the custom to demand passage-money of every one that never had passed the Straits before, and those that refuse to pay "they seize and duck down from the mainyard, and into the sea. There were several that chose rather to be so plunged than to part with their money; for many that could swim would in calm weather for a small reward leap from the mainyard and into the sea; but they always took care to fall straight up (endways) upon their feet, with their legs close into the sea; for to fall otherwise so high on the water (especially upon the belly) would bruise or spoil a man."

Whilst in the Straits the *Pearl* fell foul of the *London Merchant*, and carried off the gallery on the larboard side, but with this exception they reached Malaga without misadventure, which was then the great halting-place for vessels on their voyage to and from the East,

Dr. Covel and his friends, the chaplains-elect of Smyrna and Aleppo, went on shore, and abode in the house of one "Signor Carlos, an Irishman."

The three divines visited with intense interest all the sights of the place, the churches and the convents, where they always entered into amicable discussion with the monks concerning miracles and other perverse doctrines that they held. Signor Carlos was their guide and interpreter, and amongst other places of interest he took them to visit several nunneries, where, "instead of dull, mopish, vapour'd women, or grave precise matrons, as we expected, we found as pleasant, bright, and airy ladies as ever I met withal elsewhere in all my life. Their particular chat is not worth recording, but it was extremely gentle, merry, and diverting; we passed for captains (I suppose our interpreter had named us so). . . . My Lord Baltimore had there a daughter in one of these nunneries which we saw; she was but a girl, and placed there for education, and, undoubtedly, setting religion aside, it is a way of breeding infinitely beyond all our English schools."

At the hostelry, which Signor Carlos kept, Dr. Covel and his friends found their food remarkably good and cheap, but at night they had severe troubles. "All that lay on twills and bedsteads were sorely bitten with little bugs, which left hard nobs and pimples wherever they seized." Dr. Covel drew his mattress into the middle of the room, and was tolerably free. His natural history instincts were keenly aroused by the study of these animals, and he thus discourses: "These insects, so well known in all hot countries (but by us never seen before) are called *chismes* and *chinchés*, and in Italian *cimici*, from the Latin *cimex*; in French, *punaíses*. They are shaped much like a spider, but far less, with six legs, and a bottled breech, the back being often reddish. One of our comrades catching one in the night, as it was preying upon him, and thinking it had been a flea (after a slovenly custom which he had got), bit it with his teeth, thinking so to kill it; but the abominable stink set him on vomiting in such a manner as he verily thought he had been poisoned; which made me amazed how it came to be prescribed inwardly by the ancients as a medicine against fevers, unless it was that, after the Italian proverb, 'one devil drives out another'; but, perhaps, in wine they may go down whole, and not prove so nauseous."

The Turkey squadron left Malaga on October 15, and when they were off Sardinia a dispute arose between the admiral of the squadron and the other captains, about going to Tunis or not. The

admiral said he had express orders to go there, and the other captains said they did not believe he had, and wished to sail without further delay for their destination. Dr. Covel and his friends were evidently keenly anxious to go to Tunis, and were greatly pleased when the admiral stuck to his point, and the ships were turned towards that harbour. On the day after they anchored in the bay of Tunis, Dr. Covel, together with some of the captains and passengers, hired some soldiers as a guard, and set off to visit the ruins of Carthage, and the disquisition our learned traveller gives on all he saw during this day's expedition, and all he knew about Carthage, is excessively voluminous. Now and then he departs from the classical and relates incidents of the way. What their guides told them was Dido's tomb they decided had been elephants' stables, and at length, when wearied with sight-seeing, they sat down to rest beneath a palm tree, "a lady of the desert gave us cream, milk, butter, and lots of luxuries." The cream had in it hair and tar which made one of the party sick, being put into a skin with the hairy side, tarred, turned in after the fashion common still in Spain. "The lady of the desert" was exceedingly pretty, and Dr. Covel gave her half a gold venetian zechin to hang with the other ornaments in her hair.

On getting back to their ship they found that the admiral and the English consul at Tunis had had a quarrel, and the admiral decided to weigh anchor and be off that very evening at eleven, by reason of which decision several of the passengers who had gone up to the town were left behind, and poor Dr. Covel, greatly to his disappointment, never saw the town of Tunis.

Hearing that a fleet of Algerine pirates was about, on leaving Tunis the squadron kept very close together as they sailed eastwards. On the ninth of November there were seen on the mast tops those mysterious lights so common in the Mediterranean during electric weather, "which the Italians call *corpo santo*, believing them to be bodies of Saints, but our men would hardly be persuaded but that they were some hobgoblins, or fairies, or the enchanted bodies of witches, and we had many a fine story told to that purpose." "I was not a little displeased with our men who were on the watch that night, because they did not call me," but the next night they appeared again and Dr. Covel was called to see them, and he thus describes one: "it seemed a dim light as of a flame, shining through a steam or smoke about the bigness and shape of an ordinary egg."

The admiral of the fleet left them when they were in sight of Crete, as he was bound elsewhere, and Captain Wild, of the *Mary and Martha*, was appointed admiral in his stead. Before leaving,

Captain Robinson came to say good-bye, "and after two hours' stay, he went off, and we gave him seven guns, the last three with shot, as a token of more respect." The squadron still, however, numbered seven ships, and shortly after the admiral's departure they descried another fleet of seven sail coming towards them, and they thought that it must be the Algerine pirates without a doubt. They made great preparations for defence, and, writes Dr. Covel, "it was pleasure to see the great alacrity and readiness, I may say the eagerness, of our seamen in preparing for the dispute ; all their hammocks were down in a trice, their chests and lumber turned out into the boats, or stived by the main chains, or elsewhere out of the way. We had a clear ship in a very little time, and all our men posted in their several quarters, and rounds of powder and ball provided for every gun."

The captain asked Dr. Covel and the other passengers to step down and wait below with the doctor the result of the encounter, but they pluckily refused to do any such thing, and were rewarded for their bravery by soon discovering that the ships were no Algerine pirates at all, but French cruisers in search of pirates, with whom they exchanged friendly visits, "and thus our scare fight passed over without any blows. My curiosity was fully gratified with this prelude of a battle, for I believe I could give a shrewd guess at all the rest, and that I then thought enough. Though, indeed, I did not see the least sign of fear or want of courage in any one, yet I suppose all of us were well satisfied and pleased to sleep that night in a whole skin."

For some days the squadron lay becalmed off Cape Malea, close to an island known then as Cervi, now as Elaphonis, a bare rock between Cythera and the Morea. To get water and provisions, and to reconnoitre the island, boats were sent, on one of which Dr. Covel went. They chose an open space for landing for fear of any ambuscade, and soon an old Greek came down to them from the mountain "in a poor patched habit, in a thick coarse jacket, a woollen shirt, with no stockings nor shoes, but only some pieces of raw hide of an ox or bull, and were laced on the soles of his feet with the hair side inward, which I suppose never go off till time and rottenness separate them. Old Hesiod was born not very far from hence, and I thought we had had one of his old acquaintance risen from the dead, and come to us, his coat and socks and shirt being exactly in his Bœotian fashion ; he had a skull cap on, the border of which was a lambskin, which he pulled off and came boldly to us. I spoke as good school Greek to him as I could in our pronuncia-

tion, but my language seemed as perfect gibberish to him as his did to me."

A Greek sailor acted as interpreter, and after the old man had told them many lies he pretended to go off to search for some food for them, "and he answered all along with such a show of innocent simplicity, as we were much pleased with him, and I gave him a Tonbridge knife which I had in my pocket, and every one likewise gave him something, which he received with a wonderful submissive reverence, very grateful of our kindness."

Meanwhile all the captains and lots of the crew came on to the island, and Captain Wild told them a yarn of "how in 1664 three worthy merchants and six or seven others were grapt by the natives at this spot, and had to pay 1,600 dollars; so we kept in little bodies by the shore, where there were small thickets of juniper and myrtle with their berries ripe, and we had excellent sport in killing fieldfares and thrushes. After a while two or three of our commanders invited us to a collation, and as we were set in the shade under some pieces of rocks, we saw some of our men straggling up the mountain against the captain's orders."

Presently some shots were heard, and "we saw several of the stragglers posting down in wonderful haste." Then they saw men with cutlasses rushing down, and "the rogues from the thicket were so many that our seamen and the gentlemen with them threw down their arms and took to their heels, all coming down without their arms, most without their hats, some with but a piece of a shoe; their feet and legs being battered and torn, and their bodies bruised with rushing through the shrubs, and jumping down precipices."

Four of the seamen were captured by the rogues, two of the crew of the *Mary and Martha*, one of the *Levant Merchant*, and a fourth of the *Thomas and Francis*. This last they had slightly wounded on the face, and left him bound with three rogues to guard him; but being a stout fellow he broke the cords with which his hands were bound, knocked down the three men and escaped. But the other three captives were not so fortunate. Dr. Covel and his friends at lunch, who had witnessed this scene, immediately rushed to the rescue; but the admiral of the squadron called them back, thinking the enemy were too numerous; so the rogues made off to some boats they had, and crossed over to the mainland, "and with our glasses we could discover our poor captives amongst them bound."

Then they all returned to their ships very sad, and "after some little conference with all the captains, we jointly agreed to contribute to their ransom, and every one setting down their goodwill, we had

that night subscribed about 1,500 dollars, the poorest seaman giving something." Next morning the admiral sent out his boat, and Dr. Covell went in that belonging to his ship, all carrying white flags of truce ; they rowed all round the island and sought all over it, "but not one man appeared to treat with us or to take the least notice of us ; wherefore the money that was collected was deposited in the hands of the consul at Smyrna, and about two years after the poor slaves were found in the galleys and redeemed ; though they proved most ungrateful wretches, for I heard that when they got to England they offered to sue their captains for their wages, which they pretended was due to them for all that time."

On November 17 the squadron set sail again, and passing through the islands with no further adventures, they reached Smyrna on the 24th.

On the 30th Dr. Covell joined a caravan of twenty-three on a visit to Ephesus, for, says he, "this road is very dangerous by reason of the thieves who lurk in the thickets and dens that are upon it, and many bones of men lie scattered upon the ground." Dr. Covell was very keen to pursue his botanical researches on this journey, for "the mountain was spread with many rare plants and shrubs, but our caravan would not stay one half minute for all the curiosities in Nature." However, at Ephesus he had plenty of time for making a close examination of the ruins, and again, as at Carthage, he fills many pages of his diary with a learned disquisition on all he saw. He copied all the inscriptions that came in his way, and made elaborate plans and drawings of the various sites ; also visited all the spots of interest in connection with Greek superstition, and was excessively amused at the story related to him of the "Cave of the Seven Sleepers," which says how seven Christian youths, in the reign of Decius, were murdered and buried in this cave, but their bodies never decayed, and they came to life again in the thirty-eighth year of the younger Theodosius, 370 years afterwards. Like Rip Van Winkle, they were somewhat puzzled at all they saw, but when they came to pay for some purchases in the market with coins of Decius, they were had up and put in prison. However, at the trial they proved their identity, and the heretics who disbelieved in the resurrection were converted.

The squadron did not leave Smyrna till December 24, and Dr. Covell passed his leisure time in shooting in the swamps, by reason of which he caught an ague which kept him on the sick-list till their arrival at Constantinople on the 31st, a Saturday, "and next day, being New Year's day, I entered upon my employment."

"When I went to get my books and other things on shore the

customers ript open my trunks and boxes, and searched and rifled everything ; at last I missed nothing but 'Niceron's Thaumaturgus,' which, I shrewdly suspect, was filched from me by one who was, indeed, called a Christian, but had not, it seems, the honesty of a common Turk."

Dr. Covell's account of Constantinople, where he remained for six years and more, is of especial value from an archæological point of view, clearing up many vexed questions of topography, for he made a minute investigation into everything, when the Turks had only carried on their work of destruction for two instead of four centuries. Unfortunately, however, for us, his diary on matters connected with daily life and adventure is only full when he went for a journey, but out of its lengthy pages we can cull many points which are to us interesting, as showing the life there over two hundred years ago. Our English "factories," as they were called, were at that time particularly flourishing, and our colony was governed by the ambassador's court, under very liberal capitulations granted by the Sultan. Speaking of the then common custom of smuggling, Dr. Covell says : "Now as to these matters, I must say this great truth, that no nation have had, or yet hath, so general a reputation amongst them for right down honesty and upright dealing as all our worthy English factories have."

As to the general life at Constantinople, Dr. Covell speaks of it with great contentment. He lived with Sir Daniel Harvey, our ambassador, their table was furnished with luxuries both from the East and from the West, and "we never want store of the noble Smyrna wine to excite a decent mirth ;" "no city for that matter could be more convenient ;" but as to the climate Dr. Covell did not like it at all, owing to its frequent changes, "which sometimes may surprise the careless with aguish distempers ; insomuch as it occasioned this quibble in a merry old gentleman of our factory, that this city was then In-constantinople." His chief amusement seems to have been archæological investigations amongst the strange alleys and quaint sights of Stamboul. He writes pages and pages of the buildings he saw there, accurately describes the walls as they were then, and relates how the Seven Towers were a state prison in his time. "Monsieur Beaujeu, a knight of Malta, being taken cruising, was kept there some while, and just before my arrival he made his escape." Dr. Covell had the details of this direct from the French ambassador, but he appears to have looked upon it as a distinct misfortune to himself, for "the governor of the Seven Towers was strangled, and the Turks were upon this accident more scrupulous, and all my time would not

let us, or any other foreigners, go into the Seven Towers to view it."

Dr. Covell took especial interest in the Greek Church, and was a constant visitor at the house of the Patriarch at the Phanar.

On November 26, 1671, Dr. Covell was at the consecration of a new Patriarch, Dionysios, Archbishop of Larissa, and his account of it is very amusing. It would appear that, owing to jealousies always inherent in the Greeks, one faction had succeeded in turning out the Patriarch Parthenios, and obtained the election of Dionysios in his stead. All the metropolitans and three ex-patriarchs assembled to vote in the sacristy; and, the election being over, "out came the three Patriarchs with their pastoral staves in their hands; they were prettily coloured like your gaudy tobacco pipes, with four globular joints, the cross on the handle, at the top of which were two serpents' heads, yellow like gold."

They then arranged themselves at the new Patriarch's side, and the *logothetes* read the declaration from the pulpit, denouncing the ex-patriarch Parthenios, "wherein he made him the veriest rogue in the world, calling him *διάβολος κακοῦργος τῶν δαιμόνων ἐσῦλος*, and at the end called him 'thrice accursed,' whereat the metropolitans, wagging their hand, cried out, 'Let him be accursed.' The French ambassador, and we Franks, and many Greeks could not but smile, and my dragoman told me that if this one be turned out, and Parthenios restored, the other faction will anathematize him." The ceremony was concluded with salutations and mass, after which a metropolitan preached from the text, Matthew v. 8, "And coming to speak of Parthenios, he compared him to Lucifer and the bad Angels."

Dr. Covell's position as chaplain to the ambassador gave him insight into many curious things, and a rare opportunity of seeing the sights of the town to the best advantage. On one occasion, lying on the ambassador's table, he was much amused to see a letter from the Sultan addressed to his Majesty Charles II. thus :

"To the glorious amongst the Princes and great Lords of Jesus, the supreme judge of the nation of the Messiah, and governor of all the Nazarene affairs, Lord of honour and greatness and respect, who is solicitous of honour, Charles the Second, King of England, whose end God conclude with all happiness and grandeur."

Charles II. directed his reply, "To the most High and Mighty Emperor, Sultan, Mahometan Chief, Lord and Commander of the Mussulman Kingdom, sole and supreme Monarch of the Eastern Empire."

In the year 1674 Sir Daniel Harvey died, and Dr. Covel was sent to Smyrna on the ship *Dagger*, with the body of his lord, to transfer it to a merchantship bound for England. He thus describes this melancholy event: "On April 10 I put my dear Lord Harvey's body on board the *Centurion*. The great cabin was hanged, and the floor covered with mourning; round about were fastened scutcheons, and the steerage was hanged likewise. My lord's body was taken off the *Dagger* into the *Centurion* longboat, and then covered with a rich velvet pall, bordered with white sarcenet and satin. At the head of the corpse was fixed my lord's achievement in a square frame standing on one of the corners. At the head of the boat were his six trumpeters and his drummer. The *Advice's* longboat towed it forward, and in it were his six trumpeters and his drummer, all sounding a dead march as it went forward in a round. The consul's (Mr. Ricaut) boat followed, after that many of the factory in other boats. At its reception into the *Centurion*, there were three volleys of small shot and thirty guns fired. The *Advice* fired twenty-eight. All the general ships and others in port fired some twelve, some fourteen, some sixteen guns. The body was put down into the hold, and a cenotaph stood in the great cabin covered with the pall. The great scutcheon was displayed at the head. Six great tapers were burning by, in six great silver candlesticks. I distributed 40 dollars amongst the officers of the *Centurion*, and sent a cask of 19 mères of wine amongst the seamen."

Before going on shore Dr. Covel and the mourners had a very good meal, and were "right civilly treated" by the officers of the *Centurion*. The consul brought several flagons of good Smyrna wine, Mr. Temple brought 20 flagons, as well as "several fresh provisions," and the next day Dr. Covel returned to Constantinople on the *Mary and Martha*, and stopped at Tenedos on the way.

Of daily life in Constantinople Dr. Covel does not tell us much. Whenever he sees a curious sight or religious function he jots it down. For instance, it pleased him much to see the superior of a monastery, Demetrios by name, on Easter Day, wash the feet of twelve of the fraternity, and all the Turkish sights he saw to great advantage. "The Turks at Baïram, and at all victories, and at the births of the princes, make great mirth. It happened that the Sultana was delivered of a second son this Ramazan, so the mirth was put off till the Baïram, and then it was doubled. All were mad for three nights and three days; every shop open, and dressed up with lamps, flowers, &c. Many candle machines with pretty figures,

puppet plays, dances, &c., but the janizzaries' chambers were the finest sight."

By far the most valuable part of Dr. Covel's diary is that which minutely relates a journey which he took with his new lord, Sir James Finch, to Adrianople, to present his credentials to the Sultan, Mohamed IV., who at that time was holding his court there, and unusual festivities were taking place.

On May 2, 1675, "upon a Sunday, after morning prayer and a sermon, we set out, being about a hundred horsemen. My lord and Sir Thomas Baines rode in a kind of double horse litter, used by the great men in Turkey, drawn by four mules covered with fine wrought cloth." This conveyance, Dr. Covel tells us, being translated, may be called a "running seat." Four muleteers were in attendance, and two "fire-carriers," namely, two men who went in advance, each holding a great staff with an iron at the end "like our beacons," into which at night time they put firwood torches. These they always put up before the door of the house in which the ambassador slept, or before his tent, and said a prayer "for my lord signor, the ambassador, and all the company, particularly naming every one, the treasurer, the secretary, papas or chaplain, dragoman, &c." "My lord had also a coach which went by empty with six horses, postillions, trappings, &c. The dragoman had his coach and four. I among the rest was appointed to have a coach and three to carry my clothes and other baggage, as likewise I had my servant and a groom to look after my horses. There were sixty of these waggon coaches in all."

As he went along in his coach and three Dr. Covel imagined that he was driving in the lineal descendant of the ancient *triga*, and he made minute observations all along the route as to ruins, botany, the state of the country, &c. His account of the roads and bridges is very interesting, proving, as it does, the retrograde policy of the Turks during the succeeding 200 years. He tells us that he gives detailed accounts of these "that you may see the Turks are neither niggards, nor fools, in their public works, for I assure you I never saw stronger work than among them, and some things are as fine and neat as we can possibly show." He further explains that much of this excellent system of public works was due to the energy of Mahomet Vizierarèm, who lies buried in the mosque of Eyoub at Constantinople. "It is reported of him that he repaired all the public bridges in the Turk's territory from Adrianople unto the bounds of Persia, and built as many mosques and khans as there are days in the year, and by this means continued to be Vizier for the exceeding long time of forty years."

"In Turkey," says Dr. Covell, "you must take your quilt, or lay on the bare ground, and you must take your provisions, or live upon barley and chopped straw with your horses." The company in question always fared exceedingly well, for "being so many we had a man who always went before to every stage and bought in muttuns, beefs, veals, and the like, what he could."

At the first stage, *Ponte Piccolo*, "my lord and all us that belonged to his court" were lodged at a Turkish college, built by Sultan Solyman for the education of twenty students, "and they, according to their statutes, at night came and brought us two or three great platters of their potage made of rice and onions, &c., and for every one a loaf of their bread. Any great personage passing that way may lodge there, and cannot be denied neither room, nor this entertainment; they get well by it, for at parting every great man leaves some charity to them, as we also did."

At Selibria they left the coast-line and struck inland, entering "into a plain 'champion' country, scarce a tree to be seen, by which you may imagine what brave hunting and hawking the Grand Signor hath here."

At one place they tarried, named Tchorlou, Dr. Covell notifies to us one of the points which, by being aggravated during the lapse of years, has ended in the ruin of most of the provincial Turkish towns. "Here there were once 400 Greek families, now shrunk to little over 40; yet they are forced to pay the same haratch (poll tax) and other duties, for the Grand Signor's lead cannot sink; he will lose nothing of what once is settled to him, which comes to 1,000 dollars per annum, just as they did before, which makes the poor creatures yearly break and run away."

A very grand reception awaited them at Adrianople. Six miles from the city, at "the page's fountain," they were met by all the French and Dutch who belonged to Pera, and had come to Adrianople to join in the festivities, and see the sights. The Grand Signor sent twelve of his own horses, beautifully caparisoned, for the English ambassador and his suite. "I left my own," says Dr. Covell, "and took one of them whose bridle, saddle, great stirrups, breast-plate, buttock-cloth, &c., were all of beaten gold and silver, or else most richly embroidered" . . . "my lord's horse's furniture was set out with jewels and pearls most gloriously."

At the city gate they were met by two court officials in cloth of gold and silver, with rich furs, mounted on horses with furniture suitable to their rank, and seventy attendants. The first street they passed through was lined with janizzaries, and then "we were

conducted with all this train to a house appointed for my lord's lodging, and that street had janizzaries likewise on both sides. There the Turks and strangers left us. The house we first were allotted was the damn'd'est confounded place that ever mortal man was put in. It was a Jew's house, not half big enough for my lord's family ; a mere nest of fleas, and bugs, and rats, and mice, and stench, surrounded with kennels of nasty, beastly Jews. We made shift that night."

Sir James Finch sent a message at once to the Grand Vizier, who saw that the English ambassador and his suite were more suitably lodged ; and next day Sir James had an interview with the Grand Vizier, and lodged with him his messages and papers from the King of England.

Adrianople just then was very gay, all the European Courts had "residents" there ; and the resident of Germany, Count Kingsberg, was Dr. Covell's especial friend. Accordingly he and Sir James Finch determined to ask him a question which had vexed them much of late. "We had been informed by a worthy gentleman that at Tokay, in Hungary, the vines (which make the best wine in the world, if you believe the Council of Trent) very often bear grapes with stones in them of massy gold." "He confirmed it to be very true ; but in a more modest way than we heard it recounted before : to wit, that the wine is very heavy, and sometimes here and there will certainly be found in the grapes a stone of pure gold, as he himself was presented with two or three such grapes ; for it seems they can know which are such grapes before they break them. Discoursing the point, he defended the possibility of it, asking how pearls are found in oysters, or little chalk stones in gouty men's hands."

One of the chief ceremonies at which Dr. Covell was present, and to a minute description of which he devotes many closely-written pages of his diary, was the circumcision of Prince Mustapha, and at all the attendant festivities special attention was shown to the English ambassador and his suite. "You can imagine what strange prodigious civility all Franks found everywhere at these festivals. . . . I have been twenty times myself carried in to see the sights, when all Turks have been sent away. They took the greatest pride that we should see, and at least seem to admire everything. I have been many times very, very near the Grand Signor myself with my hat and in my hair, both of which they hate like the devil."

The Court at Adrianople at this time indulged in all manner of festivities and rejoicings ; hawking parties were held in the neigh-

bouring "champion country," and at all these the English visitors were handsomely entertained. But, as the summer heats intensified, a great visitation of the plague devastated the town, and during all this time Dr. Covell and the ambassador remained near Adrianople. They first of all retired to a little village about half a mile out of the town ; and then the plague came there too, and they retired to their tents. Dr. Covell, who must have had plenty of experience of this malady in England, seems to have treated it with a light heart, and daily to have gone into the infected city. He thus describes their life : " I assure you that there is no preservative like a merry heart and a drain of the bottle. We lost our baker and three more of our servants, but the rest escaped—blessed be God ! There was not a man of us but was amongst plaguy people daily. Count Bacareschir came and dined with my lord, and drank with us with a plague sore upon him, of which he died next morning. I thought no more of meeting a dead corpse than a dead cat, sometimes as many as twenty in a morning, when I went to Mr. North's house."

They occupied themselves during this period in making excursions in the neighbourhood of Adrianople ; and Dr. Covell has much to say about the superstitions and folk-lore of the people, who wore charms and amulets, "wolves' teeth, frogs' legs, &c., set in silver round their necks" ; and at one place where they stopped he says "Our janizzary chanced to catch a bat : he rejoiced exceedingly, and borrowing a zechin from me (the ceremony must be done with gold, or it is not worth a farthing), he cut the throat of it therewith, pronouncing the name of God and other conceits ; he saved every drop of the blood in cotton and kept it as a most divine thing ; by this he said he could make friends with any one, love in woman, in fine, preserve himself and us from all evil." On the day following they were caught in a terrific thunderstorm, and the lightning struck the ground close to them ; "and all the world will not persuade that fellow but that the blood of his bat preserved us."

On July 27th Sir James Finch was granted an audience with his Majesty Sultan Mahomed IV., which interesting ceremony Dr. Covell describes minutely. At break of day two messengers came to their tents to fetch them to the palace ; "and we may have as many attendants by paying a zechin a-piece." Sir James Finch was satisfied with the modest number of fifty.

At the entrance to the palace they were received by the head pasha. "This man walked with a great silver staff in his hand (as big as the Cambridge beadle's) before my lord, to show him where to make his reverence." Marching thus through files of janizzaries

they came to the divan, where the seats and benches and floor were covered with embroidered silk, and where the great pashas were all assembled—the secretary pasha to write down the orders, and the Grand Vizier. “Above him was a lattice, and, as we guessed, the Sultana was there.” Many other pashas sat round the divan, and several men of the law. The divan was eight or nine yards square, and “my lord was placed in one corner with his two dragomans, and all we stood with our backs to the Court. We might turn sideways to look out, but one or two turning their backs to the Vizier were reprehended as guilty of too much rudeness.”

As soon as they were all settled in their places, 320 purses of money were brought in and laid in thirty-two heaps upon the floor before the Vizier, each purse being of the value of 500 dollars. “You must know,” says Dr. Covel, “that the janizzaries and soldiers about the Court are paid once a month in this manner before the Vizier and the divan; but now the pay-day was put off till my lord’s audience, it being a thing usually done at all ambassador’s audiences, merely for to show the grandeur and glory of the empire.”

After the payment of the janizzaries, basins and towels were brought in and the ambassador and his suite were washed prior to partaking of a meal, at which Dr. Covel sat at a little table with my lord’s secretary, Mr. Cook, and the rest of the merchants dined in the outer room, with the rest of the establishment after the divan had been served. “All the tables were served alike, with twenty dishes of meat set on at a time, and scarcely was it tasted than it was removed.” Dr. Covel gives a list of the dishes, and, “about half-way of this horse feast we watered with a hearty draught of excellent lemon sherbet, which was brought in a large finger-bowl.”

After this meal they were again washed and then invested with caftans prior to being introduced into the august presence in the Seraglio. Then they sat and waited patiently for three-quarters of an hour until Sir James got his summons to attend. All the suite, including Dr. Covel, accompanied him to the outer door, and five were appointed to go in. The poor Doctor here had a grievous disappointment, for he was not one of the lucky five and had to stop outside, “although my lord promised me before that I should infallibly be one that should go in. For my own part I repined not at all, for I have seen the Grand Signor again and again, and those that did go in can only say they did so; for as to anything they saw then, the devil of any the least account could they give.”

Mr. North, Mr. Hyet, and the Chancellor were sent out almost immediately they had been in, and had made a grovelling obeisance

on the ground before the Sultan. In fact, Dr. Covel, in a quaint fashion of his own, calculated that they were only in the presence for "48 of my pulses, which is not above half a minute." . . . "My lord stayed after them about 200 of my pulses." After our ambassador had read a short speech, the secretary gave King Charles's letter to the dragoman, the dragoman gave it to the Grand Vizier, and the Grand Vizier "laid it by the Grand Signor's right hand, upon his bolster, who cast a kind of scornful eye towards it," . . . "and so, without one word or compliment passing, they were all led out again. This my lord told me himself, and his secretary and the dragoman confirmed it."

Dr. Covel questioned the ambassador closely as to what he saw. "And my lord told me that the Grand Signor was set leaning upon a bed, and had put on a most severe terrible stately look ; the bed had four posts like ours, but whether with or without curtains, valences, &c., like ours, is not said. The counterpane was of crimson velvet, embroidered and flowered with pearls, and round the edges went eight rows of the same, all as big and as fair as ever he saw in a necklace. The floor was crimson satin, embroidered likewise, and wrought with gold wire." But Dr. Covel, after relating all the ambassador told him of the impression that the Sultan's dress made on him, the jewelled chest, and the gorgeous appearance of the room, ill-naturedly adds: "but I question much whether my lord could make out these particulars."

On August 10 Dr. Covel describes a visit which he, in company with the ambassador, paid to the Mufti, whom he thus quaintly describes. "He was a swarthy man, yet with a good-natured countenance, his beard somewhat grey (being above 54 years old, as is commonly said), the left corner something longer than the other ; a full eye ; lean, discreet nose ; well-fashioned mouth and teeth ; his forehead of a middle height ; serene brow ; cheeks inclining to leanness, but no ways a mortified look."

During all these visits the plague was at its height, "and several, I assure you, came amongst us with plague sores running upon them, and once at the Vizier's there was a fellow gave me a dish of coffee, who had then about him two filthy sores, and after he had served us with coffee, by chance talking with some of our merchants, told them that he had lost three children the week before, and that he had been sick unto death, but now his swellings were broke he was much better. The Turks use no other antidote against the plague than a multitude of issues."

About this time there visited Adrianople a great Turkish preacher,

whose influence over the people, Dr. Covel tells us, was "more than a Pope." His name was Vani Effendi, and Dr. Covel describes him as "a hunchbacked old coxcomb with crabbed countenance." Sir Thomas Baines apparently took great delight in this man and had many interviews with him and religious controversies. On one occasion Sir Thomas asked Vani whether women would be in Paradise? to which the preacher replied: "They shall have many there of those which were here, and who lived well and virtuously according to their law, and besides God will create many others; but of the two sorts, those that go from hence will be the better, because their obedience hath already been tried and proved. He said that wicked men commonly drew their wives down to Hell with them, yet if the wife be virtuous she may go to Heaven."

On September 6 our ambassador received the capitulation from the Sultan renewed, and having settled all his business satisfactorily he prepared to return to Constantinople with his suite. On the 19th they started back, and on reaching the capital they found the plague just as bad there. "Upon the death of the footboy in our house, my lord and Sir Thomas with four servants withdrew to a house out of town, and I and some gentlemen from Smyrna went to Broussa." Here Dr. Covel gives us an interesting account of the city, which was the capital of the Ottoman Sultans before the capture of Adrianople; also of the mineral baths there, and of his ascent to the summit of Mount Olympus, which rises just behind the town, "and certainly," he adds, "I should have been highly pleased with my voyage had not a sad accident embittered all to me. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Cody, my dear friend, fell sick of a high fever which we feared was the plague; all the rest of the company left me and my man alone with him, and after thirteen days he died there," and then Dr. Covel, having buried him in the Armenian Church at Broussa, went for a little tour to some neighbouring towns prior to returning to his post at Constantinople.

The following year 1676 is not marked by any special event in Dr. Covel's diary except a visit to Smyrna, and in the latter part of that year and the beginning of the next he made an interesting tour to Nicomedia, Nicæa, and other places, where he found many things which delighted his archæological soul. On his return from there he stopped on the islands now known as Princes Islands. In the monastery on Chalki he stayed some time and there saw the tomb "of our first English ambassador, Sir Edward Barton. He lies buried here without the outer gate to the right hand. His arms are rudely done, but I take them to be three stags' heads above. It was cut by a Turk;

thence came all the mistakes in the writing, and at the bottom are three cypresses, which are commonly put on the Turk's tombs." Sir Edward Barton, our first ambassador to the Porte, was sent out by Queen Elizabeth, and having died at Constantinople he was buried on Princes Island. April 2, 1667, was a day of great rejoicing for Dr. Covell. "This day in the year 1638 I was born at two o'clock in the morning, being Monday, and it pleased me to see so many things meet this day, whereby I may reckon it my second birth. Just at two o'clock Antonio called us to go to '*the Alloy.*' This day I left Stamboul, which for many reasons I may well liken to the prison of my mother's belly."

When they were on their ship the Grand Vizier came on board to bid Sir James Finch and his suite adieu, accompanied by all the principal inhabitants of Constantinople bringing with them many valuable presents. On this return journey Dr. Covell visited many interesting places and gives an account of many things he saw. They stopped a few days at Tenedos and then at Mount Athos. Dr. Covell gives us a full and interesting account of all the monasteries thereon, and after stopping at Lemnos, Chios, and Mitylene, they left the Grecian Archipelago and set sail for Italy. They visited Naples, Florence, Venice, Padua (where the Doctor had to get a dispensation to eat meat in Lent), Milan, and travelling through Switzerland and France they reached London on the 20th of January, 1678. Dr. Covell makes some quaint comparisons between London and what he had seen abroad, but a note appended to the fly-leaf of the diary is certainly most interesting to us now. This entry is as follows :

"February 12, 1679, was Black Sunday, so dark about nine or ten o'clock for about half an hour, as candles were lighted in most churches in London ; it is thought it came partly from a misty thick air, partly from a very black thick cloud, which, being low, hindered in the third place the smoke to rise high, which increased the thickness of the air. I am informed the like hath been often before. Mr. Standish was lighted home with a torch about three in the afternoon."

Dr. Covell now settles down again in England, and we have from his pen several works on gardening and fruit trees, which account for the rather wearisome botanical treatises dispersed through his diary. He was made Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge, and in his latter days he wrote a work entitled "The Interpreter of Words and Terms" ; this work was proclaimed and ordered to be destroyed, for, says the proclamation, "it is in some points very derogatory to the supreme

power of this Crown," and this unfortunate termination to Dr. Covel's *magnum opus* provided Mr. Disraeli the Elder with a chapter in his work on the misfortunes of authors.

This misfortune could not have weighed very heavily on his mind, for he lived, like many another college Don has done, who is fond of "a drain at ye bottle," to the advanced age of eighty-five.

J. THEODORE BENT.

HUNTING SONGS.

REAL sportsmen—men who like their hunting utterly free from any adulteration whatever, will probably turn away from this page in disgust. “Music indeed! Songs! humph.” What have they to do with hunting, or hunting with them? There is only one sort of music connected with it, and that is the sound of the horn as it breaks upon the stillness of a mellow autumn morning; and if you must have song mixed up with it, well, there’s the yelping of the hounds, as they set off for a quick run, the finest harmony in the world to your true goer, the man who feels that life has nothing better to offer than a good horse, a good conscience, a good start, and

A quick thirty minutes from Banksborough Gorse,

to quote one of the most genial writers of modern times, and the Béranger of the English hunting-field.¹ But there are others besides these crusty *chasseurs* who may not think it derogatory to sport or detracting from the dignity of the chase to spend a few minutes in recalling some of the songs of the field which have served to animate many a sleepy rider after a good day in the saddle, and which in many cases bear the approving stamp of antiquity. In the South Sea Islands, and among the tribes of India and others, the successful hunter, as well as the warrior-chief on his return, is greeted with songs of triumph; and in Britain, where the sports of the field have been pursued with an enthusiasm unprecedented, on the sportsman’s return from the chase it has been the custom from time immemorial to spend the evening in jollity, that the glass should circulate freely, and that the song should go round. How many an evening has been enlivened with the strains of such songs as—

Drink, puppy, drink, and let every puppy drink
That is old enough to lap and to swallow;
For he’ll grow into a hound, so we’ll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we’ll whoop and we’ll hollo?

¹ Whyte-Melville.

Or the famous Gloucestershire—

What a fine hunting morn,
'Tis as balmy as May.

“Blow thy horn, Hunter !” is decidedly one of the most ancient as it is one of the best worthy of preservation, of old English hunting songs. It is a lively tune, and has been handed down to us from very remote bygones. Mr. William Chappell gives it in his “Popular Music of the Olden Time,” and says that it is copied from an MS. of the time of Henry VIII.

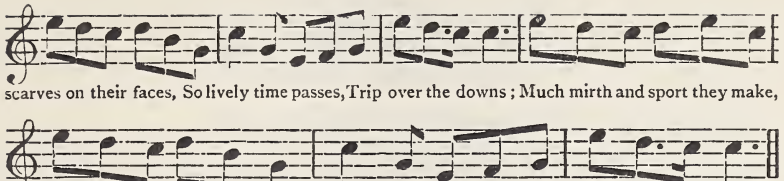
BLOW THY HORN, HUNTER!

Blow thy horne, hunter, Cum blow thy horne on hye! In
yonder wode there lyeth a doe, In faith, she woll not dye. Cum
blow thy horne, hunter, Cum blow thy horne, joly hun - ter.

Although in ancient times the sovereigns of England greatly affected deer and fox-hunting, yet they by no means neglected to patronise the smaller or minor sport of hunting the hare. Indeed, Henry VIII. passed an Act during his reign prohibiting the killing of hares, and fixing the penalty for so doing at 6s. 8d. per hare. The tune of the following song dates from the time of James I., but both in his reign and in that of his predecessor hunting was such a general favourite, and hunting songs were so popular, that the introduction of either was looked upon almost as a necessity for the success of a play.

HUNTING THE HARE.

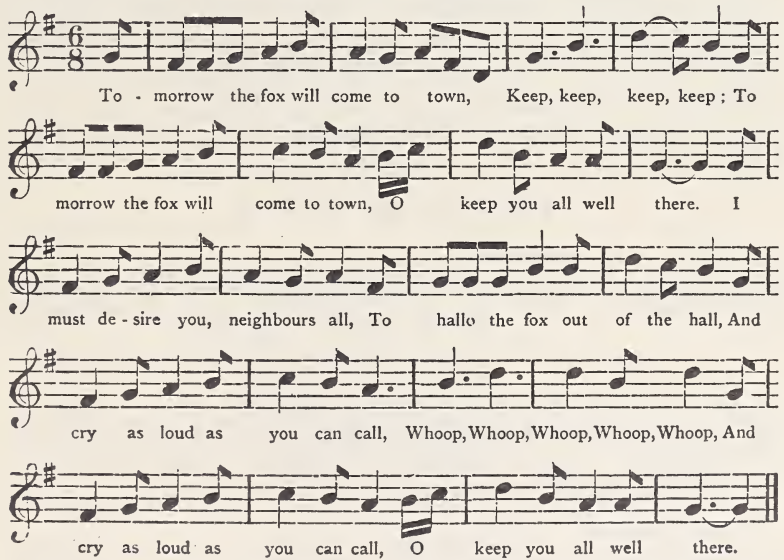
Pan leave pip-ing, The Gods have done feasting, There's never a God-dess a-
hunting to-day; Mortals mar-vel at Cor-i-don's jest-ing, That
gives them as-sist-ance to en-ter-tain May. The lads and the lasses, with



scarves on their faces, So lively time passes, Trip over the downs; Much mirth and sport they make,
 Running at Bar-ley-break, Good lack what pains they take, For a green gown.

In some books this song of "Hunting the Hare" is set down amongst the ordinary countrymen's songs, and is not mentioned in any way specially as a hunting song.

"Trenchmore; or, To-morrow the Fox will come to Town," is set to a tune which has often served as an accompaniment to political words. The verses are very numerous.



To - morrow the fox will come to town, Keep, keep, keep, keep; To
 morrow the fox will come to town, O keep you all well there. I
 must de - sire you, neighbours all, To hallo the fox out of the hall, And
 cry as loud as you can call, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, And
 cry as loud as you can call, O keep you all well there.

THE KINGE'S HUNT IS UPP.

Merrily.



The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 And it is well-nigh day,
 And Harry our king is gone hunting,
 To bring his deere to baye.

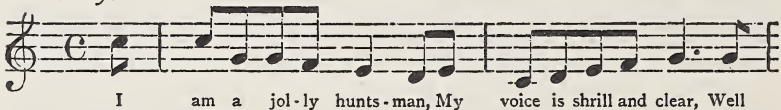
The east is bright with morning light,
 And darkness it is fled ;
 And the merry horne wakes up the morn
 To leave his idle bed.

Awake all men, I say agen,
 Be merry as you maye,
 For Harry our king is gone hunting,
 To bring his deere to baye.

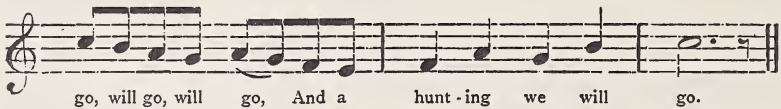
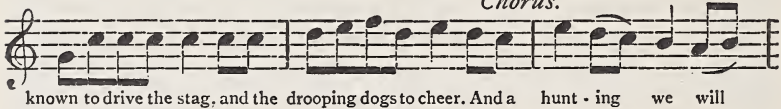
This song was a great favourite with Henry VIII., and was originally known as "The Hunt is Up." Gray was the composer of it, and according to Puttenham, he was in consequence much respected by bluff King Hal, who encouraged to the greatest possible extent ballad and song-writing. Many different versions of this are to be found. In such works as "The Merry Drollery Complete," 1661, and "The New Academy of Complements" it is sure to be met with.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

Gaily.



Chorus.



I leave my bed betimes,
 Before the morning's grey,
 Let loose my dogs, and mount my horse,
 And halloo "Come away," &c.

The game's no sooner roused,
 But in rush the cheerful cry,
 Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,
 The noble beast does fly, &c.

The sport is ended now,
 We're laden with the spoil,
 As home we pass, we talk o' th' chace,
 O'erpaid for all our toil, &c,

Out of seventeen verses I have chosen only four as specimens of this marvellously lively song. It was only in 1731 that the name of the composition was changed from "A-Begging we will Go" to "A-Hunting we will Go." And there still remain many variants of it, such as "A-Hawking," or "A-Fishing," or "A-Bowling we will Go." In one volume, "The Musical Miscellany," the name given is "The Stag Chace," with I believe twenty-nine stanzas.

To Henry Fielding's well-known words of "A-Hunting we will Go" there was added, in the April number for 1889 of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, a verse, which is not generally given, after the one which runs—

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
 Their steeds all spur and switch,
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch.
 But a-hunting we will go, &c.

It goes on to tell how—

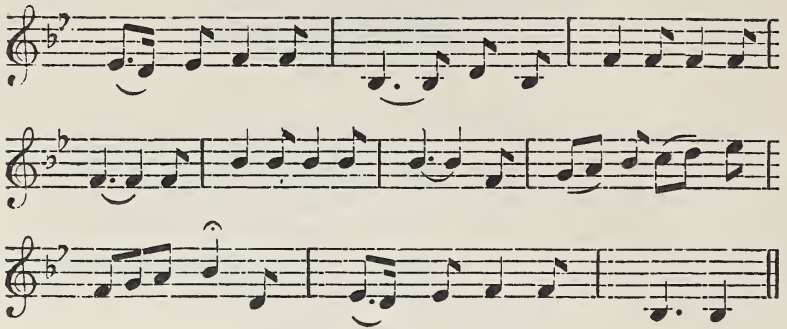
At length his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry, homeward we return,
 To feast away the night.
 Then a-hunting we will go,
 A-hunting we will go,
 A-hunting we will go,
 A-hunting we will go.

FIELDING.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

18th Century.





The "Annals of the Fife Fox-hounds" contains several stirring hunting-songs. One by Mr. Campbell, of Saddell, written at Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird's seat, to the tune of "We have been Friends together," was composed on the occasion of a famous run with Mr. Dalzell's hounds in Forfarshire in 1833. The first verse runs somehow thus :

We have seen a run together,
 We have ridden side by side ;
 It binds us to each other
 Like a lover to his bride.
 We have seen a run together,
 When the hounds ran far and fast ;
 We have hearkened by each other
 To the huntsman's cheering blast.
 How gay they bustled round him,
 How gallantly they found him,
 And how stealthily they wound him
 O'er each breach and woody dell.

Sir Arthur Halkett is also responsible for the following, which he terms "A Run with the West of Fife ^b":

Loud blows the wind a - round the house, Rain dash-es on the
 pane. The Western Hunt be - moan their fate, For the meet is at Pit-
 fir - rane ; But nothing daunted, on they pull their

breeches, spurs, and boots, And some in red, and
 some in black, and some in other suits, A
 few ap-pear on wheels that day, And two have come by rail; But
 if I counted all who came, 'Twould make too long a tale. The
 hounds were brought be-fore the door, And gather'd in a cluster, Their
 eyes shone bright, high waved their sterns, Their coats all shone with lustre.

A very famous song which used to be much sung in the counties of Durham and Northumberland was called "Howell Wood ; or, The Raby Hunt in Yorkshire." It dates from about the end of the eighteenth century, and I believe was sung to the tune of "Ballynamonaora." I append a few of the verses :

While passing o'er Barnsdale I happened to spy,
 A fox stealing on, and the hounds in full cry,
 They are Darlington's sure, for his voice I well know,
 Crying forward—hark forward ! from Skelbrook below.
 With my Ballynamonaora
 The hounds of old Raby for me.

See Binchester leads them whose speed seldom fails,
 And now let us see who can tread on their tails ;
 For, like pigeons in flight, the best hunter would blow,
 Should his master attempt to ride over them now.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

From Howell Wood come, they to Stapleton go,
 What confusion I see in the valley below,
 My friends in black collars nearly beat out of sight,
 And Badsworth's old heroes in sorrowful plight.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

'Tis hard to describe all the frolic and fun,
Which of course must ensue in this capital run,
But I quote the old proverb howe'er trite and lame,
That the looker on sees most by half of the game.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then first in the burst, see dashing away,
Taking all on his stroke, on Ralpho the grey,
With persuaders in flank, comes Darlington's peer,
With his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear.

Chorus. With my, &c.

A collection of even the most fragmentary description of English hunting songs could scarcely lay any claim to completion if mention were not made of that most perfect of sporting lyrics, "John Peel." Surely even the most bigoted of anti-musical huntsmen, and the least intelligent of masher-squires must acknowledge the cheerful swing of this well-known tune, and the graphic picture of the grand old huntsman with his coat so gay. Could anything be more exhilarating than the chorus, which runs :

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he ofttimes led,
Peel's view-halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.



Verily, "John Peel" may rank as a classic amongst hunting songs, for when its strains cease to rouse the free coursing blood of the keen sportsman or to revive the sluggish heart of the veteran rider, then we shall know that the boasted power of music about which we hear so much is a thing of the past.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

COLONEL NEWCOME.

Der Dichter ist angewiesen auf Darstellung. Das höchste derselben ist, wenn sie mit der Wirklichkeit wetteifert, d.h. wenn ihre Schilderungen durch den Geist dergestalt lebendig sind, dass sie als gegenwärtig für jedermann gelten können.—*Goethe*.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.—*Shakspeare*.

GOETHE tells us that, in art, no youth can be a master ; the reason being that youth cannot have mastered the supreme secret of repose. Thackeray, in those great and finished works on which his fame securely rests, in those works by which he will live as the greatest English novelist, shows himself in the calm maturity of that power which is allied with full repose. His chief works have nothing of the fervid impulse and restless fever of youthful effort ; while they evince as little of the weakness of age. They give the clearest expression to the fulness of his art-power. Dying, as Shakspeare did, at the early age of fifty-two, he was preserved from the flatness which sometimes attends upon overworked talent or exhausted thought. If anything in his youthful writings were crude and yeasty, that incompleteness is hidden away in anonymous journalism, in which, like his own Philip, he worked in unnoticed obscurity. Thackeray trained and worked his genius in the drudgery of early press-work ; but after the appearance of "Vanity Fair" his work is the work of a man full grown in literature and a master in art. The books by which we best know him are all manly and not youthful. His style, too, is wholly mature ; easy with the repose of a master. It is, indeed, quite admirable and delightful ; bright, soft, clear, limpid in its suave flow ; without effort, as without affectation. He can convey the deepest meanings in the simplest language ; and can express, with equal mastery, humour and pathos. His style, taken as a whole, seems to me to resemble, in a great degree, the pure and perfect prose style of Goethe. Thackeray combines calm strength with subtle fineness. Altogether a quite admirable style ; excellent in the abstract, and yet individual to the man.

There is always something characteristic in the first appearances

through which great writers introduce their great characters ; and Colonel Newcome, in his life as in his death, belongs to the greatest creations of a writer who has designed and drawn for us so admirably so many distinctive men and delicately depicted women. With a turbulent and sorrowful youth behind him, after having loved and lost, after having married without love or happiness, after having obtained the gift of one child, and after having spent five and thirty years as a soldier in India, Thomas Newcome, a colonel by military rank, returns to see his son and to revisit that dear native land which he had left in despair as an ardent youth, with a heart half broken by the loss of the one woman that he could ever, that he must ever love. He had left England in the after-sunset of noblest love passion. And what is this hero's first exploit in London? He met him first in the Cave of Harmony, that is in that old "Coal Hole" which I remember in my youth. In that queer resort, Thackeray introduces us to "a gentleman with a lean, brown face, and long black mustachios, dressed in very loose clothes, who addresses Pendennis and his friends in a high-pitched, but exceedingly soft and pleasant voice, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere that the stranger awoke directly feelings of friendliness and respect." "You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits. Are there any celebrated persons in the room?" asks the Colonel. Even in such a strange place his influence for good is felt directly. The landlord receives an intimation to the effect that the songs had better be carefully selected ; Nadab, the *improvisatore*, is checked in his mischievous mimicry, and the evening is devoted to innocent lyrics. The Colonel himself sings "Wapping Old Stairs," after the manner of Incledon, and all goes well until Captain Costigan, who has no longer the opportunity of breathing his hiccups into the ear of filial affection, enters—drunk, as usual—and proceeds to sing one of his outrageous ditties. The Colonel's disgust and indignation are finely characteristic of his pure and modest nature ; and every man in that unlucky Cave of Harmony feels the uplifted cane of the Colonel as he emits the speech which precedes his exit from that *galère*. In this little scene, or prologue to the play, Thackeray, with touches few but fine, has sufficiently indicated many of the qualities of his hero. We have already recognised among them chivalry, courtesy, purity, tenderness, and an *impayable* simplicity which resembles that of the ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote ; though the Colonel has nothing of the don's warp of brain.

Often in human lives there is one incident which, more than all the other many events in a career, colours, influences, and sometimes ennobles a whole life. Such an all-powerful incident was the deep,

noble, life-long love between the Colonel and Léonore de Florac, née de Blois. The purest, tenderest, deepest of noble passions in two noblest natures, has very seldom been illustrated more finely in literature than it is in the faithful love-romance of this knight and of this lady. When the young girl was compelled to marry, and when Tom carried his broken heart to India, it was difficult for a reader to foresee how long, and true, and deep, their sublimated passion would become. I have treated in another place¹ of the life, and love, and character of Léonore de Florac, and therefore this most pregnant incident must find comparatively slight mention here ; but we never can forget the master-passion of his life when we consider Colonel Thomas Newcome. The gallant Colonel is distinguished rather for worth, kindness, nobleness of character, than for force of intellect, for brilliancy of wit, or wealth of imagination. The moral are greater than the mental qualities. He reveres great writers : “ I would rather be the author of a work of genius than be Governor General of India.” “ I admire genius. I salute it whenever I meet it.” And yet he can talk not very wisely about books to Warrington and to Pendennis ; but at the end of the interview the generous soul, thinking that chambers high up in Lamb Court must indicate poverty and want, comes back to beg Pendennis to allow him, the Colonel, to be the writer’s banker.

The gallant old soldier was modesty itself. He who had distinguished himself in twenty actions, could never be brought to speak of his military feats or experiences, “ but passed them by as if they were subjects utterly unworthy of notice.”

Thackeray is a true humourist ; his humour being a delicate “ mixture of love and wit.” Hence the unwearying delight with which we follow his many fine touches of delineation and suggestion. Like all great works of fiction, his novels do not depend upon story. Each chapter of his is, in itself, an entire and complete work of art ; and we can, when we know his works well, read a single chapter with the pure and complete delight which is caused by an entirety of perfect art. He speaks too much in his own person, does he ? I wish almost that he spoke to us more in that sort ; for Thackeray is a person with whom it is always pleasant to speak. Apart from his knowledge of life and profound insight into character, he is healthy, human, wise, and pure in spirit.

The Colonel is chivalrously tender to all women, and is fond of children. He married a flighty, silly little woman whom he did not love, and who could not make him happy, simply out of pity for a

¹ Madame de Florac, *Gentleman’s Magazine*, June 1886.

helpless and friendless creature. Having loved Léonore so sadly and so vainly, he could not elect a charming and good woman to fill the place sacred to his ideal love. To have married a very noble, high-class woman, would have seemed to the Colonel a desecration, an infidelity.

He is very constant in his affections ; witness his unceasing care and plans for his boy, Clive, whom he was compelled to part with and to send away from India to England. Thackeray has laboured, with finest art, to piece out, by incessant tender touches, the character of his Colonel into an entire and perfect art whole.

Thackeray was in fullest sympathy with his modern Sidney and Bayard.

Had we met the Colonel in actual life, we should not, perhaps, have known him so well as we know him now that Thackeray has drawn him so fully and exquisitely for us. The long longed-for time came at last, and the father rejoins his son. With Thackeray description is singularly interfused with feeling and with thought.

“Have ye been breathing a prayer over your rosy infant’s slumbers, Tom ?” asks Mr. Binnie.

“And if I have, James Binnie,” the Colonel said gravely, his sallow face blushing somewhat, “if I have, I hope I’ve done no harm.”

“By George ! ‘Tom Newcome,” said Mr. Binnie, “you’re just one of the saints of the earth.”

And the shrewd little Scotchman was right, as we know. Between Clive and Barnes Newcome there was the instinctive antipathy that exists between a lion and a snake. After Clive, resenting a drunken insult to his father, had thrown the glass of wine into Barnes’s face, the Colonel awakes his boy early in order that the lad may go to apologise to his cousin. “We must go and ask Barnes Newcome’s pardon, sir, and forgive other people’s trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness of our own,” says the brave man. “I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterwards, with tears in his eyes,” says Arthur Pendennis. The Colonel’s advice “contained the best of all wisdom, that which comes from a gentle and reverent spirit and a pure and generous heart.”

Then the noble gentleman’s sad and kindly eyes—how often melancholy and kindness go together !—light for the first time upon the beautiful and brilliant Ethel, in the fair promise of her budding girlhood. The girl is to be so much to Thomas Newcome ; not only because of her own bright charm, but because she reminded him of the lost Léonore. Uncle and niece fall in love with each

other instantaneously. "If God had so willed it, I might have been happy myself, and could have made a woman happy," says the Colonel.

Thackeray does not sympathise with that orthodoxy in art which is the consentience of the stupid. He is full of sentiment, but is never sentimental. Sentimentalism is the anti-Christ of true tenderness. Clear and virile, he feels too deeply to feel weakly; and as he feels he paints. The Colonel overcomes self, and approves Clive's choice of a profession. He receives queer company in his hospitable house; but it is characteristic of him that "he never could be brought to be otherwise than cold and grave in his behaviour to John James." "A young man whose father may have had to wait behind me at dinner, should not be brought into my company." The Colonel respected genius—when he understood it—but retained some aristocratic shade of prejudice.

And so, "the old man lay awake, and devised kindnesses, and gave his all for the love of his son; and the young man took, and spent, and kept, and made merry." But the good Colonel's idleness in London hung heavily upon him. After three years of his accomplished wish, his honest face grew more melancholy; his loose clothes hung only the looser on his lean limbs; "together they were"—himself and his son—"and yet he was alone still." The Colonel heard, with amazed indignation, literary talks with such men as Warrington and Pendennis, and saw the gods of his simple idolatry dethroned and mocked. He was perplexed and shocked; but then his modest soul took refuge in humility. The youngsters might be right and he might be wrong. Some tender souls are doomed to live alone. "Why do you not put my uncle into a book?" asks Miss Ethel of Pendennis. Thackeray has abundantly answered the young lady's pertinent question, and the world is the better for his ample answer. Unconscious of merit as simple in thought, this kind father, in his amusing ignorance of the world, schemes a marriage between his handsome boy and the glorious Ethel—who is destined for Lord Kew. "Whom did he not benefit that he knew, and what eye that saw him did not bless him?"

But the long, and only half successful holiday is over at last, and the Colonel has to return to India, and to his old and loved profession of arms. The paddles beat the lazy waters, and the noble figure stands alone, against the sky, and on the stately ocean ship. I see the Colonel now as he waves his sad farewell. "Now for the shore!" and the first visit to his native land, after five and thirty years of active duty and of noble war, are over for Thomas Newcome.

What a crowd of characters there are in this opulent book, the work of a mind rarely rich and full ! We have to thread our way through a mass of men and women, all interesting, all nobly drawn, with all of whom we should like to linger, before we meet again our dear Colonel, the noblest of them all. Sometimes we should like to tarry with, and to talk about, other of those characters ; but we must overleap the busy time which elapses while our hero is in India. The summer always seems so short and the winter so long.

If the Colonel had one defect greater than the others, it was surely his ignorance of finance and his incapacity for business ; and yet the infatuated soldier becomes linked with the Bundelcund Bank, into which he puts every rupee that he can command, while friends hasten to invest in an undertaking in which he believed. They knew his honour, and never stopped to question his capacity. It is one of the very greatest mistakes that can be committed in life, when a high-toned man, whose powers are confined within rigid limits, embarks in enterprises which are outside his capabilities, are foreign to the essence of his nature. Such a wanton, if ignorant, defiance of Fate, is likely to lead to even tragic issues. By the way, Doyle has succeeded in depicting the physiognomy of the Colonel's whole figure—but his face ! Ah, that remains unrealised by art.

At last our dear old Colonel returns from India—his campaigns are over, his sword is hung up for ever. As we welcome him back to England, we notice that there is a streak or two more silver in his hair, and that “the wrinkles about his honest eyes are somewhat deeper, but their look is as steadfast and kind as in the early, almost boyish days when we first knew them.”

Deep feelings lie long dormant. They are not dead, but sleeping ; and the old animosity between Barnes Newcome and his two relatives begins to revive. It has to ripen to saddest issues. Measure still for measure. A natural antagonism must exist between the noble and the base. The Colonel could not pardon a lie ; and was—if that be possible—almost too resentful of all meanness and baseness. “Be angry, and sin not,” is a command which is difficult of execution. Nearly all best men have pride ; a vice, perhaps, but one which at least excludes lower and worse vices. Are writers sometimes over-eager to punish and to reform their finest characters ? I always rather resent the way in which Kingsley brings excess of retribution upon Amyas Leigh. *Alles rächt sich hier auf Erden* ; and a nobly moral writer is anxious—almost too anxious—to expiate and atone for, in time, the sins, errors, frailties of his hero.

Laura Pendennis, who had never known such a good man as

Thomas Newcome, repents Ethel's previous suggestion to the effect that Pendennis should "put him into a book." The good opinion of two such women is, indeed, a certificate. The Bundelcund Banking Company was, in Thomas Newcome's eyes, in reality his son, Clive, for whom the fond Colonel wished all the possible gifts of fortune. The boy being desperately in love with the peerless Ethel, the father, who keenly remembered his own disappointment in love, sets to work to obtain this seeming worldly beauty for his son. For Ethel herself, "she wanted that man (our Colonel) rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her." Noble women, who can recognise nobleness in men, do thus desire the good opinion of those men whose goodness they fondly worship and revere.

The grand old Colonel, not thinking that he is doing anything particularly generous, is ready to settle his £60,000 on Clive, in order that the boy may marry Ethel; "and £200 a year is as much as I want for myself. A hundred a year for a horse; a hundred a year for pocket-money, for I calculate, you know, that Clive will give me a bedroom and my dinner."

This proposal the Colonel makes to Barnes, who carefully conceals it from Ethel, but tells it to old Lady Kew, who wants to marry Ethel to the stupid, depraved Lord Farintosh.

The treachery of the mean Barnes in this affair first sows the seeds of hatred and distrust in his uncle's mind. "This gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and everything a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once aroused in his simple mind, and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudice gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent; and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness."

Then comes the change, the check, the fall; the pathetic aberration and eclipse of some of Thomas Newcome's best and finest qualities. His errors are not merely moral defects; they arise greatly from lack of intellect and absence of humour—gifts which he could not command. Indeed, his sins are but his virtues reversed. A noble hatred of baseness, lying, treachery, leads to suspicion, hatred, revenge. He was never consciously doing wrong; but tenderness could give place to wrath, and indignation could merge into relentless vindictiveness. When once embittered, he becomes unjust; and his goodness leaves him unhappy when he hates, despises, and avenges. His very nobleness renders his anger more unreasoning and blindly furious. His character, divine in its unconscious ex-

cellence, becomes human in its pathetic error ; but he remains dear to us in the one phase as in the other.

We, his weak, erring, infirm fellow-creatures, become the pitying spectators of the temporary declension of a nature of surpassing loveliness. Temporary declension only ; for he works out his expiation, and becomes nobler than he was when first we knew, revered, and loved him. Full of that sweet and flowing courtesy which is based upon benevolence, tender with that unselfish consideration for the welfare as for the feelings of others which is one of the truest notes of loftiest character, our Colonel's best qualities become dim and blurred. True, he was justly irritated by hypocrisy and knavery, but in his indignation he forgot too much to whom vengeance belongs. The strongest proof of demoniacal possession in his gentle soul is—that he becomes cruelly unjust even to dear Ethel, and confounds her with her unworthy brother. In his prosperity, he begins a little to listen to flattery, and to like, unnaturally, power and wealth. He looks askance upon Clive's old cronies. "A man of your baseness ought to be known, sir ; and it shall be my business to make men of honour aware of your character," says the enraged Colonel to his nephew. He made this duty rather too much his business. But for the healthy cowardice of Barnes there would have been a duel. Our Colonel is sadly changed, and can see only the angry side of a question. He gives way wholly to vengeful enmity, and indulges dire hate. But the grand gentleman was so mainly good that he was worth the chastening of Divine love ; and Thackeray records for us, with subtlest tenderness, wisdom, insight, the dealing of Heaven with the soul of Thomas Newcome. The sense of tears in human things is deeply felt as we watch the mistakes, anger, sorrows, of this *preux Chevalier* and almost perfect knight. He is just enough imperfect to be truly human. Not one is perfect ; no, not one.

Many people, who mean well, but have no true insight, seek to make others happy—but happy only in the benefactor's and not in the patient's way ; and our Colonel, whose kindness was as great as his perceptions were dull, tried to make Clive happy in a way which did not suit his unhappy son. He gave to Clive a wife that the young man could not love, and gave him money for which the young man did not care. He felt no sympathy, because he failed in comprehension, for the boy's love of Ethel and of art. Absorbed in his own views and purposes, he felt angry when he saw that his unhappy boy was not happy. A passion for revenge blackens the heart and perverts the judgment, while it distorts the sense of right. Every

wrong thing that the Colonel did, every wrong feeling that he nourished, seemed, to his warped mind, to be the product solely of indignant virtue and outraged honour. "Our Colonel was changed, changed in his heart, changed in his whole demeanour towards the world, and, above all, towards his son, for whom he had made so many kind sacrifices in his old days." Loving each other so tenderly, knowing each other so well, there was yet tacit war between father and son ; and they fought "mute battles" as it were, not speaking openly each to other, but each knowing what the other felt and thought. They became partially united in their joint action of open war against their common enemy ; and by that great catastrophe in the City which was Barnes's effective method of ruining the Bundelcund Bank ; but Barnes's domestic troubles (which were wholly of his own procuring) did not at all soften the strong animosity of his revolted kinsmen. Through all his errors the Colonel remains a good man, temporarily warped to evil : to evil which reveals latent qualities unsuspected until temptation came.

Then comes the mad election. Our Colonel—a most preposterous candidate—stands for Newcome, only in order to discomfit and humiliate his enemy. He admits afterwards, when he has returned to his better mind, that his action in the matter was wrong, i.e., unlike himself ; but the contest had the good effect of reconciling father and son. Thackeray is always admirable in his dialogue, which has the ease and grace of mastery, and is truly, profoundly dramatic. The Colonel and his boy, both deeply unhappy, and half estranged, have a talk together one night, after the elder had been electioneering. Clive has seen a ghost: that is, he, married to Rosy, has met Ethel. Father and son had been alike unhappy in the loss of the only woman for whom each cared. Each had married a woman that he did not, could not love ; and the same sorrow weighs upon both. The same "cruel pangs of enduring grief" racked the Colonel and his Clive ; and their memories of a lost love draw them once more sympathetically and closely together.

The Colonel does not tell his son of his own cruelty to Ethel. One day during the election contest, while the dark fit was on him, Ethel and her uncle met. She tottered a step or two forwards to meet him, held both her hands out and called his name ; but he looked her sternly in the face, took off his hat and bowed, and passed on. This was, perhaps, the lowest point of our Colonel's degradation. Thackeray knows well how the facts of life mould as well as illustrate character ; and he makes his men and women grow and develop, training them as life itself does. Ethel, once heartless and worldly, ripens

into a woman as good as is Laura Pendennis. One of Thackeray's fine touches of satire is that Mrs. Mackenzie speaks to Pendennis about drawing good women.

"Has it come, father?" asks Clive.

Yes, it has come. The Bundelcund Bank has smashed, and Thomas Newcome, he and his, are irretrievably ruined. And there is something worse than that: the Colonel, in his benevolence, had induced friends to take shares in the once prosperous concern, and he had involved them in heavy losses. All is lost—save honour. This catastrophe first shows Mrs. Mac in her true colours. She is, by the way, as true to nature as are any of Thackeray's pictures of good and tender women. Goneril and Regan are as life-like as are Imogen or Desdemona. The true womanly is always noble; the really feminine is mostly petty, coarse, base. At nearly seventy years of age our Colonel is utterly beggared. He has not a shilling—"no, not a single rupee," to give to his little grandson's attendant. All is temporal wreck; but, then, all is spiritual gain. Thomas Newcome, in his misery, becomes very nearly a saint. Thackeray says: "So, let us hope Divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses cannot yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman telescopes." The writer who could think so nobly, and feel so loftily, is able to rise to the highest heights of Christian art.

The good and guileless Colonel, honourable to the very height of the great argument, gives up every penny to the creditors, and even foregoes his pension to pay election bills, thereby winning the hearty admiration of Sherrick himself. Even in his sorest straits, the Colonel, himself in want, can yet manage to pay poor Mrs. Mason. And now begins the very saddest part of the book—a part that we can never read without tears, without the *hysterica passio* rising in the throat.

One desires to hurry over the chapters which narrate the cruel persecution to which the Colonel was subjected by Mrs. Mackenzie, and yet one must, in justice to our theme, touch upon this terrible trial. Oh, by Heaven, 'tis pitiful to read! The vile woman says that she has been *cheated* and *robbed*; and "a vulgar, coarse-minded woman pursued, with brutal sarcasm and deadly rancour, one of the tenderest and noblest gentlemen in the world." He bowed his noble old head in silence beneath the cowardly torment. "He wondered the old man lived," Clive said. "Some of the woman's taunts and gibes, as he could see, struck his father so that he gasped and started back as if some one had lashed him with a whip. He would make away with himself, but he deems this is his punishment, and that he

must bear it so long as it pleases God." The Colonel is gradually being made perfect by suffering. He is learning the heroism of humility, under a "coarse female tyrant—stupid, obstinate, utterly unable to comprehend the son's kindly genius or the father's gentle spirit." A cruel, a most terrible martyrdom, exceeding, as it seems to us, all that the errors of the meek old hero could have deserved: but, sometimes, by God's mercy, the bruised spirit and the overworn brain escaped the torture, and, in dull insensibility, passed beyond the power of torture. We feel, with poor Clive, that his meek father is hastening to the grave under that dreadful and unremitting persecution—a persecution of which we can scarcely bear to read, though Thomas Newcome had to bear and suffer it—and to find his only release from it in death.

Grey Friars has become one of the sacred and memorable places of literature; sacred and memorable because it is indissolubly and immortally connected with the youth and with the death of Thomas Newcome. There, in the chapel, Pendennis, who was attending a commemoration dinner, saw the old Colonel in the black gown of a Poor Brother. "The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this Alms-house! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end!" Grief and pain, and savage insult, had aged him; and the weary man sought only to be at rest. But for the infernal cruelty of Mrs. Mackenzie the good man might have enjoyed, in despite of all his other troubles, years of calm peace and of quiet joy. And yet he had paid off all her claim, paid it off with Ethel's "legacy"—and was the honourable, patient victim of a vile woman's coarse cruelty.

From the discovery of Thomas Newcome in the chapel until his end, we are rapt to high regions of human and religious feeling. We are purer and better for the great writer's tender and ideal art. When he comes to the end of his hero's career, the author's style sublimizes, and the rest of the story is a poem; a poem—grave, lofty, sad—which rolls in stately cadence like organ music through a grand cathedral, and seems worthy of those Psalms to which the Black Gowns in the chapel listened on the Founder's Day. The dear old Colonel's "stick trembled as it fell on the pavement; so did his voice, as he called out Clive's name; so did his hand, as he stretched it out to me. His body was bent and feeble; twenty years had not weakened him so much as the last score of months. Thomas Newcome's voice, once so grave, went up to a treble, and became almost childish, as he asked after Boy. His white hair hung over his collar."

And his noble life flickered feebly and sadly for weary weeks of watching and of waiting. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally weakly; "and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness." "His heart was pure: no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it."

The boys of Grey Friars became his friends, and one little gown-boy was a special favourite of the old gentleman. It is a fine touch, that of honest, kindly boys, in their desire to amuse and please him, sending their painted theatrical characters to Codd Colonel.

Women, who so greatly bless and beautify life in health, seem almost indispensable by the sick bed, and by the bed of death. Death seems less hallowed when good women are absent. Their kindly offices, their sympathy, and tears, and prayers, and blessings, are sacred presences and influences around man's parting life. Thomas Newcome was, as he well deserved to be, watched over and tended by two of the best and noblest of all good women. The idol of his youth, the passion of his faithful manhood, the love of his sorrowful age—Léonore de Blois—kneelt beside the bed upon which the man she had so purely loved passed into a higher life; and Ethel, the dear niece, who had so worshipped and loved her grand old uncle, she—unhappy then in love as had been Madame de Florac—she too watched, and tended, and consoled, those last sad hours.

"He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flashed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, care-worn face." "At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon, he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they were still young." So strong and lasting in a noble heart is noble love.

The end has come. One evening the chapel bell began to toll, and, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and Thomas Newcome said his last *Adsum*, and stood in the presence of the Master.

It is pleasant to think that Clive, therein happier than his father, lived to wed the love of his youth. Have they any children? "I, for my part," says Thackeray, "should like her best without."

I have always a lingering regret when I think that Thackeray, in his intellectual morality, did not see his way to make Lord and Lady Highgate happy together. Their history forms a sad chapter: and Thackeray might have risked a little to please us by giving them a

little happiness. How living, and how real, are all Thackeray's characters! We seem to see them, to look into their eyes, to hear their voices, and to comprehend their natures. We live with them with delight, and we part from them with sorrow. To what a number, to what a variety of vital characters does Thackeray introduce us! His women, as well as his men, present most widely divergent types of human beings. We learn to know Becky Sharp and Madame de Florac; and the same hand draws Costigan and George Warrington. What a contrast between the two warriors—Major Pendennis and Colonel Newcome! What a portrait-gallery is that of Thackeray!

The great characters of fiction grow slowly in public estimation. They do not strike at once, as do the personages of melodrama, or the Merry Andrews of low comedy. They need study; careful, loving, reverent study. They are subtle and complex; are actuated by many motives, and worked upon by many influences. The character of a man that we meet in real life does not reveal itself, in all its strength and weakness, in all its aspiration and short-coming, easily, or at once; and great art creates a character as real and as difficult to understand as any with which we meet in the flesh. Thackeray's many characters—acting, suffering, living, in his noble Fable-land—are as true and vital as are actual men and women. We actually see and hear them; we love or we despise them; we realise their temptations, we feel their sorrows, we glory in their victories. It is a high character to give, but among all the noble creations of noble art, there are few greater, truer, more divinely mournful, than is the hero of this little essay, the gallant, loyal, sorrowful, immortal gentleman—COLONEL THOMAS NEWCOME.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

STEEL.

A MANUFACTURE which plays, and will increasingly play, so large a part in our national armament and commercial prosperity as steel does, must necessarily have an interest for patriotic Britishers.

It has been a problem with scientists how to formulate a definition of steel that shall be at once accurate and concise. Sir William Siemens gives a good general definition : "*Steel is a compound of iron with any other substance which tends to give it superior strength.*" This definition embraces the various kinds of steel, from the hardest tool steel down to the softest, and also those compounds in which manganese, tungsten, and chromium replace the carbon of ordinary steel. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to define steel by its mechanical properties. Steel is almost the hardest substance in nature, if treated in a certain way ; treated in another way it is the most elastic of metals, if not the most elastic substance in nature ; and treated in another way it is nearly the most ductile of metals. It is decidedly the strongest substance in nature. Steel is a material of much higher nature than iron. It is much stronger and can be made to possess nearly any degree of strength, hardness, and ductility, between wide limits, that it is desired to give it."

Steel has an ancient history. Modern discoveries have demonstrated that steel was known to the ancient world fully three thousand years before the Christian era, and there are frequent allusions to it and descriptions of primitive processes in the works of writers down the stream of time ; a history which has been continued in the records of various processes up to the period at which I date the birth of modern steel, about a quarter of a century back.

The methods of steel-manufacture in use up to this date were mainly directed to the production of hard steel suitable for edge-tools, bayonets, &c., such being almost the sole purposes to which steel was then applied. But many new uses have since been developed, for which formerly iron was alone employed, such as guns, armour-plates¹, ship-plates, bridge and railroad construction, shafting, &c.,

¹ The armour-plates adopted by the British Admiralty are not wholly steel, but "compound," that is, faced with hard steel about one-third of the thickness

uses requiring all the varying powers of adaptability which the metal possesses.

In allusion to the comparative softness and hardness of steel, it may be well to mention that steel which will bear a tensile or pulling strain of from twenty-five to thirty tons per square inch is called "soft"; that which will stand from thirty to thirty-eight tons' strain, "mild"; and from that to fifty tons and upwards, "hard," and "extra hard."¹ Roughly speaking, it is the presence of carbon in greater or less quantities which determines the hardness or softness of the steel.

Of the three great modern processes of steel making, the first in order of time is *The Bessemer Pneumatic Process*, which dates from the autumn of 1856, when Sir Henry (then Mr.) Bessemer read his memorable paper on "The Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel without fuel" before the British Association at Cheltenham. Briefly, the process consists in blowing cold air at a high pressure (about 25 pounds per square inch) through a mass of molten pig-iron (contained in what is known as a "converter," a spherically-shaped vessel about fifteen feet high by eight feet in diameter), thus attaining an enormous temperature, and producing, after about twenty minutes' blow, a bath of practically pure iron, to which the necessary hardness (due to carbon) and forgeability (due to manganese, which counteracts by its presence the influence of impurities, and also assists by its reaction in freeing the metal from the oxide of iron which impregnates it) are imparted by the addition of ferromanganese or of spiegeleisen, triple compounds of iron, manganese, and carbon (the valuable application of which to decarburised Bessemer metal forms the ground of a

(which varies from five to twenty-four inches), and backed by the remaining two-thirds of iron; the idea being for the shot, possibly shattering the hard face of steel, to spend its remaining energy in the yielding iron back, which would admit of being battered about without fracture, and thus protect the vessel.

¹ In connection with this reference to strain upon metals, I am reminded of some words of Dr. Percy, which I cannot refrain from quoting, rather for their intrinsic interest than for any practical bearing they have upon my subject. "We hear in these days of the fatigue, refreshment, and patience of metals; terms which, when applied to inanimate objects, may bewilder the uninitiated, and at first perhaps puzzle the initiated. When a metal is subjected to mechanical treatment which produces what is called stress or strain, its component particles may become so disturbed and disarranged, within the limits of elasticity, be it understood, that after its withdrawal from such treatment and left at rest, some time, and in some cases considerable time, must elapse before the particles will have spontaneously readjusted themselves as they originally were. The word *fatigue*, as I apprehend, is meant to indicate such disturbance; the word *refreshment*, restoration of the metal to its original state; the word *patience*, the time required for that restoration." A case in point is that of a razor, "which, when left at rest for some time after use, becomes sharper spontaneously."

patent taken out by Mr. Robert Mushet in September 1856). The metal is then run into an intermediary vessel, termed a "ladle," thence tapped into ingot moulds¹; these steel ingots being the initial stage of the finished product, and ready for subsequent operations of hammering, rolling, or working into any required form. The remarkable feature of this (the Bessemer) process is the rapidity with which a large mass of metal is operated upon; the enormous temperature attained sufficing in less than twenty minutes to convert a charge of fifteen tons of pig-iron into steel.

The Siemens Open-Hearth Process.—Between the Bessemer and this process there are points of likeness as well as of divergence. The initial bath in both processes is pig-metal; the primary resultant product in both is practically pure iron. In the Siemens, as in the Bessemer process, carbon and manganese have subsequently to be added to impart the necessary hardness and forgeability. The after-treatment, hammering, rolling, &c., is of course the same. The distinctive features of the Siemens process are, first, the method; secondly, the time; and thirdly, the agency. It consists in the production of steel in large quantities, up to fifty tons, by fusion on the open hearth of a furnace; one of the advantages possessed in this point by the Siemens over other processes being that it lends itself readily to the production of large and heavy pieces. Another special advantage that may be claimed for this process is that, owing to the construction of the furnace, and the greater length of time involved in the operation (about eleven hours for a fifteen-ton charge), the fluid bath of metal, after being reduced to the lowest point of carburisation, can be maintained in that condition for any reasonable length of time, during which samples can be taken and tested, and thus the precise chemical composition of the metal be accurately known. The agency in the Siemens process is gaseous fuel, and the channel of its operation is the Siemens regenerative furnace. The application of this furnace to steel-making dates from 1861; but as early as 1847 Sir William (then Mr.) Siemens, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Frederick Siemens, made trial of what was afterwards the central feature of his great heat inventions, viz., the "regenerative principle." "He found that, in almost all industrial applications of fuel, heat was lost by the passing away of currents at high temperatures; and it occurred to him that by presenting suitable masses of solid conducting matter to these currents, their superfluous heat might be taken up, and might then be given out

¹ Except in the case of castings, which are run straight from the ladle into their required forms.

again in some useful way." The regenerative furnace is the application of this principle to the furnace by means of "regenerators," so arranged as to intercept and absorb the superfluous heat from the escaping gases, and to give it out again to the incoming air. By this means the air, before it reaches the furnace, becomes heated nearly to the temperature of the furnace itself. It is obvious that by this method is effected not only great saving of fuel, but also almost unlimited power. The greatest heat which can be produced by direct combustion of coke and air is about 4,000° Fahr. ; but in the regenerative furnace any temperature can be attained, though, of course, the limit is reached at the point where the materials composing the furnace-chamber begin to melt.

The Thomas-Gilchrist Basic Process, which dates from 1878, is the joint ally of both the Bessemer and Siemens processes, and in conjunction, especially with the latter, seems to me to have an almost unlimited future before it. It has for its object the manufacture of mild and other qualities of steel from phosphorically impure pig-iron. Speaking of the United Kingdom only, the amount of impure (phosphoric) ore deposits is greatly in excess (over ten times as much) of those yielding pure (non-phosphoric) ore. Up to the date of this invention, as there is no method of eliminating the phosphorus during the process of smelting in the blast-furnace, and as its presence in any appreciable quantity (say, above $\frac{1}{100}$ per cent.) is fatal to the production of high-class steel, all such phosphoric pig-metal was useless for the manufacture of steel. The basic process consists of a "basic" (*i.e.*, ground dolomite or magnesian limestone) lining or bed, in the place of the ordinary "acid" (*i.e.*, ground ganister or silica sand) lining, together with successive additions (up to twenty per cent. about) of burnt lime during the process, the presence of the two strong bases, lime and oxide of iron, being the joint determining cause of the expulsion of the phosphorus, already oxydised to phosphoric acid.

Of the many uses to which steel is now applied, the one, probably, of greatest national interest is its employment in the naval and mercantile marine. One of the latest designed battle-ships, the "Trafalgar" (12,500 tons displacement), has taken in construction from 5,000 to 6,000 tons of steel. Again, in bridge construction, the great Forth Bridge has utilised about 53,000 tons of Siemens steel ; while the proposed Channel bridge between Folkestone and Cape Grisnez—twenty-four miles—would take over a million tons of steel. One use deserving special mention is that of tin-plate bars, the manufacture, that is, of steel bars which are rolled into sheets

for tinning. In South Wales alone, which, with Monmouthshire, has practically the monopoly of this manufacture, about 450,000 tons of steel are used for the purpose annually. In common with nearly all the leading industrial applications of soft steel, the tin-plate-bar industry had its inception at Sir William Siemens's well-known Landore Works.

In view of the enormous production by the three great processes I have alluded to—close on four million tons last year in the United Kingdom alone—steel may well be considered, as it has been called, “the metal,” conspicuously of the present, but still more so “of the future.”

CHARLES WESTON SMITH.

PETRONIUS.

THE art of reducing pleasure to a system has been so little studied in the busy world of to-day that we forget its possibility, and are content with the accidental and occasional joys which fortune throws in our way. Smindyrides the Sybarite, who complained of a crumpled petal in his couch of roses, may be taken as the earliest European master of the art, the ancestor of the numerous voluptuaries who flourished in the days of Imperial Rome. An avoidance of sunlight was the cardinal article in the creed of Smindyrides. He retired to rest at the first blush of morning, and awoke to engage in the great business of his life so soon as the shades of evening fell. He maintained an army of cooks, fowlers, hunters, and fishermen, deeming no animal fit for his table unless it were caught in a certain way, and dressed with certain sauces, the mysteries of which were known only to his own domestics. By his influence carpenters, cabinet-makers, masons, and sawyers were banished from Sybaris because of the rasping noise which the occupations of their trades created; and similar instances of his excessive care to avoid unpleasant disturbance, and to enjoy complete and unruffled *bien-être*, might be given.

Petronius made his first impression on Roman society as a voluptuary, by following the great tenet of Smindyrides—he slept all day long, and occupied the night in the amusements of banquets and social intercourse, his friends being especially warned of his peculiarities, and expected to comply with them. The elegant entertainments he devised, the rare and unexpected novelties of amusement which awaited his guests, the originality of genius which showed itself in the arrangement of his *ménage*—these were the immediate recommendations which first introduced him to the notice of Nero, who, struck with admiration at so singular a discovery as an original voluptuary, created a special office at court for the employment of Petronius, called the “Mastership of the Pleasures.” Nero’s wisdom in so doing cannot be called into account by any one. Let us remember that Louis XIV., having exhausted all the resources of human delight,

was compelled to advertise publicly for the invention of a new pleasure, proposing a considerable reward to its happy discoverer; the sole result of all his trouble, the only novelty of enjoyment which the best heads in France could strike out was, to be called two hours before you get up every morning and to go to sleep again until the real hour of rising comes. The invention of pleasures, therefore, like the invention of the arts, must be the prerogative of a chosen few ingenious spirits, who appear from time to time in the world's history; and Nero did well to seize on so rare an official as Petronius.

Unfortunately the dignity of Tacitus is above informing us what the new and unheard-of pleasures were, which entered the world at the bidding of Petronius, were first enjoyed by the inexhaustible appetite of Nero, and have been affected at long intervals by voluptuaries since that time. Doubtless, we should not do wrong in crediting Petronius with the new method of exciting hunger, first practised by Nero, and unknown till his day. The Romans of the Republic, with this object in view, resorted to the very inelegant practice of taking an emetic. When Cæsar went to banquet with Cicero, he paid him the special compliment of taking an emetic half an hour before dinner. Even Claudius had not got past the emetic stage, though he minimised its unpleasantness as far as possible by having his throat tickled with a feather, instead of taking an unsavoury draught. Nero, however, was accustomed to stimulate "a second hunger," according to Juvenal, by drinking a certain sort of wine, which produced appetite without creating nausea. The practice of taking a warm bath after dinner, with the same object in view, is one which first appears on the scene of history about this time, and perhaps may be credited to the same master mind. The decoration of the dinner-table with all sorts of allegorical devices, the moulding of the food into strange patterns, resembling those which Swift describes as in use at Laputa, the introduction of singing servants who kept up a constant warbling when they handed a dish or carved a dainty---these embellishments of the science of eating are first mentioned in the banquet of Trimalcion, and are, probably enough, very fair examples of the artistic innovations of Petronius.

What distinguishes the man above any other voluptuary who ever lived is that combination of intellectual pleasures with sensual which he effected, on the understanding that the art of enjoyment was thereby heightened. He certainly managed to instil this doctrine into Nero, who sang musical *scenas* as he revelled in the torture of the Christians, extemporised verses amid the orgies of his dinner-table, and late at night, after a hard day's dissipation, and instead of retiring as most

men would to swinish slumber, sat up under the guidance of a music master practising with indefatigable energy trills, runs, and roulades for performance at the theatre next day.

We do not propose to go into the question of the intrigues of Tigellinus against Petronius, as we are anxious to begin the account of the great voluptuary's literary labours. But the manner of his death is too striking and characteristic to be by any possibility omitted. Finding that his reign of favour was over, and that an unworthy favourite was likely to supplant him, he resolved to put an end to his existence before Nero's cruelty could mar or mangle his body in a manner hideous to behold. Bent now upon suicide, the question was how to die most comfortably. Various ways suggested themselves to Petronius, but were rejected as too far from nature to be attempted. What he desired was such a form of death as should imitate the natural dissolution of the body, when a painless and even desirable consummation to life is coming on. The plan he eventually adopted was to open a vein in his arm, and allow the red life to flow away until a slight feeling of exhaustion supervened. Closing the untidy puncture, he went about the city as if nothing unusual were occurring, visited friends, invited his dearest acquaintances to his house in order to celebrate a series of exquisite banquets, during which he meant slowly to die. A reopening of the flowing vein made him weaker, though still far from exhausted, and he regaled his guests with his witticisms and sparkling conversation without any appearance, doubtless without any feeling, of constraint or effort. It was remarked afterwards that while other men, when face to face with death and, as it were, studying its approach, have chosen as the subject of their conversation the question of the soul's immortality, the probability of a future life, or the adages of philosophy, Petronius talked on the agreeable themes of literature, exercised his wit in criticisms and his invention in verse-making; nor did any one know that the gay verse-maker and charming conversationalist was within a few hours of the black haunts of Dis. He died without an effort and without a sigh, sinking to sleep with tranquillity and pleasure.

His work, the "Satyricon," is in a very fragmentary state, but the patience of its editors has pieced together the various *morceaux*, so as to re-construct the agreeable fable with only a very few hiatuses here and there. Attempts have been made by admirers of the satyrist to fill up these lacunæ with conjectural narrative. Nodot in the 17th century was the most daring of these interpolators. Yet his insertions cannot be read with much pleasure, owing to their diffuseness, and modernisms of thought and plot. If fortune ever favours

the world of letters so far as to restore the missing portions of the "Satyricon," we may expect very different connecting passages from those which have been suggested.

The work, of which, even in its fragmentary state, only the fifteenth and sixteenth books have survived, is in appearance a novel, in reality a satire. It is the earliest novel ever written in Europe, and in its entirety, when all the threads of the plot and the reappearances of the characters could be seen working in uninterrupted succession, could not have failed to be most fascinating in its interest. Even in its present dismantled state it is highly and perpetually interesting. There is much in the low scenes of the book, which reminds us of Smollett and Fielding—the coarse horse-play in which the characters indulge, the blows, the tumbles, the lamps or pitchers hurled at offending personages, the broken pates, the bad language. At some places we seem to be reading scenes from "Joseph Andrews" or "Roderick Random." The description of practical jokes forms quite a feature in the book. Elsewhere the narrative assumes a far more elegant tone. There is the most refined point and piquancy, not only in the subjects but the treatment. Incidents are invented and related with the fastidiousness of the literary exquisite. The combination of these two distinct styles gives a singular charm to the story. They act as a foil to each other, much in the manner of the double plots of the Elizabethan dramatists or the alternations of high and low life in their plays. Petronius seems to have been led to this method of structure by his own genius of intuition. He even adds a third infusion, which the playwrights were unconscious of; and in the sparkling literary criticisms and discussions, which he puts from time to time in the mouths of heroes, we have a most agreeable diversity, which, like Fielding's prefaces or Sterne's digressions, add a new zest to the commencement of the story.

Beneath the surface of the plot lies a most consummate satire—a satire so consummate and skilful that, according to tradition, Petronius was able to send it for perusal to the personage against whom it was written, without the victim discovering his own shame. Nero alone was ignorant that Nero was the subject of the scathing *exposé*, while all Rome were making merry at the tyrant's expense. You may look everywhere through the satire and you will find Nero peeping out. Every character in the book is vested with some touch which caricatures the tyrant; though certain especial characters are naturally more strongly marked than others. His wantonness, his profligacy, his incapability of mind and body, his cowardice, his weakness, are ridiculed in the character of Encolpius, the hero *par excellence* of the

piece. His ferocity, his cruelty, his desperate madness, his passion, his avarice, his meanness, are assailed in the person of Ascyrtos. His effeminacy, his lusts, his luxury, his fickleness, are portrayed in the character of Giton. His literary vanity, his poetical conceit, his long-winded rhetoric, his attempts at versification, his devotion to the muses under the most whimsical and trying circumstances, are travestied in the person of Eumolpus. Finally, Trimalcion is held up as the exemplifier of his coarseness, his bad manners, his pride of wealth, his intolerable arrogance, haughtiness, and ignorance.

These five constitute the principal personages of the story. Into the traits of resemblance contained in the minor characters we need not go—but any prominent feature or marked incident may be taken as another stroke of humour at the expense of the tyrant, with which the book so entirely teems.

In a secondary way, the parts of Ascyrtos, Giton, and Eumolpus are intended to represent other persons than Nero himself. Ascyrtos is evidently Pythagoras ; Giton is Sporus ; and who can fail to see in Eumolpus the features of Seneca ? In this changeful allegory, glancing as shot silk, the tale was written. Doubtless we need not wonder that Nero failed to recognise himself amid it all ; when, if he were visible in a character at one moment, the next instant a few unmistakable features would come over the picture, in which he acknowledged and laughed at the personality of some one else. Encolpius and Trimalcion, however, never change ; and we are puzzled to account for the fact why he was blind to his own identity there.

The story of the work runs as follows : Encolpius, the hero of the tale, is holding a dispute under a portico with the rhetorician Agamemnon on the subject of rhetoric. These porticoes, the principal meeting-places for the critics and dilettanti in the world of literature, were frequently the scenes of the most animated debates, and likewise of the most fervid declamations on the part of poets, who, having no other audience on whom to inflict their compositions, found in the idle and cultivated crowds under the porticoes a multitude of respectful or disrespectful listeners, according as the merits of their poem might be. Juvenal pathetically laments the desecration of these cool and shady corners in the city by the mob of poets and disputants who crowded them. According to him the marble statues were cracked and the columns shattered by the hoarse brawling of their *habitués*. The argument on rhetoric between Encolpius and Agamemnon, like most of Petronius's literary criticisms, abounds in touches of good taste, with here and there very profound

remarks on style and language, which might hold good to-day no less than at the time they were written. He is particularly emphatic against the artificiality of metaphor and far-fetched exquisiteness of expression which were the banes of Roman literature in his day ; and here he may be considered to make direct allusion to Nero, who was an exceptional offender in these particular points of style. The poetry of Nero, from the few fragments we have of it, especially those in Persius, was deformed by constant overstraining, and was consequently always more or less ridiculous. In speaking of a vessel sailing over the waters, he makes it "cleave Neptune in twain," instead of cleaving Neptune's element. When wishing to express that a traveller had made a journey from one part of the Apennines to another, he phrases it, "he stole a rib from the Apennines"—with much more to the same effect.

After easing their philosophical zeal by condemning most of the Roman poetry extant, the two hungry rhetoricians—for there is nothing like a dispute for sharpening the appetite—receive an invitation to dinner from the wealthy Trimalcion, which they joyfully accept. Unfortunately, the dinner is for three days hence, and in the meantime they are constrained to trust to their wits for their support.

Encolpius and Agamemnon speedily part company, and the latter falls in with his two young friends, Ascylos and Giton. Ascylos, as we have mentioned, is intended to stand for Pythagoras, the Roman knight to whom Nero took the strange fancy to be married—the emperor donning the yellow bridal veil and dressing in the sumptuous garb of a woman, while Pythagoras went through the mummery without sacrificing his prerogative of male attire. Giton being intended to represent Sporus, we have before us in this character the beautiful boy—he was barely fifteen years of age—whose fidelity to his master in the tyrant's last hours is one of the few pleasing traits in the otherwise horrible death of Nero. With Sporus, Nero likewise contracted matrimony in the early part of his reign. In this case, however, the rites were reversed. Sporus was the lady, shrowded in the flame-coloured veil ; while Nero, retaining his sex and his imperial attire, publicly espoused his extraordinary bride before the eyes of all Rome. These three meet in Petronius's tale, and, from their communications with one another, it appears that they have all received invitations to Trimalcion's banquet. Encolpius's difficulty about satisfying hungry nature until the day of the banquet arrives, vanishes at the production of Ascylos's cloak—a stolen article, in the purloining of which they had all had a share. It happened that the

three friends had found a large sum of money accidentally some little time before, and to preserve it had stolen an old cloak, in the pocket of which they had sewn up their hoard. On their way to the part of the city where they propose to spend their wealth, they enter by ill-luck a grotto or cavern (such places as abounded in Rome), where they were involuntary spectators of certain unhallowed mysteries, from which, by the strict rule of the initiated, all members of the male sex were rigidly excluded. We remember a like intrusion in the case of Clodius, who, disguised in female attire, penetrated into the house where Cæsar's wife was celebrating similar mysteries, though doubtless conducted with greater modesty than those described in Petronius. Their curiosity compels them to remain, when suddenly an alarm is raised that there are men on the premises. The unfortunate intruders take to flight. In their consternation and confusion they let their mantle containing the money drop, and in its room seize the mantle of the lady-president of the ceremonies, which they cannot distinguish from their own in the dark; and so lose their little all on which they depended for a dinner.

The disappearance of the mantle is not cleared up in the sequel. We are to suppose that one of the Bacchantes in the unholy cavern made away with it; for when the three adventurers return to the place of horror, which in due course they do, being dragged back by some of the indignant women, there is neither mantle nor any sign of it to be found. Quartilla, the lady-president of the mysteries, having got possession of the trio of delinquents, consults her female colleagues around her what punishment shall be inflicted on such over-curious men who have dared to profane the secrecy of the mysteries by their presence. The general voice exclaims that, having seen so much of the mysteries as the men have, the only way is to make them enforced witnesses of the rest, and to initiate them as novices into the entire round of the ceremonies. This accordingly is done. The initiation, by means of fearful oaths and tremendous promises of secrecy, makes them tongue-tied as to the spectacle they have witnessed; and only after these extraordinary experiences, resulting from their curiosity, do they gain the upper air.

How they pass the time till Trimalcion's banquet we are not informed, there being here an unfortunate lacuna in the MS. The day of the banquet, however, arrives, and they are still alive. Trimalcion is a rich freedman—one of the wealthiest men, supposed to be, in Rome. Nero, also, despite his noble blood, evinced many of the manners of a parvenu—the vain ostentation of wealth, the estima-

tion of everything by the value of money, the coarseness and want of decorum common to men whose access to wealth has been rapid and unexpected: all which is depicted in this side of his many-sided character under the guise of Trimalcion. When Encolpius, Ascylos, and Giton arrive at the house they find everywhere transgressions of the conformities of life. The porter at the door is clothed in a magnificent robe of green silk, with a scarlet sash of the same material; and has been deputed by Trimalcion to vary his labours at the gate by shelling peas for the cook. He sits letting in and out the sumptuous guests who arrive and depart, holding a bowl of peas on his lap and shelling them all the while. Trimalcion himself is engaged in playing ball. He does not mind keeping his hungry guests waiting while he finishes his game, descanting meanwhile on the excellence of his play. When he washes his hands to prepare for dinner, he wipes them on the head of a pretty little boy standing near. The conversation turns on poverty and wealth, and Trimalcion puts an immediate stop to further pursuance of the subject by stonily asking, "What is a poor man?" When his elegant and indeed stupendous banquet in due time commences, he takes his seat—we should rather say his couch—with affected reluctance, informing the company that he is so much interested in a game of draughts he is playing that he cannot possibly postpone its conclusion to the commencement of so sorry a repast as the present. If they will only allow him, he says—and amidst universal murmurs of assent from the parasites round him, he orders a draught-board, covered with crystal draughts, to be brought in, and concludes the game during the earlier part of the dinner.

The banquet begins in the orthodox fashion—"from egg to apple"; and eggs form the first course in the menu. A hen made of wood, and sitting amid straw as if hatching a brood of chickens, is brought in by singing slaves—all the slaves, it must be mentioned, throughout the banquet keep up a constant chorus and symphony as they rush hither and thither with the eatables. The wooden fowl, on being lifted up, is found to cover an immense quantity of eggs, which are handed round to the guests. Enormous silver spoons are given them to break the shell with. They break it, and find inside, not yolk, but a roasted beccafico in every egg. The surprise is elegantly managed, and excites numerous *facetie* from the company, all of which are detailed by Petronius.

At this period of the banquet a silver dish fell from a side-table on the floor, and a slave-boy, observing the accident, at once picked it up to restore it to its original position on the table. Tri-

malcion looked up from his draughts, and in a stern tone demanded what the boy meant by picking up such rubbish from the floor again. He ordered the slave to be well cuffed for his parsimony, and the dish to be swept out with the other litter lying on the floor and thrown into the dustbin.

Whets to appetite were now forthcoming in the shape of wine, which was served alone before the production of the next course. The wine was very old, most of it having been a hundred years in cask. The age of the wine prompted Trimalcion to the *bon mot*, "How much longer does wine live than a man!" after saying which, to illustrate his meaning, he clapped his hands, and a skeleton in Egyptian fashion, though in this instance made of pure silver, was thrown on the table by some slaves standing unnoticed behind. Everybody present were aghast at the uncongenial visitant. Trimalcion, as usual, had overdone his humour. A few of the company lost their appetites for the succeeding course, which was a masterpiece of gastronomic skill. An enormous dish was brought in on which was an artful superstructure of twelve distinct parts, representing the signs of the zodiac. On each sign—which was embossed and perfectly apparent—lay an article of food agreeable to its nature: thus, on the bull lay beefsteaks, on the fish lay a couple of mullets, on the lion African figs, on the waterman a goose, &c., &c. In the middle of this vast ring—for the signs were arranged in a great circle round the dish—lay a green turf, on it a honeycomb. As if this artful triumph of cookery were not enough to display the skill of the kitchen, after the guests had discussed the various delicacies so curiously served up before them, the whole of the top cover containing the signs was lifted up, and underneath it a fresh dish of more substantial ingredients lay displayed. Capons, baked and boiled, hares, and other game, were revealed lying in a great abundance on the dish. The centre of this vast pile was a little lake, wherein fish, fried and boiled, were floating in fish sauce, which was being continually poured on them from silver figures of satyrs at each corner of the lake, who, holding mimic wineskins under their arms, discharged the sauce from the mouths of these upon the fish.

The discussion of these various viands occupied a long time of the dinner. Most gourmands might think that enough had already been placed on the table to satisfy the appetites of the most insatiable, at least in the line of savouries. A new surprise, however, of a very extraordinary kind was in store for the guests. Slaves entered the hall and spread coverlets over all the couches, representing hunting scenes—they themselves, as they laid the decorations there, being attired in full

hunting-costume. This pageantry was scarcely over when the noise of horns was heard without, together with a great jingling of bells, the shouts of huntsmen, and the barking of dogs. The doors opened, and the hunt swept round the table. Three boars, carefully preserved from injuring the guests by being muzzled and tied, were brought up to Trimalcion, as if captured in the chase.

"I beg the company to choose," said he, "which of the three they would like for dinner; for one of them is to constitute our next course."

The choice was made; the animal was led out; the consumption of wine whiled away half an hour; and the boar was brought in by a train of cooks, ready dressed and smoking hot for the table. Trimalcion eyed the feat of cookery with apparent suspicion. He looked around, as much as to say to those present that it was impossible to have performed the task so soon. "I spy it," he exclaimed, and ordered the cook to be brought bound before him. The trembling cook was brought as directed. "Rascal," cried Trimalcion, "you have contrived to cook this boar so quickly by leaving out the tedious task of disembowelling it." "Alas, master!" exclaimed the cook; and, falling on his knees, he confessed his guilt. "As a punishment," said Trimalcion, "and to bring down shame on thy head, thou shalt cut it open before the company." The cook took the knife as directed, made an incision in the side of the boar, when out tumbled a shower of sausages and forcemeat balls, as perfectly and completely cooked as the boar itself, which lay smoking on the dish before the company.

Similar surprises of gastronomy and cooking followed. But we cannot pursue the banquet of Trimalcion to the exclusion of the rest of Petronius's satire. After a few adventures of minor importance, Encolpius and Giton—for Ascyrtos disappears from the tale from here onwards—make the acquaintance of Eumolpus, one of the most curious personages of the story. Intended primarily to stand for Seneca, Eumolpus is likewise a hit at the character of Nero—his eternal philosophising, his long, prosy, and ill-timed harangues remind us of the tutor of the tyrant; his equally eternal poetising, his deceit, his utterly sensual licentiousness remind us of the tyrant himself. In the latter character, some of the experiences of Eumolpus are amusing enough; he goes to the public baths, and recites his new verses to the people; they pelt him for his pains. On board ship once, when the vessel was on the point of sinking, everyone was looking high and low for Eumolpus to save him along with the others in the little boat. They found him, not making any effort to rescue himself from

danger, but down at the bottom of the cabin, with pen, ink, and paper before him, composing some verses on a storm at sea.

In company with Eumolpus the two younger men meet with several amusing adventures. A sad accident happens to them, from the incidents of which we are made aware that Encolpius and Giton are both perhaps, at least one of them, slaves, and have served in that capacity in the family of Lycas and Tryphæna, from whom they have run off at an earlier portion of the story, of which unfortunately we do not possess any relics. Giton was certainly a fugitive slave-boy, and the slave of Tryphæna herself. Encolpius was perhaps a slave, or else he may have had an intrigue with Tryphæna, for which offence and others Lycas has it in his power to punish him with death. However the case may exactly be, the two fugitives stumble on the very persons whom last in the world would they desire to meet, and what is worse, on shipboard, where there is no escaping. Along with Eumolpus they take ship to go to the north of Italy. Scarcely has the vessel got under way when they find Lycas and Tryphæna on board. A tremendous commotion ensues. The youths, who have spied their former master and mistress before the latter have descried them, attempt at first to disguise themselves. Eumolpus, whose chief and almost only luggage consists in a huge jar of ink, which he carries with him wherever he goes, for the purpose of writing his poems with it, proposes that he shall utilise the ink on the present occasion in a very original manner. Giton is to be converted into a blackamoor, by ink being rubbed over his face and hair, and in this guise, according to Eumolpus, his mistress will fail to recognise him. A similar experiment was to be performed on Encolpius. The disguise, which is ultimately assumed, is penetrated, and something very little short of a scrimmage ensues between Lycas and Tryphæna, and the two culprits. The eloquence of Eumolpus comes to their aid. In a long and flowery speech, adorned with innumerable tropes of rhetoric, and diversified with *ex tempore* poetry of the most amazing description, Eumolpus soothes the savage wrath of the irate man and woman, who wish to reassert their rights over the youths, and with much pains, and at great expense of language, restores harmony to the embroiled and excited ship. Scarcely have his good offices prevailed to soothe the wrath of all concerned, than a terrific storm arises which heeds not Eumolpus or his poetry, and scatters the disputants on all sides to any corner of the vessel for refuge. During the storm Eumolpus alone retains his presence of mind, and composes poetry in the hold, alone with his ink-jar, as we mentioned before. A shipwreck takes place, and is described, we

may mention *en passant*, with such graphic power and energy, that Jeremy Taylor has thought well to embody it in one of his sermons—strange resting-place for a fragment of Petronius!

While many are drowned, Encolpius, Giton, and Eumolpus are thrown ashore near the city of Crotona. They travel to the city in great distress, having lost everything but the garments on their back. They are saved from their desperate strait by the ingenuity of Eumolpus. The Crotonians, it appears, have the reputation, above that of all other Italians, of being the greediest legacy-hunters in the peninsula. Perhaps this description of them will come more home to us if we recollect that legacy-hunting by this time in the empire had become a positive profession. Numerous citizens, both at Rome and elsewhere, existed solely on prospects, and calculated their actual income on the probability of certain wealthy persons dying. Childless old men and women were the more especial game of the “hunters,” as the term for this profession was; though all wealthy people not blessed with large families and tolerably advanced in years might boast a goodly following of the same class of hangers-on. The legacy-hunters had the worst time of it while their patrons were alive, for they were compelled to give the latter presents in order to curry favour successfully, and to forestall the efforts of rivals in the game. Very often, as we learn from other sources, the legacy-hunters, in their greed to be remembered in the will, ruined themselves prematurely by expensive gifts, which the avaricious testators accepted, and afterwards forgot their unfortunate clients when the hour of will-making came.

Eumolpus takes skilful advantage of this mania, which so potently beset the Crotonians. He gave out on arriving in the city that he was a childless old man of fabulous wealth, who on his way from one estate to another was unfortunately wrecked at Crotona. The Crotonians swallowed the bait at once; and, the whole city being legacy-hunters of the first order, immediately costly garments, elegant furniture, wines, viands of the most delicate quality, and money without end began to pour in on Eumolpus, who shared his good fortune with his two friends. The three adventurers lived for some time on the fat of the land, enjoying the blind generosity of the Crotonians and laughing in their sleeve at their dupes. At last the truth by some awkward circumstance begins to ooze out. The Crotonians suspect the genuineness of Eumolpus's pretensions, and call aloud for some proof that his professions are authentic. Matters begin to grow serious. Suspicion gives place to rage, and there needs all Eumolpus's ingenuity to stave off the rising storm. They

clamour that he shall make his will at once, die, and leave them the promised property. They think that they have done enough for him. It is now his turn to make a just requital. Driven to desperation Eumolpus publicly draws up his will, leaving so much to this man, so much to the next, of property which never existed, but with the fictitious accounts of which they are well content. They are quite prepared to inherit, clamour for his death that they may proceed to the whereabouts of the possessions and take them over as lawful heirs. Their elation is, however, rudely dashed by the last clause of Eumolpus's will, which directs that his body shall be cut into pieces and that every legatee shall eat a portion under pain of forfeiting his legacy. This ridiculous situation brings the romance to a conclusion. We know not what the termination is intended to be—for the fragments end here—further than that in the second last fragment one of the legatees is at length found who with much repugnance professes himself willing to eat his piece; while the concluding fragment contains an oration of Eumolpus complimenting this legatee on his good taste, and pointing out the most dainty parts of the body to make experiment on.

J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

SCATTERED along the slopes of many of the northern valleys, there still lingers a last remnant of the yeoman or "statesman" class. Their houses are strongly built of stone, and are essentially those of a utilitarian age. Each homestead has about it a few fertile fields—meadows which margin the valley stream. These are sufficient to afford "keep" for a dozen milch cows, and in summer yield abundant crops of hay. The young cattle graze the "Grassing-heads" in summer; but are brought to the coppice belts of birch and hazel to pick a scanty winter fare. There is but little ploughing, and, therefore, few horses are required. But, although the "statesman," with all his virtues, is rapidly becoming extinct, neither political nor agricultural economy can alter nature's decree that these small holdings must ever remain sheep farms. Each farm in the dale has its "Lot," or Allotment, on the fell, which feeds from five hundred to a thousand sheep. This number is about the normal one, though some of the largest farms have most extensive "heafs," and graze from two to four thousand sheep. These are of the Black-faced, Scotch, and Herdwick breeds. All have coarse, hair-like wool; the Scotch and Black-faced have horns, whilst the Herdwick is polled. Yet each wears what the hill-farmers call "a jacket and waistcoat," that is long wool without, with a soft, thick coating beneath. And this is the one great characteristic which fits the animal for its life among the mists. All the breeds indicated are small-boned, and produce the best and sweetest mutton. It is the tending of these that constitutes the chief work of the dalesman throughout the year.

We have said that each farm of the valley has allotted to it its hundreds or thousands of acres upon the fells, and it is wonderful how the sheep know their own ground. Of course this was the more remarkable before the enclosure of the commons, when only a stream, a ridge of rock, or a heather brae formed a nominal boundary. Now hundreds of miles of wire fence stretches its dividing influence over the wild fells, and is the means of destroying great numbers of grouse. One of the provisions for localising the sheep upon their

own "Lot" is as follows: When a retiring tenant is leaving his farm, he is allowed to sell or take with him, say, three-fourths of his flock of 2,000 sheep, but the remaining 500 must be left on the old ground. It is imperative upon the retiring farmer that this nucleus be left, though sometimes the whole flock is taken by the incoming tenant, and so remains. In any case he must purchase the number to be left upon the "heaf" at a valuation by one of the dalesmen, mutually agreed upon by the landlord and himself.

In each parish there still exists at some farm a "Shepherd's Guide," setting forth the tar-marks, smits, and ear-slits peculiar to the sheep of each farm in the township. This is in the keeping of some responsible person, and is used as a reference-book in cases of dispute. It sets forth the name of each farm, the number of its heaf-going sheep, a rough definition of their range, and, finally, the account of each flock is illustrated by cuts. These show, to take an example, "J. B." on the near shoulder, a red smit down the flank, with the near ear slit down the middle. The "smits and slits" are essential, for although the initials of the owner may, and frequently do, become blurred and indistinct, the former are lasting, and, in case the animals have strayed, they may be at once identified. With the enclosure of the commons, this "Smit-book" is now rarely used, and no recent edition has been printed.

Most of the sheep winter on the fells. On the highest of these in severe weather they have to be foddered through three or four months of the year. Hay is taken in peat "sleds," and bundles are thrown down at intervals. Failing this the sheep are expert in scraping away the snow to get at the buried herbage. This they do with their feet and noses, and as the sheep clear away the snow the grouse (though this applies only to the lower ranges) follow and eat the heather seeds from beneath the bushes. Sometimes a whole flock of sheep are buried deep and have to be dug out. Even taking it for granted that the whereabouts of the entombed flock is known, the task of rescuing them is one of great difficulty. In attempting it the shepherds have occasionally lost their lives. The animal heat given off by the sheep thus buried thaws a portion of the snow about them. Stretching their necks over this limited area, they devour every blade of green, even the turf itself. This exhausted, they eat the wool from each other's backs. Under these circumstances the tenacity of life shown by the sheep is marvellous, and many have been rescued alive after being buried for twenty-eight days. When brought to the light these poor creatures are in a weak and emaciated condition. During the long and terrible winter of 1886 the fell sheep suffered

severely. On the higher runs they perished by hundreds. The farmers (four in number) of the farms lying contiguous to Sca Fell alone lost fifteen hundred sheep out of an aggregate of about six thousand. The whitened bones and fleeces of these were dotted everywhere about the fells, and to the hill farmers in these times of depression this fact almost spells ruin. The skeletons were bleached, and the only things that profited by the protracted snows were the peregrines and ravens of the crags. These birds still find an asylum in the deepest recesses of the mountains.

In these desolate hill tracts winter usually lasts through seven months of the year. Layer upon layer of snow becomes hard frozen, and upon the highest peaks of Skiddaw and Sca Fell this often lies till June or July. During mid-summer day of 1888 the mountains were lashed in blinding snow-storms. But for the most part April clears the summits of the mists, and a better time is at hand. The snows have cleared from the lower grounds, and the sparse vegetation comes sweet and green. This grows quickly, and the flock rapidly gains in condition. Now the sheep are ever active; by the torrent sides, by the leas of the boulders, and along the rock ledges they seek the freshest grass. And in search of this they sometimes become crag-fast—that is, they climb and climb from one narrow ledge to another, sometimes placing their fore feet upon even a jagged splinter. If a face of rock intervene, and they cannot climb out to the top of the crag, they turn to descend. But here, too, retreat is cut off. Sometimes the sheep remain in this position for two or three days, eating whatever is within reach, and then one of two things happens: either they are rescued by the shepherds, who are let down to them by ropes, or they fall a prey to birds and foxes. The raven, the peregrine, and the buzzard freely appreciate the creature's position, and await their chance. Sometimes the birds so terrify the sheep that in its fright it makes one mad leap, and is dashed to pieces as it descends the crag. Then the raven hardly waits until death has come, but immediately goes dallying round and round the carcass, and soon falls to work upon brain, lip, or palate. The peregrine feeds only so long as the flesh is sweet, though the hill foxes and crows visit the spot for a week.

Snow lines are as yet sketched along the stone fences of the fells; but this is all that remains of winter. Everything testifies to the coming of spring. The foaming fell "becks" sparkle in the sun and the climbing sheep are sprinkled over the crags. A breadth of blue is overhead, and towards this the sheep always climb. When the weather is fine their heads are infallibly turned towards the skyline. From

this time they rapidly improve in condition ; with the new grass their strength returns ; they are ever and ceaselessly nibbling. And now the shepherds are very busy with their flocks. The ewes are drafted out and quietly driven to the lowlands. These are distributed among the fields of the hill farms, and for a time have better fare. An anxious time is approaching ; but here the lambing season comes fully two months later than in the lower and cultivated valleys. Daily attention is paid to the ewes, and about mid-April the lambs begin to make their appearance. The Black-faced and Herdwicks are hardy ; there is no folding, no extra feeding, and they come through the critical time in a manner that would astonish the southern farmer. The mortality is exceedingly small ; the lambs are strong and quickly on their legs. As soon as the lambing season is over, and the little strangers are strong enough to bear the journey, the whole flock is driven back to the fells. Each year the farmer breeds two varieties of lambs. The Black-faced and Herdwick ewes produce both, one of which is half-breed, the other pure. The pure portion is to keep up the blood of the farm ; the half-breeds, which are heavier and larger lambs, are intended for sale. At this time the barren ewes are also drafted from the flock, they too being fattened for the market.

As the warm days of May pass to those of early June, the shepherds commence to "gather" their flocks for the washing. In this they are aided by collies—small wiry creatures, almost inconceivably intelligent. They in nowise resemble the sheep-dogs of the show-bench, but are mostly built on the lines of the hill fox. They can be hounded for miles—as far as they can see the action of the shepherd directing them. In fact they are quite knowing enough to work without this direction ; and I have seen them scaling a crag and carefully bringing a flock of sheep from the rocks and gullies where not a single living thing was apparent to the eye. "Devil's Dust," "Wily," and "Fleet" were three of the most intelligent brutes that ever ran. I have spent weeks among the mists with the lovable trio. When a headstrong Herdwick gets upon the shelving rocks of the crags, the dogs never force. They crouch, using the utmost patience, and rather guide the sheep than drive it. That these dogs become fascinated in their work there can be no question. It is clear, too, that the work is difficult, and always more or less painful ; for after a hard day's running upon the fells their feet are dreadfully cut up by the sharp stones, which in summer blister the hand if laid upon them. These beds of flat tinkling stones give out their not unmusical notes as the men, sheep, and their canine guardians, rush over them. It is usual on the hill farms, where a great number of sheep are kept,

to work the dogs in relays. A brace are taken out one day and rest the next. But at times of gathering for washing or shearing this plan is not always practicable, and all the dogs are working at once. Upon one such occasion, when a week of hard work had left an intelligent little bitch only two legs to run upon, she disappeared in a bracken bed under the crags. Thence she was not seen to emerge, nor could she be found. It was afterwards discovered that she had brought forth five puppies, each of which she carried separately in her mouth a distance of five miles, returning, of course, over the same distance. Her treasures she snugly stowed away among the hay in the old barn.

I have said that it is at the time of gathering in the sheep for washing or shearing that the dogs are hardest worked. When a fine spring has reduced the fell "becks," and the clear water lies deep in the pools, then it is that the washing of the flocks takes place. The water is now tepid; and by the side of the deepest pool a bit of bright turf is encircled by wooden hurdles, and a fold constructed. The shepherds have been out on the fells through the short summer night, and now down the corries long lines of sheep are seen approaching, though all converging to the rugged mountain road. The sheep and shepherds are met by a group of fell folk who have come to assist. These are the "statesmen" and their sons, dalesmen from the next valley, neighbouring herds, and often some women. Sorting the sheep and depriving them of their lambs is gone through, the scene being meanwhile most animated—men shouting, dogs barking, sheep stamping and fighting the dogs, whilst others lightly top the hurdles, and attempt to make back to the fells. Two strapping yeomen wade into the pool to their middle, and the business of the day commences. The washing of six hundred sheep means a long summer day's work; and now all exert themselves to the utmost. Two men take each sheep by both hands and heave it into the pool. Here it is caught by the washers, well soused, and then allowed to swim to the opposite bank, where for a moment it stands dripping; then moves off to the sunny sward. Weighted with water, the creature is stunned for awhile, but soon begins to nibble the short herbage. During the whole of this time a constant bleating is kept up between the lambs and their dams; nor does it cease until they are brought together after the washing, when they are driven back to the fells. By this time every one engaged in the day's work has imbibed much strong ale; but hard work has rendered them none the worse for their deep draughts. Seeing the sheep sprinkled over the fells a few days after this, their coats are observed to be whiter and the wool more "fleecy."

Washing, of course, is preparatory to shearing ; and this comes in a fortnight. All the dale responds. Goodwill is one of the great characteristics of the "statesmen." For shearing, as for washing, the sheep have to be gathered in ; and this sometimes takes two days and a night to accomplish. The animals are brought down the mountain-road to the farm and placed in rude stone folds, each holding perhaps a hundred sheep. The shearers arrive from up and down dale, and among them come the parson and the squire, all in white "overalls." The shearers seat themselves on "creels" ranged round the main fold, and a dozen stout lads come as "catchers" to supply their elders with sheep. Bright bands are produced to tie the goat-like legs of the Herdwicks, and the flash and the metallic "click" of the shears are seen and heard afar. Soon the scene is one of the most picturesque animation. A turf fire is lighted, and upon this a pan of tar bubbles and boils. Standing by it are the owner of the flock and the parson. They stamp the former's initials and the smit-marks upon the sleek sheep just freed from their cumbersome coats. The squire goes round among the shearers and acts as "doctor." He carries a small can of mixed salve and tar, which he applies to the cuts accidentally made in shearing. These snips are common, but arise more frequently from the sheep's kicking than from carelessness in the shearer. Two or three girls rid the clippers of the stripped fleeces ; and these, together with the fallen wool, are placed upon unhinged barn-doors by two portly dames from down dale ; they are then stowed away in the wool-loft. When all the flock is stripped, comes the banquet. And such a one ! huge rounds of beef, legs of veal and of mutton, quarters of lamb, hams, and pies of every description. There are sweet puddings and pies, and all things else in keeping. Then the company withdraw to the barn, where creels are ranged round against the hay-mows, and strong ale and trays of tobacco are passed among the guests. A long table is placed down the middle, the parson presiding at one end, the squire at the other. Glasses are filled, smoke-wreaths begin to ascend, and the ballads of the dalesfolk are sung. Most of these ditties have for their subject-matter some "Bet Bouncer," or commemorate remarkable foxhunts in the district, and are all productions of the company's immediate ancestors ; and on such occasions the parson drank, sang, and smoked in as orthodox manner as the rest. This is said in nowise disrespectfully. The parson was one of ourselves, tilled his glebe, and had a sheep-run on the fells. These constituted part of his "living."

At the sheep-shearing the lambs are separated from their dams, and receive the impress of their owner's initials as well as smits and ear-slits. The half-breed lambs—those bred for the production of mutton—are now weaned from the ewes, and are not allowed to return to the fells. They are kept until autumn, sold at the northern sheep fairs, and then sent to be fattened on southern grass-lands. Here they feed quickly and make excellent mutton. Only the pure-bred lambs—Black-face or Herdwick—the future heaf-going sheep of the home farm, are retained. After the "clipping," and whilst the yeomen are carousing in the old barn, the shepherds start on the return journey with the fleeceless flocks. As the lambs are brought to the ewes there is a perfect babel of bleats. Turned into the long lanes, the white fleeceless flocks present an indescribable picture of pastoral beauty. Every sheep hangs upon the hazel-clad slopes, stretching its quiet neck to the tender herbage. Not a foot of the banks seems unoccupied—two long lines of sleek, browsing sheep reach away till the bend in the road hides them. Soon the bleating becomes less general, then it ceases, and a strange stillness fills the lanes. A breeze brings up the left lambs' voices, and all is confusion. And thus we plod slowly on to the fells in the sultry summer afternoon, and turn the flock again upon the green slopes. The hills become animated with a thousand sheep. Soon few are to be seen; they have dispersed, but seem to have dissolved. Then we turn homewards, ourselves and the three dogs—not down the long dale road, but by the "forest"—"forest" only by name now, and thick with peat, having traces of birch and mountain ash. Our way lies along the "Grassing heads" running parallel to the valley, but high up above it. Coming through these rushes prevail, and hidden springs. Among them gadflies rest, and grasshoppers make harmony with the hidden waters. Then we come into scrub of oak, birch, and hazel. Flies abound and a few birds.

From what has been said of the farms of the fell dales, it will be seen, as already remarked, that these are essentially sheep farms, and that wool is one of the chief products of the "statesmen." Among the many quaint buildings of the hill folds, one is usually set apart as the wool loft; and it is deplorable to have to record that many of these, and even the teeming barns themselves, are full of wool, the produce of many seasons' "clips." For the hill farmer has felt depression in trade as well as his southern neighbour, though in a different way. Some of the yeomen tell me that they have four, five, and even six years' wool harvests in their barns, and cannot sell it at present prices. Time was when the wives and daughters of

the "statesmen" spun the wool, and even wove it into cloth. This at one time was done in almost every house, and by the light labour the long winter evenings were pleasantly beguiled. And it is somewhat strange that the occupation was one much indulged in by the poorer clergy who guided the spiritual lives of the yeomen. Of one of these as a type of the rest we shall speak. He assisted his neighbours at hay and at shearing; and instead of receiving money reward he was paid "in kind." He made wills, butter prints, and was Notary Public to the whole parish. And for these little offices as his reward "in kind," he invariably chose wool; and for a reason. The tributary fleeces he was wont to collect with the aid of a shaggy white "galloway," with which he always tramped the fells. Across the back of the old horse were two panniers carried crosswise, in which the fleeces were conveyed. The annals of his quiet neighbourhood tell how, for eight hours in each day, he was occupied in teaching the children, his seat being within the Communion rails. While they repeated their lessons by his side, he was busily engaged with his spinning wheel; and every evening, too, he continued the same labour, exchanging, by way of variety, the small wheel at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. And thus the spinning and winding wheels filled up the interludes of his evening labour. The elder of his children assisted in teasing and spinning the wool; and at the whole trade it was well known that both he and his family had become proficient. When the various processes were completed, and the whole ready for sale, the good man would lay on his back by 16 or 32 lbs. weight, and on foot would convey it to market, seven or eight miles, even in the depth of winter.

And yet this primitive parson was a pronounced type of his contemporaries. He, as they, not only cultivated the glebe about the house, but had, like the rest of his neighbours, a sheep "run" on the fell. In his life he held three "livings," and occupied the last sixty years; he died aged ninety-three, and during the time he was busily employed as we have stated, he never once neglected his more important spiritual duties. These he discharged zealously and faithfully, brought up, educated, and established well in life a large family, and died "universally lamented." His fortune at his death, amassed by this great industry, amounted to £2,000, besides a large quantity of linen and woollen cloth spun by himself, and chiefly within those Communion rails of which we have spoken. The following extract is from a letter describing him "at home": "I found him sitting at the head of a large square table, such as s

commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them—what we call clogs in these parts—with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast," &c. Spinning and weaving the wool of the Herdwicks was at this time performed in almost every house in the dales, and this process provided clothes both for the male and female portion of the household.

A HILL SHEPHERD.

FALSE EYES AND TRUE.

BLUE eyes, so soft, beseeching
 That ye might have the teaching
 Of my dull heart ;
 And black eyes flashing brightly,
 As ye would say, " Not lightly
 Shalt thou depart."

Ye may throw out your lures,
 But still the thought endures
 Of two brown eyes,
 That out of distance look,
 And warn from siren's hook
 The looked-for prize.

Oh, dark and azure eyes,
 Here get ye ne'er a prize !
 I look and wait
 Until she come, that maid
 I kissed in beech-tree shade
 When June was late.

Speak on, with laugh and sigh ;
 Your prattle passes by
 My careless ears,
 That mark not any word
 For one that once I heard,
 That banished fears.

All silently I watch
 Your wiles, but never snatch
 The proffered bait
 That lies so near my mouth—
 For that my soul hath drouth,
 My heart can wait

Until she come, who nets
My life with sad regrets,
 With memories sweet :
Then shall my whole life glide
Where'er her hand may guide,
 And at her feet

I shall lie panting, dying ;
And she will raise me, trying
 To heal mine ill,
And I with her soft kiss
Shall wake to newer bliss
 That naught can kill !

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

TABLE TALK.

AMONG OLD BOOKS.

MORE than one of the improvements I counselled in "Book Prices Current" has been made in the third volume now issued,¹ and the work is rapidly becoming the most important and the most attractive bibliographical record that is published in England. So far, indeed, as I know, no foreign country can boast a book that fills all its functions. It consists of a list of the valuable books that have been sold by auction in London during the year, with the prices and names of purchasers. During the three years in which it has appeared its size has augmented, and it has advanced steadily in public favour. Most important among the changes that have been made in the volume for 1889, is the addition, in the index, of dates to the early printed English works. If, for instance, to take a subject on which I have more than once of late communed with the reader, I look under the head of Chaucer with a view to a special edition, in the first volume I am compelled to investigate each of the sixteen items mentioned in the index. In the third volume, on the contrary, the twelve copies which were sold during the past year are duly ranged under the dates 1508, 1561, 1598, and so forth. An incredible gain to facility of inquiry results from this, and it is to be hoped that it will be extended to modern writers, such as Shelley, Byron, and Ruskin. Even more important is it that it should be carried out in the case of early French works, which are now added to the list. Under Clément Marot, for instance, two references are given, one to the fourth edition of 1731, which, though a handsome book, is in small estimation; and the other to the two delightful volumes of Moetjens, Leyden, 1700. Neither of these, however, is dated in the index. The latter is somewhat naïvely described as the best edition of Marot; it would, with a nearer approach to correctness, be called the worst—its value being only typographical. Its price, moreover, is two to three pounds, while in the *Supplément* to the *Manuel du Libraire*, Brunet quotes the purchase of the first edition

¹ Elliot Stock.]

of Geoffroy Tory (1532) for the Bibliothèque Impériale for 990 francs; and of the second edition, for the same institution, for 621 francs. In the case of Molière things are even worse, since original editions and translations are mixed together without any order of dates. These things must be amended before "Book Prices Current" can be fully utilised.

THE BOOK SALES OF 1889.

CURIOUS illustrations of the fluctuations of taste are necessarily afforded in the record of sales. Condition, in the case of second-hand books, is, of course, much; and an historical binding, or a binding even of some great French workman, will lift a common-place book to the price of a rarity. General taste in England, however, goes now in favour of works and illustrations by writers or artists of the present century. For real rarities there is always a demand, and the Mazarin Bible, bought in February 1889 in the Hopetoun House sale by Mr. Quaritch for £2,000, is, so far as I have seen, the champion record. Under Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and even under the heads of living writers—Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, &c.—the most significant entries are found. Thus, the "Songs and Ballads" of Mr. Swinburne, in the first edition, which is not to be distinguished from that still issued, fetches a fancy price. Of the first edition of "Atalanta," a lovely book, the price of which is fully justified, no sale is chronicled. So curious is the mania for the works of Cruikshank that the *Westminster Review* with an illustrated essay on his genius sells for several pounds. The productions of Caxton's press still fetch hundreds of pounds, most of them going to Mr. Quaritch; and the only moderately good copy of the First Folio Shakespeare was purchased by the same omnivorous buyer for four hundred and fifteen pounds. Extraordinary prices were obtained for theatrical rarities in the Mansfield-Mackenzie sale, the greatest demand being for the most scurrilous productions. Mr. Stock's book is, in fact, a mass of curious information. It will be welcomed by most second-hand booksellers as well as by collectors. One class alone, the purchasers of imperfect books, which are afterwards sold as complete, are likely to disapprove of a publication which threatens them with exposure and loss of unholy profit.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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AN ARTISTIC MYSTERY.

BY ARMIGER BARCZINSKY.

HAD Mr. Wrex been a rich man, the world of Art would, assuredly, have known him as one of its premier patrons. His devotion to Art was a religion, his love of the beautiful in Art partook of worship ; and though his friends, when speaking of him, shrugged their shoulders and referred to this passion as a fad and a hobby, they nevertheless credited him with a certain critical perception in matters pertaining to it. After all, they would argue, it was a small matter to have to defer to the opinion of such an inoffensive person on so trivial a subject as pictures !—knowing, as they did, that all the special knowledge he assumed was worthless from a commercial point of view.

For Mr. Wrex was an amateur in the true sense of the word, his funds being insufficient to allow him to do much else than admire. Not that he had any inclination to trade on his skill in judgment. He would have scorned to prostitute his connoisseurship to such mean ends. He deemed it too sacred a qualification for that. No ; had circumstances permitted, his ambition would have been to make a famous collection of the works of the Old Masters, to have devoted his life to that end, and then left the collection to “the nation.” That was his dream. Most men are contented with the prospect of benefiting an individual—often more so with the prospect than the deed ; but in “the nation” Mr. Wrex saw a collective unit which he in fancy made his debtor and in fancy heard its “still, small voice of gratitude.”

But Mr. Wrex was not rich, as anyone visiting his little cottage could tell at a glance. Nor would the stranger, judging by the specimens of pictures and cheap statuary that decked Mr. Wrex's parlour, have deemed him the man of taste he really was. Only those intimate with him knew how deeply—and, as they sometimes thought, unpleasantly—he was versed in artistic lore. Knew of the small but select library bearing on Art, which he possessed ; of the piles of picture-catalogues that filled the cottage ; of the hours he spent in galleries and in pottering about the musty shops of small dealers. Some few of them, who occasionally had perforce to listen when their learned friend grew discursive on his favourite theme, knew of these things. But the stranger would have set Mr. Wrex down merely as the owner of a number of stained tawdry prints, and grimy, worthless canvases ; little knowing that often among these was to be found a rarity ; soiled, perhaps, but of some value none the less.

But so it was. The prints were, some of them, the work of famous hands ; some of the oils, original trifles by pupils of old artists, evincing to Mr. Wrex traces of the master-hand. The owner had a history of each and a surpassing love for all collectively.

Mr. Wrex was a quiet little man, neither young nor old ; but his hair was grey and his habits those of sober years. Ever since he could remember he had lived on a diminutive legacy inherited from a departed aunt. In his youth he had worked and striven to create ; but whether from want of ability or the proper instruction, the noble thoughts that had filled him never appeared on canvas. When the truth dawned on him that he lacked the necessary qualifications to make a great name, he quietly put palette and brushes aside, gave up painting and turned for consolation to the study and admiration of the genius of other men. Sooner than he expected, his want of success as a painter and the grief it had occasioned him were forgotten in this delightful study. The contemplation of the famous works of the masters made him lose all regret for the non-existence of any small talent in himself.

He haunted the Art galleries and the sale rooms, and was a prominent figure wherever painters and connoisseurs gathered. In time he was known and respected by buyers and sellers alike for his clear and just perception of all that is best in Art ; in short, he became distinguished as the possessor of that rare quality, a valuable and unprejudiced criticism.

But if Mr. Wrex made a valuation, or passed a judgment, or rendered anybody some similar service, he did so without payment.

The pleasure such things afforded him was sufficient return. Yet, many an unconsidered trifle, such as a small picture of merit but lacking a name to give it value, was forced on him by those who felt under an obligation to him. These helped to swell his "collection," though none of them, however choice, were permitted to oust from its place of honour on his parlour wall the one gem he had acquired by his own nice discernment, and paid for out of his own pocket. This was a female head, painted on wood with extreme delicacy and finish. The moment Mr. Wrex had caught sight of it in the dark recess of a small dealer's den, he knew he had alighted on a veritable antique, nothing less than one of El Divino Morales' Saints! At great inconvenience he had, there and then, purchased it for twenty-five shillings and carried his treasure home. By dint of perseverance and care in the cleaning, he restored some of its pristine brilliancy of hue and execution to the picture, in one of whose corners the traces of the artist's signature were now visible.

The pride Mr. Wrex took in exhibiting this work to his friends, now that its authenticity was established, can with difficulty be expressed. No collection, to his knowledge, even possessed a copy of it. It was absolutely unique, one of the few specimens of El Divino's work out of Spain. But the praise accorded it by his neighbours Mr. Wrex felt to be strained. They lacked that nice appreciation which only the educated in Art possess, the enthusiasm of the amateur, the homage of the student to the master, which he himself felt, and which he would have exacted from a spectator. Only Miss Malyon among all his friends would, he knew, appreciate the picture as it deserved, comprehend its beauties and linger over them with tender reverence.

Miss Malyon was an artist without a name. In other words, the letters which composed it had never yet been affixed to her canvases. Indeed, the better her productions the more necessary for them to go nameless into the market. For Miss Malyon's forte lay in making accurate copies of the Old Masters, and she was retained by a firm of dealers to do nothing else. Mr. Wrex had first met her in a public gallery, where she, in common with other students, was at work. He had remarked the accuracy of a reduced copy of Titian's "Flora" on which she was engaged, complimented her on her talent, and so drifted into conversation. Miss Malyon was no longer young; she had long been a working member of the human hive, and accordingly felt no painful shyness in exchanging artistic amenities with a stranger. The freemasonry of her craft, moreover, permitted such civilities, and, for the rest, Mr. Wrex was a staid and

sober-speaking person whom any woman might have acknowledged without hesitation. They met constantly, each regarding the other with respect which, as they became better acquainted, ripened into admiration. Between them they represented the theory and practice of Art, and a truly platonic friendship ensued.

So, in due course, Miss Malyon was taken to see the Morales, and the cup of Mr. Wrex's happiness was filled when, after many minutes spent in silent admiration, Miss Malyon expressed her opinion.

"It is truly great!" she cried.

Poor Mr. Wrex felt his eyes moistening. At last due reverence was paid to Art and artist both. He felt his heart suddenly warm to the slight figure whose uplifted grave grey eyes rested with rapture on the image of the saint.

"It is the lost St. Cecilia," he murmured. "Painted by El Divino when he was in Italy with Raphael."

"Yes, surely, it is a Morales," said Miss Malyon. "Oh, Mr Wrex, it must be priceless."

"I shall not sell it," said Mr. Wrex, with decision.

After that they fell to discussing its perfections. For a time Mr. Wrex discoursed learnedly on the tone and texture of his gem. But in spite of himself his eyes began to wander from the pictured face to that of the living one beside him, and Mr. Wrex, for the first time in his life, forgot the technicalities of Art in the contemplation of Nature's handiwork.

When, at length, he parted from Miss Malyon he somehow felt his admiration of the painting absorbed in something else which he could not exactly define. Only this he knew: no one had ever before listened to him with the charming attention displayed by Miss Malyon; that he had a hundred things still to say to her, and that he must see her again shortly. Very soon he did again see her, nearly every day, in fact, each meeting convincing him more and more of her sweetness and her worth, until middle-aged Mr. Wrex gave up his love of Art for the art of Love, and regretted not his change of sentiment.

Before many months Miss Malyon became Mrs. Wrex, and the little cottage held a greater treasure even than that of El Divino Morales.

Mr. Wrex had always been a contented man; he held the conviction that those who possess what we covet are not a jot more happy than ourselves; and he refrained from chasing disappointment by thinking more of what he had and less of what he desired.

But now he had nothing more to desire ; his happiness was complete. Marion Wrex was a woman blessed with qualities of the mind and heart such as most men look for in their wives, and such as few men find ; qualities which Mr. Wrex himself was not deficient in, and which were accordingly most apparent in one so dear to him as Marion. Moreover, the very nature of his wife's calling was an additional virtue in his eyes, for Virtue and Art were synonymous terms to Mr. Wrex. No pair ever enjoyed truer felicity than these mature lovers, whose passion was no transient blaze to pass away in smoke, but a steady and enduring devotion likely to last their lives.

Of worldly cares they had none. Mr. Wrex's annuity and his wife's earnings proved ample for their modest wants ; and for more than a year they pursued the even tenor of their way, wrapped up in each other and in Art. There came a time, however, when a contingency, which these simple people had not foreseen, brought home to them the startling truth that wrinkled Care ever keeps his watch on too much happiness. Marion could no longer go to her work at the galleries, and, owing to the impossibility of following her occupation at home, was perforce idle. Yet neither was dismayed by the temporary reduction in their income occasioned thereby, while the approaching advent of a little stranger afforded a touch of joy before which troubles of the hour grew dim.

In course of time a baby face cheered the father with the comforting assurance that soon his Marion would be herself again ; and he beat away the fears that had beset him when he gazed upon the store of savings which, of late, had diminished day by day. A week or two hence, he said to himself, Marion would be sitting before her canvas and he beside her, as of yore.

But this was not to be. Week upon week dragged its weary length along bringing back neither health nor strength to Marion. Poor Mr. Wrex waited and watched by her bedside, praying for the hour when she should shake off the cruel hand of sickness, wondering—with a touch of unconscious fretfulness—why the child, a little girl, should thrive so well while her mother suffered. And yet the weeks rolled on and his prayers for Marion remained unanswered. It seemed as if she were fated to become a confirmed invalid.

Soon the savings were all gone, and money was wanted badly to defray the many expenses, which, in spite of every care, augmented daily. These were anxious moments for Mr. Wrex, who, for once, ardently longed for riches wherewith to buy back his beloved Marion's fast waning health. Anxious and more terrible they grew until, at

last, in debt and at the bitter end of his resources, he wearily strove to look the miserable future in the face.

As long as he was able he concealed the host of doubts and fears that beset him from his wife. But Marion's eyes ere long noted the trouble that oppressed him, and he, poor man, unable to disguise the unhappy truth, with dim eyes and trembling lips told her the sad story of his need. His fears were all for her. She knew that, though he abstained from dwelling on her condition, and, once his mind unburdened, tried indeed to make light of it, cheering her with hope for the future, which, though he knew it not, bore the accent of depression with which he was so deeply tinged.

Marion's thin white hand sought his. He clasped and kissed it softly.

"You must sell the picture, dear. When I am better I will paint a copy of it," she whispered.

"What!—sell the Morales?"

She nodded sorrowfully. "There is nothing else, dear, is there?"

"No—there is nothing else."

"You are not angry with me, John?"

"Angry? Ah, no, dear one! But—the Morales! Yet you are right, it must be so. I will sell it."

"It is an original," she continued, after a pause. "There is no doubt of that?"

"Doubt? No, surely there is no doubt."

"Do you know," said Marion slowly, her voice weak and low from continued illness, "do you know, dear, that since baby was born, a fancy has come to me that somewhere, I do not know where, I have seen a duplicate of it. The thought first came to me as I lay, half dreaming, one evening. Perhaps it is only fancy, yet——"

She ceased speaking, and a fresh and horrible dread seized upon Mr. Wrex. If there were anything in Marion's fancy, if she had really seen a duplicate of the Morales, then might it not be only a copy after all, a paltry imitation which would no more fetch a sum such as he required than would one of the many counterparts of noted pictures such as Marion produced for her employers. Were this so, and Suspicion's doubting tongue kept repeating that it was, all prospect of relief was gone, the door of Hope was closed.

The poor man sought his gem, took it down from the wall and scanned it narrowly. Had his judgment erred—was it counterfeit after all? He could not bear to dwell upon the possibility of such a thing. With nervous fingers he detached it from the frame, wrapped it in paper, and, with it under his arm, hurried out.

Despite his feverish haste, it took him more than an hour to reach his destination. With beating heart he rang the bell of the keeper's door at the National Gallery. He knew the official, and would submit the picture to his judgment. Then, if his fears were not confirmed, if it were adjudged authentic, he knew where he should find a ready buyer.

Mr. Wrex, as he waited, looked up and down at the cold grey walls of the building ; the inspection of its gloomy façade and heavy proportions tending to increase the dismal state of mind that oppressed him. Presently the heavy door swung back. He was admitted and conducted to a room, half office, half gallery, in which the keeper attended to his duties. Around him were pictures—on the walls, the chairs and the floor ; framed and unframed ; in packing cases and ready for packing. Facing him was a Turner, a small sunlit scene that seemed to have caught a glint of light in its transparent middle distance, and kept it there to glorify the genius of the painter. He saw nothing ; only stared into space while he waited. A footstep at the door made him start. He turned and confronted the keeper.

"Well, Mr. Wrex," said the official, Mr. Pomfret by name, "it is a long time since we have seen you here. What can we do for you?"

Without answering, Mr. Wrex drew his picture from its cover, placed it against a chair and stepped back.

"Hallo ! what have you there ?" exclaimed the other, advancing.

"You tell me," said Mr. Wrex hoarsely.

Mr. Pomfret gave him a quick and questioning look, then walked to a packing case at the further end of the room, took from it a picture and placed it by the side of the one Mr. Wrex had brought. To an ordinary observer they were identical ; so like, that each might have been a reflection of the other. Both were panels ; of the same size, the same colouring ; seemingly painted by the same hand. Yet there was a trifling difference, an indefinable something that, to a trained eye, was sufficient to indicate which of the two was the original ; a difference so slight, however, that nothing short of comparison would have revealed it. Silently the keeper watched his visitor, who, with haggard face and clenched hands, stood breathing hard and painfully, looking from one to the other.

"Yours is a very good copy," said Mr. Pomfret presently.

"Copy !" whispered the poor man.

"Well, yes, I'm afraid so, Mr. Wrex. You see it cannot well be the original, which has been lying here for a couple of years at least "

"A couple of years—here !" repeated Mr. Wrex weakly.

“Yes, it is altogether a remarkable incident,” continued Mr. Pomfret. “Not long ago I found a case which seems to have lain in an out-of-the-way corner and to have escaped the notice of everybody for the last two years. Among the canvases it contained was this, which I have satisfied myself is a Morales; an early work painted in Italy, and probably meant for St. Cecilia. I have not yet notified its discovery to the authorities.”

Mr. Wrex listened, but he heard not. Within him another voice than the keeper's was speaking. A cruel, despondent voice; a voice that breathed despair and hopelessness, a voice of sickness and sorrow and want. “Go away!” it cried. “Go back to your unhappy home, to your suffering wife, and tell her the bitter truth that will make her wan cheek whiter still. Tell her the dull and desolate story that shall rob her of her lingering taste for life. Picture to her the destitute present, the dreary future, full of anxiety and weariness, and the struggle for existence which is before you both. Go, and cease to strive against Fate—it is a hopeless task.”

“Water—a little water!” moaned the unhappy man, tottering to a seat.

The keeper, a humane person, and respecting his humble acquaintance, whose evident, though secret, trouble he sympathised with, hastened out. Returning quickly, he held a glass to the sufferer's lips and did his best to cheer him. But Mr. Wrex refused to be comforted. With deep dejection imprinted on his face, he rose, and without heeding the other's kindly-meant attempt to learn and soothe his troubles, prepared to go. Mr. Pomfret, far from showing any annoyance at this want of confidence, assisted Mr. Wrex, wrapped his picture in its paper covering and walked with him from the room. As he passed into the street, Mr. Wrex, who, in spite of his own grief, appreciated the official's kindness and forbearance, tried to frame some few words of thanks, but an inarticulate murmur only came from his lips; his mind was in a state of chaos, and the power to speak his thoughts inert.

Mr. Pomfret, with a pitying look, watched him move listlessly away. He shook his head doubtfully as he closed the door, and then went back to his office much exercised in mind concerning his visitor and his strange behaviour.

In the meantime Mr. Wrex wandered aimlessly on. His mind, a prey to conflicting emotions, on one point only served him. Money he must have—money for his beloved Marion. Unless he returned to her with some, her fate was sealed. And, now, what chance had he of finding any? The picture, on the sale of which

he had centred all his hopes, was worthless : the one treasure he believed himself possessed of had proved to be a delusion ; a copy, which, if put up to auction, might fetch a handful of silver, but no more ! Yet, what was it made him tremble anew, caused his breath to come short and quick and his blood to course violently through his veins ?

“Why not ?” he whispered to himself. “Why not ? I was mistaken, duped—and others ? Is my judgment worse than theirs ? May not another think as I did—and buy ? It is no crime to be mistaken—man is not infallible ! Why should I hesitate, then—I, who am in such sore need ? No ! I dare not—will not. Oh ! dear wife, for your sake only must I do it !”

He hurried on, his sudden resolve to offer the picture for sale as an authentic production of Morales growing stronger as he went ; his conscience, by the straits of circumstances, becoming gradually regulated to the action he premeditated.

He was in Bond Street now. Threading his way swiftly through the crowd, he kept on until he reached a small shop, in whose window one or two good pictures were exhibited. At the door he hesitated, turned, his courage failing him ; but the next moment, struggling to stifle the wayward beating of his heart, pushed open the door and walked in.

Half-way down a well-draped and soft-carpeted ante-room, through whose double doors a well-lighted gallery beyond was visible, stood two gentlemen. One the proprietor, a tall, clean-shaven man ; the other his customer, a nobleman, well known by sight to Mr. Wrex as the owner of a celebrated collection, and a generous patron of the Arts. They were engaged in animated conversation before a canvas, and did not perceive the new comer for a few moments.

“I dare say you are right,” the amateur was saying. “Still, I do not care to purchase it solely on my own judgment. If you have no objection, Mr. Calmar, I will bring a friend to look at it.”

“By all means, my lord,” returned Mr. Calmar, who, though one of the most eminent connoisseurs in Europe, would nevertheless listen to a customer’s doubts with perfect good temper. “By all means : it is worth looking at. Ah, Mr. Wrex,” he continued, as he caught sight of the latter, “you are come at an opportune moment. His lordship and I will both be glad of your opinion. Step this way a moment.”

Mr. Wrex bowed, and, hat in hand, advanced towards them.

“If I am not mistaken,” he said humbly, after looking at the

picture for a moment, "it is by Cornelius Vroom, and a very fine specimen."

"Quite right," said Mr. Calmar smiling. Then, turning to the other, "Mr. Wrex is seldom wrong, my lord. He is well and favourably known in artistic circles."

"So I have heard," said his lordship pleasantly. "And as regards the picture, his decision satisfies me. I will take it at the price you named, Mr. Calmar."

"It shall be sent off at once, your lordship," returned the dealer. "But I fancy Mr. Wrex has something with him which we should like to see. Is it not so, Mr. Wrex?"

"I think so—possibly," replied Mr. Wrex, in tones which he strove to keep steady, while his trembling fingers produced the panel and held it towards them.

They bent forward to inspect it, Mr. Wrex meanwhile anxiously watching their faces.

"Eh—what is this?" asked Mr. Calmar, with much interest. "Where did you get this?"

"I bought it—more than a year ago," replied Mr. Wrex, his voice proclaiming the emotion he felt.

"Do you know what it is?" asked the other, looking up sharply.

"It is a fine work, whatever it may be," interrupted his lordship, who seemed to have caught some of the dealer's excitement. "What is it?"

"A Morales! An El Divino Morales! I am certain—positive. One look proclaims it. You cannot doubt what I say?" Mr. Wrex ended in a shrill, discordant voice; his face was haggard, and on his brow there stood large beads of moisture. But neither of the others noticed the strangeness of his manner; their attention was riveted on the picture.

"No, no; there is no doubt," said Mr. Calmar quickly. "No doubt. It is a Morales. What else could it be? And you wish to sell it, Mr. Wrex?"

"Yes—it is of no use to me," was the hurried reply. "I cannot keep such a picture, so I brought it to you, knowing you would like the first offer."

"What is the price you ask?" demanded his lordship.

"I do not know; I have not thought of the price," said Mr. Wrex, dropping his eyes. "What is it worth, Mr. Calmar?"

The latter pondered for a few moments.

"I will give you six hundred pounds for it, Mr. Wrex," he said eagerly.

"Come, we will say eight," added his lordship, seeing Mr. Wrex hesitate. "Mr. Calmar shall give you eight hundred for it, and I will relieve him of it at a reasonable advance. What do you say?"

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Wrex, with a slight quaver in his voice. "Take it."

He turned away; and was it a prayer of thanksgiving, or a low cry for pardon, that left his lips? Not even he himself could tell. Half an hour later, dazed and agitated, he left the shop in Bond Street, his pocket heavy with Mr. Calmar's gold.

"Philosophy," says Rochefoucauld, "triumphs easily over past and over future evils; but present evils triumph over philosophy."

Never did phrase more aptly apply than this, to the case of Mr. Wrex. During his journey home he did nothing but frame excuses for the doubtful action of which he had been guilty. For a time he had no more difficulty in finding such than he had in justifying himself when the temptation to act first presented itself. And though strong as was the plea of a sick and suffering wife, which his conscience set up in self-defence, there came a moment when he felt it but an unsatisfactory exculpation for his fault. Then, truly, this same philosophy, though a good horse in the stable, proved to Mr. Wrex but a sorry steed on a journey.

He drove away the stings of conscience, however, by the time he rejoined Marion, who, listening to the welcome news her husband brought, was, for the first time for many weeks, roused into animation by its enlivening narration. Whether, indeed, owing to her husband's success and the consequent ease and comfort his money provided, or that she had reached a turning-point in her malady, Marion began to mend in health. Her progress towards convalescence was rapid and sustained. At the end of a week she was able to leave her bed. Time did the rest, and Marion speedily was herself again. With health came contentment once more. Soon the past with all its sad memories faded from their minds. Grief had had its day, and was forgotten.

When a little later Marion resumed her occupation at the galleries, Mr. Wrex found a new duty to perform. Instead of accompanying her as hitherto, it often happened that of his own desire he stayed at home in company with his little girl. Marion was not averse to this arrangement, for, mother-like, she was glad to know that a watchful eye was there to control the nurse, if necessary.

As for the child, she thrived and grew strong and comely, and was a source of constant happiness to Mr. Wrex. With her he found it easy to put away those many troublous ethical doubts

that, in spite of himself, at times would vex his mind. That one questionable act of his only did not cease to give him pause ; but even that, as he looked back to it, in time lost much of its disquieting keenness. He convinced himself that he had, after all, practised no deception. The picture must all along have been genuine, and Mr. Pomfret mistaken. So, at least, said his conscience, dulled by the placid monotony of his existence. It was with innocent surprise then, that one afternoon, being at home, he received a visit from no less a person than Mr. Pomfret. There was a stern look in the keeper's face, and an angry glitter in his eye. But Mr. Wrex noticed not these things, only received him with marks of deep pleasure and respect.

"This is, indeed, an honour, sir," he said, bowing his visitor to a chair. "May I ask to what fortunate cause it is owing?"

"So you pretend to be innocent of the reason, Mr. Wrex?" said Mr. Pomfret sourly.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot guess why you should come so far to see so humble a person as myself. I am sorry Mrs. Wrex is not at home to share my pleasure."

"I have to deal with you only—and I am glad I find you alone," continued the other.

The cold tone and severe manner of the speaker were such that Mr. Wrex, wondering, waited to hear more before responding.

"I have come to speak to you about the picture you brought me some months ago," said Mr. Pomfret. "You have not forgotten the occasion, I suppose?"

"No," faltered Mr. Wrex uneasily.

"That being the case, be good enough to cast your eye over this paragraph." He drew a newspaper from his pocket and, indicating certain matter, handed it to Mr. Wrex. The latter took it, and this is what he read:

"It is rumoured that Lord ——— intends presenting the whole of his valuable collection of famous pictures to the nation. It contains many gems by the Old Masters, besides some of the best-known paintings by modern English and foreign artists. Among the more venerable is a small panel by Morales, of whose works so few are now extant. This picture, though small—representing but the head of St. Cecilia—only lately came into his lordship's possession, and is said to be of unusual value. It is a curious fact that the National Gallery already contains what appears to be a duplicate of this panel, though, according to the authorities there, and others skilled in the niceties of Art, theirs is the original, and

his lordship's only a copy. On the other hand, Mr. Calmar, the eminent dealer and connoisseur, through whose hands the St. Cecilia passed, emphatically declares it to be genuine. Much discussion is, accordingly, likely to ensue, and much interest to be evinced when the time for comparison arrives, as it surely will, when his lordship's pictures are handed over to the keeper of the National Gallery. Howbeit, the gift is a princely one, and——"

There was no need to read more. Mr. Wrex let the paper drop on his knee, and lifted an ashen countenance to Mr. Pomfret. His imposture was discovered, then! Nemesis-like, the keeper had come to warn him of it. Poor Mr. Wrex began to ponder on his position. In the first place, his fair name would, in a few days, have left him; in future he would be known as a cheat and scorned of honest men. Perhaps Mr. Calmar might not recognise the sale of the picture, might insist on its return and demand his money back, and then what would become of him? Mr. Pomfret's eyes seemed to read him like a book, he could not meet their glance, and his head fell upon his breast. It was a shameful and a miserable moment for Mr. Wrex.

"You are ashamed of what you have done," said Mr. Pomfret at length. "But that does not lessen the meanness of the trick. Now, what excuse have you to offer?"

"My wife was ill—dying, and money was wanted—wanted badly," murmured Mr. Wrex, without looking up.

"And so," returned Mr. Pomfret, in cutting tones, "and so, with your plot fully hatched, you came to me and stole a valuable picture, leaving your own worthless copy in its place!"

"I! Indeed no! I am not so guilty as that!" cried Mr. Wrex, starting up.

"What! you deny having rung the changes while I was absent from the room?"

"I changed nothing—I—oh! you cannot mean what you say?"

"I do mean it and I know it. That was your scheme; and I, believing your simulated distress, pitying you—fool that I was!—let you carry it out."

"But—you yourself packed up my picture, gave it me with your own hands!"

"Well," snarled the other, "what then? Had you not schemed to that end, knowing well that, once safely off with the real Morales, I could do nothing?—that if I wished to retain my post, my lips would have to be sealed on what had passed—that I had no choice but to blame my own stupidity? If I admit my carelessness now,

I must resign. You know that well enough ; knew it all along, you scoundrel, and so felt safe."

"Believe me—believe me, it is not so," cried Mr. Wrex. "Though if, by accident, it has come to pass as you say, I will make amends, explain the unfortunate mistake, and clear you."

"Ah, no, you will not," was the scowling response. "If you attempt to do anything of the sort, I will deny every word you say, deny that you ever came to me at all. Do you think," he went on fiercely, "that I will allow you to tell how I was tricked, befooled—I, whose reputation stands so high? Do you think I will permit you to make a laughing-stock of me, and to cause my dismissal? No, indeed, I am here to tell you that, if you so much as breathe a word to drag my name into this wretched matter, I will find means to prosecute you for fraud. As surely as I stand here, I will make you rue it ! That is what I have come to tell you, and that is all I have to say."

He rose, took up his hat, and, without another word, walked out of the house.

Mr. Wrex sat dumfounded, perplexed beyond measure by this new result his one indiscretion had occasioned. Mr. Pomfret's charge frightened him, it was so much more serious than any his own conscience had suggested. Yet that charge, he knew, would never be preferred against him so long as he was silent. Still-born it had reached him, and in the breast of him who made it would it silently remain. Verily, his lips were sealed now ; let what discussion might ensue concerning the merits of the rival pictures, he must not, for the sake of another, divulge their histories.

What was the truth concerning them, however? Which of the two was really the original? Had he erred, had his artistic acumen failed him in estimating the merit of his own picture ; or was Mr. Pomfret mistaken? Surely it was unlikely that Mr. Calmar should be wrong !—unless, indeed, he had really left the National Gallery with that other St. Cecilia ! Had he really done so? Was it possible such a thing should have taken place and he not know it? Who could tell, now? The whole matter seemed shrouded in mystery—a mystery that Mr. Wrex, for one, could not solve.

"'Tis a strange and heavy secret," he thought. "But I must keep it—even from Marion."

Mr. Wrex saw nothing more of Mr. Pomfret, nor did he receive any unpleasant message from Mr. Calmar anent the Morales, so that the future brought no fresh trouble to his door, and the secret accordingly became less of a burden than it might otherwise have been.

When, later, Lord ——'s collection found a home in the gallery of the nation, his much discussed Morales drew less attention than might have been expected. All worthy of admiration as it was, it stood alone ; and those who sought to make a comparison between it and that other of which rumour had spoken were disappointed. For no other was ever seen. St. Cecilia's counterpart disappeared entirely. None knew ought of it, and few inquired ; and those few soon forgot its very existence.

Two there were, however, who did not forget ; two, each of whom shared in the mystery surrounding it, each knowing something, but not all. And these two did not seek to make their knowledge greater.

Marion's promise to make a copy of the picture which, for her sake, her husband had parted with, was not forgotten. So it befel one day that, having some little time at her disposal, she set her easel up beside the St. Cecilia and commenced to work. While she was so engaged, it happened that Mr. Pomfret strolled into the room. Pausing now and again to watch a student, he at last found himself close to Marion, glanced at her canvas, then at her ; and, knowing who she was, frightened her with an angry look before he turned on his heel. When in course of time she carried her finished copy home, and, with a loving look, gave it to her husband, she told him of the keeper's strange behaviour and asked him the meaning of it.

But Mr. Wrex shook his head and was silent, only thanked her quietly and turned away. And ever after it grieved Marion to notice that John Wrex showed less interest than formerly in the works of the Old Masters, that he refused to go wherever they might be exhibited and, lastly, that the mention of El Divino Morales seemed to give him pain.

THE AFRICAN PYGMIES.

NOT the least interesting of the discoveries made by Mr. Stanley on his latest expedition is that of the Wambatti—the dwarf tribe living between the Upper Aruhwimi and the Nepoko. It has long been a well-known fact that the Pygmies of Homer, Herodotus, and Ktesias—those of whom Pliny speaks as “dwelling among the



marshes where the Nile rises”¹—are something more than mere mythical beings; and almost every exploration of any importance

¹ *Hist. Nat.*, VI. 35.

undertaken of late years has thrown fresh light on the existence of a primitive African race, of whom the Wambatti, Akkas, Obongo, Watwa, and Bushmen are, in all probability, scattered fragments.

A glance at the accompanying rough map will show how numerous are the tribes—usually designated dwarfs or pygmies—whose marked resemblance to each other, and marked difference from the people among whom they are scattered, are recognised facts. The physical characteristics in which, broadly speaking, they all agree, are their small stature, their light yellow or reddish-brown colour, and the peculiar character of the hair, which is woolly, but, instead of being, as in the negro, evenly distributed over the scalp, grows in small tufts—“cheveux plantés en pinceaux de brosse,” as Emin Pasha puts it in speaking of the Akkas.¹ This appearance, according to Professor Virchow, is not due to the fact that the hair grows on some spots and not on others, but to a peculiarity in the texture of the hair itself, which causes it to roll naturally into closely-curved spiral locks, leaving the intervening pieces of scalp bare. Be this as it may, this growth is the surest and most permanent characteristic of the Pygmy, or, as some prefer to call them, the Hottentot-Bushman race.²

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Nothing of the kind can be said of the African Pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well-shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and Bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavourable conditions of life.

The Pygmies are nomadic in their habits,³ and neither keep

¹ *Transactions of the Berlin Anthropological Society* for 1886.

² Professor Flower, however, thinks that differences between the Akkas and Bushmen are so radical as to preclude the possibility of regarding them as members of the same race. He lays special stress on the yellow complexion and “peculiar oblong form of the skull,” which is especially distinguished from that of the Akkas by the absence of prognathism; also on the “special anatomical characters” alluded to later on. But it seems to be the case that modern research tends to show that environment and conditions of life, &c., may act far more quickly in the production of racial peculiarities than was formerly supposed. There are instances, e.g., on record of the children of white, or at most tawny parents, born in a hot, damp locality (to which the latter had migrated from a dry one) being positively black. The Bushmen have been isolated to such a degree from their more northern congeners, and the struggle for existence has been in their case so severe, that they may well have developed striking differences. It should be noted that their habitat is dry, while that of the Akkas is extremely hot and damp.

³ Les Akkas ne forment point un peuple compact; il n’y a pas un pays aux Akkas; comme les volées des oiseaux, ils sont un peu partout.—*Emin Pasha*.

cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavourable circumstances, on wild fruits, roots, and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fixed abode, and, if they build shelters at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities; they usually wander about, like our gypsies, in hordes composed of a few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are not even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protection in return for certain services. Their notions of the Unseen, when they have any, would appear to be of the very crudest. Their languages seem to be distinct from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar. This is a point to which I shall revert later on.

Leaving aside the classical writers,¹ the earliest reference to the Pygmies occurs in the narrative of Andrew Battell,² who spent three years in the kingdom of Loango during the first decade of the seventeenth century. He says :

To the north-east of Mani Kesock are a kind of little people called Matimbas, which are no bigger than Boyes of twelve yeares olde, but verie thicke, and live onely upon fleshe, which they kill in the woods with their Bowes and Darts. They pay tribute to Mani Kesock, and bring all their Elephants' teeth and tayles to him. They will not enter into any of the Marombos' houses, nor will suffer any to come where they dwell. And if by chance any Marombo, or people of Loango passe where they dwell, then they will forsake that place and go to another. The Women carry Bow and Arrowes as well as the men. And one of these will walk in the Woods alone, and kill the Pongo with their poisoned Arrowes.

The Flemish geographer Dapper, writing in the seventeenth century, refers to the Pygmies in the following passage :

Before the King's cloth sit some Dwarfs, with their backs towards him ; Pigmies indeed in stature, but with heads of a prodigious bigness ; for the more exact deforming whereof they wear the skin of some Beast tied round about them. The Blacks say there is a Wilderness where reside none but men of such a stature, who shoot those Gigantick Creatures, the Elephants. The common name of these dwarfs is Bakke-Bakke ; but they are also called Mimo's.³

¹ An excellent summary of what is said by these, and also of modern discoveries up to 1871, is given in an article, "Ueber Zwergvölker in Africa" (to which I have been greatly indebted in the preparation of this paper), in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for that year.

² *Purchas*, Vol. II., p. 983.

³ "Description of the Kingdom of Lovango, or the Countrey of the Bramas in Nether Ethiopia." (*Africa: Collected and translated from most authentick Authors.* By John Ogilby, Esq. 1670.)

These Bakke-Bakke (whose name reminds us of Akkas, Tikki-Tikki, and Wambatti, and possibly Batwa) seem at first sight to come under the heading of true dwarfs, or natural malformations ; but the disproportioned heads may be an accidental mistake magnified by report. The other items of the account tally with the descriptions of Battell and others—the skins of beasts, worn “ for the more exact deforming of the head,” are probably the leopard and monkey-skin caps worn among many of the Congo tribes at the present day.

De Commerson, who accompanied Bougainville on his voyage round the world, and visited Madagascar in 1771, heard of a small race in the interior of that island, called Kimos or Quimos, and actually saw one woman—a slave in the household of the Governor of the French settlement, the Comte de Modave. De Modave collected all the information he could about the Quimos from native chiefs, but never succeeded in reaching the valleys where they were said to live, or meeting with any, except the slave-woman before mentioned, who may or may not have been a typical specimen. Ellis and other missionaries, in later times, heard of these people under the name of Vazimba, but never appear to have seen them ; and it may be doubted whether any of them exist at the present day. The native statements preserved by De Commerson and De Modave would, if true, show the Quimos to have been in some respects physiologically different to the rest of mankind ; but these statements—and rightly so, in the absence of further evidence—are treated by both gentlemen with extreme caution. For the rest, the description of the Comte de Modave’s Quimo slave might very well stand for the portrait of the average Bushwoman.

Captain Boteler, who was on the East Coast of Africa between the years 1821 and 1826, heard of a tribe of small people, living in the interior, called Waberikimo ; and reports of these seem at different times to have reached Zanzibar. The native information on this point was somewhat vague ; but from all accounts they would appear to be the same as the Doko, of whom Dr. Krapf received a description in 1840 from a slave of the name of Dilbo, a native of Enarea. The Doko were said to live in the Galla country ; they were small in stature, and of a dark olive colour. They lived on fruits, roots, mice, and wild honey, and were unacquainted with the use of fire. They had neither weapons, houses, nor temples, nor even, like the Gallas, sacred trees. Yet they had some notion of a Supreme Being, to whom, under the name of *Yer*, they sometimes addressed prayers, “ in moments of sadness and terror,” said Dilbo. There is a certain

pathos in what follows ; but we must remember that it was filtered through the imagination—perhaps elicited by the leading questions—of a kind-hearted German with a touch of poetic mysticism about him. ‘In their prayer they say : ‘Yer, if Thou dost really exist, why dost Thou let us be slain? We ask Thee not for food or clothing, for we only live on snakes, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, why dost Thou let us be trodden down?’”

The Doko had neither chiefs nor laws ; they “lived in the woods, climbing trees for fruit, like monkeys” ; but diseases were unknown among them, and they were much liked as slaves in Enarea, being docile and obedient.

Dr. Krapf again heard of the Doko in Ukambani and at Barawa, and at the latter place even saw a slave corresponding to Dilbo’s description. Father Léon des Avanchers, a French Roman Catholic missionary, heard of them from the Somalis in 1858, under the name of “Tchin-Tchellé” (which is, being interpreted, “*Quel miracle!*”). In 1864 he saw some of them for himself in the kingdom of Gera (north of Kaffa, in Abyssinia), and described them in a letter to M. d’Abbadie, published in the *Bulletin* of the Paris Geographical Society. The word Doko may be another form of the Swahili *mdogo* (= small), but this has been disputed.

Proceeding in geographical rather than in chronological order, we come next to the Akkas, with whom Colonel Long’s Tikki-Tikki¹ would seem to be identical. They were first heard of, vaguely, by Petherick, in 1854 ; but the first real announcement of their existence to the civilised world was made by Dr. Schweinfurth in 1871. They live in the Monbuttu country, which lies south of the Bahr-el-Gazal and west of the Equatorial Province of Egypt. Dr. Schweinfurth’s account has been ably supplemented by Dr. Felkin and Emin Pasha, the latter of whom enjoyed ample opportunities for studying them during the twelve years he spent in Central Africa, and, in 1886, communicated to the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* a very valuable and interesting paper on the subject, accompanied by detailed measurements. He insists on the distinction between the Akkas and real dwarfs (*i.e.*, persons whose growth has been arrested by pathological or other causes), of whom he saw several at Mtesa’s court. “Tout au contraire, les Akkas sont une race qui n’offrent aucun signe pathologique, mais qui, formés à point, déprécieraient bien vivement les épithètes de ‘race déchuë,’ de peuplade vouée à l’extinction, dont on a bien voulu les gratifier.” They live in bands composed of a few families each, putting up the rough shelters of reeds and branches which form their

¹ *Central Africa*. By Col. C. Chaillé-Long. London, 1876. Pp. 263 *sqq.*

temporary camp in the woods, near some running stream, and usually within reach of a Monbuttu or Momvu village. They are good marksmen, and kill even elephants and buffaloes, bartering with the villagers the meat they do not require for themselves, in return for grain, oil, native beer, and other necessaries. The Monbuttu, moreover, obtain from them all the skins and feathers used by them for clothing and ornament; and any chief who should refuse hospitality to the Akkas would not only forfeit these supplies, but draw down the speedy vengeance of the little people the first time he or any of his tribe ventured into the forest alone. The Akkas are cannibals, and make no secret of the fact; those personally known to Dr. Schnitzer "savaient parfaitement me dire quelle part du corps humain soit la plus savoureuse."¹ The average height of some thirty individuals measured by the Pasha was 1.36 mètre. They are usually of a lighter brown than the Monbuttu, but the difference of colouring is rather in the *tone* than in the *shade*—in other words, the Akkas are of a *red-brown*, the Monbuttu of a *yellow-brown*.² Their hair is black-brown or quite black, growing in tufts, as already described, short and very woolly, and too scanty to be made into the ornamental coiffures so much in vogue among the Africans. There is an abundant growth of hair all over the body, and "it cannot be denied that the mouth resembles that of certain apes." This is noteworthy when contrasted with Dr. Wolf's remark on the Batwa, "İrgend welche pithecoide Merkmale waren nicht vorhanden." The Monbuttu frequently intermarry with the Akkas, and half-breeds are far from uncommon. Two Akkas were sent to Italy by Signor Miani, one of whom, we believe, is still living at Verona.

The Wambatti, first made known to the world by Mr. Stanley's narrative, live farther west than the Akkas, from whom they do not appear to differ materially—unless it be in the "spiteful and venomous" disposition evinced by their unprovoked attacks on the expedition; whereas the Akkas, though dangerous on provocation, are tolerably peaceable when well treated.

Within the great horseshoe bend of the Congo, and apparently ranging over a vast extent of country, dwell the Watwa or Batwa. Mr. Stanley first heard of them in 1876, from Rumanika of Karagwé, and, later on, at Nyangwé, from Abed bin Jumah, who, in a

¹ Thus differing from Winwood Reade's Fan acquaintance, who assured him that, considered as a dish, man was "all alike good."

² "Tandis que les Akkas appartiennent aux peuples nègres dont le fond du noir est *rouge*, les Momboutous montrent un brun ou noir au fond *jaune*." This appears to contradict the general tenor of what has been said about the Pygmy races, but it is probable that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to colour.

singularly picturesque and graphic narrative, recounted the tragic history of Sheikh Mtagamoyo, the cruel and dauntless—how he fitted out a strong caravan for the country of the dwarfs, expecting to make his fortune in ivory, and went back poorer than he came.¹ Stanley did not himself come in contact with these Watwa, except in the person of a single individual who was brought in by his men at Ikondu, on the Upper Congo or Lualaba River.² He measured 3 feet 6½ inches in height, was “light chocolate” in complexion, and carried a bow and poisoned arrows.

Mr. H. H. Johnston,³ in 1883, saw two slaves among the Bayansi, near the Kwà river, who probably belonged to this race. More extended observations were made in 1885 by the late Dr. Ludwig Wolf, who accompanied Lieutenant Wissmann's expedition, and spent some time in the Kassai region. He says that the Batwa in some places live side by side with the Bakuba—in others they have settlements of their own, hidden away in the dense forest. They are most numerous about the parallel of 5° S. Each sub-chief of the Bakuba has a Batwa village assigned to him, whose inhabitants supply him with palm-wine and game. The independent Batwa of the forest sometimes offer dried meat in exchange for *manioc* or maize to the Bakuba, at periodical markets held on neutral ground. Dr. Wolf experienced some difficulty in obtaining accurate measurements; but the first series of those he was able to record gave 1'44⁴ mètre as a maximum, and 1'40 m. as a minimum. On a later occasion, he found that the heights obtained ranged between 1'30 m. and 1'35 m.—which last figure is somewhat less than that given for Stanley's dwarf.

Dr. Wolf was disposed to think that there is, in this respect, little if any difference between the Batwa and the Bushmen. For the rest, he says that they were in general tolerably well-formed, “und machten durchaus den Eindruck des Normalen.” The skull was not markedly prognathous, and no ape-like peculiarities were noticeable. They followed no particular custom in the disposal of their dead, and were, like other Africans, firm believers in witchcraft.⁵

According to Major Wissmann, these Batwa hunt with dogs, and, indeed, possess a superior breed of greyhounds.

Mr. C. S. Latrobe Bateman, in “Under the Lone Star,” speaks of two nomadic tribes—the “Batwa Bankonko” and the “Batwa Basingi”—the former of whom were the terror of the Bakete, who,

¹ *Through the Dark Continent*, pp. 390–393.

² *Ibid.* pp. 435, 436.

³ *The River Congo*, p. 215.

⁴ About 4 feet 9¼ inches.

⁵ *Trans. Berlin Anthropol. Soc.*, 1886.

to obtain protection from them, became tributary to the Bakuba. He makes no mention, however, of their racial peculiarities.

The Obongo, discovered by Du Chaillu in 1865, inhabit the Ashango country, in the mountains south of the Ogowé. They were "stoutly built, like chimpanzees," with broad chests and muscular limbs; some of them were not more than 4 feet in height, others from 4 feet 2 inches to 4 feet 7 inches. They were "of a dirty yellow colour," with hair growing in tufts; and lived in the same sort of relation to the Ashangos as the Batwa to the Bakuba. A full description of their settlement and its little circular huts made of branches may be found in Du Chaillu's "Ashango-Land."¹

The same people were seen by Dr. Lenz, when he ascended the Okanda (a tributary of the Ogowé) in 1874. He found that they were called "Babongo," and also "Vambuta" (Wambatti?), though their real name appeared to be Bari or Bali. As he did not penetrate further than 12° E., he did not reach their actual dwelling-places, which were said to be a fortnight's journey beyond that point, though he saw and measured a considerable number of individuals. His measurements range between 1.32 and 1.42 mètre, and he particularly notices the contrast between their round huts and the rectangular style of architecture prevailing in the district.²

Somewhere to the north of these, perhaps, may be placed the Kenkob and Betsan, of whom Dr. Koelle, the learned author of the "Polyglotta Africana" (1854), heard at Sierra Leone. He obtained his information from two liberated slaves, one of whom, a man named Yon, was a native of a country called Bayon, supposed to lie about 5° N. and between 12° and 13° E. This man declared that four days' journey eastward from his home there was a great lake called Liba, on whose banks lived the Lufum tribe, "tall, strong, and warlike; clad in black monkey-skins, and fighting with spears and arrows. Near Lufum," the account continues, "and also on the shores of the Liba, is another people, called Kenkob, only three or four feet high, but very stout, and the most excellent marksmen. They are peaceful, live on the produce of the chase, and are so liberal that if, *e.g.*, one has killed an elephant he would give the whole of it away."

Another man, whose home was to the north-westward of Bayon, gave Dr. Koelle a very similar account of a tribe called "Betsan," living "on the river Riba,³ which comes from Bansa and goes to

¹ Pp. 315 *sqq.*

² See *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for 1877 (p. 108). Also Dr. Lenz's paper in the *Transactions of the Berlin Geographical Society*.

³ Evidently the same as Liba; as Rufum = Lufum.

Bambongo." These, too, are successful hunters, and are also said to make bark cloth for themselves, whereas Du Chaillu's Obongo wore nothing but the cast-off grass cloths of the Ashangos. The Betsan sometimes exchange their venison for millet, &c., in the Rufum country. "They do not cultivate the ground, but are constantly on the move, changing their abode every six or twelve months. Their houses can be easily built, taken down, and even carried along with them, consisting, as they do, of the bark of a large tree. The Betsan hunt monkeys, baboons, wild hogs, deer, elephants, &c."¹

I can suggest no affinity for the names here given to the Pygmies, unless Kenkob contains a possible reminiscence of "Khoi-Khoi," or "Koi-Koib," the tribal name used by the Hottentots among themselves. It is utterly unlike a Bantu word, and may be a relic of the language originally common to all the Pygmy tribes, which many of them seem to be losing. Bambongo, on the other hand, distinctly suggests Obongo, and may have originated the latter name (which, as the variant *Babongo* shows, seems to be Bantu) —the Kenkob adopting it from the district where they had sojourned. Or, again, it may be a tribal name, reported to Dr. Koelle's informant as that of a district.

Turning to South-Western Africa, we find that Major Serpa Pinto,² in 1878, met with a tribe called "Mucassequeres," living in the forests between the Cubango and Cuando, while the open country is occupied by the Ambuellas. These people have "eyes very small and out of the right line, cheek-bones very far apart and high, nose flat to the face, and nostrils disproportionately wide." Their hair is crisp and woolly, growing *in separate patches*, and thickest on the top of the head. Unlike the Obongo, they build no kind of shelter, but, like them, are skilled in the use of bows and arrows, and live on roots, honey, and game. In colour they are "a dirty yellow, like the Hottentots, while the Ambuellas are black, though of a Caucasian type of feature."

Further south, near the borders of the Kalahari Desert, Serpa Pinto found a tribe similar in most respects to the Mucassequeres, but deep black, and known by the name of Massaruas. These (who are less savage than the Mucassequeres) are probably a tribe of Bushmen, very much resembling, if not identical with, the M'Kabba, or N'Tchabba, brought by Signor Farini from the Kalahari Desert. These last were carefully examined by Professor Virchow, and described by him in a paper read before the Berlin Anthropological Society, March 20, 1886.

¹ *Polyglotta Africana*, p. 12.

² *How I Crossed Africa*, Vol. II., pp. 320 sqq.

We have now to notice the section of the Pygmy race with which Europeans have come most in contact—the Hottentots and Bushmen. The Hottentots (as they are now known to us, their real name for themselves being “Khoi-Khoi”¹) represent probably the highest development of the race, and differ notably from its other members in being a pastoral people. When Van Riebeeck landed at the Cape, in 1652, they existed in great numbers, roaming the country with large herds of cattle. Kafir wars and Dutch “commandoes,” with other causes, have so far thinned them out that few, if any, genuine “Cape Hottentots” now exist, their place being taken by the Griquas and other tribes of mixed race. Two cognate tribes, the Korannas² and Namaquas, still exist, but in diminished numbers.

That keen observer, Moffat, as long ago as the first decade of this century, noticed the distinct and peculiar characteristics of the Hottentots, and recognised their racial identity with the Bushmen. He speaks of “that nation, which includes Hottentots, Korannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen,” and describes them, as a whole, as “not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow colour, and in some cases so light that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible, especially among the Bushmen. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbours of the interior; their visage and form very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek-bones, flat nose, and large lips.” He further notes that the first three speak languages which are mutually intelligible, while that of the Bushmen, though cognate, is quite distinct. Writing (after his return to England) in 1842, when as yet the Akkas and Batwa were unknown to science, he suggests that, “when the sons of Ham entered Africa by Egypt, and the Arabians by the Red Sea, the Hottentot progenitors took the lead, and gradually advanced, as they were forced forward by an increasing population in their rear, until they reached the ends of the earth.” He further remarks: “It may also be easily conceived by those acquainted with the emigration of tribes that, during their progress to the south, parties remained behind in the more sequestered and isolated spots where they had located, while

¹ Or Koi-koib (“men of men”) according to Dr. Cust. The Kafirs call them “Lawi.” “Hottentot” is merely a nickname given by the early Dutch settlers, who declared the natives spoke an unintelligible language, consisting only of sounds like *hot* and *tot*.

² Some ethnologists are inclined to look on the Koranna tribe as a cross between Hottentots and Bushmen.

the nation moved onward, and research may yet prove that that remarkable people originally came from Egypt." In corroboration of this theory, he mentions having heard from a Syrian, who had lived in Egypt, of slaves in the Cairo market, brought from a great distance in the interior, who spoke a language similar to that of the Hottentots, and were not nearly so dark-coloured as negroes in general. These must certainly have been Akkas.¹

As for the Bushmen, we have pretty full accounts of them from various sources. Moffat has much to say about them—too much to quote in full—which may be found in the first and fourth chapters of his "Missionary Labours in South Africa," and is supplemented by Livingstone in the "Missionary Travels."

Mr. Alfred J. Bethell (in a letter to the *Standard* which appeared on April 26, 1889) says that the Bushmen proper are now "nearly if not quite extinct," the people now so called being outcasts from the Matabele, Bamangwato, and other Bantu communities. Mr. A. A. Anderson,² however, who extended his journeys far beyond the northern limits of the Transvaal, makes frequent mention of them, and discriminates four distinct types, noticing especially a very light-coloured variety, only found in the Drakensberg Mountains and the ranges west of them. There seems to be a tradition of hostility between the Bushmen and Hottentots; and the difference between them in pursuits and habits has always been sharply marked; but the fact of their affinity has seldom or never been questioned. Moffat distinctly states his belief (supported by the analogy of the Balala, or outcast Bechuanas) that they are the descendants of Hottentots driven by want and the hostility of stronger neighbours into the desert. Generations of perpetual living on the edge of starvation have made of them the gauntest and skinniest of shapes—seemingly designed by nature to show what human beings can endure in that line, and live—and developed in them, in spite, or because of their physical weakness and insignificance, a cunning and an intimate knowledge of nature that to the savage mind seems little short of superhuman. Some of the Kafirs believe that the Bushmen can understand the language of the baboons; and countless instances of their skill in tracking game and finding water are

¹ Winwood Reade's remark (*African Sketch Book*, Vol. II., p. 528), written in 1873 or earlier, is worth notice. "His (Du Chaillu's) discovery of the Dwarfs (*who are certainly Bushmen*) is an important contribution to the ethnology of Africa."

² *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon in South Africa*, Vol. I., pp. 235, 282, &c.; Vol. II., p. 74.

on record. They possess a wonderful gift of mimicry, can imitate to the life the action of any man or animal, and have a passionate love of music. They can evolve from their primitive instruments—the “gorah,” with its catgut and quill, or the hollow gourd-shell, with strings stretched across it—plaintive melodies of a surprising sweetness, very different from the hideous *tintamarre* of horns and tom-toms which delights the heart of the average African. Moreover, having a quick ear and a retentive memory, they will pick up and repeat any civilised tune once heard—whether the *Chorales* of the German mission, or the more secular ditty sung by the wandering traders. Their poisoned arrows, and their noiseless, furtive ways of coming and going, inspire the stronger races with a vague dread of them—strengthened, no doubt, by that uncanny something which, as Mr. F. Boyle remarks, “makes a Bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence.”

We have thus, in a hasty and imperfect manner, surveyed the known fragments of the aboriginal African race. We have seen that they resemble each other to a great extent in physical conformation and in manners and customs; the differences being for the most part due (like the extremely poor development and degraded way of life of the Bushmen) to differences in habitat and environment. The Hottentot and Sàn or Saab (Bushman) languages we have seen to be related, though distinct; and they are radically different from every known Bantu tongue. Some have even denied that they are articulate speech at all. The peculiarity of the “clicks” has often been insisted on;¹ another distinguishing characteristic is the existence (at least in the Hottentot language) of grammatical gender—a feature wholly absent from the Bantu tongues. The Bushman language is said to be monosyllabic. The Hottentots, however, now mostly speak Dutch—or that variety of it to be heard at the Cape—and probably both languages are on the way to extinction. It is said that “a missionary, being invited by the Government to send books in the Kora² dialect to be printed, remarked that his experience was that it was easier to teach the young to read Dutch, and that the old could not learn at all.”³

An examination of the list of Batwa words collected by Dr. Wolf, as compared with his Baluba and Bakuba vocabularies, and the Congo and Swahili languages, has convinced me that the Batwa, if

¹ Some of the Kafir languages possess these clicks, but they have undoubtedly been borrowed.

² Spoken on the Orange River.

³ *Modern Languages of Africa.* By R. N. Cust.

they have not adopted and modified the speech of their neighbours, have at any rate adopted a great many Bantu words into their own. The numbers up to ten, for instance, are identical (with slight differences of pronunciation) in the Batwa and Baluba languages. But as yet the materials for comparison are too scanty for any definite statement to be made. The few words elicited from the dwarf met by Stanley were, as Mr. Johnston points out, decidedly Bantu; but we need not conclude from this that the Pygmy race consists merely of outcast and degenerate Bantus. What more likely than that a small and isolated tribe, who, like the Batwa, frequently had friendly intercourse with surrounding and more powerful tribes, should, to a certain extent, adopt the language of the latter?

Surveying the Pygmy race as a whole, we find them—shorn of the mythical and magical glamour with which distance and mystery had invested them—not so very different, after all, from other human beings, but still sufficiently interesting. There is a shock of disillusion in passing from the elves and trolls of a past age—not to mention Alberic of the Nibelung's Hoard—to the worthy but prosaic Lapps of the present day; and the "little people" of whom Bwana Abed entertained such a vivid and unpleasant recollection were doubtless minimised in stature by the retrospective imagination. No well-authenticated adult Mtwa, Akka, or Mbatti seems to be much less than 4 feet 6 inches; while Dr. Petermann thinks that the Pygmies, on the whole, run about a head shorter than the average negro. This may be disappointing to those who are ever on the look-out for the marvellous—by which they mean the abnormal—but the facts as they stand present quite sufficient food for thought to a more rational frame of mind.

I cannot attempt to deal with the origin of the Pygmy race, or its relationship to the Andamanese and the Veddahs of Ceylon, who are said to have some characteristics in common with them. But it seems clear that they were once spread over a great part, if not the whole, of the continent; that they were broken up and partially exterminated by the advent of the stronger dark races; and that, as a race, they are passing away. It is interesting to look at an analogous case in Europe. A race of small stature, slight frame, and comparatively low type, scarcely, if at all, advanced beyond the hunter stage, occupied the British Islands and the north-western part of the Continent. They were partly massacred or enslaved, partly driven into the mountains, by their Celtic conquerors; and in the lonely recesses of the hills and woods—what with their weakness and their strength, their cunning and their skill in metals, their music, and their

underground dwellings and their strange, uncanny wisdom—a growth of legend and poetry sprang up about them, till they were no longer known save as elves, gnomes, trolls, or “Good People,” whom one dared not name.

It is somewhat suggestive, as bearing on the question of the original immigration into Africa, to note that there was, as late as the sixteenth century, a Pygmy tribe living in Arabia, who may well have been a detachment left behind when the main body crossed the Isthmus of Suez. So far as I am aware, the only authority for this fact is Lodovico di Bartema, otherwise known as Ludovicus Wertomannus, whose narrative of a visit to Mecca (about 1500) is contained in Vol. IV. of “Hakluyt’s Voyages.” This account run thus :

In the space of eyght dayes we came to a mountayne which conteyneth in circuit ten or twelve myles. This is inhabited with Jewes to the number of fyve thousand or thereabout. They are very little of stature, as of the hyght of five or sixe spannes, and some muche lesse. They have small voyces like women, and of blacke colour, yet some blacker than other. They feede of none other meate than goates’ fleshe. They are circumcised, and deny not themselves to be Jewes.

This last sentence, apparently, contains the evidence for their Judaism. It is now well known that the rite in question is commonly practised in Africa, and by the Hottentots, among others. What has become of these “Jewes” does not appear. Probably they have gone the way of nearly all the Bushmen. Will the Akkas and the rest follow them? As a race they are doomed to pass away; yet this need not imply—we hope it does not—that they are to be massacred, or starved out of existence. It was long believed that the Celtic Britons had been utterly exterminated (except in Wales and Cornwall) by the Teutonic invaders, whom the older school histories taught us to consider as our exclusive ancestors. When the existence of the older, dwarfish, Euskarran or Neolithic race was discovered, it was at first supposed that they had in like manner been made a clean sweep of by the Celts. Recent researches have made it probable that this was by no means the case; indeed, Mr. Grant Allen thinks that there is a considerable Euskarran element in the English population of to-day. The black-haired aborigines—what was left of them—gradually amalgamated with the light-haired and blue-eyed Celts; and these were, in turn, absorbed by the English properly so called. And we have seen that the Griquas and other mixed races exist in Cape Colony, some, at least, of whom have shown themselves capable of being respectable and useful in their generation; and it is at least possible that these mixed races may survive, and in time amalgamate with the Bantu.

SCHOOLBOYS IN COUNCIL.

WHEN Juvenal made his remark about the amount of veneration and respect due to boys, he was probably not thinking of boys' debating societies. Nobody has ever spoken or written of *them* with genuine enthusiasm. At our great Public Schools these institutions sometimes thrive with a good deal of vigour, and the masters lend them encouragement, because they are supposed to assist the education of ingenuous youth—though oratorical proficiency is never mentioned in the "reports" prepared for domestic consumption. Young teachers, fresh from the Universities, throw themselves with much zeal into the task of interesting boys in social, political and historical controversies and getting them to talk thereupon. The task is usually immensely difficult, for, if there is one thing more than another that your average schoolboy hates, it is the getting on his legs and giving his ideas to a critical audience of his fellows. He is sure to be mercilessly chaffed afterwards if he "makes a fool of himself"—a branch of manufacture which at that period of life is distressingly simple. It is so difficult to avoid the usual play-ground epithets, and to state your opinion of Oliver Cromwell without calling him a "beastly sneak."

This and the other difficulty of assuming a correct oratorical attitude, free at once from the opposite errors of bumptiousness and imbecility, often prevents debating clubs in schools from carrying on a more than languid existence. But of course there are shining exceptions. Sometimes there happen to be at a school several boys of unusual intelligence, who have heard political subjects hotly discussed at home. Youths of this kind make good schoolboy orators. Their "views" are generally those of their parents, considerably distorted, and announced without any of the qualifications and modifications with which they were no doubt accompanied at the family table. They find in the School Debating Society just the kind of field which they require for the proper exhibition of their talents. They dream of perorations in school when they ought to be attending to lessons, and get impositions in consequence, and sigh for the time

when they will be Prime Ministers and cannot be "kept in" by anybody. If there is a superabundance of debating talent floating about a school, the "foundationers" or the different "houses" sometimes take to having talking clubs of their own, which form valuable recruiting grounds for the big School Society.

The genuine records of such a Society happen to have come into the hands of the present writer, and he believes that such valuable lessons for the statesman may be derived from their perusal that they ought to be made public without delay. No apology, he feels sure, need be made for calling the attention of the Speaker of the House of Commons to the rules and proceedings where disorderly members are concerned. It will be seen that the schoolboys were very drastic in their treatment of obstruction; and as obstruction probably took the undesirable shape of kicking the shins of an orator under the table, stringent measures were certainly needed. Politicians inclined to "hedge" are invited to take pattern from the extremely uncompromising sentiments which these boy orators held and never failed to utter. If the writer is wrong in surmising that some instruction is obtainable from this source, he can hardly be mistaken in suggesting that at all events a little amusement may be derived from seeing exactly what schoolboys think and how they say it.

The ages of the "members" of this juvenile parliament ranged from seventeen down to fourteen. They were such keen politicians that they actually took the trouble to write out the speeches which had been delivered on each side during a debate. There seems to have been a scramble for who should have the honour of acting as the amateur "Hansard" of the "house." If the book fell into the hands of an ardent young Tory, then the arguments on the Liberal side are watered down, and when cheering occurs it is always mentioned that they are "Radical cheers"; but generally the Liberal arguments are met with "oh, oh's," and "groans," in brackets. It may be feared that the Liberal boys did exactly the same when they had the privilege of chronicling the Conservative speeches. It was the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and political feeling ran mountains high. The record of the discussion on that one reform occupies sixteen pages of the note-book from which I am quoting. Besides which a stormy and protracted debate took place on a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, in the course of which the "gallant exertions of our martyred forefathers" are rather vaguely alluded to, and regret is forcibly expressed "that a noble and well-educated statesman like Mr. Gladstone should have such ideas."

First, as to the Rules, which are printed. The President is a sort of responsible autocrat. His "authority is to be unquestioned during his term of office," but at the end of that time he may, in common with the other officers of the Society, "be impeached," and if found guilty, "the Society shall decide the penalty to be inflicted." There is an indefiniteness about this mention of the punishment of an erring chairman which must have helped very much to keep him straight. Some such menace hanging over his head was undoubtedly required for an official whose powers are further amplified by Rules 6 and 8. The former says, "That in cases the exigencies of which the Rules fail to meet, the President decide the course of action to be pursued," and the latter more sweepingly enacts that "the President be sole interpreter of the laws."

One of the advantages of studying the classical languages is that you can now and then bring out Greek words with stunning effect. These schoolboys realised this truth and acted upon it. We find that members are not to be elected by holding up the hands—that would be too insular; they are to be chosen "by cheirotonia" (spelt in Greek letters). The entrance-fee was the modest sum of one shilling, and the funds of the Society could be further increased by fines of sixpence levied on absent members, unless they supplied a "sufficient excuse" for their absence—the sufficiency or insufficiency of the excuse (which had to be written) being determined by the President. Apparently it was feared when the Society was started that there might be difficulty in inducing members to speak, because Rule 16 enacts that "every member be obliged to speak in every alternate meeting." This latter rule is not recommended for imitation by either House of the Legislature. A singularly invidious duty was cast upon the unfortunate President in deciding if these compulsory orations were "sufficient" or not. Finally, here is a regulation capable of being followed—in spirit—with much advantage in far more pretentious assemblies: "That disorderly members be fined sixpence on a first offence, a shilling on a second, and be ejected on a third."

It was on an October day in the year 1868 that the inaugural meeting took place. The discussion, election of officers, and other formalities, occupied two hours; and if any adult critic is disposed to think that this is a long time for boys to spend in the uncongenial process of making and listening to speeches, he must be at once informed that the "house" on this occasion discussed three separate subjects, each, as Mr. Pickwick observed to Count Smorltork, "comprising a study of no inconsiderable magnitude." The first matter that

engaged the attention of the juvenile forum, after the election of "Mr. J. Leslie" as President "by a majority of five," was one of a strictly local interest. Mr. Thornton proposed "that the school chapel should be enlarged rather than rebuilt." This was lost by three votes. Then we go on to a topic of a slightly different character, but one which all organisers of debating societies know full well must sooner or later be faced. "Mr. Leslie, ma." (short for "major," to distinguish this youth from a junior brother), "proposed, seconded by Mr. Newcoll, that Charles the First was a tyrant." After an "animated debate" we read how the martyr's character was taken away by the narrow majority of one, and then we proceed to what was a burning question of those days, the so-called "desertion" of Denmark by England in the "late war." This subject proved so exciting that the debate on it had to be adjourned.

After the first meeting it must have occurred to these oratorical schoolboys that their speeches were much too good to be lost, and they accordingly took to writing out as much of them as they could remember. It is to this cause we owe the priceless advantage of being able to read even at this distance of time the remarks which Mr. Thornton is supposed to have addressed to the "house" on the Danish War desertion question, part heard. Another boy wrote out "Mr. Thornton's" speech for him. Possibly it would have read differently had Mr. Thornton written it himself. There are, however, gems of thought and expression in it which should not be lost. He "spoke as follows":

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—England has ever acted as the police of Europe (he meant the policeman), defending the weak, supporting the cause of the oppressed, overthrowing tyrants, and preserving the freedom of other States. (Hear, hear.) She had acquired a most honourable position, gained by noble deeds; but this position, before so well merited, by her disgraceful desertion of Denmark she altogether lost. (Oh, oh)."

At this point the orator seems to have employed an artifice not unknown in the pulpit, and stimulated the interest of his hearers by a reference to a topic of the moment, the Abyssinian War. It is comforting to find that the position of England, altogether lost in the foregoing sentence, seems to have been found in the succeeding paragraph. The speaker proceeded:

"But now I am glad to say she has regained some of her former reputation by her glorious expedition against King Theodore. (Loud applause.) But, *to return to the subject*. We are connected with Denmark by ties of marriage. (This remark

does not refer to any matrimonial alliances contracted by members of the Society.) Some of you may say, 'So we are with Prussia.' (A voice: 'So we are.') My answer is, after seeing how she acted in the Crimean War, how little she regarded her honour and her word—after such experience of Prussian policy, the less we have to do with her the better. (Hear, hear.)"

Considering that this debate was afterwards reproduced by the boy who figures as the opposer of the motion, it is not surprising to find that "Mr. Thornton resumed his seat amidst mingled cheers and groans." The opposer's own oration is really capital—on paper. Its peroration declares that "even the worst enemy of England cannot deny that she exhibited in the matter of Schleswig a spirit of long-suffering and forbearance rare in her history, and which some injudicious patriots have been disposed to confound with humiliation." This youth subsequently blossomed into a president of the Oxford Union and an accomplished "pulpit orator."

It seems that in his natural anxiety to record his own speech, the writer-out of this debate forgot to record other speeches. Accordingly, after the numbers of the division (in which England was honourably acquitted by a large majority), a speech by "Mr. J. Leslie" is appended. Perhaps the writer would have "got a licking" if he had refused to inscribe this oration in the book; at all events, he mentions how Mr. J. Leslie "resumed his seat amidst great cheering."

Was there ever a boys' debating society which failed to discuss the relative merits as a general of Wellington and Napoleon? This was the next subject of our young rhetoricians, and it was treated very exhaustively. The "seconder" of the motion, giving the palm to "Boney," was quite Gladstonian in the arrangement of his argument. "I will divide," he said, "my speech into three parts: first, on Napoleon's system of war; secondly, on Wellington's; *thirdly, on them both.*" It would have been difficult for him to have done more. But scanty justice is allotted to the oration of a speaker called "Mr. Ford, ma." His speech only occupies half a page, and it concludes in this fashion:

"I will refrain from mentioning many other instances which do not just this moment occur to me, and will therefore conclude by saying again that in my opinion Wellington was quite as good a general as Napoleon. (Oh, and Hear, hear.)"

It might be to the public advantage if some speakers of a larger growth were to "refrain from mentioning instances which do not at that moment occur to them." But there are evidences that the enthusiastic youth who has hitherto reported the debate is getting tired of his task, for he "polishes off" the rest of the speeches by

saying that "after some other observations from various members which did not quite bear on the point in question, the house divided." The result was singularly unpatriotic, as there were six votes for Napoleon and only five for Wellington.

After this excursion into military matters, we come back to what was evidently a subject of much schoolboy interest—whether Natural Science was a more important study "in the school" than German. The boys who learned German spoke and voted for the claims of that language; the boys who belonged to Natural Science classes spoke and voted for Natural Science; and the only doubtful point must have been how the boys who were not old enough to have begun either would cast their votes. The debate afforded a chance of sly hits at their instructors, which must have given much enjoyment. One boy says :

"I will now conclude, gentlemen, by observing that though German may be of use—nay, of very great use—when well taught, *when taught as it is in England* there is no chance of acquiring any such knowledge of it as one can of Natural Science in England, where there are the very best opportunities for learning and practising it to advantage. (Hear, hear.)"

Then we get a really good argument well expressed, for the same youth goes on to observe that "to learn to speak or write German with any accuracy or fluency, one must live in a place where that language is principally spoken; not where English is universally spoken. But in Natural Science one place is as good as another to learn it in." And our schoolboy emphasises his argument in a way which enables him to drag in a piece of poetry, with which he no doubt desired to "show off" his acquaintance.

"For what (he asks) is the world but a great map of Natural History unravelled (he means 'unrolled') to the stupid world which cannot or will not study it? For what says the poet about the usual way in which the majority of people look at nature?

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

This "German *versus* Science" debate was copied out by a boy of a sarcastic turn of mind, who evidently did not think much of the theory of evolution. He makes a member arguing in favour of the superiority of Science use these words :

'Gentlemen,—You appear to forget what distinguished philanthropists our men of science have ever proved themselves. Look at Faraday and Darwin—what inestimable discoveries they have

made; and even now the latter is spending the last years of a life devoted to his country in endeavouring to prove that the human race is descended from monkeys. (Oh, oh, and laughter.)”

Then a utilitarian boy “sticks up” for Science on the ground that without it we should not know where to sink Artesian wells, “and other like contrivances,” and gets a little confused when he adds :

“I dare say many gentlemen have some old coins about them. How would they know to what age they belonged except by *Geology*?”

The motion in favour of Natural Science teaching was finally lost by five votes to six, “amid some confusion,” as the report euphemistically expresses what probably took the shape of a good schoolboy “shindy.”

It is amusing to see how sternly and uncompromisingly Protestant some of the young debaters are—how they bring political questions to the touchstone of religion, as they have imbibed its teachings from the theology of parents and guardians. Thus the proposal with regard to Irish Church Disestablishment narrows itself down almost into a religious controversy, in which the words “ritualism,” “infidelity,” and so on, are freely scattered about. One boy declares that the first and most important point to be decided is “as to whether a country fares best under the tyranny of an oppressive hierarchy, or under the pure light and freedom of Protestantism.” “I hear a great deal about justice to Ireland,” argues another youth, “but I want to know if there is to be no justice for the Protestants in Ireland?” It would be difficult to put the Liberal-Unionist contention of these days in better language. It reminds one disastrously of Home Rule controversies when we read that “Mr. Thornton” corners his Radical opponents by the following line of reasoning :

“The majority of Irish people are in favour of a repeal of the Union. Therefore, if the argument of a majority be worth anything and followed to its conclusion, Ireland must be set free and have its own Parliament, to make its own alliances, and so some day perhaps be England’s destruction and ruin by its hostility and hatred.”

At the opening of this very heated discussion, the proposer expresses a regret that the question of Disestablishment should have been made a party question, because it demands the most careful attention “of every honest and justice-loving man” (*sic*—query, “boy”).

“Therefore, gentlemen,” he continues, “fling away all party names, and consider this most important question upon its merits alone.”

Which he proceeds to do thus :

“Firstly, with regard to the words Disestablishment and Disendowment—what do they mean? What are they? Mere conventional terms, and really mean confiscation and robbery.”

Truly a promising beginning for a speech where all party names are to be flung away !

We go on through a motion that “Oliver Cromwell acted from selfish motives” to a discussion on Compulsory Education, then generally considered as a tremendous interference with the liberty of the subject. One member is found arguing that “education refines the intellect, and is one of the best roads to morality,” adding, “What a blessing it would be if the teeming masses of London were *capable of seeing how far they have fallen in the scale of civilisation!*” A week later Mary, Queen of Scots, was championed by the generous schoolboy heart, and at the end of the debate—written out by Mr. Thornton himself—it is recorded how three members confessed themselves “convinced by Mr. Thornton’s eloquence of the injustice of Mary’s execution.” So there were only two youths left to vote for Queen Elizabeth.

It might be expected from these gallant views with regard to Mary that our debaters would have strenuously supported Female Suffrage ; and so they did as far as voting by a small majority for that measure. But it must be reluctantly admitted that some severe remarks are made in the course of the discussion as to the capabilities of the female mind. Here is the whole of a brief but pointed oration which “Mr. Campbell” delivered on the subject :

“Mr. President, Secretary, and Gentlemen,—I think that to give women the vote would be a great mistake. (Hear, and Oh.) For I do not think, as the hon. gentlemen who have just spoken seem to think, that they have the same capabilities as men have. I do not think that Nature has at all fitted them for such responsibilities. Besides, even supposing—which I never will suppose—that women have abilities enough for it, think how unpleasant, how unfitting it would be for them to go to vote like the male sex. *From all these reasons* I do and will ever give my utmost opposition to this motion. (Cheers.)”

It must be remembered that Mr. Campbell flourished when open voting prevailed, a fact which gives him a little more excuse for his remark about the unpleasantness for women to have “to go to vote like the male sex.” When the Ballot was submitted to the attention of the Society, later on, there was a majority of one in its favour. Perhaps the proposer obtained some unexpected support by his ingenious argument, “as to your opinions being discovered, *you need not mention them.*”

We approach high ethical subjects in a debate as to whether Julius Cæsar was or was not the greatest man of the ancient world. The schoolboys seem to have the most respect for a "good all-round man." Thus Cæsar is extolled because he was both general and statesman, "while as a writer *his powers were not inconsiderable.*" This is a really generous tribute, considering the anguish which Cæsar's literary abilities have entailed on generations of English youths. Then Cæsar is declared to be greater than Socrates, because the latter was only a very good man, and "had no talents in generalship or statesmanship, while, on the other hand, Cæsar's life *was not so very immoral.*"

There is, of course, a discussion on Warren Hastings. In this debate an impulsive boy distinguishes himself by beginning a speech in favour of the Indian statesman in this wise :

"Mr. Halkett then rose and spoke as follows: Mr. F. Leslie has stoutly affirmed that the enormities performed in the Rohilla War, and in the affair of the Begums, were at the instigation of Hastings himself. Now I don't care a bit what Macaulay says (oh, oh)—*these statements are erroneous.*"

Mr. Halkett certainly was not "Lord Macaulay's schoolboy," which perhaps was an advantage to the Society of which he was a member.

The penal regulations, which have already been noticed, were not by any means allowed to remain a dead letter. Three months after the formation of the Society we read how a meeting took place "to consider the cases of Mr. Arthur Young and Mr. John Campbell, both of whom had behaved uproriously (*sic*) and in an unseemly manner at the debates which they attended." No reason is given for the fact that the President did not curb these disorders by exercising his own powers; but the fact is that he did not, and that the Society at large was left to deal with them. The result was that :

"On Mr. A. Young sentence was passed that he should pay sixpence and make an apology to the Society. The vote was carried out.

"On Mr. J. Campbell sentence was passed that he should pay a fine of threepence, and also apologise to the Society."

After the entry there appear in pencil the words "not paid." There must have been a merciful and tolerant element in the Society at this period, because a little later on the President gets himself into a scrape for attempting to expel two "uprorious" youths, acting on his own initiative.

One of the culprits was the "Mr. Campbell" aforesaid, whose fine of threepence (unpaid) does not seem to have brought repentance in its train. The President for the time being must have lost his patience, for on a certain Tuesday evening he took the decided

step of "striking Mr. Campbell and Mr. Colly off the list of members," and declaring them to be "no longer members of this Society."

However, this action met with disapproval, as being rather too "coxy"; and so a couple of weeks afterwards a meeting was held, at which Mr. F. C. Bard "impeached the President for having allowed the said members to be illegally ejected from the Society." A "Court" was duly constituted to try the President, the Vice-President taking the chair, and the members present forming the jury. No doubt the information gained as to impeachments and how to conduct them from the debate on Warren Hastings now came in usefully. Speeches were made on both sides, the impeached President conducting his own defence, the Vice-President summed up, and the jury retired to consider their verdict.

"After an absence of a quarter of an hour, the jury returned, and their foreman, Mr. Leslie, ma., communicated the following verdict to the Court: 'That in the opinion of a majority of the jury the President committed a slight error of judgment in allowing the two members, Messrs. Campbell and Colly, to be expelled; and that the rejection of the said members is therefore illegal.' The Vice-President therefore declared Messrs. Campbell and Colly to be as before members of the Society."

It does not appear that the President resigned in consequence of this verdict, which certainly looks remarkably akin to a vote of want of confidence. All went on as before. The subjects of the day were all duly considered and voted upon, and President succeeded President; but as the early enthusiasm of the founders died down, it was thought to be easier and less objectionable for the actual speeches to be omitted from the records, and in future no amateur "Hansard" adorns the pages of the Society's note-book with arguments which the speaker himself fails to recognise and thereupon runs a pen through, with the added commentary, "Never spoken." In general the debates seem to have been reported pretty accurately, the speeches, of course, being a good deal compressed.

If it is considered odd that disorderly members should not have been more promptly suppressed, it should be recollected that these young debaters had no Clock Tower and no Serjeant-at-Arms handy. Even the few extracts which have been made will probably bear out the assertion that these schoolboy exercises in oratory, legislation, and executive government are not devoid of practical lessons for members of a more exalted "house."

*ACROSS THE CORDILLERA,
FROM CHILI TO BUENOS AYRES.*

ON a clear bright day in the month of December, 1888, I left Santiago, in Chili, *en route* across the Cordillera to the Argentine Republic. I reached Los Andes, the terminus of the railway below the mountains, early in the afternoon, and was met by appointment by an Italian store-keeper, to whom I had been recommended, who at once sent for the muleteer, with whom I was to bargain for the price of the passage over. As it was very early in the season, the snow being still lying on the route, and as reports of the dangerous condition of the road had been circulating for some time, I decided on taking two guides and spare mules, and came to terms with an old muleteer and his son for a sum of about ten pounds sterling, for which they bound themselves to provide the necessary animals and saddling. When mustered, our caravan consisted of myself, Zacharias, the muleteer, and his son, all mounted; a bell-mare, a pack-mule for the baggage, and four extra animals in case of accident.

It was the first trip Zacharias had undertaken that season. From May to November (the winter months of South America) no crossing can be attempted, as the deep snow completely blocks the way, and during that period the muleteers employ their animals in carrying firewood, &c., and make a very poor living, so that before the more lucrative season commences they have generally been forced to resort to the pawn-shop for the means of living; and thus it came to pass that I found Zacharias had all his saddles in pawn, and was obliged to advance him the passage-money that he might redeem them and also provide himself and son with victuals for the trip.

The river Aconcagua, which runs past Los Andes, and which we were to follow up to its source on our way over the mountains, had swollen to a formidable rushing stream, owing to the melting of the snow which feeds it, and had partly destroyed the bridge. The

mules, therefore, were not able to come across to me, and I had to follow my guides, who took my luggage on their shoulders across a plank which replaced the broken bridge, to their house on the other side, where the animals were waiting. Zacharias had made good use of the money received. He had paid off several old debts, presented his wife and dirty little children with several odds and ends he had picked up in town, and now, after taking a hurried meal with his family, he was ready to start. We accordingly set off at about 4 P.M.

The bell-mare was a little weedy, black animal, with a bell suspended round its neck. It is called in Spanish the *madrina* (god-mother) of the mules, who follow it through thick and thin, so that it is only necessary to lead this mare, or tie her up, as the case may be, and then there is no fear that any of the mules will refuse to go on or stray when camping.

My luggage consisted of a leather portmanteau, a travelling bag, a hamper of provisions, and a roll of wraps ; all packed on one mule. The men carried their own provisions and extra clothing behind them, while I took the precaution of having a couple of saddle-bags strapped to my saddle, in case my pack-mule should get lost or perish in one of the rivers. My dress was a flannel suit, a comfortable *poncho*—equally adapted for cold or heat, sun or rain—long shooting-gaiters, a large Panama hat, blue spectacles to ward off the glare of the snow, large Chilian spurs, a revolver, and a large knife or dagger for all manner of use.

The entrance to the mountain pass, a narrow valley through which the river dashes, is quite close to the town of Los Andes. The roar of the muddy, coffee-coloured water, together with the thunder produced by the continual crashing together of the big round stones it hurls along its bed, were enough to prevent all connected conversation. At first, for several miles, the road is skirted by small farms, the dwelling-houses of which are set close to the path, and my guide annoyed me considerably by stopping to talk to every one he saw, keeping me waiting, and then generally coming up with some piece of bad news about the pass. As we were just leaving the last farm, a woman told us that that very morning a black portmanteau had come floating down the river, and she feared its owner had met with a serious accident.

A little later we overtook the postboy on his way back over the mountains, after arriving only that morning at Los Andes from the Argentine Republic. On his way he had found the mountain streams next to impassable, and his journey from Mendoza to Los

Andes had taken seven days instead of the usual five. He rode a mule, and led another carrying the mails. We resolved to go on with him, as he had just crossed and could give us the latest tips as to the best way over the dangerous places.

After riding in the hot sun for more than two hours along the river, we came to a small roadside inn with the promising sign-board, "Hotel Bismarck ; proprietor, Herr von Knesebeck." That nobleman was not at home, but his wife gave us some beer, and told us that she had heard of two Germans or Englishmen being drowned while attempting to cross the river the day before. She also gave us a clue to the floating portmanteau ; for a mule, bearing two, had made a rush into the river close to her house, and had been speedily capsized and carried off by the current, all efforts to save it being in vain.

Such discouraging reports made us a little nervous, but I was determined not to delay my journey, and I hurried on my little caravan, for it was growing dark, and we were to put up for the night at a small inn near the Chilian custom-house, a few miles higher up the valley. We duly reached the place, unloaded our animals, and sent them into a small field. I was provided with a room, and a bed which looked anything but inviting. I disinfected it and changed the dirty blankets for my own rugs. My men slept in the verandah. The night was very warm, and, after cooking myself a little dinner on my spirit-lamp, I turned in, but could not sleep, for, in spite of leaving the two doors open—windows there were none—the air was stifling.

At break of day we were all in motion ; the mules were caught and packed ; I made a cup of cocoa, and at 5 A.M. we were again under way. But shortly afterwards we were delayed at the custom-house till one of the officials could be induced to come out to receive a small sum for bridge-money, for at that point we had to cross the river.

We passed through a lovely valley bounded by bold high mountains on either side, with a rushing stream brawling below. We climbed up and up ; sometimes on a good broad path, but more often creeping up the hillside on a rough sheep-path full of loose stones. The vegetation was very luxuriant ; flowers that would have graced any highly-cultivated garden bloomed on all sides. Towards 10 A.M. we reached a place where the mountains closed in, leaving only a chasm about thirty feet wide for the river to pass through, and we were obliged to creep along high above it. This chasm goes by the name of "The Soldier's Leap," and the legend runs that during

the War of Independence a soldier, being pursued, leaped across the river at that spot—a feat which seems highly improbable.

Each turn of the valley brought to view a lovely scene—a new picture; the surrounding mountains, bare and rocky near their summits, clothed with grass and shrubs lower down, presenting the greatest variety of fantastic forms.

Towards noon I called a halt, and we cooked our breakfast near a clear mountain brook. On the opposite side of the river the engineers of the new Trans-Andian Railway, which is to cross the Cordillera at this point and join the Atlantic with the Pacific, had erected a camp of tents, and were occupied in taking measurements. The postboy had dropped behind, and we left him to his fate, not wishing to lose time by waiting for him.

We continued our route along the river, and presently the surrounding mountains became tipped with snow, each ravine adding its little stream to feed the river. Towards afternoon we reached the Old Guard-House, where many travellers halt for the night; but, as it is wise to get as near as possible to the summit of the Cordillera, so as to cross it early in the morning, before the sunshine softens the snow, or the wind begins to blow, we pushed steadily forward. The vegetation now became more scanty; the streams, increased in volume, issuing from glaciers on either side of the valley, and we saw some beautiful waterfalls several hundred feet high. At about 3 P.M. we reached the first snow-field, from under which ran a stream of muddy water. The path grew more and more rugged and stony, greatly fatiguing our animals. At a turn in the path we fell in with two rather ragged young men, who told us they were crossing the Cordillera on foot, but could not pass the next stream, it being both broad and rapid. One of them was an Italian sailor, the other a Chilian; so, as we had so many spare animals, we offered them a lift across the stream, at which we presently arrived. It was our first serious obstacle—a broad glacier-stream rushing over big boulders. At first sight it seemed impassable; but Ismael ventured in, and with some difficulty got his mule across. Then Zacharias insisted on putting a lasso round my waist and another round my mule's neck, so as to pull us out should my animal be carried away. The lasso attached to the mule was pulled by Ismael at the opposite side of the stream, whilst his father kept hold of the one round my waist, and I was soon safely across. The same operation was gone through with the pack-mule, the guide, and our friends the two tramps, who lent a helping hand. Very soon another stream made its appearance, but we crossed it without assist-

ance. Then we came to the largest and most rapid glacier-stream we had yet met with. Across it was a kind of bridge, consisting of two poles laid side by side. We fastened a lasso to a tree, making it serve as a railing, and crossed on foot over the wild torrent. The men carried the saddles and baggage over, and when all were safely landed, the mules were fastened one by one to a long lasso, and, entering the stream, managed to maintain their footing by our keeping a steady pull on the rope from the other side. Two were nearly drifted away, and it needed our combined strength to get them through. Shortly before we had reached it, when the melting snow had not yet increased the bulk of this stream, a young man had fallen in; but luckily he had a rope round him and was saved, though his mule was carried away and drowned. Our mules were re-saddled, and all hands received a good stiff glass of brandy in reward for their exertions and to keep out the cold, for the wind was now blowing keenly. We then proceeded and presently arrived at the last turn of the valley, and beheld the entrance to the highest pass in the Cordillera and the glacier from which spouted forth the principal river, which we had been following up all day. On its opposite side we perceived a flat-roofed hut and an enclosure for the animals well grown with grass. Here we were to spend the night.

We safely crossed the river, which, so near its birth, is not very broad, and turned our animals loose. I then engaged a room and cooked my dinner. Near by were encamped some people who had crossed from the Argentine side; among them a poor woman, half dead with fatigue and fright, having endured great hardships in crossing the summit. Later on a caravan of about ten passengers arrived, including a Spanish lady and a sickly boy, to whom I yielded my room, the only one I had, for they needed rest and shelter far more than I did. It was bitterly cold, and I took possession of a wooden bench with nothing but a roof of branches overhead. The men encamped around log-fires, but the smoke was so hurtful to my eyes that I could not avail myself of the warmth; still I managed to get a few snatches of sleep. At midnight the moon rose just over the peak of the mountain, and at 1 A.M. I left my hard couch and called my men to prepare for starting. All was ready by 2.30. I drank a cup of *yerba-maté*, a kind of tea, which one sucks through a metal tube quite hot, and which has a very invigorating effect on the nerves. Then we began our march in the bright moonlight, obscured now and then by a dark cloud, which obliged us to stop for some moments, the path being difficult to find. It led upwards among sharp loose stones. Our two tramps started with us, and I allowed one of them

to hang on to the tail of my mule, which was some help to him in scaling the steep mountain sides.

By the time we reached the level of the snow-fields daylight appeared, which was lucky, for the path was scarcely marked, very little traffic having yet taken place ; and in many parts it had been entirely effaced by land-slips or snow-drifts. We had now got well on to the snow, which was often six to eight feet deep, but so hard that the hoofs of our mules scarcely left any impression. We overtook two companies of travellers going one way, and as they also had extra mules we formed quite a large caravan. The mountains closed in, forming a series of regular gulleys, through which we journeyed, constantly expecting that the next would be the last ; but it took four hours to cross all these fields of snow. At last we came to the foot of a steep mountain rising about 2,000 feet above the already elevated point we had attained, nearly entirely covered with wide and deep snow-drifts. This was the last barrier on the Chilian side, the very summit of the Cordillera of the Andes.

The morning was cool but still ; and the deep blue sky overhead, the wild and sterile mountains covered with snow, formed such a perfectly grand and lovely scene, that even my Chilian companions, who had often crossed, and, as a rule, are little susceptible to the beauties of Nature, were roused to admiration. As we now began to ascend the mountains, our mules and horses had hard work to wind their zigzag way over the steep drifts of snow, and I often wondered they did not lose their footing and precipitate riders and baggage into the depths beneath. We had arrived about half-way up, when we found it too steep on that side to proceed, and were obliged to cross a ridge to the brow of the opposite mountain. The ravine between the two mountain spurs was one sheet of dazzling white, and we dismounted to enable the mules to cross, for their hoofs were hardly able to get firm hold, and any false step would have sent them and us into the valley far below. On seeing my two Chilians in front of me crawling on hands and knees along the side of the ravine, their mules reluctant to move on, and after slipping with one foot, I felt very nervous, and took good care to place myself higher up the slope than my mule, holding his rein loosely, and getting firm hold of the snow with my large Chilian spurs, for my boots could not grip it. I had one hand on my large hunting-knife, ready to thrust it into the snow as a support in case of need, and I almost required to do so, for at that height, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the least exertion makes the lungs work fearfully, so that I felt short of breath, and after a very few

strides panted for want of air. The men ahead of me now reached the desired spot, and I soon followed. Then the rest of the party came up, and we were now in comparative safety, for, though the ascent was still precipitous, the snow was in this part ploughed up by the wind, and our animals could get a firm grip of it.

Half an hour more of uphill climbing brought us to the summit, and beneath us lay the valley leading to the Argentine Republic—filled with a glacier, from which rushed forth a muddy river, the Mendoza, along which lay our route to the town of the same name, when our mountain journey would end and we should once more find a railway.

Here, on the top of the Cordillera, we met with a drove of Argentine cattle, the first that had ventured over this season. The drovers have hard work, and many a good ox leaves his bones on the road ; proof of which we found in some skeletons we came across, picked clean by the condors which frequent the mountain tops. We perceived several of these large birds hovering overhead, their immense wings extended and motionless, drifting on that rarefied air as if they were suspended from the stars.

We had soon a striking example of the dangers of the cattle-driving trade. An animal near us loosened a big round stone, which went bounding down the steep mountain side, right among the drove which was winding its way up. The missile singled out a big black ox as its victim, and, with a fearful crash, caught him full in the ribs and hurled him downwards, racing in front of him, till both stone and ox lay immovable at the bottom, scarcely discernible by us above. In spite of the evident danger of a similar occurrence, we could not wait till the whole herd of about 700 animals had reached the summit, so, dismounting, we went on our way, finding good footing in the loose volcanic earth and stones ; and in thirty minutes we had reached the valley. Half-way down we passed some broken trunks, which, with the mule that carried them, had fallen and rolled over some two hundred feet till stopped by a protruding rock. The mule had been badly hurt.

The sun had just scaled the mountains when we halted in the valley for rest and breakfast. A roaring fire was soon going and the kettle and pot simmering merrily. But with the sun a cold wind had sprung up, which caused us to hasten our proceedings. The tramps whom we had left behind whilst crossing the summit, and for whose safety I felt much concerned, turned up, to my great relief, in time to share our breakfast. They had suffered horribly at the summit, for their rapid climbing had brought on the *puna* (shortness of breath,

palpitation of the heart, and bleeding), and one of them had lain insensible for several minutes. Still they had found a better road than we, and had not been obliged to cross the place which I still remember with a shudder.

We followed the course of the river, along the broad and stony valley, gaining successive most picturesque views of distant mountains and rocky gorges, very different in character to the Chilian side of the Cordillera. Here all was dead and stony; no trace of vegetation, even at a lower level than where, on the Chili side, the scene had been beautified by pretty shrubs and numerous flowers.

As the path was now plain, I hurried on before my guides, anxious to get away from the piercing wind and blinding dust. At 2 P.M. I came to a place where, on the opposite side of the impetuous river, which rushed between high banks of sandstone, there appeared a small stone house, and near it the *Puente del Inca*, a natural bridge of rock. It completely crosses the river, and close above it hot mineral springs bubble out of the ground and flow beneath it, depositing strong sulphurous and iron solutions, so that the cliff is painted with all the colours of the rainbow—a beautiful spectacle. I had heard much of these springs and was anxious to get to them, but, to my disgust, found that a branch of the river intervened. Following a path to the bank of this branch, I found that the usual bridge had been carried away, and in its place a couple of two-inch gas-pipes had been laid about a foot apart, and on these, over the boiling and gushing waters, I had to creep across. I hope I may never again be obliged to use such a primitive bridge, where sudden death in the shape of a cataract beneath awaited a slip or the accidental breaking of the pipes. When I got safely across, some men were waiting to levy their toll for the use of this excellent piece of engineering, and one had the impudence to demand ten dollars to go across and fetch my mule and things by way of a ford higher up. I was not much pleased with my first reception by the natives of the Grand Republic, and told them so pretty plainly, relying on the intimidating powers of my six-shooter should it come to a quarrel. The small house, or rather stone hut of five rooms, was both an hotel and a shop, the first I saw stocked with goods from Buenos Ayres. I refreshed myself and then inspected the natural springs, whose reputation for healing various diseases brings every year many persons willing to undertake the long journey to bathe in the waters and breathe the pure mountain air. A Belgian engineer, on his way from Chili to Europe, was just leaving the inn, and, as my men and baggage had overtaken me, I joined him, preferring to pass the night lower down,

and so shorten the next day's march. Besides, my men had had a quarrel with the innkeeper about some clover, and had nearly come to blows, so it was more prudent not to stay under the roof of this man, who is known for his brutal and overbearing ways towards strangers, especially if they come from Chili, which country the Argentines cordially detest. Very soon we crossed a rushing stream on a bridge of ice forming a complete arch, and strong enough to support a regiment of cavalry. We crossed the glacier from which this stream issues, and saw traces of several avalanches which had swept down from the heights, carrying with them tons of rock and earth, over which we had to climb. Vegetation of a different kind to that in Chili began to crop up, but the mountains around were all along massive accumulations of fantastic rocks of bright colours, showing the entire geological formation of the Cordillera.

At 5 P.M. we came to the next inn, surrounded by extensive corn-fields, and I was glad to rest my weary limbs after a ride and march of fifteen hours. The innkeeper was an unmannerly Argentine *gaucho*, who, taking me for a Chilian, treated me with much contempt until I convinced him that I was not one of his born enemies. I managed to get a bed put into one of his wretched rooms, and found my companions to be the Belgian engineer, Mr. L., and an American railroad contractor whom I had met in Chili eight years ago. Mr. L. kindly invited us to share the soup and fowls he had ordered, for which we were very grateful, and we decided to pursue our journey next day in company. The American, a man of immense strength, measuring 6 feet 5 inches in his stockings, and accompanied by an enormous mastiff, proved to be a most agreeable travelling companion, while Mr. L., a perfect gentleman of high breeding, gave us some interesting accounts of his life in Chili while trying to arrange a contract with the Government for some eight or ten lines of railway. He had been unsuccessful, an enterprising American company having underbid him by nearly one million pounds sterling. The contract had been signed a few days previous to our meeting, for the lump sum of three and three-quarter million pounds.

After a fair rest in rather tumble-down beds, we started down the valley at 3 A.M. A young Argentine, who had arrived from Mendoza the evening before, had found portions of the road washed away, and had lost three horses over the cliff, only managing to save the animal he rode, as he drove the others before him. However, we found the road better and broader, on the whole, than any we had yet met with; but the river, much swollen, had washed the road away wherever it approached the bank, so that we often had to climb the cliffs,

and at one place the path along the precipice was so narrow that the pack-mules could not pass, and had to be unloaded, the men carrying the baggage over piecemeal on their backs. But soon all danger was past ; the road broadened and the descent became easier. It was very hot, and water was scarce, for the river-water was too muddy for drinking.

The scenery by no means lovely, yet majestic; the snow-crowned mountains we had crossed the previous day rising behind us. The burning sun seemed to have extinguished all vegetable and animal life. This valley, so full of landslips, with its frequently flooded river and treacherous avalanches, seemed the worst place for the projected railway ; and my companions had their doubts whether the contractors would be able to carry through their enormous work. Towards evening we came to a rather respectable house enclosed with trees, and had to ford the river to reach it. Some gipsies had pitched their camp close by, and we had no sooner dismounted than we were surrounded by these picturesque people, and the usual begging and fortune-telling commenced. We could not help admiring the beauty of two or three of the women and girls, who would have rejoiced the hearts of many a painter, and who, with their dazzling white teeth, sunny eyes, elastic gait, and jet-black hair, interlaced with many coins, reminded me of the numerous pictures of which their kindred have been the inspiration. These people, so fond of travel, are not kept back by the greatest obstacles, and I have met with a troop in Chili, which had somehow brought its carts, horses, babies, and dogs across the Andes.

Our luggage was examined in the Argentine custom-house close by, after which we ate a wretched meal and retired to rest. Next morning, on the proposition of Mr. L., we despatched our men and mules at 4 A.M., and hired a carriage to take us some thirty miles along a fair road. We started across a wide plain, scantily diversified by a few shrubs and dwarfed trees. The road was heavy, and our driver continually flogged and shouted at the mules which dragged our old-fashioned carriage. Then we climbed up some hills we had to cross in order to reach the road down to the prairie-land of Mendoza. At the top we overtook our animals and halted, for the carriage could proceed no further. Here the view was overpoweringly magnificent. Below us lay an immense tract of softly-undulating country, covered with low shrubs and cacti ; and away in the far, far east was a flat stretch of misty expanse, which at first I mistook for the sea, but knew must be the wide pampas of the Argentine Republic. Here and there on the hills we saw herds of horses and cattle,

and our men had sighted three ostriches and eleven guanacos, the small kind of llama which abounds in the Cordillera, and especially in Patagonia, and the skins of which make such nice rugs. The ostriches, which are easily tamed, are smaller than the African species and without tail plumes. At about 11 A.M. we were again on horseback and overtook our Chileno friends, one of whom had had a bad fall while crawling over the stony pass the day before, and was suffering much. After passing over some twenty miles of rough steep road, the pampas always in sight, we came to a very neat and clean inn, quite an exception to the preceding ones, where the owners were very kind, all owing, I suppose, to the fact that the landlord had a wife to help him, the first Argentine woman we met with. Her kind welcome made us forget the insolence we had had to endure from her countrymen nearer the frontiers.

The poor wounded Chileno was in such pain that he gave up all idea of proceeding on horseback. Mr. L. bound and doctored him, and then left us, wishing to catch that night's train at Mendoza for Buenos Ayres. He had ordered a carriage to wait for him at the foot of the hills, whence he had still to drive more than forty miles before nightfall. We were sorry to lose him, and I hope to meet him again when I return to Chili.

We took a good lunch, and passed the heat of the day in practising with our revolvers, in which exercise my American friend showed great skill. I had a long conversation with the wounded Chileno, who turned out to be a wealthy farmer from Los Andes, well-bred and straightforward, and we made friends at once. He lent me one of his horses to ride to Mendoza, as a change from my jogging mule, and sent his friend and a servant along with us, asking us to order him a carriage next day to the nearest point; but I was doubtful if he would not have to rest several days before being well enough to proceed.

At 3 P.M. we started again, passing for three hours through a rich valley, clothed with wild peach-trees, and gay with innumerable flowers; on its steep sides grazed much cattle. From it we issued into open country, gradually descending to join the pampas below. We could trace the yellow line of the road to Mendoza amid the green bushes of the pampas. Far away a dark patch of trees showed where the city of Mendoza lay, and beyond that point, like a troubled sea, stretched the whole vast expanse of flat pasture-land, bounded by a level horizon, over which some angry-looking clouds were gathering. In the middle of the yellow road moved a cloud of dust, which we knew to be caused by Mr. L.'s carriage, rolling on to its

destination. We made sure he would never catch his train, but found afterwards that he actually did so, owing to its having started two hours behind time. We hastened forward, having still forty miles to ride on tired animals, and part of the time in the dark. When we got into the straight road across the pampas vivid flashes of lightning illuminated [the clouds on the horizon, and by the time night fell they had increased in frequency and intensity, accompanied by distant thunder. I have never in my life seen grander or more incessant lightning than that which now lasted for four hours. Sometimes a flash would run in a serpentine line along the horizon ; then another would approach the earth and turn back to the clouds ; at other moments a whole bunch of forked tongues would dart out of a cloud to the ground, or a broad straight flash would cause us to fear damage to some place or person. By-and-by a hot and stifling wind began to blow towards us ; the thunder rolled above, and, except when the lightning flashed, it was so dark that we could not see the road beneath our feet. Now heavy drops of rain began to fall, and wrapping our *ponchos* closely round us, we made up our minds for a good soaking. For twenty minutes hail and rain poured down upon us unmercifully, the vivid lightning and clashing thunder right overhead proving that we were in the thick of the storm ; but our clever animals, undaunted by the fury of a tempest which they never experience in this form in Chili, plodded patiently on, finding their way with the reins lying loosely on their necks. Then the rain ceased, and we saw the stars shining once more, but, during the rest of our journey, we could trace the course of the retreating storm in the distance. The road seemed interminable, and our legs were so benumbed by the wet, though the rest of our bodies had been perfectly protected by our *ponchos*, that we frequently dismounted and walked to restore the circulation. Finally we reached a long avenue of poplar trees ; several small houses appeared ; we heard the barking of dogs or the croaking of frogs, and now and then a lumbering waggon, or a troop of asses on their way across the pampas, would come upon us in the dark like ghosts. Fireflies flitted along the trees, but their flickering light only worried our eyes, already sensitive from the wind, dust, and vivid lightning. My legs were so stiff that I had to be assisted to dismount when I wished to do so, for I could not throw my leg over the saddle, and I heartily wished myself at the journey's end. Sometimes I fell asleep as I rode, and would awake with a start, nearly losing my balance, so that, when our guides told us we could pass the rest of the night at a roadside inn, and enter the city next morning, I was only too glad to dispense with the luxury of a hotel,

and lie down on my wraps, with my saddle for a pillow, in a yard strewn with sleeping men, women, horses, mules and dogs. There I slept profoundly until the sun was high in heaven and everyone astir. We sent for a cab, and drove into town—and a sorry set we looked, with our dusty clothes, sunburnt faces, and dishevelled hair! A bath was a delight, and the contents of our portmanteaus soon set us to rights. Our toils were at an end. The trip from Los Andes had taken me from the Sunday at 4 P.M. until the following Wednesday at midnight. It is seldom done quicker, even when the roads are in a better state, and, considering that the distance is 235 miles over mountains and rough country, it was quite a creditable performance. Most to be admired are the endurance and skilfulness of the mules, which make this trip, backwards and forwards, almost constantly, during four or five months of the year.

Though combined with many difficulties, and very fatiguing for persons not used to riding and camping out, the trip is well worth making, for the magnificent scenery is a sufficient recompense for the toil, apart from the fact that it shortens the route between Europe and Chili by about a week, for the best line of steamers often takes more than 13 days between Monte Video and Valparaiso. The expense of the land route is half the steamer fare.

I remained two days in Mendoza, and found it a large place with broad streets bordered with trees and possessing many squares. Some of the houses are really handsome, but all are only one storey high, because of earthquakes, which are not frequent here, but violent. In 1863 the whole of the old town was destroyed, and 20,000 persons perished. I visited the ruins, and found among them a few arches and pieces of masonry, which were the remains of two large churches of solid brickwork. All around lay the *débris* of the fallen houses; the site of the wrecked city had been deserted, the new town having sprung up beside it. It is surrounded by fertile country, with vineyards and cornfields, beyond which lies the dry pampa, flat as a billiard-table, and only clothed with tufts of thin grasses. Mendoza has telegraphs, telephones, tramways, and railways running in several directions. The population has lately increased immensely, and one meets with English, Italian, and German workmen at every step. The shops seem to drive a roaring trade, and everywhere new houses are being built. We were glad when, on the appointed evening, we deposited ourselves in the Pullman car. For a wonder the train started punctually at 9 P.M., but while we were congratulating ourselves on this circumstance, we suddenly pulled up about 200 yards out of the station, and stopped there for a considerable time. During

the night we managed to get about three hours behind time. Next day we crawled slowly along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, stopping at all the small stations to take in water, as it is owing to the scarcity and bad quality of that liquid, and to the use of wood fuel, that the train cannot go faster. The whole route was unvaried ; nothing to be seen but loose earth and low shrubs. We were lucky in having had the rain previously, for generally the dust is fearful. It seems a perfectly desert country, except where a few huts stood near the little stations. Sometimes, when the train toiled up a steep incline, we got out and walked alongside, picking wild-flowers and pretty pebbles. We passed the small towns of San Luis and Villa Mercedes, similar in aspect to Mendoza. A restaurant car was hooked on to our train at Villa Mercedes, but, though this *sounds* luxurious out in the pampas, it has little charm for the traveller, the fare being bad and ill-served. At night it rained again, and we got wet in our berths. In the morning we were nearing Buenos Ayres ; the pampa became more cultivated, the grass-fields were full of cattle, horses and sheep. At about 11 A.M. we reached the outskirts of the city, passed the enormous cemetery, the parks and elegant suburbs, and finally ran into the Central Station, still about three hours behind time. My experience of the tour was sufficiently favourable to decide me to return some four weeks later by the same route, and meanwhile I felt considerable pleasure in being so much nearer to old England.

MAX WOLFFSOHN.

SALVAGE THEOLOGY.

NOTHING illustrates better the mind of the seventeenth century than the several instances in which Parliament, in the exercise of its assumed power over literature generally, interfered with works of a theological nature, nor does anything more clearly or curiously reveal the mental turmoil of that period than does the perusal of some of the works that then met with Parliamentary censure or condemnation. In undertaking this interference it is possible that Parliament exceeded its province, and one is glad that it has long since ceased to claim the keepership of the People's Conscience. But in those days ideas of toleration were in their infancy; the right of free thought, or of its expression, had not been established; and the maintenance of orthodoxy was deemed as much the duty of Parliament as the maintenance of the rights of the people. So a Parliamentary majority soon came to exercise as much tyranny over thought as ever had been exercised by king or bishop; and in fact the theological writer ran even greater personal risks from the indignation of Parliament than he would have ran in the period preceding 1640. For he began to run in danger of his life.

The first theological work dealt with by Parliament appears to have been that curious posthumous book entitled "Comfort for Believers about their Sinnes and Troubles," which appeared in June, 1645, by John Archer, Master of Arts, and preacher at All-hallows, Lombard Street. It had but a short life, for the very next month the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, complained to Parliament of its contents, and Parliament condemned it to be publicly burnt in four places, the Assembly to draw up a formal detestation to be read at the burning. In this document it was admitted that the author had been "of good estimation for learning and piety"; but the author's logic was better than his theology, for he attributed all evil to the Cause of all things, and contended that for wise purposes God not only permitted sin, but had a hand in its essence, namely, "in the privity, and ataxy, the anomye, or irregularity of the act" (if that makes it any clearer). A single passage

will convey the drift of the seventy-six pages devoted to this difficult problem :

Who hinted to God, or gave advice by counsel to Him, to let the creature sin? Did any necessity, arising upon the creature's being, enforce it that sin must be? Could not God have hindered sin, if He would? Might He not have kept man from sinning, as He did some of the Angels? Therefore, it was His device and plot before the creature was that there should be sin. . . . It is by sin that most of God's glory in the discovery of His attributes doth arise. . . . Therefore certainly it limits Him much to bring in sin by a contingent accident, merely from the creature, and to deny God a hand and will in its being and bringing forth.

The author thought these positions quite compatible with orthodoxy ; not so, however, the Presbyterian divines, nor Parliament ; and certainly Archer's questions were more easily and more swiftly answered by fire than in any other way. Had he lived, one wonders how the divines would have punished him. For the next two cases prove how dangerous it was becoming to be convicted or even suspected of heterodoxy. Parliament was beginning to understand its duty as Defender of the Faith as the Holy Inquisition has always understood it, namely, by the death of the luckless assailant.

Thus on July 24, 1647, the House of Commons condemned to be burnt in three different places on three different days Paul Best's pamphlet, of the following curious title : "Mysteries Discovered, or a Mercurial Picture pointing out the way from Babylon to the Holy City, For the Good of all such as during that Night of General Error and Apostacy, II. Thess. ii. 3, Rev. iii. 10, have been so long misled with Rome's Hobgoblin, by me, Paul Best, prisoner in the Gatehouse, Westminster." It concluded with a prayer for release from an imprisonment which had then lasted more than three years, for certain theological opinions "committed to a minister (a supposed friend) for his judgment and advice only." This minister was the Rev. Roger Leys, who infamously betrayed the trust reposed in him, and made public the frankness of private conversation.

Best had been imprisoned in the Gatehouse for certain expressions he was supposed to have used about the Trinity ; and before he wrote this pamphlet the House of Commons had actually voted that he should be hanged. Justly, therefore, he wrote : "Unless the Lord put to His helping hand of the magistrate for the manacling of Satan in that persecuting power, there is little hope either of the liberty of the subject or the law of God amongst us." And if he was not orthodox he was sensible, for he says : "I cannot understand what detriment could redound either to Church or Commonwealth by toleration of religions."

His heresy consisted in thinking that pagan ideas had been imported into, and so had corrupted, the original monotheism of

Christianity. "We may perceive how by iniquity of time the real truth of God hath been trodden under foot by a verbal kind of divinity, introduced by the semi-pagan Christianity of the third century in the Western Church." He certainly did not hold the doctrine of the Trinity in what was then deemed the orthodox way, but his precise belief is rather obscurely stated, and is a matter of indifference.

One is glad to learn that he escaped hanging after all, and was released about the end of 1647, probably at the instance of Cromwell. He then retired to the family seat in Yorkshire, where he combined farming with his favourite theological studies for the ten remaining years of his life. His career at Cambridge had been distinguished, as might also have been his career in the world but for that unfortunate bent for theology and the use of his reason in its study that has led so many worthy men to disgrace and destruction.

But in spite of the Assembly of Divines the air was thick with theological speculation; and only a few weeks after the condemnation of Best's "Mysteries," the House condemned to a similar fate Bidle's "Twelve Arguments drawn out of Scripture, wherein the Commonly Received Opinion touching the Deity of the Holy Spirit is Clearly and Fully Refuted."

Bidle, a tailor's son, must take high rank among the martyrs of learning. After a brilliant school career at Gloucester, he went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where, says his biographer, "he did so philosophize, as it might be observed, he was determined more by Reason than Authority"; and this dangerous beginning he shortly followed up, when master of the Free School at Gloucester, by the still more dangerous conclusion that the common doctrine of the Trinity "was not well grounded in Revelation, much less in Reason." For this he was brought before the magistrates at Gloucester on the charge of heresy (1644); and from that time till his death from gaol-fever in 1662, at the age of forty-two, Bidle seldom knew what liberty was. It was soon after his first imprisonment that he published his "Twelve Arguments." Though the House had this burnt by the hangman, it was so popular that it was reprinted the same year. The year following (1648) the House passed an ordinance making a denial of the Trinity a capital offence; in spite of which Bidle published his "Confession of Faith touching the Holy Trinity, according to Scripture," and his "Testimonies of Different Fathers" regarding the same, the last of which manifests considerable learning. The Assembly of Divines then appealed to Parliament to put him to death, yet, strange to say, Parliament did not do so, but soon after released their prisoner. In 1654 he published his

“Twofold Catechism,” for which he was again committed to the Gatehouse, and debarred from the use of pens, ink, and paper; and all his books were sentenced to be burnt (December 13, 1654). After a time, his fate being still uncertain, Cromwell procured his release, or rather sent him off to the Scilly Isles. But his enemies got him into prison again at last, and there a blameless and pious life fell a victim to the power of bigotry. One may regret a life thus spent and sacrificed; but only so has the cause of free thought been gradually won.

Bidle has also been thought to have been the translator of the famous “Racovian Catechism,” first published in Polish at Racow in 1605, and in Latin in 1609. In it two anti-Trinitarian divines reduced to a systematic form the whole of the Socinian doctrine. A special interest attaches to it from the fact that Milton, then nearly blind, was called before the House in connection with the Catechism, as though he had had a share in its translation or publication. It was condemned to be burnt as blasphemous (April 1, 1652). In the journals of the House copious extracts are given from the work, from which the following may serve to indicate what chiefly gave offence:

What do you conceive exceedingly profitable to be known of the Essence of God?

It is to know that in the Essence of God there is only one person . . . and that by no means can there be more persons in that Essence, and that many persons in one essence is a pernicious opinion, which doth easily pluck up and destroy the belief of one God. . . .

But the Christians do commonly affirm the Son and Spirit to be also persons in the unity of the same Godhead.

I know they do, but it is a very great error; and the arguments brought for it are taken from Scriptures misunderstood.

But seeing the Son is called God in the Scriptures, how can that be answered?

The word God in Scripture is chiefly used two ways; first, as it signifies Him that rules in heaven and earth . . . secondly, as it signifies one who hath received some high power or authority from that one God, or is some way made partaker of the Deity of that one God. It is in this latter sense that the Son in certain places in Scripture is called God. And the Son is upon no higher account called God than that he is sanctified by the Father and sent into the world.

But hath not the Lord Jesus Christ besides his human a divine nature also?

No, by no means, for that is not only repugnant to sound reason, but to the Holy Scripture also.

This is doubtless enough to convey an idea of the Catechism, which was again translated in 1818 by T. Rees. Whether Bidle was the translator or not, he must have been actuated by good intentions in what he wrote; for he says of the “Twofold Catechism,” that it “was composed for their sakes that would fain be mere Christians, and not of this or that sect, inasmuch as all the sects of Christians, by what names soever distinguished, have either more or less departed from the simplicity and truth of the Scripture.” But these Christians, who

preferred their religion to their sect, Bidle should have known were too few to count.

Far inferior writers to Bidle were Ebiezer Coppe and Laurence Clarkson ; nor, if religious madness could be so stamped out, can we complain of the House of Commons for condemning their works to the flames. The strongest possible condemnation was passed for its "horrid blasphemies" on Coppe's "Fiery Flying Roll: or Word from the Lord to all the Great Ones of the Earth whom this may concern, being the Last Warning Peace at the Dreadful Day of Judgment." All discoverable copies of this book were to be burnt by the hangman at three different places (Feb. 1, 1650); and Coppe was imprisoned, but was released on his recantation of his opinions. His book was the cause of that curious ordinance of August 9, 1650, for the "punishment of atheistical, blasphemous, and execrable opinions," which is the best summary and proof of the intense religious fanaticism then prevalent, and so curiously similar in all its details to that of the primitive Christian Church. At both periods the distinctive features were the claim to actual divinity, and to superiority to all moral laws.

On September 27, 1650, Clarkson's "Single Eye : all Light, no Darkness," was condemned to be burnt by the hangman ; and Clarkson himself not only sent to the House of Correction for a month, but sentenced to be banished after that for life under a penalty of death if he returned.

These books have their value for students of human nature, and so have the next I refer to, the works of Ludovic Muggleton, which in other respects seem to touch the lowest attainable depth of religious demoralisation. The extraordinary thing is that Muggleton actually founded a sort of religion of his own ; at all events he gave life and title to a sect, which counts votaries to this day. Only so recently as 1846 a list of the works of Muggleton and his colleague Reeve was published, and the books advertised for sale. These two claimed to be the two last witnesses or prophets, with power to sentence men to eternal damnation or blessedness. Muggleton was fond of exercising the former power, especially in regard to the Quakers, one of his books being called "A Looking Glass for George Fox, the Quaker, and other Quakers, wherein they may See Themselves to be Right Devils." There is no reason to believe Muggleton to have been a conscious impostor ; only in an age vexed to madness by religious controversy, religious madness carried him further than others. An asylum would have met his case better than the sentence of the Old Bailey, which condemned him to stand for three days in

the pillory at the three most eminent places in the City, his books to be there in three lots burnt over his head, and himself then to be imprisoned till he had paid a sum of £500. But this did not finish the man, for in 1681 he wrote his "Letter to Colonel Phaire," the language of which is perhaps unsurpassed for repulsiveness in the whole range of religious literature. Muggleton's writings in short read as a kind of religious nightmare. In their case the fire was rather profaned by its fuel than the books honoured by the fire.

Among strictly theological works one by John Asgill, barrister, claims a peculiar distinction, for it was burnt by order of two Parliaments, English and Irish, and its author expelled from two Houses of Commons. This was the famous "Argument Proving that According to the Covenant of Eternal Life, revealed in the Scriptures, Man may be Translated from Hence into that Eternal Life without Passing Through Death, although the Human Nature of Christ Himself could not be thus Translated till he had Passed Through Death" (1700). In this book of 106 pages Asgill argued that death, which had come by Adam, had been removed by the death of Christ, and had lost its legal power. He claimed the right, and asserted his expectation, of actual translation; and so went by the nickname of "Translated Asgill." He tells how in writing it he felt two powers within him, one bidding him write, the other bobbing his elbow; and unfortunately the former prevailed. His printer told him that his men thought the author a little crazed, in which Asgill fancied the printer spoke one word for them and two for himself. Other people agreed with the printer, to Asgill's advantage, for, as he says, "Coming into court to see me as a monster, and hearing me talk like a man, I soon fell into my share of practice," a hint for the briefless. This was in Ireland, where Asgill was elected member for Enniscorthy, for which place however he only sat four days, being expelled for his pamphlet on October 10, 1703. Shortly afterwards Asgill became member for Bramber, in Sussex, but this seat he lost in 1707 for the same reason, the English House, like the Irish, though not by a unanimous vote, condemning his book to the flames. Asgill's debts caused him apparently to spend the rest of his days in the comparative peace of the Fleet prison.

Coleridge says there is no genuine Saxon English better than Asgill's, and that his irony is often finer than Swift's. At all events his burnt work—the labour of seven years—is very dreary reading, relieved however by such occasional good sayings as "It is much easier to make a creed than to believe it after it is made," or "Custom itself, without a reason for it, is an argument only for fools."

Asgill's defence before the House of Commons shows that a very strained interpretation was placed upon the passages that gave offence. Let it suffice to quote one : "Stare at me as long as you will, I am sure that neither my physiognomy, sins, nor misfortune can make me so unlikely to be translated as my Redeemer was to be hanged." Asgill clearly wrote in all honesty and sincerity, though the contrary has been suggested ; and his defence was not without spirit or point : "Pray what is this blasphemous crime I here stand charged with? A belief of what we all profess, or at least of what no one can deny. If the death of the body be included in the fall, why is not this life of the body included in the redemption? And if I have a firmer belief in this than another, am I therefore a blasphemer?" But the House thought that he was ; and to impugn the right of the majority to decide such a point would be to impugn the fundamental principle of the British Constitution. I therefore refrain from an opinion, and leave the matter to the reader's judgment.

Among the many books that have owed an increase of popularity, or any popularity at all, to the fire that burnt them, may be instanced the two works of Dr. Coward, which were burnt by order of the House of Commons in Palace Yard on March 18, 1704. Dr. Coward had been a Fellow of Merton, and he wrote poetry as well as books of medicine, but in 1702 he ventured on metaphysical ground, and under the pseudonym of Estibius Psychalethes dedicated to the clergy his "Second Thoughts concerning the Human Soul," in which he contended that the notion of the soul as a separate immaterial substance was "a plain heathenish invention," not exactly a position the clergy were likely to welcome, although the author repeatedly avowed his belief in an eternal future life. In 1704 the Doctor published his "Grand Essay : a Vindication of Reason and Religion against the Impostures of Philosophy," in which he repeated his ideas about immaterial substances, and argued that matter and motion were the foundation of thought in man and brutes. The House of Commons called him to its bar, and burnt his books ; a proceeding which conferred such additional popularity upon them that the Doctor was enabled the very same year to bring out a second edition of his "Second Thoughts." Certainly no other treatment could have made the books popular. They are perfectly legitimate, but rather dry, metaphysical disquisitions ; and Parliament might quite as fairly have burnt Locke's famous essay on the "Human Understanding."

For Parliament thus to constitute itself Defender of the Faith was not merely to trespass on the office of the Crown, but to sin against the more sacred rights of common sense itself. We cannot be

surprised, therefore, if the English Parliament sinned in this way (as it does to this day in a minor degree), that the Irish Parliament should have sinned equally, as it did, for instance, in the case of a book whose title far more suggested heresy than its contents substantiated it. I refer to Toland's "Christianity not Mysterious" (1696), which was burnt by the hangman before the Parliament House Gate at Dublin, and in the open street before the Town-House, by order of the Committee of Religion of the Irish House of Commons, one member even going so far as to advocate the burning of Toland himself. It is difficult now to understand the extreme excitement caused by Toland's book, seeing that it was evidently written in the interests of Christianity, and would now be read without emotion by the most orthodox. It was only the superstructure, not the foundation, that Toland attacked; his whole contention being that Christianity, rightly understood, contained nothing mysterious or inconsistent with reason, but that all ideas of this sort, and most of its rites, had been aftergrowths, borrowed from Paganism, in that compromise between the new and old religion which constituted the world's Christianization.¹ Although this fact is now generally admitted, Toland puts the case so well that it is best to give his own words :

The Christians, he says, were careful to remove all obstacles lying in the way of the Gentiles. They thought the most effectual way of gaining them over to their side was by compounding the matter, which led them to unwarrantable compliances, till at length they likewise set up for mysteries. Yet not having the least precedent for any ceremonies from the Gospel, excepting Baptism and the Supper, they strangely disguised and transformed these by adding to them the pagan mystic rites. They administered them with the strictest secrecy; and to be inferior to their adversaries in no circumstance, they permitted none to assist at them but such as were antecedently prepared or initiated.

The parallel Toland proceeds to draw is extremely instructive, and could only be improved on in our own day by tracing both Pagan and Christian rites to their antecedent origins in India. What he says also of the Fathers would be nowadays assented to by all who have ever had the curiosity to look into their writings; namely, "that they were as injudicious, violent, and factious as other men; that they were for the greatest part very credulous and superstitious in religion, as well as pitifully ignorant and superficial in the minutest punctilios of literature."

Toland was only twenty-six when he published his first book, but, to judge from the correspondence between Locke and Molyneux, he was vain and indiscreet. "He has raised against him," says the

¹ In a letter in his *Vindicius Liberi* he says: "As for the Christian religion in general, that book is so far from calling it in question that it was purposely written for the service, to defend it against the imputations of contradiction and obscurity which are frequently objected by its opposers."

latter from Dublin (May 27, 1697), "the clamours of all parties ; and this not so much by his difference in opinion as by his unseasonable way of discoursing, propagating, and maintaining it." Again (September 11, 1697), "Mr. T. is at last driven out of the kingdom ; the poor gentleman, by his imprudent management, had raised such an universal outcry that it was even dangerous for a man to have been known once to converse with him. This made all men wary of reputation decline seeing him ; insomuch that at last he wanted a meal's meat (as I am told), and none would admit him to their tables. The little stock of money which he brought into the country being exhausted, he fell to borrowing from any one that would lend him half a crown, and ran in debt for his wigs, clothes, and lodging." Then when the Parliament ordered him to be taken into custody, and to be prosecuted, he very wisely fled the country, suffering only a temporary rebuff, and writing many other books, political and religious, none of which ever attained the distinction of his first.

But in the category of books burnt for their theological sentiments there is one that must not be forgotten, though it was no Parliament but only an university which committed it to the fire. Oxford University has always tempered her love for learning with a dislike for inquiry, and set the cause of orthodoxy above the cause of truth. This phase of her character was never better illustrated than in the case of "The Naked Gospel," by the Rev. Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter College (1690).

A high value attaches to the first edition of this book, wherein the author essayed to show what the primitive Gospel really was, what alterations had been gradually made in it, and what advantages and disadvantages had therefrom ensued. Bury, many years before, in 1648, had known what it was to be led from his college by a file of musketeers, and forbidden to return to Oxford or his fellowship under pain of death, because he had the courage in those days to read the prayers of the Church. So he had some justification for ascribing his anonymous work to "a true son of the Church" ; and his motive was the promotion of that charity and toleration which breathes in its every page. The king had summoned a convocation, to make certain changes in the Litany, and, if possible, to reconcile ecclesiastical differences ; and to further this good object Bury wrote his pamphlet, intending not to publish it, but to present it to the members of convocation severally. Unfortunately he showed or presented a few copies to a few friends, with the result that the work became known, the author admonished for heresy and driven from his rectorship, and the book publicly burnt, by a vote of the univer-

sity, in the area of the schools (August 19, 1690). He should have reflected that it is as little the part of a discreet man to try to reconcile religious factions as to seek to separate fighting tigers.

The unexpected commotion roused by his book led the author to republish it with great modifications and omissions ; a fact which much diminishes the interest of the second edition of 1691. For instance, the preface to the second edition omits this passage of the first : "The Church of England, as it needs not, so it does not, forbid any of its sons the use of their own eyes ; if it did, this alone would be sufficient reason not only to distrust but to condemn it." Bury soon learnt to know the Church of England better. Nevertheless both editions alike contain many passages remarkable for their breadth of view no less than for their admirable expression. What, for instance, could be better than the passage wherein he speaks of the priests cramming the people with doctrines, "so many in numbers that an ordinary mind cannot retain them ; so perplexed in matter that the best understanding cannot comprehend them ; so impertinent to any good purpose that a good man need not regard them ; and so unmentioned in Scripture that none but the greatest subtlety can therein discover the least intimations of them" ? Or again : "No king is more independent in his own dominions from any foreign jurisdiction in matters civil, than every Christian is within his own mind in matters of faith" ? What Doctor of Divinity of these days would speak as courageously as this one did two hundred years ago ? So let one be prepared to give a good price for a first edition copy of "The Naked Gospel," and, when obtained, to study it as well as honour it.

About a century and a half later (March 1849), Exeter College was again stirred to the burning point, and that in connection with a book which, apart from its intrinsic interest, enjoys the distinction of having been the last to be publicly burnt in England. In the *Morning Post* of March 9, 1849, it is written : "We are informed that a work recently published by Mr. Froude, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, entitled the 'Nemesis of Faith,' was a few days since publicly burned by the authorities in the College Hall." The "Nemesis," therefore, deserves a place in our libraries, and many will even prize it above its author's historical works, as the last example of the effort of the ecclesiastical spirit to crush the discussion of its dogmas. It is owing to this attempt that the "Nemesis" is now so well known as to render any reference to its contents superfluous.

ONE DAY IN RUSSIA.

AT the beginning of the shooting season the writer was staying at an old château in Upper Silesia, not far from the Russo-Polish frontier.

"You ought not to lose the chance of having a look at Russian Poland while you are here," said my charming and observant hostess, addressing me one morning after breakfast. "Herr von Hamilton, the Government commissary at Beuthen, whose business it is to travel backwards and forwards, and to keep on good terms with the Russian authorities, is a friend of mine, and a very obliging man. I will telegraph and ask him if he can manage to accompany you. In that case you will get a better idea of certain phases of Russian life in twelve hours than if you stayed at an hotel in St. Petersburg or Moscow for a month."

An affirmative reply came from Herr von Hamilton in due course, and next morning early I was *en route* for Beuthen—the Middlesbrough of Upper Silesia and the nearest town to Russian Poland.

Herr von Hamilton met me at the railway station, and we adjourned to a neighbouring place of refreshment in expectation of the britschka that was to take us on our trip to Russia. But there we experienced a double delay; for, when the coachman drove up and discovered where we were bound for, he insisted on turning back and changing his vehicle. His reason for doing so became evident in a few hours, when we were jogging back to Beuthen with every bone in our bodies well shaken. No spring that ever poised a Long Acre landau could stand the test of those Russian roads; therefore our driver chose a springless britschka.

We soon passed the long village road that begins immediately outside the town, and drove along slightly rising hilly ground, above the dead green of which a lark here and there could be heard as the high chimneys of the sullen brick buildings of the manufacturing district receded more and more behind us. Ever more solitary the road became. A broad water-pool stretched right across our path. On the farther side of this the boundary-marks of the German and

Russian empires stood opposite each other—two colour-striped poles, surmounted with the Imperial double eagles painted on a square board—only divided by a narrow ditch.

We are in Russia.

A Jew in a long black gown drives a flock of geese past us, and by his side a little ragged urchin with naked legs splashes the water in unison with the feathered tribe.

Then again the road continued in its dull monotony. No tree, no dwelling in sight. Only on the horizon a conical hill was perceptible, at the foot of which high chimneys betrayed human habitations, whilst on its crest a big bleak pilgrim-chapel raised its towers towards the sky.

My companion tried his best to make our drive a pleasant one, and had many a tale to tell of his official and ex-official life as Government commissary at Beuthen.

Herr von Hamilton is a tall, powerfully-built man, with remarkably small hands and feet. His features bear a striking resemblance to those of the present Duke of Hamilton, from whose family he claims descent, although his ancestors have been nearly two centuries in Prussia. Formerly an officer of Uhlans, he had been appointed to the very peculiar post of Government commissary (*Regierungs-commissär*) at Beuthen. Before the day was over I had full opportunity of forming a fair idea of his duties and capacities. That a mighty capacity for the consumption of alcoholic liquors formed an indispensable qualification of this half-soldier and half-border diplomatist I soon found out. For if it be true that when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, it can well be said that, in dealing with border Russian officials, he who remains above the table takes the cake. But more than this. The position Herr von Hamilton holds is quite unique, combining the sifting and transmission of spies' reports with regard to the movements of Russian troops, to the spread or decline of the cattle plague, and to a hundred other things. Also, he has no direct official superior in the whole province, but depends on, and communicates directly with, the Foreign Office at Berlin.

"Strange things happen in this out-of-the-way region," he began. "Some time ago two Nihilists, who were more than suspected of being concerned in one of those dynamite outrages, managed to get away from Russia to England. The Russian police sent a detective after them, and—would you believe it?—under the guise of a forger of Russian rouble notes initiated them into the work. As England is an awkward country in which to dispose of Russian notes, they all

three left for the Continent, travelling separately to avoid suspicion. From Paris the detective lured them to Berlin, and thence singly to Breslau. One fine day I received a friendly message from the Russian *nacselnik* (*sous-préfet*) at Bendzin that a certain person would arrive at Beuthen, and if I would be good enough to have him arrested and brought across the frontier. I wired back assent, and at the time appointed proceeded to the railway station with a couple of gendarmes and a full description of the man we wanted. We spotted him, and, to avoid any outcry, simply informed him that he was arrested on suspicion of some diamond robbery in Berlin, and that he would be provisionally locked up. In the meantime we had a britschka handy—such as we are now in—and we started on this very road. The Nihilist, at first without any suspicion as to the real state of the case, seemed comparatively unconcerned, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his expectation of coming into a Prussian prison, for there could have been by rights no extradition in his case. But as we drove along he began to get uneasy as to our destination, till at last, in front of us, he suddenly saw the ominous figure of a Cossack guard standing! I shall never forget the terror of the poor devil as he threw himself on his knees before us, cried out that he was lost, and begged and implored not to be delivered up to the Russians, who would send him to Siberia. But it was too late. We drove up to the little bridge you will see in a few minutes, and delivered him to the Cossacks, who were in readiness for him.

“I must say I was rather sorry for the poor fellow, but as I heard later on that he was a good-for-nothing scoundrel, perhaps there was not much harm done. The most remarkable thing was, that the Russian detectives managed matters so well that by artfully telegraphing backwards and forwards they succeeded in getting the second Nihilist in the wake of the first, and ultimately got him over the frontier as well, though I had nothing to do with that matter.

“I for my part cannot afford to be nice about the merits of this case or that, for the Russians are very obliging when I want them to do any little job for me.

“In Bendzin I keep a Jewish huckster in my pay, who comes over on foot at all times of the day or night, and who transmits to me every bit of news of interest. Sometimes he does a little bit of smuggling on his own account, and before now when in trouble it has only cost me a word to get him liberated. I have only to send over, and the remark of the Russian authorities invariably is: ‘Oh, that’s Hamilton’s Jew; let him go.’

“Some time ago, during the general European scare of the

massing of Russian troops in Poland, I received instructions to go to Warsaw and have a look round. I drove over to Bendzin, and asked the military governor to give me a few introductions for Warsaw. 'Hamilton,' he said, 'I know thy little game, but thou shalt have them nevertheless.' "

I had hardly recovered from the surprise the above, told in the utmost good-humour, had caused me, when, in front of us, at a distance on a hill, behold ! the white-coated Cossack picket, and close to our left the little bridge—both ends of which were hidden under water—that marks one of the jealously-guarded gates of free Russia !

We were just in time to see the sentinel half-playfully clubbing and kicking an old Polish Jew in his long gown and fur cap, and to hear his piteous cries for mercy.

We drove across the bridge, and my companion, addressing the guard in Russian, passed us unmolested, without even as much as showing our passports—in Russia usually one of the most delicate and complicated of processes, for if there be anything more difficult than to get out of Russia to-day, it certainly is the effort to get in.

We turned into the long, dirty village road and drove on, stopping at length before a broad low building covered with a high double roof, and with an arbour before the door, under which sat several Russian soldiers in grey linen uniforms, looking at us over each others' shoulders.

The britschka stopped ; we alighted, and the colonel who held the command came out towards us in a dirty green uniform—his hair combed over his forehead in Russian fashion and his *retroussé* nose shining as placidly as a full moon.

We alighted, and my companion was immediately locked in a warm embrace, followed by three mutual kisses on either cheek. The colonel, but for his evident good-nature, would have reminded me more of a seedy English church-beadle than of a Russian staff-officer, commanding one of the farthest outposts west of the mighty Russian Empire.

We accepted his invitation to enter the house and to partake of some slight refreshment. This consisted of some dusty stale biscuits and a couple of bottles of fiery Hungarian wine.

The colonel's wife soon joined us, and what with her tales of sorrow at her husband being stationed in such an outlandish place, and the grandeur of her relations at St. Petersburg—generals and statesmen (she even claimed Giers, the Russian Minister, as an uncle)—the few minutes we had allowed ourselves passed quickly enough.

During a lull in the conversation I managed to leave the room and to have a look at the quarters of the infantry who were lodged in the back of the building. I was surprised to find the utmost cleanliness, in striking contrast to the dirt and desolation hitherto everywhere apparent. Each soldier had a neat iron camp bed, and above the head of each hung a little coloured print of the present Emperor of Russia—*Padushka*, “the little father,” in a spiritual as well as in a temporal worldly sense. It is this spiritual added to the temporal authority of the Czar of All the Russias that constitutes the peculiarity of Russian loyalty among the masses that has stood such tests in the history of the world.

The men, to judge by their features, which showed almost every variety of type, seemed drawn from all parts of the Empire : promiscuously from Warsaw to Ekaterinburg on the Siberian frontier, and from Nishni-Novgorod down to Astrachan on the Caspian. One fair-haired strapping young fellow, with large clear piercing blue eyes and somewhat rough but nobly chiselled regular features, told us he hailed from Nishni-Novgorod. He was a sergeant, yet his clear boyish complexion would have hardly led one to suppose that he was more than nineteen or twenty years of age. This man struck me as an ideal of beauty of the northern unspoilt Russian race, whose untold part in the civilisation of the world is still in its beginning.

Beside him in full contrast stood a man of the pure Mongolian type : almond eyes, receding forehead, high cheek-bones and wide mouth and lips, and straight black hair. He hailed from Orenburg.

Thus, in the small compass of a frontier barrack-room, is the world-wide rule of Russia typified.

At last we got back into our britschka, and the driver, with a loud “*Hüh pascholl!*” (“He, forward!”) started us off over stones and water-pools, sending the mud into our faces and throwing us high up from our seats. Such is travelling on Russian-Polish high roads ; for if our path had hitherto hardly been one of roses, once behind Czeladez the roads assumed the character they are all said to possess right through the ancient kingdom of Poland, as far as it belongs to Russia. They are used till they are simply impassable. Then the driver begins to look out for another for himself, and drives straight across the fields. “And this will give you an idea of the corruption among Russian officials,” said my companion, “for this very road has been fully paid for three times over by the Russian Government.”

No ditch or tree bounded or designated the road, which is one

mass of mud-pools, holes and huge projecting stones, over and against which our driver cannons with the greatest indifference, although every bone in your body shakes. Now and then we leave the road altogether and dash parallel right across the fields.

My companion vainly remonstrated with the driver, who scarcely deigned to answer beyond a grunt. Bismarck, when Russian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, had some experience of Russian roads and *isvostchiks* (drivers). Being once late for an invitation on a winter's night, he lost his temper with the imperturbable driver of the sleigh, who not only would not accelerate his pace, but had already once or twice turned his fare and his sleigh over into the snow. To all Bismarck's furious expletives the stolid Russian only replied again and again, "*Nitchevo*" ("it doesn't matter, it's of no consequence"). Bismarck, who laughingly tells the story himself, confessed that the driver's *sang-froid* ended by impressing him, and that often afterwards he had recalled that word, "*Nitchevo*," when he had vexed and worried about many things which time itself had arranged. "*Nitchevo*—what does it matter?"—as he himself said, he arrived at his destination all the same.

It was nearly one o'clock when we arrived at Bendzin, a motley mass of houses rising like an amphitheatre round a hill crowned by a grey wall in ruins, which in its turn is dominated by a broad round tower.

"Yes, that is Bendzin, and that grey mass is all that remains of the castle of the Polish kings. For Bendzin has had its day, though it is some time ago!"

The nearer we come, the more picturesque appears the old town with its conglomeration of polychromatic painted wooden houses, and grey weather-beaten masonry. A rivulet—the Przembsa—with its yellow rapid-rushing current flows round the foot of the decayed town of kings.

Our carriage creakingly jolted over the long wooden bridge, crawled along through narrow steep streets and came at last to a stand-still on the market-place.

We soon sat in the little parlour of the most noted grog-shop, at a table covered with oil-cloth and loaded with a battery of stout and lanky bottles, tins of caviar, glasses of tea, on the top of the contents of which slices of lemon were floating. The proprietor praised his fruit brandies, so we tried one after the other to the accompaniment of some tallow-tasting biscuits. A smell of dried fish, of caviar, of alcohol, mixed with the fumes of Turkish tobacco, filled the small room. Now and then dirty inquisitive faces peered in at the window

to examine us. And behind them all, over the market-place in the distance, the walls of the grand old castle rose picturesquely against the blue sky. We stepped out into the fresh air. On the threshold of the low-built houses, the doorways of which looked like entries to caves, women sat with black close-fitting woollen hoods ornamented on one side with a red or gold flower—married Jewesses whose rites prescribe that their hair be cut off at their marriage, and that instead of their natural ornament they wear this woollen hood. These women are mostly of frightful ugliness, whilst among the men handsome patriarchal heads are to be seen, with snowy hair and deep-lying keenly-glittering eyes. Now and then a young girl passed us, with her black hair deeply combed over the forehead and slightly curled round, reminding one of the old Jewish *peies* (side-curls), which have now fallen a victim to Russian scissors.¹

We stopped at a barrack-looking building, where I learnt that the *nacselnik* or *sous-préfet* of the district resided. A fine military-looking man with enormous moustaches, and clad in a white uniform with heavy gold shoulder-straps. He received my companion with open arms, the usual three kisses on either cheek following in quick succession. The conversation being mostly carried on in Russian, I could only glean that he offered us refreshments, which my companion declined, as we had no time to stay. Also I gleaned that the *nacselnik* complained of being sadly overburdened with work—he had only just returned from a journey undertaken with the laudable object of placing his boys at school.

When we descended into the street Herr von Hamilton told me that the *nacselnik*, whose official salary is about £600, is supposed to make an income of about £3,000 to £4,000 a year. Nothing is done, nothing carried out under his *régime*, but something remains in his palm behind. Every official request must be accompanied by a rouble note, or a bundle of that commodity of proportionate value to the matter in question. A merchant, say, wishes to undertake a journey, and forwards his passport, together with a five-rouble note, to be *visé*. A week passes, his departure is imperative—no passport! The Russian merchant knows better than to show any temper. He presents a humble request between the leaves of which a ten-rouble note is gracefully sandwiched: and lo! he receives his passport—he is a happy man. The proverbial spoonful of oil goes farther than the bottle of vinegar, and in dealing with Russian officialism gentle persuasiveness is the means of gaining your end.

¹ The side-curls hitherto worn by the male Polish Jews are forbidden in Russian Poland, but still generally met with in Austrian Poland.

A characteristic episode led to the removal of the last *nacselnik*. He had conveyed to an old Bendzin Jew that his son could be got off serving in the army by the payment of a thousand roubles (for a short time ago (before) it was a usual thing for the officials who were connected with this matter, from the *nacselnik* downwards, to sell exemptions and share the spoil). This Hebrew's son happened to be a weakly creature—almost a cripple—and by some misunderstanding the old Jew wrote to the authorities at St. Petersburg averring that his son would make at best such a poor soldier that he thought that he was not worth more than five hundred roubles. After that *exposé* the *nacselnik* was no longer comfortable in Bendzin, so he was sent to the Caucasus—kicked upstairs into an even more lucrative position!

We had not walked far before another meeting took place, and in broad daylight the usual kisses and affectionate accolades. "That man," said Herr von Hamilton, "was up till lately the secretary of the *nacselnik*. His official salary was about £60; still he managed to take his wife and family to Italy every year; and when he was removed—perhaps for being too energetic—he had managed to save 60,000 roubles besides."

We now wended our way to the military governor of Bendzin, who I understood was an old acquaintance of my Mentor. He wanted me to see the Cossacks who were quartered here.

The governor lived in a modern-built private house, in what seemed a new part of the town. He received us on the ground floor, which was furnished with every modern comfort. The preliminaries of kissing first got over, we proceeded to discuss some excellent tea in glasses, assisted by *petits verres*, which we tossed off, with slices of lemon dipped in powdered sugar. We met several officers of the garrison, all in white uniform with rich gold shoulder-braids, and also a civil authority, the senior magistrate of the place.

When we had had our fill of tea, brandy, and different wines we all sallied forth to see the Cossacks.

Just outside the town, past dilapidated gardens and crumbling walls, we caught sight of a *sotnie* (squad) of Cossacks in a field rubbing down their horses. At the word of command they vaulted into the saddle and performed singly and together a few of their characteristic evolutions.

It was about four o'clock, and we had yet a long way before us, so we all strolled back to the market-place together, and, after the usual effusive and affectionate farewell, started on the road to Sosnovice, another Russian frontier town.

Up hill and down dale, in more than one sense, rolled our britschka over the dreadful roads, whilst the liquids imbibed in Bendzin did not add to the steadiness of its inmates.

Every now and again we passed elongated wicker-work carts, held together by a framework of poles, all crammed full of travelling Hebrews. "Why," I ventured to remark, "there seems to be nobody but Jews in these parts." "Yes, they are the only inhabitants that travel, they are always on business."

After about two hours' driving through the dullest of country, we drew near to Sosnovice, which possesses a number of factories and is besides connected by rail with the outer world.

We stopped for a moment at a large cotton-spinning establishment, that must employ about two thousand hands. The factories are mostly the property of enterprising Germans, and are erected just over the Russian frontier, in order to avoid the heavy Russian import duties in tapping the Russian home trade. But the Russians, notwithstanding a childlike simplicity, have ever been a match for Greek, Armenian or Jew, and rumours have been current before now of their intention of even displacing the frontier, in order to cut off those enterprising Germans from the source of the Russian trade.

About 7 o'clock we arrive at Sosnovice itself, a regular type of small town of manufactories, and are again received with affectionate effusion by the military governor, also a previous acquaintance of Herr von Hamilton. The military governor of Sosnovice is a splendid type of the Russian officer, overflowing with health and high animal spirits; one of those powerfully-knit figures with clear fair complexion, *à la Skobelev*, capable of standing any amount of alcohol in whatever form it may present itself: *wotki*, cognac, Hungarian wine or champagne. Von S—— had been a captain in the Imperial Guard at St. Petersburg (a rank carrying the titular distinction of major in the army), but, having got heavily into debt, he was sent out here to re-establish the balance of his finances. And right royally did he come up to his work in that respect, I was told.

We adjourned to the principal inn of the town, where the governor insisted on ordering a sumptuous supper, including the usual course of *wotki*, Hungarian wine and champagne. It was indeed time we had something to eat, for we had tasted nothing solid worth mentioning since the morning. But we were hardly seated before messengers kept coming in, petitioners of all sorts and degrees; for Major von S—— had only just returned from a short absence. It was indeed surprising to see men, some presumably wealthy men of business, with cap in hand and almost cringing deference.

Obviously those have small status in Russia who do not belong to the charmed circle of official bureaucracy, the notorious and all powerful *tchin*.

During the above, Herr von Hamilton told me the following :

“The last time I was here, the Russians had just caught a wretched German tailor, who had been in the habit of coming over from Beuthen the size of Daniel Lambert, and returning home as thin as Mr. Wackford Squeers. By these means he managed to bring over the clothes for his Russian customers and escaped the heavy import duties on them. I happened to be at the railway station with Major von S—— when the tailor was being led off into durance vile. He recognised me and implored me to intercede for him. I put in a good word, when at last Major von S——, shrugging his shoulders and with a faint smile, turned to the tailor and held out his hand : ‘ Here, pay up a hundred roubles and be off.’ ”

The major was a most amiable host, and the conversation, carried on in French, turned to politics, and touched upon the different questions of the day : the want of sympathy the Russians felt for German aggressiveness, etc.—all treated in a spirit of good-natured banter, which seemed hardly to fit in with the iron system of repression that marked our surroundings.

Thus time slipped past, recalling the German proverb :

Und scheint die Sonne noch so schön,
Abends muss sie untergehen.¹

And, indeed, it was ten o'clock, and we had a good long drive before us if we wanted to get back to Beuthen viâ Ostrosnitza that night.

One more glass, a pledge *à revoir*, and we were off again. It was pitch-dark when we arrived near the village of Ostrosnitza, in front of the little bridge over which alone our road lay. A chain was drawn across, and two Russian sentinels barred the way. For even with passports in order, the way out of Holy Russia, no less than the way in, is blocked at night at these small frontier stations.

We alighted and were escorted to the guard-house, where the captain in command had already retired to rest. Fortunately he too was an acquaintance, and we were ushered into his bedroom, where, sitting on a camp bed half dressed, he received us with effusion. Cigarettes, cognac, and an invitation to be seated followed in quick succession. But not for long—the wish to get back to civilisation had become a craving. “Good-night !” The word of command passed on from guard-house to sentinel ; and as we neared the little bridge

¹ And if the sun shine e'er so bright,
It's bound to disappear at night.

again we could hear the rattling of the chain as it was withdrawn, and the sullen answer of the sentinel as we passed over on to Prussian ground and wished him good-night.

Our driver whipped the jaded horses, and we got over the ground briskly.

What with the fatigue of the day and the constant imbibing of *wotki*, as we neared Beuthen and beheld right and left the fire-spitting chimneys of the many iron-works lighting up the heavens, it seemed as if we were running a race past the jaws of some infernal regions.

We had had a glimpse, and no more than a glimpse, of frontier Russia. What must be the vitality of a nation that, in spite of such a primitive and cumbrous system of things on her frontier, is still capable of inspiring so much pause and fear in the breasts of the statesmen of Europe !

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

THE LOST PRAYER-BOOK.

ONE of the most striking figures in the temple of England's military renown is Sir John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury :

Is this the scourge of France ?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much feared abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes ?

These words, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Countess of Auvergne, are not an exaggerated picture of the dread with which he filled French hearts in the time of their struggle to shake off the yoke of England. It is again indicated in the speech of a soldier in the same play (Henry VI.) :

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoyles,
Using no other weapon but his name.

And Henry VI., when creating Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, is made to say :

I doe remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.

In these and many other speeches, the warrior's fame is recorded by Shakespeare as that of

A breathing, valiant man
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit,

whose name is inseparably connected with the story of England's greatness.

That he was not invincible in arms, however unconquerable in spirit, his defeat at the battle of Patay, in 1429, made manifest. He there fell prisoner to the sword of Joan of Arc ; and for three years and a half was obliged to endure the tedium of an honoured captivity, till exchanged for the great French soldier, Pothoñ de Xaintrailles, about Christmas time, in 1432. His maiden-conqueror had perished at the stake in the summer of 1430 ; and we may hope, notwithstanding the ferocity of some of Talbot's speeches in Shakespeare, that he did not hear the tale without some pity for the fate of the brave young witch. His wonted life in camp and field began again in 1434, when he was about fifty years of age, and went on with little intermission of fighting till near the close of the Hundred Years' War. Day by day the French grew stronger and the English weaker ; Normandy and Guienne had been lost, when, in 1453, Talbot seized Bordeaux by stratagem, in a new

attempt to recover the southern province. One of the towns taken by him in his excursions from Bordeaux was Castillon on the Dordogne, some twenty-five miles to the east of that city. He secured it with an English garrison; but before long it was attacked and besieged by a body of French and Breton troops. The news was brought to Talbot, and on the evening of July 16 he set out hastily from Bordeaux, at the head of some eight hundred horsemen, ordering the men-at-arms, five or six thousand in number, to follow on foot as speedily as possible. The knights arrived at Castillon before the break of day; and as, according to French authorities, there were six or seven thousand English soldiers on the field when the battle took place, some at least of the infantry must have made a wonderful forced march. At morning the French became aware of Talbot's arrival, and prepared for the conflict by sending away their horses and baggage, with all the unnecessary camp-followers. This movement led to an erroneous notion that the besiegers were retreating, and emissaries from the town confirmed the suspicion. Talbot, already armed, was on his knees and hearing mass, when the information was brought to him. He rose from his devotions, put on his helmet, and mounted his horse—a little hackney, suited to his age. Then, followed by his sons, Lord Lisle and Henry Talbot, he led his soldiers impetuously forward—all but himself dismounted like the French—and met with an unexpectedly warm reception. The foemen were not only eager for the fray, but they were also well provided with artillery; and a culverin-shot killed the hardy veteran's horse. He fell with it, and in the press of the fight, in the midst of a crowd of Breton soldiers, he was slain, with both his sons and some other leaders. This happened on the 17th of July (according to Monstrelet—the English writers say the 20th), in the year 1453. The Comte d'Estampes, who led the soldiers of Brittany, when the battle had ended in the rout and destruction of the English army, allowed the bodies of the Talbots to be removed for transmission to England; but the hero's Prayer-book, thrown from his holster, remained in Breton hands.

It was a remarkable volume. Although written and decorated in the ordinary fashion of such *livres d'heures*, it had been specially prepared as a wedding-present from the Duke of Bedford (Regent in France during the minority of his nephew, Henry VI.) when Talbot married his second wife, about 1427. She was Margaret Beauchamp, the daughter of his friend, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the man who, next to the Duke of Bedford, held the chief place among the English lords in France. Talbot had been made a Knight of the Garter in 1424. One of the pages of the Prayer-

book was painted with a device in the form of a triangle turned upside down ; the coronet, arms, and garter of each of the newly-allied families occupying an angle of the reversed base, with the ducal coronet, which indicated that the Regent was their common friend and the giver of the book, at the inverted apex. An interest, however, greater than that of association and ownership lay in the numerous additions in the English language which appeared upon the blank leaves and the empty pages of the text. They were all in verse of no common order, and had been written partly by Lydgate, partly by Talbot himself, or his chaplain, during the period of his captivity. These compositions were hymns to the Virgin and the Saints, not of the ordinary colourless character, but full of fervour and passion, praying for aid in the altered circumstances of the time, in the adverse fortunes of the owner and his country's cause. Only one of them seems ever to have been published—the one with least particular interest—namely, Lydgate's well-known invocation to St. Alban. All the rest were original and inedited examples of the rare poetic literature of England in the fifteenth century. Considering also the historical value of the book's association with three great Englishmen—John Talbot, Richard Beauchamp, and John, Duke of Bedford—we may well say it was a precious volume dearly lost.

Great, therefore, should have been the joy in England when that Prayer-book—after having been preserved for over four centuries in Breton hands, and then more safely housed in the Didot Library for ten or twelve years—passed in 1878 into the possession of a London bookseller, who only snatched it at a tremendous cost from the eager competition of French collectors. It might have been supposed that, now, the public museums, the Royal Library, the present bearer of Talbot's title, would all struggle to be first in winning the ownership of the MS. Whithersoever it might go, the precious relic would at least have a permanent home in the country which had lost it so long ago. Alas! a change had come over the spirit of modern England, and the book is lost once more, probably for ever.

It was nothing short of a national disgrace that a manuscript like this was allowed to lie for twelve years in Mr. Quaritch's hands, unrescued from the ever imminent peril of a second loss ; and that it should at last be borne away to the very city from which Talbot, the conqueror, issued to fight his last battle. Bordeaux will treasure the volume that could and should have been an English prize. France will still maintain her well-earned honour of being the true land of bibliophily ; England will still guard the reputation of her sublime indifference to the historical and literary monuments of a glorious Past.

MICHAEL KERNEY.

ONGAR, AND ITS
GREAT FORGOTTEN STATESMAN.

FEW are aware that any remains of so interesting a period of English history as that of the victorious struggle of the Saxon democracy with the Norman feudal nobility survive to this day ; many fewer that such a tangible relic of this important period as the remains of the castle of the Saxon champion of the popular cause is to be seen no farther off from London than a twenty-one miles' journey on its eastern side. Yet the relics of the Castle of Ongar readily strike the eye of every wayfarer, not only by the imposing scale of the fragmentary remains, but by their picturesqueness. A complicated network of huge earthen walls from 30 to 40 feet high, an extensive and lofty circular keep of earth (with stone or brickwork core of unknown character), a surrounding, interlocking, and complementary system of watermoats, 20 feet in breadth, and in some places as much as 19 feet deep, are sufficiently tangible evidence of the former importance of this feudal stronghold. The area covered by the existing remains is about five acres, but the former castle precincts, as attest the isolated fragments of crescent-shaped moats beyond the church and eastward of the farmhouse, comprised a superficies of quite twice that of the present remains, while the loop-hole shape of the windows of the Church of St. Martin suggest that that building was probably the castle chapel, and consequently situated within the castle curtilage. It is noteworthy about this huge earthwork, as about all the *môtes* of the Norman castle-builders on which the stone walls were reared, that they each contain a kernel of concrete rubble—"of the same kind as Colchester Castle" it is said ; and, "as Colchester *is* of Roman date," it is oracularly argued, *ergo* "these huge works are of at least the same epoch"—a popular way of making history which is as ludicrous as it is mischievous.

Richard de Lucy, the builder of this castle, first came under the notice of his contemporaries as the stout defender of Falaise in Normandy in 1138 against Godfrey, Earl of Anjou, and on behalf of

William, Earl of Mortaigne, King Stephen's son, in that disturbed period when Stephen was struggling for the English crown. De Lucy's services earned for him subsequently the grant of the lordship of Ongar (whereon, according to the time's wont, he forthwith reared his castle) together with the neighbouring lordships of Greenstead, Stanford Rivers, Stanford Roding, and Christhall, held by the feudal holding of supplying three knights fully equipped for the King's service. His birthplace was Diss in Norfolk, of which he was the "dominus" or lord (the prototype of the Scotch "laird" and the English "landlord," *i.e.* the udal as contradistinguished from the feudal landholder), he being a wealthy member of the commoner or freeman class, which represented what remained of the former Anglo-Saxon thegnhood or aristocracy.

Throughout Stephen's harassed reign he had been that King's faithful companion in arms and tentfellow, and Stephen, in recognition of his services, appointed his trusty and well-trying servant vicecomes and justiciarius (sheriff and magistrate) of Essex and Herts—offices which he also filled under his successor, in addition to others still more onerous. On Stephen's death De Lucy transferred his services to his successor, Henry II., and as loyally to Henry as to Stephen he stood by the former in all the great crises of his stormy career—in the field as well as in the legislative chamber and on the judicial bench; at the same time that his figure stands forth sharp and clear as the capable and energetic champion of all the liberties and rights of the Anglo-Saxon race against the tyranny of the Norman feudal aristocracy, for whose abolition he was to be one of the chief, if not the chief tool, in the hands of the King.

This period of English history—variously judged by contemporary and subsequent writers—is one of the most momentous in our annals since the Norman throne-usurpation. The power of the Norman nobility, which had raised the Norman dynasty to the throne, in the unsettled periods, of the civil wars of the former reigns, had so grown as to now actually overshadow the monarchy itself. William I. had felt the growing irksomeness of their influence; under Rufus, in 1088, Anglo-Saxon troops had been employed to temporarily humble them; but to Henry was reserved the effectual grappling with the threat to King and people which their existence implied, and from the moment of his accession he boldly faced the difficulty, and eventually brought a solution in the only statesmanlike way in which it could be settled.

In this consummation there was indeed a certain fitness of things in the fact that Henry, the first of the Plantagenet kings who undertook to abase the Norman aristocracy, and to restore the Anglo-

Saxon constitution and laws, was himself, through his grandmother Matilda, the sister of Edgar Atheling, a direct descendant of the former legitimate line of Anglo-Saxon kings ; equally so was it in the natural order of things that the King should find his fittest tools and instruments in his struggle against the common foe in such representative Saxons as De Lucy, De Glanvil, De Bohun, and others—men sprung from the Anglo-Saxon stock, and able to bring the whole might, physical and moral, of the Anglo-Saxon folk to the support of the King. The puzzle, indeed, which has confronted historians and others, of the unaccountable favour early evinced by the conquered Anglo-Saxons for the alien Norman monarchy, is hence explained by the mutual drawing together of these two social extremes by a common danger and common interests. This also is the true explanation of that other puzzle—the choice by Saxon mothers of Norman names for their offspring—which is observed in the generation following the Conquest, and which has misled certain historians into exaggerating the amount of the Norman intrusive element in England.

The first evidence which King Henry's reign bore of the great policy which afterwards distinguished it, was that curious procession through England which he made immediately after his accession, in order to be crowned in several parts of his dominions successively. In the course of this procession he stayed at De Lucy's castle at Ongar for a while, in order to await the Abbot of Battle, summoned to crown him at Bury St. Edmunds, in the fiefship of the then contumacious Earl of Leicester, with whom he had weightier issues later on. More definite measures presently foreshadowed his larger policy, such as the institution—or the revival of the ancient Saxon—of itinerant judges, of whom De Lucy was the first, who carried cheap justice to the humblest dweller throughout the length and breadth of the land, and one of whose first duties was to inquire into the doings and powers of the sheriffs, whose offices had become, in the hands of the Norman nobility, the instruments of the grossest oppression and exaction. The elevation of a commoner like De Lucy over the heads of all the Norman nobility to the justiciarship of all England also betokened that the reign anew of law and order and constitutional government had begun, of which the Church herself had presently opportunity of judging, when, in 1164, De Lucy presided over the Great Council of Clarendon, which prescribed morality and decorous living to the clergy, restricted their immunities, and set bounds to papal aggression—the prime exponent of which, Beckett, later on expiated his folly prematurely by a traitor's death. The

extent of the esteem which De Lucy enjoyed with Henry is seen not only by the forenamed offices filled by him, but also by his being raised next the royal purple by being made lord-lieutenant of the realm during Henry's absences abroad ; and how fit he was for this onerous post is evidenced by the vigorous measures he took to repel a threatened invasion of England in 1167, by Godfrey, Earl of Anjou, and a force of 600 ships, the report of De Lucy's preparations alone being enough to cause the abandonment of the projected invasion.

Amid the turbulence of the age, with such numerous and weighty national issues at stake, it was hardly to be imagined that De Lucy could have found time to foster the domestic welfare of his little world at Ongar. But a man of the character of De Lucy could not have been unmindful of the smallest and humblest claim on his time and services ; and hence to him is owing the first portion of the title the town now bears—that of “chipping,” or market, for he it was who procured the King's authority for setting up a market and fairs at Ongar, the head town of his barony. In those days each barony was a cosmos in itself—a little world subsisting by and for itself, with its overlord as the sun around which it revolved. And in those days trade and religion, the arts and crafts, flourished, as is witnessed to by the goodly town houses, with carven oaken barge-boards and brackets, and other decorative marks of former prosperity, which are still to be seen in the town.

Up to 1173, France and his French vassals, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and other foreign concerns absorbed more than a fair share of the King's attention ; but in the above-named year there came up for settlement at home a question which taxed for the time all the powers of the King and his Ministers. In the autumn of that year the Norman nobility both in England and France, resenting the strong government of the King, determined to try issues with the monarchy, and, by remoulding the monarchical system in the direction of relegating the King to the position of a *primus inter pares*, after the style of the German feudal principedoms, to place themselves beyond the King's control. The princes of the Church, incensed by the recent legislation affecting the Church and by the death of Beckett, openly supported them, and the favourable opportunity seemed to have come for the conspirators, when the two sons of the King, Henry and Richard, unnaturally revolted against their father and sought to dethrone him. The Queen-mother, Eleanor of Poitou, sided with her sons ; and King William of Scotland was enlisted in the overwhelming coalition. A part, doubtless, of the conspiracy was the withdrawal

of Henry to France, to quell the rebellion of his sons and vassals there ; for when the crisis declared itself, Henry had already left England, and the lord-lieutenancy had been assumed by De Lucy, in accordance with the usual custom when the King went abroad. At Leicester, in the month of April, without warning, the carefully-arranged rebellion of the Norman nobility broke out. Simultaneously the invasion of England by the Scottish army took place. Hereupon De Lucy summoned in all haste the English "fyrrh"—that stout yeomanry landwehr of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, which erstwhile so well fought against Dane and Norman at Stamford Bridge and Hastings, and later was to win for England the battles of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers—and marched northwards to meet the foe. The series of operations which followed are worthy of being described in some detail. With Reginald Earl of Cornwall, De Lucy beleaguered the town of Leicester, took it and burnt it ; but the castle of its Earl withstood his weapons. Joined by Humfrid de Boun, the King's Marshal (constabulario regis), he advanced to the Scottish border, where the Scots army—"armed men and naked"—were committing fearful ravages. Carlisle, bravely held for Henry by Robert de Vaus, was relieved, and the Scots' army was soon forced to make a precipitate withdrawal. In one of the Norman-French rhyming chronicles of the time it is recorded that messengers found the Scots King before the English onset, and warned him of the "armed people and the great show of knights that would assault him before sunrise," in these words :

He of Lucy, the wise, the prudent,
 Before midnight will have approached you,
 Beware of it by the God of Majesty,
 That ye be not put to shame and disgraced ;
 Trust advice, the best is given you :
 Go back to Roxburgh—to safety. . . .
 Never did Thibault of Balesqué
 Give so great shock to the natives of France
 As these hardy Southerners will give you,
 If you and they meet each other.

And the King of Scotland, raging and swearing by St. Andrew to stay and fight, presently adopted the advice tendered him, and fled to Roxburgh. De Boun, at the head of a body of knights and Northumberland chivalry, eager to avenge the late excesses, followed in hot pursuit, and, crossing the border, burnt Berwick and harried the neighbouring landscape, and generally showed themselves "cruel as lions."

News had meanwhile reached De Lucy which led him to modify his plans, and to regret De Boun's impetuosity ; for a private messenger had informed him of the "coming of one who should besiege

him"—that is to say, of the landing of a large army of Walloon free lances, in Norfolk, under Robert Earl of Leicester and other nobles. To temporise was plainly the policy of the moment, for the Scots King was as yet unaware of this important fact. De Lucy's estimate of the Scots King compares strangely with his title of "the Lion," and his character among historians for "energy and impetuosity" (but perhaps for the latter should be read impulsiveness):

"God," quoth De Lucy, "in what great distress I am!
If the King of Scotland knew this that is doing,
We should get neither peace nor truce for all the possessions of France,
Nor would he do it at all [grant the truce] were he not a great child;
He rides and spurs, he is heavy at heart."

The six months' truce, however, offered the Scots King was thankfully accepted, and by this shrewd stroke De Lucy set the whole of the English forces free to cope with the rebels' invading army in Norfolk. This important task De Boun and the Earl of Arundel undertook, and forthwith led a detachment of De Lucy's forces to the east coast, the former, it is said, vowing to make Leicester and his hireling Flemings "rue the day they came from savage Flanders." De Lucy followed De Boun more leisurely with the rest of the army. Meanwhile Leicester's army had already received a check, and from an unexpected quarter, for the burghers of Dunwich, among the sand dunes of the Norfolk coast, had sallied out and dealt a double blow—against, firstly, the hated Norman nobles, and, secondly, against the equally detested Walloon mercenaries. The amount of their ancient freedom and initiative which townsmen in the age of the fourth Norman King still possessed is very aptly illustrated by this independent action of theirs. As to Leicester, a fuller reckoning awaited him, for hardly had his French wife ceased from egging on her vacillating lord to retrieve his fortunes by describing the English as "boasters"—"unable to fight"—"knowing better how to drink out of big cups and to eat gluttonously," than De Boun and the Earl of Arundel with their troops overtook them at Forneham. The fight which ensued was hot and brief, but the upshot of the battle was the total rout of the rebel Earls; Chester and Leicester and the latter's wife being among the captives; the lady was ignominiously drawn from a ditch by her skirts. De Boun's knights contented themselves with overthrowing or driving their foemen into the ditches, leaving the work of killing to the countrymen, who willingly undertook it, as the chroniqueur says:

There was not in shire either villein or churl,
Who went not to kill Flemings with fork and with flail.

The importance of the battle was shown on the following day by the surrender of Earls Ferrers, Bagot, and Mowbray, and indeed this action broke the might of the rebellion in the eastern counties. Many rebel nobles, however, still held out elsewhere, and in the security of their strong castles were able to defy all De Lucy's efforts; for he seems to have lacked the needful military engines to reduce them. The winter now setting in brought a general cessation of hostilities; but early in the spring of 1174 the Scots King, now better informed of the political situation, again entered England, and joining with the forces of the rebels still militant, overran all the north and middle of England as far as Leicester, Nottingham, and Northampton. Wark in Cumberland, defended by Roger de Estuteville, held out; but Brough and Appleford on the north and east had fallen. Carlisle, straitly beleaguered, was stoutly held by Robert de Vaus; but its supplies were rapidly running short. Huntingdon had been beleaguered and taken by De Lucy; but he was now beginning to find that the Scotch army in the north and the rebel armies elsewhere were too much for his powers to effectually cope with, and encouraging De Vaus to hold out by promises of help within fifteen days, he privately sent into France for King Henry. The Bishop of Winchester was the bearer of De Lucy's message, and his party, after contending with the difficulties of transit of those times, passing—

The salt sea and crossing the kingdoms,
Passing the forests, the plains, and the difficult fords—

stood in the King's presence, and the Bishop spake :

May you have salvation from God.
England greets you as her protector,
Lord Richard De Lucy and all the rest of the barons who stand by you.
But hear the truth :
There are not ten, so the Lord help me !
Who stand by you in true loyalty.

“What are my lieges doing?” asks the King. He is told of these : De Humphrey; De Bohun; the Estutevilles in Yorkshire; the Bishop of Lincoln, his natural son; Thomas Fitzalward and his brothers; Roger le Bigod; Ranulf de Glanvil; Robert de Vaus, who holds Carlisle in spite of the Scots' King's promises and threats of reducing him by starvation, “both small and great.” “By my faith!” merrily breaks in the King, “these be good conditions; ‘God works quickly,’ so says the beggar.” “The Bishop of Durham is all at one with the King of Scotland,” the messenger continues—he was a kinsman of the Earl of Leicester. “London—my own city of

London!—how fares it?” asks the King. It is still true to him—every man capable of bearing arms; “but the Montfichets, with the Clares, have fortified their castle there.” To which the King makes answer: “O Dieu, maintenant aie pitié! Preserve the brave men of my city of London. If God give me health, ye shall have me in London ere fifteen days are passed, and I will take vengeance on all mine enemies.”

Before Henry had reached England, however, the King of Scotland had been taken prisoner while reconnoitring with a slender following before Alnwick, by a daring scouting party of knights under Ralf de Glanvil. The news reached Westminster on the evening of the day of Henry’s arrival, while he was abed, and was told the King by a messenger who had “hardly slept or drunk for five days,” in order to bring the news; and the King himself arose and aroused his household and communicated the lucky news—which was tantamount to a termination of the war.

The events following justified the forecast, for the Scottish army, on hearing of the capture of their King, vanished away northwards, while the insurgent nobles, after Henry took the field, either surrendered or fled. Thus, after a short campaign of six months, collapsed a rebellion which had begun with such baleful prospects for the future of England. England had been equally divided: Norman against Saxon. When it was a question of these two combatants alone the issue was at no time doubtful; it was the Scottish element that brought the disturbing quantity into the balance. With Henry present, however, even this was discounted, and victory was secure almost before a blow had been struck. Thus, after 107 years, the Norman feudal system went down before a scion of the Anglo-Saxon race. Senlac and Hastings were avenged. Legislation presently came to consolidate the work; but hereafter the new nobility—or the old one revised—had to take a place lower in station than that of a conquering oligarchy, and one more nearly approaching to that of subjects than peers. How much this was so was shown most forcibly at what would seem to be a reversal of all this, viz., at Runnymede. But there was then this essential difference: that the commons were joined with the nobles, and it was only in the united names of “Lords and Commons” that they claimed relief, and, more significant still, that relief was to be according to the “good old laws of the Saxon Edward the Confessor.”

When Henry returned from the French wars in 1174, his foes quelled, his rebellious eldest son Henry dead, and Richard reconciled, he undertook the great legislative work that was to permanently

abolish the feudal system, and by so doing completed the series of works that resuscitated and reinvigorated the Saxon constitution and laws, temporarily overlooked or set aside ; but never at any time actually abrogated. In 1175 he called a *curia magna*, or Great Council, of the realm to consider questions of pressing importance. Foremost among these was the future status of the feudal nobility. The intensely interesting debates which led up to their decisions have not come down to us, but if they had it is safe to say they would have formed a compendium of constitutional law second to none we possess. In any case, the Council decreed that all the castles of the nobles should be taken into the King's hands, some (among them those of the Earls of Chester and Leicester) to be completely razed to the ground ; others to be taken over and garrisoned by the King's seneschals and troops. A few years later the oversight and safe keeping of all these feudal strongholds were made part of the duties of the judges *in itinere*. Princes of the Church, who, after the "wune" of the times, had their castles and warlike retainers, had likewise to yield them up. The rebellious Bishop of Durham, a kinsman of Leicester, two years later still held his castle ; whereupon Richard de Lucy, by special commission, was ordered to forcibly take possession of it on behalf of the King. The King, even in the steadfast pursuit of his statesmanlike policy of taking over these strongholds, required even "familiarissimo suo," De Lucy himself to yield up his own castle of Ongar (though it was, indeed, later on, restored to him again), as the record runs—"nec etiam Ricardo de Luci, familiarissimo suo, et justitiæ Angliæ, parcere voluit ; sed abstulit ei castellum suum de Angra." Having accomplished this statesmanlike measure, which destroyed for ever the main power for evil of the nobles, he, with the forbearance of a wise king, showed himself merciful to the rebels—merely banning them his court till such time as he should see fit to call them again thither.

In reviewing the important measures and reforms of Henry II.'s reign only general remarks can be made in our limited space. But it may be said broadly that he and his Ministers refounded English liberties, in proof of which it is only needful to enumerate four of the most important measures of his reign, in addition to the important legislative acts just described—the institution of the Court of King's Bench ; the abolition of the hereditary holdership of the shrievalty, together with the revision and limitation of their powers and functions, and the making of them answerable for their actions to the judges of the King's Bench ; the institution or revival of the earlier Anglo-Saxon division of England into circuits for the trial of civil and criminal

causes, by itinerant judges, which, by the way, were themselves only a revival of the judicial eyes of Saxon times ; and the remoulding of the jury system in the spirit and on the lines mainly of Anglo-Saxon procedure.

Generally the tenor of the works of Henry's reign may be summarised as the creation of the germ of a uniform administration of justice and system of revenue ; the raising of his Ministers from the position of mere officers of the King's household (which they were at the beginning of his reign) to the position of the administrators of the land ; and the uniting of the nation's constituent forces in such wise as to secure for England an importance, as towards foreign Powers, which she had not hitherto possessed.

Despite the exalted positions which we have shown De Lucy occupied, and the eminent services he rendered, his name has become overshadowed in the eyes of posterity by that of De Glanvil, through the association of the latter's name with the great digest of ancient laws and customs of England, styled the Institutes of Clarendon, which, next after Magna Charta, has been regarded as the palladium of English liberties. This is, however, because the great events of his time have been largely misrepresented by historians, or forgotten by posterity. His contemporaries never so mistook him ; his name stands always first among the great commoners of England, after those of the nobles, in all the State documents of the time. It is so in the document setting forth the award of King Henry in the dispute between the Kings of Aragon and Navarre, in which he acted as arbitrator. It is so also in the Treaty of Vassalage of Roderick, King of Connaught, the last nominal King of Ireland ; as well as in the treaty with the King of Scotland ; and it was no other than De Lucy himself who presided at this great Council of Clarendon, the fame of which has become so associated with the name of a fellow-worker indeed, but one of a much less magnitude than his own.

After a lifetime spent in faithful and honourable service of two kings, and in the championship of the rights of his race, enjoying the esteem of his Sovereign and the love and veneration of his countrymen, De Lucy's career in 1179 drew near its close. In Easter of that year he voluntarily laid down his offices, and after the "wune" of the times retired into a monastery which he himself had caused to be built at Lesnes in Kent, therein became a regular canon, and died before the year was out. The quaint rhyming inscription on his tomb errs all too much on the side of modesty :

Rapitur in tenebras Ricardus Lux Luciorum,
 Justitiæ, pacis, delector, et urbis honorum,
 Christi sibi requies tecum sit sede piorum.
 Iulia tunc orbi lux bis septena nitebat,
 Mille annos centum novem et septuaginta movebat.

Englished thus—

Richard the light of the Lucies is snatched to shade,
 To justice, peace, and state his court was paid ;
 Christ, with Thy saints and Thee, his rest he made.
 July's twice seventh on the world did shine,
 The year eleven hundred and seventy-nine.

Thus, full of years and honours, closed the life of a great but unaccountably forgotten English statesman. Faithfulness to his King and his country are his two distinguishing characteristics ; but in reviewing his works one cannot but admit that without the help of the enlightened statecraft of King Henry, the Minister had lived in vain. Henry's policy made, or rather called forth, his tools ; it was the demonstration of the natural law of the inevitable drawing together of like to like, and no Englishman can look but with pleasure on these two figures—on Henry, with his English grey-blue eyes, his red hair, his ungainly yet stalwart form, and his brusque manner, and on his assiduous and faithful henchman—both striving together in the praiseworthy object of abolishing abuses, and restoring the old Anglo-Saxon principles of statecraft—of justice and equity dispensed equally to all, irrespective of class or rank.

Such are the memories associated with Ongar Castle, which lend to it a far more imperishable fame than can be attached to many other more pretentious and higher-belauded remains of early Norman architecture. The present Castle Farmhouse, built probably about the period of the demolition of the Castle, viz., in 1450, contains, it is said, considerable portions of the old Castle wallwork in its lower walls. At the northern angle of the house was situated the drawbridge connecting this part of the Castle buildings with the donjon or keep, and remains of this drawbridge were extant in the middle of the last century. An underground way is said to still exist, passing under the keep moat, the outer ballium and its moat—now called “the town moat”—to the King's Head Inn on the farther side of the High Street. The King's Head Inn itself—albeit its many-gabled front has been replaced in modern times by an ugly flat, red-brick *façade*—betrays much rearward and internal evidence of considerable antiquity ; and its quaint corridor, with diamond-paned windows, its lofty rooms, and twin-leafed doors, with on their lintels the newly-discovered distemper medallions of James or Charles, or crowns, or

crossed keys, its carven and quaint furniture, together with its traditions of having been Cromwell's courthouse, lend countenance to this supposition. The Protector's official connection with this town seems unsupported by any documentary warrant, but there is no doubt a family association with the place, for the Church of St. Martin contains the tomb of Jane Cromwell, who married a son of that notorious Sir Tobias Pallavicini, "collector of Papal dues in Queen Mary's reign, and purloiner of them after her death," on whose tombstone at Babraham Camp is quaintly written—

Horatio Pallavicini,
Who robbed the Pope to lend the Queen.
He was a thief. A thief! Thou liest!
For why? he robbed but Antichrist.
Him death with besom swept from Babraham
Into the bosom of old Abram.

Sir Tobias's widow herself married Sir Oliver Cromwell, and another of his sons was also wedded to another of Sir Oliver's daughters.

In the opinion of the townfolk the oldest inn is the Royal Arms, next the Post Office, a small, many-gabled building, with a carved, oaken wallpost, but the accuracy of this supposition is not obvious. Its construction does not seem to be of an earlier date than that of the shop at the corner of the church-close, which bears date on the doorjamb of 1679, and possesses also twin-leaved oaken doors, like the King's Head Inn; or the cluster of houses just in front of the Town Hall—this last an abominable square brick excrescence standing almost in the middle of the roadway, which has taken the place, doubtless, of some carved and gabled creation, wrought in the spirit of some of the best parts of old Ongar. To many a wayfarer through Ongar it may well be its antiquity is only half suspected, for what distinguishes it above many other ancient shire-towns, is its careful upkeeping, fresh paint and new plaster being seemingly continually applied to repair or replace every stain or breach caused by Time's finger. It is only on taking thought for a moment that one can recognise the refreshing *abandon* of artistic disorder, and rebuild piecemeal the quaint architecture of mediæval Ongar. One exception to the rule of general preservation, a venerable relic of Domestic Gothic, is about being pulled down; it stood back from the High Street, and was partly hidden by modern cottages. It is, maybe, one of the oldest houses in the town; and, could its old walls speak, what amplification might they not give of the meagre record, which is all we now possess, of the important personages who have figured in the social life of Ongar in bygone times!

F. T. NORRIS.

THE UNIVERSITIES IN THE EAST END.

THE wonderful flexibility with which the mediæval machinery of the English Universities adapts itself to the changing conditions of life has never been more strikingly manifested than at the present day. Aristocratic in their acquired, if not in their original character, as centres of social no less than of intellectual culture, they might have been expected to forfeit their long-transmitted leadership of thought in an age whose dominant characteristic is hostility to every form of privilege. But the history of their action during the last ten years runs counter to this assumption, and shows that while sacrificing nothing of their highest function as upholders of the standard of class-morality, constituting the exclusively English ideal summed up in the word "gentleman," they can yet be democratised from within so as to extend that standard over a wider area by lending themselves to the great modern movements of social reform.

In the educational sense this is being done through the University Extension Scheme, by which the benefits of their teaching are transmitted, through a system of affiliated local centres, to numbers of those placed by their circumstances out of the reach of University instruction at the fountain-head. The large results achieved by this innovation sufficiently stamp its success in popularising academic training, and in leavening the middle and lower classes with those traditions of leisurely scholarship hitherto reserved for the favoured banks of Cam and Isis.

But while thus doing their part, in their capacity as seats of learning, towards bridging the gulf between classes, the Universities have been no less alive to the other duties entailed on their *alumni* by superiority of station, in the spirit of the French motto, "*Noblesse oblige.*" The social and spiritual destitution of the masses, more especially in the great urban centres, constitutes a claim not less urgent than that of their educational necessities. If the contrast between the lights and shadows of London life, sharply divided by

the line separating East from West, have powerfully affected the mind of the present generation, it was from the Universities, through the teaching of such men as Denison¹ and Maurice, of Ruskin and his disciple Arnold Toynbee, that a sense of responsibility for that grievous disparity first permeated the higher classes. And it was by the Universities, in the action of these men and of others following in their footsteps, that the example was first set of that personal labour among the outcast population of the metropolis which is now recognised as a social duty by the upper classes.

The work done by the sister Universities in this field falls under two heads, according to which it may be approximately said to be apportioned between them. The more purely social and humanitarian institutions owe their origin to Oxford, while the majority of missions constituted on a religious and ecclesiastical basis have been created by the initiative of Cambridge. The spheres of both are also geographically distinct, that of the former lying in the East End, properly so-called, and that of the latter in South London, the more obscure wilderness of squalor on the Surrey side of the Thames.

The representative embodiment of the first-named system is the Universities' Settlement Association, the comparatively recent outcome in tangible form of ideas germinating for more than a generation in the atmosphere of a certain school of thought in Oxford. It is most intimately associated with the name of Arnold Toynbee, the latest exponent of those ideas, whose early death, after a life consecrated to high purposes, has invested his memory with an aureola of tender regret.

Born in Savile Row, on August 23, 1852, the son of Joseph Toynbee, the celebrated aurist, his early years were passed at Wimbledon, whither his parents removed during his infancy. A slight accident in childhood—a fall from a donkey producing concussion of the brain—was apparently the remote cause of the cerebral and nervous delicacy which crippled his powers and eventually shortened his life. Even in his boyhood his pleasures were restricted by this fatal flaw in his constitution, and his eagerness in football, in which his high spirit and agility made him a proficient, brought on sleeplessness and nerve exhaustion. His first vocation was for a military life; but this phase of enthusiasm died out early, and his thoughts and studies between sixteen and eighteen were directed to preparation for the Civil Service. His wishes next turned to the Bar, but, circumstances rendering that career impossible, he took the

¹ The precursor of Toynbee in his system of residence among the poor of the East End.

somewhat eccentric course of preparing for entrance into a University by months of solitary study. In remote country lodgings—first in Bracknell, Berks, and afterwards in East Lulworth, Dorsetshire—he led a recluse life, tending to the formation of those serious habits of thought which moulded his future life and character. The Philosophy of History formed the subject of his studies at this period, “the pursuit of truth,” as he wrote to a friend, being his sole motive. In January 1873, at the age of twenty-one, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, and in the following autumn competed unsuccessfully for a scholarship in Balliol. Exertion and disappointment combined to bring on an illness which compelled him to suspend his University course for a year, and his undergraduate life may properly be said to date from January 1875, when he entered Balliol as a commoner.

The limitation of his power of reading to two and three hours a day excluded the possibility of academic distinctions, and he took an ordinary degree in the autumn of 1878. His social influence was, however, out of all proportion to his intellectual achievements; he gathered round him a group of friends, among whom the memory of his aims and purposes was an undying force. The secret of this power is traced by Professor Jowett, in the brief memoir prefixed to the posthumous edition of his Lectures, to his “transparent sincerity,” to which we may assuredly add, earnestness of conviction. The winning character of his outward aspect may be gathered from the following description :

An oval face, a high forehead crowned with masses of soft brown hair, features very clearly cut, a straight nose, and a rather large full-lipped mouth, only needed colour to produce the impression of beauty, and even the colour which was wanting to his grey eyes and brown complexion was supplied, when he grew warm in conversation, by a lighting up of his whole countenance.

The authority of Ruskin, Slade Professor of Fine Arts, was then one of the chief factors of opinion in Oxford, and Toynbee was among the most ardent of his disciples. The great critic once gave a somewhat fantastic illustration of his favourite theory on the dignity of labour, by leading out a party of undergraduates to repair a road in the neighbouring village of Hinksey, a task at which the future philanthropist so distinguished himself as to rise to the post of foreman of these amateur navvies.

He accepted, immediately on taking his degree, the more congenial appointment of tutor to the Indian Civil Service students at the University, devoting himself with characteristic zeal to the duties of his office. Political Economy, his special subject, was assigned a prominent place in the training of his pupils, the future administrators

of the Indian Empire. Philanthropic enthusiasm impelled him, in imitation of Denison, to spend the vacation of 1875 in Whitechapel, the typical centre of London misery, and here, in the noisy thoroughfare of Commercial Road, he hired, and furnished with the barest necessities, a sordid room in a poor lodging-house. Placing himself at the disposal of the Rev. Samuel Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, he became an active worker among his indigent neighbours, with whose political views he sought to familiarise himself by joining the Tower Hamlets Radical Club. Although deteriorated health obliged him soon to abandon this mode of life, and seek rest for his nerves in travel and country air, the personal devotion to the cause of charity indicated by the experiment set an undying seal upon his memory.

His marriage in June 1879 served but as a stimulus to fresh forms of activity, and in the following January he began, at Bradford, a series of addresses to working-men, which attracted large audiences, and were continued throughout the year. A scheme of Church Reform, intended to widen the pale of Anglicanism, and adapt it to the somewhat vague aspirations of modern ideals, had a large share in his thoughts at the same period, but was never matured in practical form: for the energetic spirit was fast wearing out the frail corporeal machine. He wasted to a skeleton, and bore the visible impress of death on his face months before it actually came. Sleeplessness, which opiates were powerless to relieve, was its immediate symptom, and heralded inflammation of the brain, to which he succumbed, after seven weeks' illness, on March 9, 1883.

So profound was the emotion caused by his death, thus early worn out in the cause of humanity, that his friends at the University desired to give it tangible expression, and a fund called the Toynbee Trust was raised in order to found a memorial to his name. The original idea was that it should be devoted to the elucidation of some of those economic problems which had occupied his thoughts whilst living. But ere any final decision had been arrived at, a series of revelations in the press as to the needs and sufferings of East London had turned the thoughts of all humanitarian enthusiasts to that quarter, and it was determined to associate the name of Arnold Toynbee with some scheme of practical benevolence for their amelioration. The project of a University Colony in the East End, first mooted by Mr. Barnett, was embodied in the Universities' Settlement Association, whose aims are stated as follows in its original appeal for support:

It is the object of the Universities' Settlement Association to link the Universities with East London, and to direct the human sympathies, the

energies, and the public spirit of Oxford and Cambridge to the actual conditions of town life. During the last few years many University men, following the footsteps of Denison and Arnold Toynbee, have, on leaving the University, energetically responded to the various calls for their aid. Such isolated efforts are capable of infinite expansion were the way once laid open, and it is now proposed to offer to those who are ready a channel of immediate and useful activity and a centre of right living. In a common life, united by a common devotion to the poor, those fellow-workers who are able to give either their whole time or the leisure they can spare from their occupations, will find, it is believed, a support in their own highest aims, as well as practical guidance, which isolated and inexperienced philanthropists lack.

The demand thus made was so enthusiastically responded to, that the material structure required was rapidly proceeded with, and Toynbee Hall, the realisation of purposes seemingly frustrated by death, was opened in January 1885. Though built without architectural pretensions, it stands out in one of the busiest thoroughfares in Whitechapel in strange contrast with the sordid bustle of its environment. The semi-collegiate air conferred by a courtyard which seems to aspire to be a quadrangle, is not belied by its internal arrangements. In addition to the usual dining-room and drawing-room, it contains a class-room, a common-room, five little halls for lectures and entertainments, with about thirty private rooms for the reception of residents to the number of seventeen. The latter, graduates or undergraduates of the Universities, bind themselves for a term of not less than three months, and pay at a moderate scale of charges according to the accommodation desired, all domestic arrangements being made by a house committee of the residents themselves. Temporary hospitality is also extended to visitors from the Universities who come to help or learn for a time, and for whose accommodation guest-rooms are reserved. Non-resident associates, who live elsewhere, but co-operate in the work, number about 100. The Rev. Samuel Barnett, who is regarded as the founder, gives general superintendence, and bears the title of Warden of Toynbee Hall.

The duties of the residents are multifarious, and are allotted according to individual capability. We may cite, as an example, the avocations of one gentleman, who, in addition to conducting a class of University Extension students in Popular Ethics, another of pupil-teachers in English Literature, a class of working-men in Political Economy, and a Sunday Bible-Class of members of the St. Jude's Juvenile Association, found time also to act as School Board manager, as a member of the Board of Guardians, and as secretary to one of the committees of the Charity Organisation Society, as well as to a Ward Sanitary Aid Committee. His Political

Economy Class, again, developed into the nucleus of a body of working-men, who, as members of relief committees and other organisations, themselves took part in charitable administration.

Other residents, gifted with the lighter social talents, are assigned to the department of entertainments, by which concerts, lectures, readings, &c., are conducted in so popular a fashion as to attract audiences summing up to 4,000 in a month. The educational advantages proffered are availed of with no less eagerness. Thus, a body of local students have taken up their residence under academic discipline in Wadham College, an adjoining building provided by residents and their friends, taking part in the social working of the institution, and pursuing their studies in connection with the evening classes, while earning their bread in various ways during the day.

The programme of Toynbee Hall during a single week, taken at haphazard, as a specimen of its work, by Mr. Charles Booth in his volume on "Life and Labour in East London," occupies two of his pages, and reads like a complete educational syllabus. It comprises ten Lectures (four in connection with the University Extension Society), nine Reading Parties, the meetings of two Literary Societies, thirty-five Classes of various kinds, a Concert, a party to Boy Foresters, another to those attending Recreative Evening Classes, the annual meeting of the Pupil Teachers' Association, and the constant use of the library containing 4,000 volumes.

But lectures and classes, concerts, and parties (says the Report of the Universities' Settlement for 1889) suggest only the work that can be tabulated. There is a life in the background that cannot be thrown into plans or arranged in a time-table. It is partly because so much of the activity of the Settlement does not lend itself to organisation, and does not need it; because so much more, although organised, does not demonstrate its existence by printed forms; because so much is personal, silent, and persistent, that all reports must leave much unrecorded. Moreover, a chief part of the work of the Settlement is found in various forms of outside activity, such as School Management, work in connection with the Children's Country Holiday Fund, Charity Organisation, the promotion of co-operation, and last, not least, in the formation of friendships.

As a sample of its miscellaneous activities, we have the Toynbee Travellers' Club organising excursions to the Continent, largely availed of by teachers, working-men's trips to Oxford, &c., &c., and other committees arranging children's trips to the country or visits to the principal sights of London. The *Toynbee Record*, published monthly, is, as its name implies, a journal devoted to the doings of the institution, and chronicling the varied undertakings of this novel experiment in philanthropy. The General Committee of

the Universities' Settlement is representative of Oxford and Cambridge alike, while a third branch for London includes the names of some of the most distinguished residents in the metropolis.

Slightly different in its aims and functions is Oxford House, another University colony in Bethnal Green, described as "a centre for religious, social, and educational work amongst the poor of East London." Its staff consists of men who, after taking their degree, wish to face the problems of a great city, and its main form of action consists in starting and organising clubs for working-men. The advantage of having culture and refinement brought to bear on these institutions is too obvious to be insisted on. As an instance of its success in its vocation may be adduced the history of a club opened in a back-alley in August, 1885, with seven or eight members of the rougher class of working-men. Its rapid growth necessitated a move to larger premises, where, under the name of the "University Club," it began the year 1886 with fifty members, and ended it with thrice that number. Another move took place in January 1887, and a further increase in numbers during the year brought its tale of membership up to 400 before its close. A third change of quarters leaves it in occupation of palatial rooms, with accommodation for 1,000 members. A Labour Registry, and a Refuge for Homeless Poor, are also part of the benevolent machinery of Oxford House, while its spiritual activity takes the form of religious lectures, delivered in summer in the open air, and in winter under shelter, as an antidote to the propaganda of infidelity in the district.

The large Christchurch College Mission in Poplar, with the organisation of a small parish, may be taken as a sample of the more exclusively religious work undertaken by Oxford. The energies of the elder University are, however, mainly expended in those lay and secular institutions of which the Universities' Settlement is the parent and model.

On the same lines is organised the society of lady students and graduates, which, under the title of the "Women's University Association for Work in the Poorer Districts of London," has been established in Southwark for more than two years. Among the neglected children and the hard-worked women and girls of these overcrowded quarters, there is ample scope for female activity and benevolence. As at Toynbee Hall, there are both resident and non-resident helpers, and the number of members according to the last annual report exceeded 550. The work of the Association is multifarious, including evening classes for instruction and recreation, the organisation of holiday trips for children, the superintendence of the

London Pupil Teachers' Association, assistance in the management of Board Schools, and general co-operation with all existing charitable-institutions. Active help, for instance, is given to the local branch of the "Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants," and a lodging-house has been opened in which girls are accommodated while out of place, and training in household work is given to those who wish to qualify for domestic service. Familiar acquaintance with the wants and ways of the poor is here, as in the Universities' Settlement of the stronger sex, the foundation of the work done amongst them.

Cambridge, on the other hand, while not standing aloof from these organisations of lay beneficence, has more especially devoted itself to the work of supplementing and strengthening the parochial machinery on which the waxing population and waning respectability of South London in particular has thrown too great a strain. This segment of the great city, comparatively overlooked in the first attempts to reclaim its outcast population, is declared by many to be more in want of such efforts than the East End itself. An article in the *Record* of January 6, 1888, among other facts then first put before the public, made the startling statement that here "Christianity is not in possession."

The bane of this region, as of so many outlying districts of the metropolis, has been the gradual retirement of well-to-do respectability before the ever-advancing wave of low-class habitations. It is what is known as a "falling neighbourhood." Once an aristocratic quarter, the great mansions still standing in the purlieu of Battersea and Southwark attest its downward drop through the full gamut of social standing, since they are now utilised as common lodging-houses, in some of which as many as 400 of the lowest outcasts find what is by courtesy called a bed.

The vast extension southward of the metropolis is of comparatively recent date. The first great leap of the brick-and-mortar wave, obliterating the market-gardens of Battersea and Kennington, and submerging all the open ground from Rotherhithe to New Cross, took place between 1818 and 1824, while 1834 to 1867 was a second epoch of advance. The subsequent transforming process is described in the article in the *Record*, the writer of which compares it to the overthrow of a child's house on the sands by the flow of the incoming tide.

Every year (he goes on) the inner edge slips down, and is absorbed in the great flat land of poverty and monotony. Behind—two to three miles behind—the great wave of building to which we have so often referred, there comes, at much the same

speed, this other wave of levelling, poverty-striking, slum-creating power. In some places its presence is obvious and patent to everybody. Thus, at New Cross, if you stand in the Old Kent Road, you are at the very edge of the wave. Both sides of the way are houses of the same class, built for professional and business men. But on the northern side they are "fallen" (in the social sense), and let out in flats. On the south they are still occupied by well-to-do tenants. But they are "falling" fast, and before long, perhaps before this article is otherwise stale, the wave will have passed over the spot where we are standing, the respectable residents will have vanished farther south, and both sides of the street will have "fallen."

The itinerant trades form a large item in the occupations of the people, and such nomads of civilisation as hawkers, costermongers, bird and dog fanciers, cats'-meat men, chair-menders, tinkers, and scavengers are interspersed with dock-labourers, barge and lightermen, bricklayers, gas-stokers, and coal-porters. The population of the entire area is 800,000, of whom it is calculated that about 1 in 11 frequents a place of worship. The Church of England organisation consists of 96 parishes, with 120 churches and mission-chapels containing 101,512 seats; while the various forms of Dissent, with 122 meeting-houses, and the nine Roman Catholic churches, provide accommodation for somewhat more than half that number. Church attendance was registered on Sunday, October 24, 1886, as 74,228.

In this area Cambridge has, since 1884, established six College Missions, and the example of the University has been followed by two of the public schools—Charterhouse and Wellington. St. John's College Mission, founded in the above-named year, with the Rev. W. J. Phillips, a member of the College, as its missionary, claims precedence in right of seniority. A district in the parish of St. John's, Walworth, containing about 8,000 inhabitants, has been assigned to it. A church, of which the Bishop of Rochester laid the first stone on June 8, 1888, has been built, and a daily evening service attracts a congregation averaging 30. A Dispensary and Provident Club are among the charitable organisations of the mission, which disposes of an annual income of about £500, exclusive of the Building Fund.

In the ensuing year, 1885, the example of St. John's was followed by three other Colleges—Pembroke, Trinity, and Clare. This sphere of work was chosen, in preference to taking part in that of the Universities' Settlement, after a searching inquiry instituted by the first-named College into the relative merits of the rival systems. A Committee appointed by the undergraduates having spent the Easter vacation in visiting the Universities' Settlement of Toynbee Hall, the Eton, Harrow, and St. John's College Missions, as well as

some of the worst districts in East and South London, presented a report containing a mass of information, with a final conclusion in favour of the claims of the latter. Pembroke accordingly selected a district in Walworth, between the Walworth and Old Kent Roads, about a mile south-east of the Elephant and Castle, and here work was begun in March, 1886.

Although the area covered (says the *Record*) could stand within St. Paul's Churchyard, the population, nevertheless, is quite 5,000. Two, three, or even four families are crowded into every house, yet there are no large employers of labour; seven public-houses, a common lodging-house, and the police-station being the only buildings of any size. The aristocracy of the population are a few well-to-do artisans and some *employés* from the Bricklayers' Arms Station.

Opening a Mission in such a district is not always smooth sailing. The men, in particular, entertain a deep-rooted suspicion of "the parson," and dreading religious pitfalls, even in concerts and entertainments, send in a scout to report if the proceedings are "all right," and not "a take-in." The children, too, proved at first absolutely unmanageable, and the first Sunday-school, opened on March 28, 1886, was the scene of a perfect riot, requiring the forcible expulsion of the juvenile mob. The attendance now averages 400, and the disorderly elements are no longer in the ascendant. The savagery of the men is partially tamed by the charms of fiction, and they condescend to appear at the recreative Sunday evenings instituted by the clergyman, when a chapter of "Treasure Island" or some similar work is read aloud. Many of the juniors are amongst the newspaper and match boys thronging Fleet Street and the Strand, and a friendly "Hallo, Mr. Sturges!" from their ranks sometimes salutes the missionary as he passes. Accommodation is provided in the Mission-house for graduates and undergraduates, who come to give temporary help, at the modest charges of 17s. 6d. per week for board, 2s. 6d. for house expenses, and 7s. 6d. for rent, if the term of residence exceed eight weeks. The total expenditure of this Mission is about £850 per annum.

The Trinity College Mission differs from the others in nominally embracing the entire parish of St. George's, Camberwell, the living, which became vacant shortly after its establishment in 1885, having been conferred by the Bishop on the Rev. Norman Campbell, the first missionary. The curates supported by the College, however, concentrate their efforts within a smaller area, with a population of about 5,000. The massive antique furniture of the old house, 113 Wells Street, in which they all live together, is a gift of the College. An attempt is made to keep a complete register of all the inhabitants

of the parish, a somewhat formidable task, as it contains 2,545 houses, besides the immense "blocks" accommodating sometimes as many as 2,600 individuals. A large scale Ordnance map, on which every house is numbered, serves as an index, and each district visitor is furnished with a book and a set of forms to be filled up. The information thus collected is posted into ledgers with the assistance of undergraduates who come as visitors. Among the adjuncts to the Mission are a Men's Club, with billiards and other amusements, a Women's Guild, meeting monthly, and a charitable Kitchen, which supplies soup in winter and invalid food all the year round.

The Clare College Mission, also opened in 1885, has, as its field of operations, the Dalston Grove district of All Saints parish, Rotherhithe, with a population of 4,000. Open-air services were held pending the completion of the church, which can now seat a congregation of 200. The first two years were spent in the preliminary work of gaining the confidence of the people, and the missionary, the Rev. A. E. King, was able to report, as a satisfactory result, that whereas at first he was only allowed to enter 1 house in 30, he was later admitted to 1 in 5.

In the same year, 1885, were founded the two Public School Missions of Wellington and Charterhouse, the former in Walworth, near that of Pembroke College, the latter in a district carved out of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, principally inhabited by brushmakers, costermongers, dock-labourers, and porters from the Borough Market.

Of later date is the Caius College Mission, founded in Battersea in 1887, but more properly termed a settlement or hostel, as it is a purely secular beneficent association, and maintains no preaching or ecclesiastical establishment.

The youngest of the College Missions, dating also from 1887, is that of Corpus Christi, which has indeed scarcely passed the preliminary stage of the struggle for existence. Its district, about half a mile square, with 4,000 inhabitants, is a slice of Christ Church parish, Camberwell, lying between the Old Kent Road and the Surrey Canal. Here the history of many quarters of South London repeats itself, and what was once a pleasant suburb has degenerated into a series of slums, abandoned by the divorce between respectability and poverty to hawkers, costermongers, fish-curers, and other hangers-on to the skirts of civilised society. Service held in a railway arch, pending the construction of a permanent church or chapel, attracts a congregation even amidst this miscellaneous population, and we read that the accommodation, such as it is, sometimes proves

insufficient, and that at the Harvest Festival of September 30, 1889, over a hundred had to be turned away for want of space. A site has been obtained for the necessary buildings, and a fund is being raised for their construction.

A working-men's institute for evening recreation has been so successful in interesting the members that they devoted their leisure to themselves fitting up and improving the premises hired for their meetings, painting, papering, and throwing two rooms into one, to make a large reading-room. Some of them also co-operate in the work of the Mission, and one of its most steady assistants is a lighter-man, whose ministrations among his fellows are at least free from all taint of aristocratic condescension.

The Sunday-school, held in the Canterbury Road Board School, has recently required increased accommodation for its growing numbers. It has 629 children on its books, and the attendance, which averages 75 per cent., would be larger and more regular were it not that want of proper clothing, boots and shoes, &c., keeps many of the scholars at home. Their spirit of self-reliance is early developed. Witness a little maiden of five, who, being met by a policeman trudging across Greenwich Park on her return from a festive gathering there, rejected the escort of the guardian of public safety, declaring that she "preferred to walk alone." Physical prowess goes a long way towards winning the confidence of the boys, from one of whom, during a holiday outing, the fleetness of foot displayed by the missionary (an old "blue" athlete) elicited the tribute of admiration addressed to his wife: "That bloke of yours *can* run!" The exclamation, despite its irreverent form, was made in a perfectly respectful spirit.

During five months, from November 1888 to March 1889, free dinners of soup and bread were given twice a week at the Mission-house to about 250 children, served in batches of eighty or ninety at a time, at a cost of about $\frac{3}{4}d.$ per head. The standing expenses of this Mission are £460 per annum, exclusive of charities, which are provided for by special subscriptions.

We have thus, in the entire sum of various kinds of work done by Oxford and Cambridge in East and South London, a very large contribution to the charitable organisation of the metropolis. Nor can its advantages be measured by the benefits conferred on the recipients of beneficence alone. It reacts on those who bestow it, not merely in the moral and religious sense, but in practical form as a training for the avocations of after life. To a large proportion of the graduates of the sister Universities thus brought into personal

contact with the poor, will fall the duties of rural administration necessitating that bond of sympathy with their lowlier neighbours which only intimate comprehension of their feelings can give. In the formation of the links binding class to class we have here a system of incalculable value to the State itself.

To others again, who have to make their way in a professional career, knowledge of human nature in all its ramifications will be a useful addition to their outfit of purely technical science. To all, the moral education gained by the practice of occasional self-sacrifices by study of the wants of others, by glimpses into the abyss of misery surrounding their own prosperous and carefully-guarded lives, will be a more valuable factor in the formation of character than any branch of their academic training. And it must be remembered that with these captains of the rising generation, the flower of her manhood, the standard-bearers of her honour, the coming leaders of her thought and action, lies the future of England.

HAMLET E. CLARK.

TABLE TALK.

FURTHER CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHAUCER BIBLIOGRAPHY.

MR. ALLAN PARK PATON, the Editor of the "Hamnet Shakespeare," writes expressing his interest in the subject of Chaucer Bibliography, which he describes as "a perplexing but fascinating region" for research. He supplies also particulars of a black-letter copy in the Greenock Library, of which he is the librarian. This, from his description, is obviously one of the editions of 1561, a manuscript title declaring that it is "Imprinted at London by John [qy. Ihon] Kyngstone for John [qy. Ihon] Wight anno 1561." Like many other copies, it lacks all after folio 355. The cause why many copies end at this point is obvious. Books of a venerable age are especially subject to ill usage at the beginning and end. The words on folio 355, "Thus endeth the workes of Geffray Chaucer," and the general appearance of the book, convey to the unobservant or inexperienced purchaser the idea that the book ends here. If the succeeding pages containing Lydgate's "Storie of Thebes" are mutilated, accordingly, the vendor cuts out the whole, and allows the book to end with what appears to be a termination. The genuine conclusion of the volume is as follows. First appears in Italic type :

*Here now endeth, as ye maie see,
The destruction of Thebes the Citee.*

Then in Gothic type :

Imprinted at Lon- / don, by Ihon Kyngston, for Ihon / Wight, dwellyng in
Poules / Churchyarde / Anno 1561. /

Beneath is a device of a chest, bearing on it a winged female head and bust, from which springs some conventional foliage.

THE 1561 CHAUCER IN THE GREENOCK LIBRARY.

MR. PATON describes at some length certain features in the edition before him, and notably the illustrated title-pages to the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Romaunt of the Rose." These curious illustrations, showing a series of English kings and nobles, are not, however, confined to this edition, but are common to many

others. His remarks upon typographical features in the volume have genuine interest. Besides noting that the number of folio 103 is repeated on the following folio, and that 151 is printed 141, he points out that the initial letters in the volume are of five different sizes, the largest being more than an inch square. They are also of different design, some having the letters light on a dark ground, others being all light, and the lines in them very delicate. Some are filled with floral ornaments, and some show an angel, a lion, a sphinx, a satyr, or a nymph bathing. One of the largest of these, with the letter A and the surrounding ornament light upon a dark ground, encloses also the initials I. R., which Mr. Paton assumes to be those of the type-founder or engraver. "This strange initial letter" occurs, he says, "only sixteen times in the volume, and may be seen at folios 15, 66, 71, 85, 90, 110, 184, 194, 200 (twice), 210, 215, 276, 285, 329, and 349. One of the large-sized light grounded and slenderly lined initial letters" [*lettres grises*] "on folio 205 is turned upside down, as may be seen by referring to the same letter on folio 251." These particulars are very useful for purposes of collation. Mr. Paton's conjecture as to the significance of the initials I. R. is ingenious. In Mr. Baines Reed's "History of the old English Type-founders," 1887 (Elliot Stock), I find, however, no mention of a name to which they correspond.

MANUSCRIPT NOTES IN THE GREENOCK LIBRARY CHAUCER.

IN the Greenock copy is some writing dated December 1, 1800: "John Gray told me that his house in St. Thomas Apostle was occupied by Chaucer, and bequeathed by him to the parish of All Hallows." This and another note are signed C. L., 1800. Upon this Mr. Paton says that while looking at it "one somehow feels haunted by the shade of Charles Lamb, who signed the most of his letters with the initials C. L. In the year stated (1800) he was twenty-five years old, and serving the Philistines in the Accountant's Office of the East India House, and the two lines inserted at the beginning of the folio [volume] are ruled with perpendicular lines of red ink, three on each page, strongly suggestive of an indigo sale-book. He was a lover of the old poets, and what he calls these shrivelled folios, and a writer in the *Athenæum* of 1836 tells us that he had a Chaucer in his library." It would be very pleasant to find that the volume belonged to the most inspired of critics and book-lovers. Canon Ainger, or some student of Lamb familiar with Lamb's signature, should inspect the book.

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